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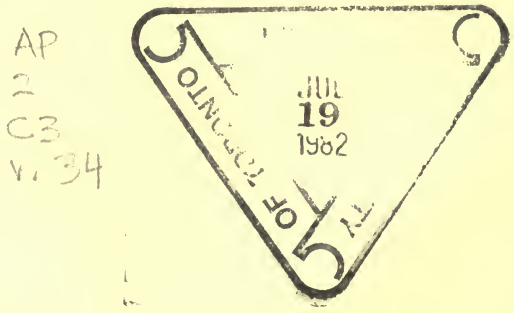

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IRISH AND ENGLISH CRIME.

THE question as to the prevalence and character of crime in Ireland as compared with that in England, Wales, and Scotland has long formed an interesting subject for discussion. Those who are imbued with the idea that Ireland is a nation composed of assassins, thieves, and communists naturally refuse to take note of the fact that crime in that country is of a peculiar character and almost invariably connected with agrarian questions, whilst social crime of the brutal nature that is unhappily so common in Great Britain is comparatively rare. Crimes of impurity, for instance, though comparatively frequent in England and extremely frequent in Scotland, are very rare in Ireland. The modesty of Irishwomen has been proverbial for centuries, and has been admitted by men of all classes who are strongly opposed to everything Irish and everything Catholic. The present condition of Ireland, with her people paralyzed by a series of exceptionally bad seasons and their hopes strung to the highest pitch of excitement by the land agitation of the past fifteen months, is abnormal, and it is undoubtedly true that during this period there has been an increase of crime, but not by any means to the extent that has been frequently stated. In spite of the agitation and distress, the murders have been fewer than in previous bad years. Last year (1880), for instance, there were but five murders, whilst in 1849 there were two hundred and three.

An interesting article by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in the *Contemporary Review* a few months ago, showed that in the year 1833 there were 172 homicides, 460 robberies, 455 houghings of

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cattle, 2,095 illegal notices, 425 illegal meetings, 796 malicious injuries to property, 753 attacks on houses, 3,156 serious assaults, the aggregate of crime being 9,000, and that in the year 1836 crime assumed even greater proportions. Comparing England and Wales in this latter year with Ireland, the Irish aggregate of crime was actually greater:*

Charges.	England and Wales.	Ireland.
Against the person	1,956	7,767
Against property, with violence	1,510	671
" " without violence	16,167	6,593
" " maliciously	168	502
Forgery and coining	339	214
Not included in above classes	1,024	8,144
	21,164	23,891

The following are the statistics of Irish crime in still later years:

Offences.	1845.	1846.
Homicide	137	176
Firing at the person	138	158
Conspiracy to murder	8	6
Assault with intent to murder	2	0

To which adding various other crimes, we find the total of offences against the person were, in 1845, 1,093, and in 1846, 1,923; and for offences against the public peace, including arson, demands or robbery of arms, riots, threatening notices, firing into dwellings, and the like, 1845, 4,645; 1846, 4,766. The following table shows a steady decrease of crime since the year 1850:

Offences.	1850.	1851.	1852.	1853.	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.	1858.	1859.
Murder	113	118	69	73	53	55	30	52	36	45
Attempts to murder	56	14	39	21	35	31	23	38	26	2
Shooting at, stabbing	62	87	18	32	37	65	59	79	54	57
Solicitation to murder	2	..	4	2	..	2	4	..	1	..
Conspiracy to murder	12	10	13	20	16	11	8	2	3	3
Manslaughter	150	135	127	128	102	89	89	139	125	102

During these years, which were years of progressive prosperity and good seasons after the frightful famine of 1847 and the sub-

* *Contemporary Review*, December, 1880.

sequent disturbed period of 1848 and 1849, the crime of murder declined by more than half, and attempts to murder almost altogether. The fact that so few murders have been committed during the past twelve months seems to indicate that the masses of the people deem the Land League a better security against oppression than they could have in the landlord's dread of assassination.

A return was presented to the House of Commons, during the last session of Parliament (1880), of the "agrarian outrages reported to the constabulary between the 1st of January, 1879, and the 31st of January, 1880," the total of crimes being 977; and when we consider that the greater part of that period was a period when crops had failed, when a third bad harvest had brought a great many of the people to the verge of famine, and when many of them had lived for months on the charity of the public, it will be seen that the amount of crime is small. Mr. Gladstone himself admitted, during the fervor of his Midlothian campaign in the winter of 1879–80, that Ireland was in a most satisfactory condition, with little or no crime. Another return presented this session, and ordered to be printed, by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, of all the agrarian outrages reported by the Royal Irish Constabulary for the month of November, 1880, is instructive. It must be borne in mind that at that period the land agitation was in full swing, that the government were then undecided as to the wisdom of adopting a policy of coercion, and that the law of the Land League practically reigned supreme. This return * shows that in the province of Leinster there were 58 crimes, in Munster 280, in Ulster 41, and in Connaught 182, making a grand total of 561 crimes, a very large proportion of which were threatening notices only and intimidations of a similar character, but which included also, 1. Offences against the person, such as assault and murder; 2. Offences against property, such as incendiary fires, and taking forcible possession, killing, cutting, and maiming cattle; 3. Offences against the public peace, such as riots and affrays, injury to property, firing into dwellings, and general intimidations. Much was made of these returns, and the English public were loud in their denunciations of such atrocious crimes; but they must have forgotten the beam in their own eye, for a perusal of even an imperfect list of crimes committed in one week in England, taken hap-hazard from the newspapers, is startling. The following are a few cases selected in this way:

"At Crewe a man was committed for having set fire to his master's premises. At Manchester a man named Mayne was charged with having mur-

* Return to an order of the House of Commons dated 6th January, 1881.

dered his sweetheart. In London a blacksmith named Palmer was charged with attacking his wife in a brutal way with a hammer. At Camberwell an attempt by four men to drown a policeman. At Northampton [the constituency which has immortalized itself by twice returning a notorious atheist as its representative] a man called Lichfield cut his wife's throat with a razor. At Westminster a man called Clarke killed his wife by stabbing her in the chest with a knife, while another in Battersea kicked his wife to death. At Hammersmith and Scarborough mothers were charged with having attempted to drown their daughters, at Norwich two soldiers with an attempt to suffocate a comrade, and at Liverpool a watchman is alleged to have beaten a boy to death. To crown all a man was charged with having killed his wife by running a red-hot poker into her body when asleep."

The London *Graphic* of October, 1880, says:

"Burglaries around London are as numerous as ever, notwithstanding the fact that extra police patrols and plain-clothes men have been placed on duty in the various districts. The Home Secretary has offered a reward of £100 for the conviction of the recent burglaries and attempted murders at Lewisham and Blackheath, with a free pardon to any accomplices. It is said that the announcement contains a special clause excluding policemen from participation in reward. Robberies from churches and schools have also been very frequent in the southern suburbs, and three young men have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in them."

No sensible person supposes for a moment that crime in England excuses crime in Ireland; but when extravagant charges against Irishmen are made by Froude and other writers of ability and distinction, and are repeated in the daily press, it is well that the attention of the public should be directed to the fact that Great Britain is not immaculate. The *Pall Mall Gazette* (May 2, 1881) contained the following reference to crime in England:

"No fewer than four murders are reported in the papers this morning. A superannuated excise officer near Norwich quarrelled with his wife about religious questions, kicked her senseless, and then hacked her head to pieces with a hatchet. At Manchester a telegraph-clerk, provoked by his wife's aggravating temper, stabbed his thirteen-months-old daughter six times through the heart and lungs with a chisel. On Saturday two laborers were committed for trial at Southwark police court for murdering their paramours; in both cases the victim of brutality was kicked to death. To this grim and ghastly record must be added the fact that a laborer in Wandsworth Road deliberately shot a passer-by with a revolver, wounding him so seriously that it is feared his right arm will have to be amputated. It must be admitted that the merry month of May has hardly opened auspiciously for the genial optimists who are perpetually prattling about the progress of humanity and the advancing civilization of the nineteenth century."

We mention such atrocities to show that England, which professes to read a lecture on morality and virtue to her sister country, does not come into court with clean hands.

The greatest difference between English and Irish crime consists in the fact that in England crime lacks the excuse of suffering, and springs from mere brutality, whilst in Ireland it is notorious that by far the greater number of crimes can be distinctly traced to the disastrous condition in which that country has been placed by centuries of continuous bad legislation. In Great Britain and Scotland men kick their wives to death, cut each other's throats with razors, drown one another, and commit acts of impurity from mere wantonness and sensuality, whilst women, for the same reason, ruthlessly murder their illegitimate offspring. In Ireland, on the contrary, such things are almost unknown, and those who commit crimes of this character are scouted by public sentiment and held up to the reproach of the parish.

In nothing is the contrast between Great Britain and Ireland so remarkable as in the matter of divorce. The revelations of the Divorce Court disclose the unpleasant and alarming fact that every class in English society is leavened with immorality. The judges who have to try the cases in London are so overwhelmed with a work which is perpetually increasing that it is deemed necessary to appoint fresh ones in order to prevent a complete block of business.

"In numberless divorce cases," says the London *Standard*, "not only are the meanness and cowardice and dishonesty of the human race brought out just as strongly as they are in ordinary litigation, but the depths of grossness to which it is possible for human beings to sink are revealed to us with hideous plainness. When a man goes to law he often betrays that he is either a rogue or a very foolish person. When he is tried for any crime of violence he is as often shown to be an utter brute. When he is brought up before a magistrate for being drunk we sometimes see his sensual and animal propensities exhibited in a strong light. But in many divorce cases we find all three combined—knavery, cruelty, and profligacy. How any kind of faith in human nature or in the purity of man or woman can survive a long experience of such business it is difficult to comprehend."

In the period between the Michaelmas sittings of 1879 and the Trinity sittings of 1880 there were no less than 643 cases disposed of by Sir James Hannen, and yet the number that were obliged to stand over was such as to cause general comment.

The last argument invariably made use of by those who are prejudiced against Ireland is that, even granting crime in Ireland is less than in England or Scotland, the criminal is not screened in the latter countries, but invariably reaps the reward of his crime. Now, we are not prepared to assert that crime in Ireland is not frequently undetected, for in many cases, such as the assassina-

tion of Lord Leitrim and Lord Montmorres, no clue to the perpetrators of the deed has been discovered; but it is a mistake to suppose that crime is always detected in England and the guilty person punished. The following extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette* (April, 1881) shows this clearly:

"Yesterday three charges of murder were tried in the English courts, and in each case the trial resulted in a verdict of acquittal. If similar failures of justice had occurred in Ireland every one knows what would be said, but as they only took place in England they escape attention. No stress need be laid on the acquittal of the young woman charged with murdering her child at Bromley. The evidence was slight, and the painful scene in court might naturally incline the jury to mercy. George Richings, at Aylesbury, was accused on his own confession of having burned his paramour to death in the middle of his room; but as the poor woman, like Desdemona, declared with her dying breath that her lover was innocent, he was acquitted. In the case of the Slough murder, as the evidence against the butcher-boy accused of killing his mistress consisted solely of an apparent similarity between his handwriting and that of the murderer, it is not surprising the jury refused to convict. But it is decidedly unpleasant to think of the number of undiscovered murderers who are at large just now."

It would be well for those persons who imagine that the influence and teaching of the Catholic Church are injurious to the Irish people to study the opinions of impartial writers as to the power of Catholicity to check crime. Dr. Forbes, one of Queen Victoria's physicians, in a work entitled *Memorandums made in Ireland in the Autumn of* 1852, writes:

"At any rate, the result of my inquiries is that, whether right or wrong in a theological or rational point of view, this instrument of confession is, among the Irish of the humbler classes, a direct preservative against certain forms of immorality. . . . Amongst other charges preferred against confession in Ireland and elsewhere is the facility it affords for corrupting the female mind, and of its actually leading to such corruption. . . . So far from such corruption resulting from the confessional, the singular purity of female life among the lower classes is in a considerable degree dependent on this very circumstance. . . . With a view of testing as far as was practicable the truth of the theory respecting the influence of confession on this branch of morals, I obtained through the courtesy of the Poor-Law Commissioners a return of the number of legitimate and illegitimate children in the workhouses of each of the four provinces of Ireland on a particular day—viz., 27th November, 1852. It is curious to mark how strikingly the results there conveyed correspond with the confession theory; the proportion of illegitimate children coinciding almost exactly with the relative proportions of the two religions in each province, being large where the Protestant element is large, and small where it is small."

A leading Presbyterian organ (the *Scotsman*) had the honesty to admit some years ago that England was nearly twice as bad, and Scotland nearly three times as bad, as Ireland, with re-

gard to crimes against morality, and that in Ireland itself even the proportion of illegitimacy was very unequally distributed, for the division showing the highest proportion was the northeastern, which comprised the semi-English and Scotch plantation of Ulster.

In the following tables * offences are divided into three classes: 1. Those which are in England and Ireland punishable after trial by jury only, and in Scotland are usually so punished; 2. Those which are punishable either after trial by jury or after summary conviction before justices or borough magistrates; 3. Offences punishable after summary conviction only. This division corresponds to the mode of trial in Scotland as well as in England and Ireland, and has the practical advantage of classing offences, in the order of importance, into (1) more serious offences; (2) less serious offences; (3) minor offences. In these tables the more serious offences in Ireland in the year 1878 are compared with proportionate figures for an equal population calculated from the English criminal statistics for 1877 by dividing the English figures by 4.5, and from the Scotch criminal statistics for 1877 by multiplying the Scotch figures by 1.5. Suicide is added, the figures being taken from those compiled by the registrar-general of the three countries. The more serious offences committed in Ireland in 1878 are compared with proportional English and Scotch figures for 1877 for an equal population:

CLASS I.

Classes of more serious offences.	Irish.	English.	Scotch.	Difference between Irish and English figures.	
	Offences in 1878.	Proportionate numbers in 1877 for same population.	Proportionate numbers in 1877 for same population.	Irish less.	English less.
Irish numbers less than English and Scotch total of more serious offences.	2,886	4,189	5,925	1,303	....
Offences against property, without violence	700	1,774	1,065	1,074	....
Offences against property, with violence	458	1,014	3,175	556	....
Suicide	93	291	163	234	....
Attempts to commit suicide.	69	195	108	126	....
Forgery, etc.	90	157	162	67	....
Offences against purity	142	200	281	58	....
Perjury	15	33	27	18	....

* Judicial Statistics, Criminal Statistics, House of Commons, vol. lxxvi.

The general result of this table is, therefore, favorable to Ireland as compared with both England and Scotland, the Irish number of more serious offences being 2,886—*i.e.*, 1,303 less than the English proportionate number (4,189) and 3,039 less than the Scotch proportionate number (5,925).

The Scotch come out very unfavorably in offences against purity, which are about double the number in Ireland—281 as compared with 142.

In Class II., of offences punishable either after trial by jury or summary conviction, the unfavorable features of more serious offences in Ireland are carried into the less serious, there being a marked excess of malicious offences of a minor character—6,936, as compared with 5,165 in England and 4,709 in Scotland; and 618 of assault and inflicting bodily harm, as compared with 112 in England. In morals, on the other hand, Ireland comes out favorably, the aggravated assaults on women and children being only 337, as compared with 597 in England. In both assault and inflicting bodily harm and in aggravated assaults on women the deficient classification of the Scotch statistics is supplied by estimates.

In Class III., of offences punishable by summary conviction only, the Irish figures come out unfavorably, the number (212,903) being more than the English (101,640) and the Scotch (85,709) figures added together (187,349). This great excess rests on three figures: punishable drunkenness, which was 63,238 in excess of the English figure; road and way offences, which were 32,138, and unclassed offences, which were 22,084, in excess of the English figure. With a view to check the temptation to punishable drunkenness, Parliament, in the session of 1878, extended to the greater part of Ireland the Scotch law as to Sunday closing; and though the act was in operation for only the last three months of the year 1878, the number of offences of punishable drunkenness was reduced from 110,000 in 1877 to 107,000 in the year 1878.

In a return * moved for in the House of Commons August 9, 1880 (by the writer of this article), of persons found guilty of murder in England, Wales, and Ireland in each of the undermentioned years, it will be found that Ireland well bears the test:

* These returns were made out by the kindness of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, but have not been officially printed and presented to the House.

Year.	England and Wales.	Ireland.
1877	34	..
1878	20	5
1879	34	4

And in another return of the number of aggravated assaults on women and children—that is to say, persons found guilty of such assaults in England and Wales, and in Ireland, in each of the undermentioned years—(also moved for by the writer of this article) Ireland stands well:

Year.	England and Wales.	Ireland.
1877	2,374	311
1878	2,243	282
1879	1,989	533

The increase of these assaults in Ireland in the year 1879 may be attributed to the crisis which the country was then beginning to enter upon—a crisis of such severity that it practically ended in famine and was mitigated by the hand of charity only, administered through four funds.

Those who are loudest in denouncing Irish crime in general, and those crimes in particular which have been committed within the past twelve months, should not forget the state in which Ireland found itself during the winter of 1879–80. The special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* (a London Conservative journal) wrote thus:

"What with smoke and the lack of openings the cabins of the poor are almost dark even at midday. Such, ye gentlemen of England, is a Donegal cabin in this present advanced year of grace, and in such a manner do thousands live within two days' journey of the capital of your mighty empire. The fact, you will admit, is not one to boast of. I verily believe that Cetewayo would not have permitted his Zulus to be housed like these wretched people. Uniformly miserable as are the cabins, the misery of their inmates is a little diversified. In one place we find the mother preparing—what do you think?—a dish of seaweed wherewith to flavor the Indian meal obtained from the relief funds! I am not joking—God forbid! Her children have gone to the shore and gathered the stuff, and while I look on she prepares it for cooking."

The English public are slow to realize the truth that Ireland is a constant prey to famine, but they are ready and willing to give ear to her misdemeanors. It is a remarkable fact that at the very time English ministers were urging the necessity of stringent coercion, and the English press were holding up Ireland as an island of assassins, its own criminal records showed it to be in a state comparatively satisfactory. The following are a few cases in point: The chairman of the Cavan Quarter Sessions, in addressing the grand jury in March, 1881, declared that there had only been one year in the last eight or nine in which the criminal business was so light. In the County Louth there were but two cases at Quarter Sessions, and those both at the crown side of the court. At Tralee, in the County Kerry, the report states that there were only a few trivial cases and one of forcible entry.

The summer assizes of 1880 are remarkable for the testimony of judges in all parts of the country as to the absence of crime. In Wexford there were only three cases to go before the grand jury; in Galway, a county situated in the centre of the poorest and most disturbed districts, only four; in Derry, five; in Wicklow, one; in Donegal, five; in Louth, two; in the city of Cork, none. At Drogheda Judge Fitzgibbon declared that the complete absence of crime was not in any way owing to the inability of the police authorities to detect offences, for that ample supervision had been exercised; and in North Tipperary, a district long celebrated for the excitable temper of its people, Judge O'Brien said that he was happy to find there were no agrarian outrages at all.

The statement so frequently made in Parliament and on public platforms during the discussion on the late Coercion Bill, that agrarian crime was never so rife, is refuted by one single fact. In the year 1870 the number of agrarian outrages was 1,329. According to a return (No. 131) presented to the House of Commons on the motion of the late Chief Secretary for Ireland (Mr. J. Lowther), and already referred to, the number of agrarian crimes from January 1, 1879, to January 31, 1880, was 977, thus showing that in the thirteen months during all of which the distress was most severe, and during part of which the land agitation had begun, the number of outrages was far below the total of 1870.

One of the charges most frequently made against the Irish, especially since the commencement of the land agitation, has been that of cruelty to dumb animals. Now, many brutal cases have undoubtedly occurred in Ireland which no right-minded person

could condone; but England is not immaculate on this score, and, though cruelty in England to the brute creation does not, as we have said before, excuse cruelty in Ireland, it is nevertheless somewhat punctilious of Englishmen to expend so much energy in showing up the faults of their neighbors, when they are not free of blame themselves. In the report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for the year 1876 it is stated that there were altogether 2,468 convictions for cruelty to animals in Great Britain, 953 of which were for cruelty to horses in England. The same report states that the manager of the London General Omnibus Co. acknowledges that of the 8,000 horses employed by this company three out of every five have to be sold to knackers, two out of every five to agriculturists, after fifty-four months, and that this fact justly enough involves agony of terrible intensity. In the year 1877 there were 2,726 convictions, and in the year 1878 there were 3,533 convictions, of which 2,156 were for cruelty to horses, 148 to donkeys, 86 to dogs, and 64 to cats. Sir Charles Dilke, the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in a speech made in November, 1880, gave as one of the reasons why the government might be obliged to adopt measures of coercion for Ireland the fact that forty-seven cattle had been killed or maimed in Ireland during the preceding ten months. Whether or no this statement was accurate we do not know, but as he founded his reasoning on the said forty-seven reported cases of cruelty to animals, and as it is reasonable to suppose that few cases of cruelty to large and valuable animals, such as cattle, horses, or sheep, are likely to have passed unreported in Ireland, we may assume that the number is correct. It is, therefore, instructive to note the advertised return of *convictions obtained in England* by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for *one single month* (November, 1880):

Horses—working in an unfit state	167
" beating kicking, stabbing, etc	28
" overdriving and overloading	4
" starving by withholding food	1
Donkeys—working in an unfit state	7
" beating, kicking, etc	9
Cattle—beating, kicking, etc	4
" overstocking (distending udders)	2
" cutting for identification	1
" improperly killing	2
Sheep—beating, kicking, stabbing, etc	3
Pigs— " " "	1
Dogs— " " "	7
" starving by withholding food	2

Cats—setting dogs to worry	1
" cutting tails off	3
Fowls—beating, kicking, stabbing, etc	1
" overcrowding in baskets	2
" allowing to remain in toothed trap	1
Geese—beating, kicking, etc	1
Pigeons—improperly conveying	4
Hyenas—burning during menagerie performance	1
Argall—beating, kicking, etc	1
Various—owners causing offences	70
Total	323

In the year 1879 the convictions for cruelty to animals in England reached the total of 3,725, which included such atrocities as pulling the tongues out of horses, burning cats alive, and pouring turpentine down dogs' throats.

It should never be forgotten that crime in Ireland is of a peculiar and indigenous character, and that circumstances rather than inclination have made it. The Howard Association recently published a pamphlet on the subject in connection with Irish prisons, which, amongst a great deal of interesting matter, contained the following passage: "The remedy may be ultimately proved to consist not so much in either penal or parliamentary as in religious, moral, and scientific agencies." This may or may not be true, but our belief has always been that if the causes that now engender agrarian crime in Ireland were removed crime itself would soon dwindle to insignificant proportions.

The following table, compiled by Mr. Sexton, member for Sligo, from the *Annual Statistics* published by Dr. Hancock, is significant as indicating what we have endeavored to point out —viz., that agrarian crime (*and there is comparatively little other crime*) in Ireland depends upon the pressure of distress and poverty.

Crime in England marches onward and every day brings new developments. One of the latest is the sale of wives. Not many years ago a woman was sold in Runcorn by her husband for a mere trifle. Wigan and Bolton have witnessed similar scenes. Bury owned a woman who was sold in the market-place, whither her husband had brought her with her neck in a rope, imagining that there was some law which required that form to make the transaction legal. In Prescot a man who became the purchaser of a spouse from a friend actually tried to get an advertisement into the local papers formally announcing the fact, believing that such publication would place the validity of the contract beyond cavil.

At Bedford Leigh a fireman gave away his wife, child, and furniture to a friend, and the woman accepted the change as complacently as if she were some slave to be disposed of at pleasure —a transaction which was reported in a respectable daily paper as "an amusing affair."

Year.	Number of agrarian crimes specially reported by the police.	Remarks of the official statistician.
*1862	363	Years of pressure through distress.—*Report for* 1868.
*1863	349	
*1864	304	
1865	178	
1866	87	
1867	123	Greater pressure of distress.—*Report for* 1867.
1868	160	The number of offences against property, with violence, seems to vary in each year with the extent of distress prevailing in the country.—*Report for* 1868.
*1869	767	
*1870	1,329	
1871	368	
1872	256	
1873	254	
1874	213	
1875	136	
*1876	201	
*1877	236	The winter of 1877 and spring of 1878 have been periods of exceptional pressure on the poor.—*Report for* 1878.
*1878	280	
*1879	870	The last year when there was a similar increase of crime was 1862. In the report for 1863 the observation is made that the change from decrease to increase was owing to the amount of distress in these two years. The special measures which became necessary to relieve distress in 1879 indicated that the pressure was greater than in 1862, and more nearly approached in some districts the famine of 1847. These figures indicate the effect of the pressure of distress in producing crime.—*Report for* 1879.

We do not give these cases simply as items of news, but because they reveal an ominous state of society, and because the Pharisees of the British press are perpetually dilating on the sins of their neighbors whilst they gloss over their own.

An article appeared in the *Friend of India* (of November, 1880) which may be taken as typical of the general feeling expressed by those who look at Ireland from a distance. Having stated that the terrorism and outrages attributed to the action of the Land League were not to be compared with the crimes in vogue in Sheffield and elsewhere, where trades-unions were outside the pale of the law, it proceeded as follows:

* Years of distress.

"In Ireland every amelioration in the condition of her people has had to be extracted out of England almost by physical force, and has only then been conceded when there seemed no alternative but civil war. It is all very well for Englishmen to declare they will not be bullied into yielding to the desires of the Irish people. The Irish know better; they know that if bullied sufficiently they are certain to yield, and that without bullying they would do nothing. These methods may be lawless, but English law has been to Ireland for centuries the negation of justice, an organized system of lawlessness."

Language of this character is very significant and illustrates forcibly the theory we have always held—that if Ireland were governed in a manner more just and more in harmony with the wishes of her people the amount of crime would be but small.

Many persons are firmly persuaded that the Irish, as being a Celtic race, are, by some perverse ordinance of nature, prone to violence and disorder. We would draw the attention of such to the following: Mr. Gladstone asked the House of Commons in the year 1870 to investigate where in Ireland the ratio of agrarian crime to the number of evictions was highest and where it was the lowest, and they would find that in Connaught, where the Celtic race largely preponderated, the ratio of agrarian crime to evictions was far less than in Ulster, where, as is well known, there is the largest infusion of non-Celtic blood.

In an essay on crime in England and Ireland it is only right to note the wide prominence given by the English press to accounts of Irish outrages and crime—accounts which editors have not hesitated to insert, whilst they have refused to publish the contradictions that have been sent them. Not once or twice but many times during the past twelve months the writer of this article felt it his duty to call attention to gross exaggerations and actual misstatements that appeared in English papers regarding Irish crime, but, with very few exceptions, insertion was not given to his letters. It frequently happens, moreover, that when denials are inserted leading articles appear neutralizing the denial; thus, an Irish landlord who wrote to a "society" paper to contradict a report that he was in bodily fear of his life, and who said he had always lived most happily with his tenants, was told that he was an exception, not to the general rule, but to the invariable rule; and it was added,* with a sneer of contempt, that such tenants were not to be found in all Ireland. The writer of the article had probably never visited Ireland, or, if he had, knew

* *The Case of Ireland Stated.* By M. F. Cusack, the Nun of Kenmare.

nothing whatever of the relations between Irish landlords and tenants.

Happily for Ireland, however, there have always been a few noble exceptions—men who have not hesitated to attribute the faults of Irishmen more to bad legislation and bad government than to any inherent viciousness of the people. Sydney Smith, in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* in the year 1820, nine years before Catholic Emancipation had been granted, wrote as follows:

"The consequence of the long mismanagement and oppression of Ireland, and of the singular circumstances in which it is placed, is that it is a semi-barbarous country—more shame to those who have thus ill-treated a fine country and fine people; but it is part of the present case of Ireland. . . . Want of unity in feeling and interest among the people, irritability, violence, and revenge, habitual disobedience to the law, want of confidence in magistrates, corruption, venality, etc., etc., all carry back the observer to that remote and early condition of mankind which an Englishman can learn only in the pages of the antiquary or the historian. We do not draw this picture for censure but for truth. We admire the Irish, feel the most sincere pity for the state of Ireland, and think the conduct of the English to that country to have been a system of atrocious cruelty and contemptible meanness."

And in another essay in the same *Review*, written in the year 1827, he says:

"The Irish were quiet under the severe code of Queen Anne; so the half-murdered man left on the ground bleeding by thieves is quiet, and he only moans and cries for help as he recovers."

We give these quotations, not because we are prepared to substantiate them, but to point out how an unprejudiced Englishman regarded the question of crime in Ireland, and to strengthen our argument that the amount of crime is largely and principally due to misgovernment. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that for two hundred years each successive ministry sought to rival its predecessor in cruelty and brutality to the Irish people, and thus gave a direct impetus to the existence of those characteristics of crime which a sentimental public at the present day so loudly condemn. The history of the last fifty years has been to reverse such a disastrous policy, and we trust that Ireland may yet receive her just reward.

THE STORY OF A PORTIONLESS GIRL.

From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, by Mary H. A. Allies.

PART I.—EARLY YOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE THIRTEENTH OF OCTOBER, 1858.

TEN o'clock struck. It was a stormy night. The wind sighed and moaned, the rain fell in loud and heavy drops from the dark sky above, but the noisy whistle which announced the arrival of a train overpowered the voice of the raging elements, and the train rolled slowly into the brilliantly-lighted station. The guards opened the carriages; out tumbled the travellers, and then began the thickly-packed crowd, the pushing, squeezing, searching, calling, and moving-about which always follow upon the arrival at its destination of a train from a distance, and which are exceedingly aggravated when its destination is the capital and the hour of its arrival the evening. In the midst of a general confusion, in which people have no eyes for their neighbors, except it be to seek out their own party or acquaintances in the crowd, a young person suitably but quietly dressed escaped observation. She was standing on the platform and calling out from time to time into the busy hum the words "Miss Sylvia." No notice was vouchsafed to her appeal, till at last a guard came up to her and said in a grumbling tone:

"Now, then, miss, what's all this noise about? Stand out of the way."

"Don't, Mr. Guard," she replied in a tone which asked for sufferance. "I am here to meet a lady whom I don't know at all, and who doesn't know me, for she is coming from a distance."

"So you stand there and make that noise? There's no sense in it."

"Very much, Mr. Guard; for who is likely to be called 'Sylvia' here? Nobody. So I call out Miss Sylvia and think that she will hear me in the end."

"As the lady comes from a distance, she will have luggage

and be over there where it is taken out. If you go there you will be sure to find her."

"Thank you," she replied, and she hurried in the given direction till she came upon a compact mass of people who were eagerly trying to secure their boxes, trunks, portmanteaus, band-boxes, and travelling-bags.

Again she called out "Miss Sylvia," and this time she followed up the words by an exclamation of joyful surprise, for she discovered a young lady who was looking about her in bewilderment. She was dressed entirely in black and seemed tired and done up, as if she had had a hard day's journey.

"I wonder whether you are 'Miss Sylvia,' niece to Mr. Privy Counsellor Prost? If you are I am here to fetch you."

"I am," rejoined the young lady.

"Quick with your luggage ticket. What have you? Two boxes. Wait here and look after your purse, bag, and umbrella. There are all kinds of people about."

A few minutes later Sylvia was sitting next to her active companion in the carriage which had been waiting, and driving through the bright and dazzling streets to Herr Prost's house.

"Are you my aunt's maid?" she asked timidly.

"Not maid," was the answer. "Mlle. Victoire is your aunt's maid, and Mlle. Josephine, a real Parisian, is maid to the two young ladies. I am the wardrobe-keeper, or, if you like, third lady's maid."

"And what is your name?"

"My name is Bertha, if you please—Bertha Lindner—and I belong to this place."

"I am very much obliged to you, Bertha, for taking so much trouble for me. How glad I was when you found me out! It is so horrid to arrive at a crowded station late in the evening."

"To be sure, such business does not belong to my work," answered Bertha somewhat condescendingly. "On an ordinary day a servant in livery would have gone to fetch you. But to-day there is a grand dinner in honor of Miss Valentine's engagement, so no servant could leave home."

"Grand dinner! Oh! dear, and must I go into that?" asked Sylvia in a fright.

"Make yourself easy, miss," replied Bertha in a patronizing tone. "Your aunt gave orders that you should be taken directly to your room and go to bed, if you like."

"Whom is my cousin engaged to?" asked Sylvia, set at ease by this information.

"To an immensely rich Herr Goldisch, from Hamburg."

"Goldisch? Doesn't that sound like a Jewish name?" said Sylvia simply.

"I beg your pardon, miss; it sounds English. Herr Goldisch is really English by birth, and Miss Valentine has already said that she will always write Goldish without the *c;* then nobody can doubt about its being English. For the matter of that, Jews are human beings, and often very rich ones."

Sylvia had nothing to say to this. "But I am surprised," she remarked, "at a grand dinner on a Friday."

"Do you, then, look upon Friday as an unlucky day, like Josephine?" asked Bertha with some compassion. "*I* don't. But I must say that I think the number 13 is unlucky, and it makes us very unhappy that the engagement is kept to-day; Josephine dislikes it because it is Friday, and I because it is the 13th of October. Yes, indeed, miss, I must tell you that I felt quite a turn when I saw 'No. 13' on your boxes. You come to the house with 'No. 13'; that is very unfortunate for you and means nothing good. Date and luggage agree."

Before Sylvia had time to give a reassuring answer the carriage drew up before a large house whose entrance and first story were brilliantly lighted up. The concierge in livery received Sylvia with a majestical respect; men were at hand to carry the luggage, and Bertha led the young girl up a back staircase to the room prepared for her.

"Oh! how pretty," Sylvia cried out in joyful surprise as she walked in and set herself down comfortably on the luxurious chaise-longue. And certainly the room deserved her exclamation. It was rather low, being on the entresol, but, combined with the hospitable lamp, the cheerful fire, the delicate perfume of vanilla suffused by pastilles, this served rather to increase the feeling of comfort. Besides comfort an atmosphere of elegant cosiness was furthered by white portières set off with small bouquets of roses, rich curtains, lined with corresponding pink calico, to windows and alcove, a downy carpet, a large mirror, and costly furniture. The contrast between the raw, gray, damp journey and the room henceforth to be hers, where all was light, warm, and downy, acted so powerfully on Sylvia that, after the first impulse of pleased surprise, she fell to weeping.

In the meantime Bertha had drawn back the curtains from the alcove, put some wood on the fire, and looked to see if the windows were fast closed behind their curtains. At last she said consolingly: "Don't cry, miss. It is indeed very sad to be an

orphan, but look how pretty everything is here, all white and pink. Isn't the border of the dressing-table beautiful? And just look how comfortable these two cupboards in the alcove are. But now you must be hungry. I will go and fetch you some roast meat, or cutlet, or whatever else the cook has, in no time."

"I only want some tea," said Sylvia, struggling to steady her voice.

"No, miss, that won't do. You must eat some meat after your long journey, or you will be tired out."

"No, thank you, Bertha. On Friday Catholics mayn't eat meat."

"My goodness, miss! you are just such a Catholic as Mlle. Victoire," rejoined Bertha, quite perturbed. "I didn't know it. I will see about the tea."

She went off busily, and Sylvia remained alone. Alone she was in the bustling town, in the large house, in her pretty room —quite alone. The consciousness of her lonely position pressed upon her heart like a dead weight, and she was torn by sharp homesickness.

But whither would her homesickness have led her? What could her native place offer her? What had she in the small town where she was born and where her parents had lived? Five graves—nothing more. She had no home. But there were her childhood's playmates, her guardian, well-known faces—altogether a dear spot; and Sylvia wished for a pair of wings to fly out of the charming pink and white room to the very ordinary apartment she had lately been sharing with her guardian's three daughters. Above her on the first floor she heard the hum of voices, the coming and going of people, the scraping of chairs, suggestive of a large party. Everywhere there was movement, everywhere people—in the courtyard, in the streets, in the house —and she, as it were between the inner and outer world, was alone. If she might only have seen her aunt for a minute and been allowed to kiss her, or if her aunt had only come to her or sent for her to give her a quiet welcome! Her heart beat as the door opened, poor child! It was Bertha.

"Here, miss, I bring you something to eat: tea, boiled eggs, preserved fruits, cream, and pastry. Now try to enjoy it," said Bertha, as she spread the things out in their nice order. "I am sure you must be dreadfully tired, coming from the other side of the Rhine at one stroke. But it must be fearfully dull to live so very far from our beautiful capital."

"I have not found it so," replied Sylvia.

"But were there a theatre, and opera, and ballet there, and gas-lights and wonderful shops, and such things inside, too?"

Sylvia was obliged to own that there was no one of these things in her native place.

"Then, indeed, miss, you will see wonderful things here and learn to enjoy your life," said Bertha with deep conviction.

But her loquacity did not prevent her from attending to Sylvia, who said, quite comforted: "Many thanks, Bertha. I give you too much trouble. I can do this very well myself. But do tell me who is next door."

"Miss Isidora. Then comes Miss Wilmot with little Harry, then Frau Roll, the housekeeper, then we ladies' maids, then there are bath and wash-rooms. That takes up the entresol. On the ground floor there are your uncle's rooms and office; on the first floor there are your aunt's rooms and reception-rooms; on the second floor there are the young gentlemen and spare rooms. Miss Valentine used to sleep in this room, but now she has got one next to her mamma, because she thought Mr. Goldisch's bride ought to have silk furniture and hangings, and not remain on the entresol any longer. And Miss Valentine always gets her way."

When Sylvia was alone she took a prayer-book out of her bag and ran her eyes along the room and alcoves. However, she did not find what she sought. There were no signs of crucifix, religious picture, or holy-water stoup. She took out a small silver crucifix which her mother had always worn, put the tea-tray on one side of the dressing-table, and her prayer-book and crucifix on the other, and said to herself, quite pleased, "This will do for a little altar." Then she knelt down devoutly to say her night prayers.

CHAPTER II.

A FORLORN ORPHAN.

THE young girl who arrived so quietly at Herr Prost's stirring house was called Sylvia von Neheim. Frau Prost was her mother's sister. These two sisters had had a very different lot, and their paths had led far apart from each other. Both were very beautiful, but looks were their only dowry, as the former renown of an ancient lineage had long since died out and given way to the most modest circumstances. After an eight years' engagement the elder sister married Herr von Neheim, who, as poor as she

herself, had only then succeeded in finding a government appointment with a salary sufficient to marry upon. As it was it was scanty enough, and it became still further reduced by debts which had to be discharged. He had gone through all his studies and the dreary years which aspirants to state service without a fortune have to encounter. Had it not been for Frau von Neheim's extraordinary frugality and activity the little household would soon have fallen into the greatest confusion; but, energetic as she was, with sound heart and head, she kept the fragile boat which carried her life's happiness above water, and bore with her hypochondriacal, fitful, yet worthy husband with a persevering tenderness astonishing to all the world, and which furnished another proof of the insoluble problem how it not unfrequently happens that in marriage the most lovable part loves more than it is loved. Sylvia was the first child of this marriage.

Five years before Sylvia's birth Frau von Neheim's youngest sister had already married Herr Prost, who at thirty-two, dazzled and charmed by her beauty, for the first time in his life forbore to make a profitable speculation. He met her and her mother by chance as he was staying with some friends in the country, with whom he had purposed to spend only one day. But he remained eight days, and at the end of that time he was engaged. Four weeks later he was married and on the way to Paris with his young wife. There he spent some years in communication with the largest business houses. He had a wonderful talent at once for seizing favorable conjunctures and for turning the largest penny by them. On going to Paris he owned a considerable inherited fortune, and there his speculations, always fortunate, were sometimes brilliant. In this way he increased it notably, and by degrees he became a very rich man, then a millionaire. As yet he had not lived up to his wealth. He was of opinion that he must increase his principal before he could play tricks with it. Then came the year 1848. The revolutions which were the order of the day in Europe generally, and which displaced so many of its great people, so far from affecting him prejudicially, brought him an advantageous change. He got a letter from his native town, the capital, telling him of the bankruptcy of one of the largest firms, that a beautiful house was to be sold for a mere song, that the expectations of the liberal party were high, and that the time was favorable for a return to his own country. As soon as Herr Prost had ascertained the truth of this information he took his wife and children to Ems and went to the capital to see about his house. His wife had wished for

the stay at Ems because Herr and Frau von Neheim were there for the waters.

The sisters had not seen each other for thirteen years. During all that time the one had not left Paris and its neighborhood, and the other had not moved from her small town on the hazel banks of the Moselle. The one, with her four children and as many servants, abounded in Parisian elegance and English comfort; the other was single-handed at Ems with her husband and little girl of eight, and had been obliged to leave her three little boys behind her at home under the charge of a trustworthy nurse. One was so pretty, so fresh, and so blooming that nobody would have thought her thirty-two, whilst the other sister was taken to be ten years older than she really was. The one had never been aroused from her apathy by any disturbing or uncomfortable occurrence; the other, with her heroic spirit, had lived in the midst of a thousand cares for the present and the future. But in spite of all outward and inward want of resemblance the sisters were fond of each other and were pleased to be together. Not so Herr von Neheim and Herr Prost. The two brothers-in-law took entirely opposite views in politics. Herr von Neheim was one of those conservatives who see the saving of the world in leaving respected dust on respected deeds. Herr Prost was a liberal of the stamp described by Eulenspiegel's saying: "Give me yours; I mean to keep what is mine." As long as Herr Prost stayed at Ems Herr von Neheim used to tell his wife that he must give up the *Cur*, as it did him harm on account of the unceasing worry of his brother-in-law's arguments; but when he was gone the hypochondriacal and peevish man began to complain of his sister-in-law. He called her purse-proud and ostentatious, and, whilst Frau von Neheim's unselfishness did not grudge her sister one of the comforts of her riches, he could not resist many little innuendoes on the uneven division of temporal goods. His wife had so accustomed him to be the central figure, the pivot, that when Frau Prost, without making any secret of it, laid claim to the same position he took mortal offence and thought her preposterously selfish. Herr Prost left his wife free as to the children, the household, the daily life with its requirements and amusements; she was entire mistress, and she demanded to be such. She did not care to be initiated into his speculations and combinations, or even to cast a furtive glance at his money concerns. It would have appealed to her power of endurance, and she was no friend to endurance of any kind. With her things must be smoothly and leisurely done. Like a

ball wrapped up in velvet and silk she rolled over the soft carpet of her life's course. That such a woman should have neither the inclination nor the habit of thinking of others ought to have estranged no one, except, indeed, a brother-in-law of Herr von Neheim's character. Every day discord was at work, though, to be sure, it preyed upon nothing more serious than a drive one day or a donkey party the next—small things which simply aroused much astonishment in Frau Prost's mind. But they were quite enough to upset Herr von Neheim, and he was glad when his stay at Ems came to an end. Frau Prost, who had gone to Ems only for her sister's sake, betook herself to a rented country-house in Rheingau for the late summer, and invited Frau von Neheim to visit her there.

"And what is to become of our children?" asked Herr von Neheim peevishly.

"Why, Clara will bring them," said Frau Prost.

"And what am I to do?" he exclaimed in the same tone.

"Well, you will come with Clara, I imagine."

"And my deeds?" he said with increasing impetuosity.

"You can bring them with you, too," she said peaceably.

"And my sessions, too? No, this won't do," he blurted out.

"You won't let me put a word in," said Frau von Neheim, laughing, "or I should have declined your kind invitation at once, dear Teresa, as we are not easily moved."

Thereupon Frau Prost was satisfied, and the sisters parted never to meet again.

Frau Prost went from her villeggiatura at Eltville to her beautiful town-residence, and Frau von Neheim returned to her modest housekeeping. A life of luxury, expenditure, and entertainment on the largest scale began for Frau Prost, but sorrow followed upon sorrow for Frau von Neheim, who lost her three sons in the course of time. Then she herself began to ail, and when Sylvia was scarcely seventeen years old the poor mother died. This was too much for Herr von Neheim. Only then he found out what he had lost in her and how much he had loved her. His fancifulness had clouded over his affection; but now that this crowning grief, following upon his earlier bereavements, absorbed his whims and caprices, he realized for the first time what his love had been. He was inconsolable, and in his selfishness he chose to be inconsolable.

Sylvia had a dreary life all alone with her father, whom, on account of his uncertain temper, she had always rather feared than loved. Frau von Neheim would say to her children:

"Poor papa has a headache and is tired with his work, so you mustn't bother him on any account. When you see him you mustn't squabble, or call out, or talk so much." The children would obey their kind and loving mother, feeling very sorry for "poor papa," and they would hush their talk when he came in, and be shy before him. They were glad to break loose from him, because he frightened away their childish pleasure. Although as Sylvia grew older, and her mother encouraged her to more freedom, she got a little more accustomed to him, yet she never felt quite herself with her father. And when, after her mother's death, she saw how he shut himself up in his grief, she fell back again into the old shyness, which at times became an overpowering constraint. But even in his sorrow he was faithful to his methodical habits, so that Sylvia saw him only at meal-time and during the walk which she had been used to take with him for several years. Generally his conversation with her then amounted to two or three remarks about the weather or some household matter, but sometimes he would bitterly complain of his disappointed life, of his toiling, poverty-stricken youth, of the long years during which his promised bride had waited for him in her bloom, of his small means, of the ill-health which had hindered him from getting on in his career, and of the consequent cares which had been so many nails, perhaps, in his dear wife's coffin. What could Sylvia answer? God rules over such circumstances, and she felt it, but she never even dreamed of saying it in so many words. Sometimes she would cry over her poor father's troubles, and sometimes she would answer that this and that had not seemed so very hard to her mother.

"Yes, your mother was an angel," Herr von Neheim would say; "but, I repeat it, she would be living now if her life had been less hard and troubled."

"Let us hope that she is now in heaven," Sylvia would answer softly.

"And that I may soon be with her," Herr von Neheim would add, not considering the poor child's feelings; for although he was a Catholic in belief, he wanted that spirit of faith which puts us on our guard against self-seeking. Suffice it to say that his health went from bad to worse, and ten months after his wife's death he was laid beside her in the peaceful churchyard, and Sylvia was an orphan in the midst of five green mounds of earth. What was to become of her? She did not know. An old college friend of her father's, Herr von Lehrbach, was her guardian, and he undertook to ask Frau Prost if she had any wish about

Fräulein von Neheim, or whether she were disposed to do anything for her. There could be no question of provision, as all his ward's fortune consisted in the sale of furniture and household goods. Frau Prost answered that she would be very much pleased to have her niece to live with her, but that she would not be at home before October, on account of taking the waters, and that till then she begged Herr von Lehrbach to provide for Sylvia at her expense. He was quite relieved to have thus secured her future, and took her into his own house for the time, where she was treated like a sister by his daughters, formerly her childhood's playmates, now her friends. In the meantime he saw after Herr von Neheim's affairs, and thought himself fortunate to be able to scrape together about two thousand guilders for Sylvia.

Although in mourning for her father, Sylvia could not help feeling quite at home in her guardian's house. It was a pleasant, simple, cheerful family life, composed of father and mother, three grown-up daughters, and two sons, one the eldest and one the youngest. From a home always quiet, but which had become a dreary solitude since her mother's death, Sylvia found herself all at once in the midst of a freshness and youth altogether sympathetic to her age. She wondered at her own spirits, but she could not keep them under control. At times she was still cast down, and then she would cry about her father and mother and her orphanhood; but Frau von Lehrbach's tender and earnest words of consolation dried her tears, though she knew not how. She would have been only too well pleased to stay in the happy home, and Herr and Frau von Lehrbach would have been glad to keep her there; but out of regard for Sylvia's future they felt that her going to her aunt was absolutely necessary. Sylvia knew her aunt only through the visit to Ems ten years back, and her memory was somewhat hazy on the subject. On the other hand, she had a lively remembrance of her continual bickerings with her cousin Valentine, who, a year older than she, had much nicer clothes and spoke French with more ease than German, and thought herself thereby authorized to order Sylvia about, which Sylvia much objected to, so that the two cousins were on much the same terms as Herr von Neheim and Herr Prost. This made her a little anxious, and the impression was fostered by her father's never having mentioned Herr and Frau Prost without a touch of bitterness. Herr Prost's influence and importance grew with his riches: he became Geheime-Commerzienrath; half a dozen orders decorated his breast; as the possessor of money and lands he sat

in the *Pairskammer* in a double capacity ; and if he was not raised to the rank of a nobleman it was his own fault. In case of his death he foresaw that his children would be "poor beggars of barons," as he expressed it; when he should have provided a millionaire's portion for each, and thus ensured the feathers for their nests, then he might think about a title. Herr von Neheim had great contempt for this rise due to money-making. To his mind the incomparable parchment was the only way to honors and dignity, and sterling qualities were depreciated in the distinctions apt to be bestowed by princes on lucky speculators, and which are due to merit alone. If he was not wrong as to the latter point he was much mistaken in making merit and a paper pedigree all one. In short, he felt his family and position, and indirectly his own person, aggrieved by Herr Prost, and all his wife's efforts to bring him to a charitable state of mind had been useless.

Sylvia had overheard similar conversations too often not to be influenced by them, and, as it happened that her father's view corresponded with her own impression of Valentine, she was more disposed to side with him than with her mother in the matter. And now she was to go to these very people as a poor, almost friendless, orphan. For a whole week before her departure she cried all night long, and looked so pale and wretched that Frau von Lehrbach, in great anxiety, expressed her fears to her husband that Sylvia's homesickness would be too much for her. But he answered : "She positively must go to her aunt's. If she can't bear it when she gets there, and they will let us have her back, then let her come by all means ; I have nothing against it. But she must try it, because these people don't know us, and they might think we wanted to keep Sylvia on account of the money they pay for her."

Thus it was that with bitter tears Sylvia went off as soon as October came and a fitting opportunity could be found in the shape of a lady who was going as far as the station before the capital. Frau Prost was apprised by telegram of the day and hour of Sylvia's arrival, and on Friday, the 13th of October, 1858, a date which Bertha Lindner considered doubly unlucky, Sylvia, quiet and unnoticed, took up her abode in her aunt's house.

CHAPTER III.

DIAMONDS AND RELATIVES.

When, on the following morning, Bertha noiselessly entered Sylvia's room, she exclaimed in amazement: "What! already up, miss, and dressed and unpacked? Why, I thought you would have slept till twelve o'clock."

"No," said Sylvia, "I am not accustomed to that. And now I should like to go to Mass."

"You really can't, miss. Mlle. Victoire has been back from Mass some time, and no one else goes to church of a week-day. On Sunday they all drive there at eleven, and to-morrow is Sunday. What can I bring you now? What will you have—cocoa, coffee, tea, or chocolate?"

"Couldn't I breakfast with my cousins?" asked Sylvia.

"It isn't the custom here, miss," said Bertha in the tone of one who gives information. "The master and mistress and young ladies and gentlemen all meet at twelve o'clock for the second breakfast, which they take together. But the first thing in the morning everybody takes whatever they like whenever they like."

Sylvia gave way to the established custom and thought with a heavy heart of the comfortable round breakfast-table in the Lehrbachs' house. Somehow then her beautiful room charmed her less than on the previous evening. She went on with her unpacking, putting the things away in the drawers and wardrobes, whilst Bertha lent her a helpful hand. At last Bertha asked: "Is that all?"

"Yes," answered Sylvia, somewhat ashamed. "I have been a year in mourning for my mother, and shall be nearly another for my father; and in mourning you don't want many clothes."

"Two whole years in black!" exclaimed Bertha, disgusted. "We have no such custom here. Mourning is worn for six weeks. What would the shop people do with all their pretty things, if people wore mourning for years?"

"Pretty things belong to gay, happy people," answered Sylvia, and two big tears rolled down her cheeks.

"O miss! you will be so happy and so gay here," said Bertha consolingly. Then she flew away, and soon came back with Sylvia's breakfast.

"Isn't this a lovely service, miss?" she began. "It matches

your room and is of little roses. Wherever you look here you see roses." But in spite of the roses on hangings, papering, and china, Sylvia was sad.

Then a knock was heard at the door, and scarcely had Sylvia time to say, "Come in," when a girl ran into the room, gave Sylvia a hug, and said:

"So here you are! I am so glad, and so glad, too, that you are going to stay. I am Isidora. We are going to be very, *very* great friends, aren't we?"

"Indeed we are," said Sylvia warmly.

"How do you like your room? Isn't it too pretty? Can you understand Valentine's not finding it elegant enough? But your blotting-book there is very old; it spoils the look of the nice writing-table. I will give you another one."

"No, please don't," exclaimed Sylvia. "It was my poor mother's blotting-book, so I like to use it on her account."

"Well, at least put it inside, so that it mayn't be seen," replied Isidora, who carried out her own advice before Sylvia could stop her.

Another knock was heard at the door. Mlle. Victoire appeared. She came to inquire after Sylvia and to fetch her to her aunt. But as Mlle. Victoire spoke French with her soft, short, Parisian accent, whereas Sylvia was accustomed only to the hard French of the Rhine, she was obliged to think twice if she had understood correctly, and Isidora had time to ask laughingly, "Can't you speak French?"

"It seems I can't," said Sylvia somewhat impatiently, whilst Isidora took her by the arm upstairs to Frau Prost.

Sylvia had never before been in a really large and fashionable house. Everything seemed to her regal in its magnificence, from the carpet on the stairs, the waxed floors, the large panes of glass, to the luxurious furniture, pictures, and mirrors in massive gold frames. She felt that she was a stranger in the midst of all these splendors, and she was frightened and constrained as she entered her aunt's room.

Frau Geheime-Commerzienrath Prost—or, as she styled herself for short, Frau Geheimräthin*—was still a very pretty woman, with delicately carved features, rich flaxen hair, and a dazzling complexion. Except for the departed freshness of early youth, and a portliness which does not generally belong to it, she might well have held her own among youthful beauties. Her face expressed a kindly repose. She looked as if she were preserved in

* We shall drop this Germanism in the narrative.

easy-goingness, and as if nothing by any possibility could act upon her as a disturbing element. You would have said that she was perfectly satisfied with herself and with everything and everybody belonging to her, and that she would allow absolutely nothing to come between her and her comfortable equilibrium of mind.

"Come here, my love," she said kindly, and drew Sylvia towards her on the chaise-longue. "Sit down by me. Don't cry. You shall be like my own child—quite my third daughter. What would you like to do best? Would you like to see my diamonds? It will amuse you, won't it? It kills time very pleasantly. Afterwards we will talk about your dress. Of course your poor father never troubled himself about it. We will see about it, won't we, love? Isidora, go and call your sister. Valentine and Sylvia must renew each other's acquaintance."

Frau Prost got up, opened the double lock of a magnificent case of vieux lacque, pressed a secret door, and took out a crystal drawer lined with dark crimson velvet. Rows of pearls of various sizes and a mass of ornaments stood out beautifully on the velvet, but vanished like stars before the sun as she opened a second drawer in which lay her diamonds and precious stones on black velvet. As she displayed her treasures she told Sylvia when her husband had given them to her and upon what festive occasions she had worn them. Sylvia was so taken up in admiring that she was positively glad when Isidora appeared, saying:

"Valentine cannot possibly come now, for she is writing to Goldisch."

"Very well," said Frau Prost abstractedly, whilst she went on to tell her niece the names of the different stones and their history. Isidora betook herself to her own concerns, but Mlle. Victoire came in, and Frau Prost roused herself, saying to Sylvia:

"Keep to my jewels, love."

Then she went back to her chaise-longue and began to busy herself with dress matters till Mlle. Victoire was relieved by that equally important individual, the housekeeper, and the housekeeper in her turn by the butler, after whom appeared the superlative degree of importance, the chef. Frau Prost had something to say to each of them, and something particular. She was an intelligent mistress, well versed in the machinery of her house. She saw to its daily regularity, and consequently had daily interviews with its four pillars. She had her say either in praise or blame; she ordered this or that, and decided things herself—duties which she discharged coolly enough, but not without

shrewdness and determination. Her natural turn and her homely education gave her much cleverness in this department—a talent which no one appreciated more than her husband. He boasted that his household was excellently, nay, perfectly managed, and that he was not bothered with its details.

Time went by. Sylvia was still sitting before the diamonds. One quarter of an hour passed after the other. Her aunt paid no attention to her; her cousins kept away. She began to find it very stupid, and then she grew very sad. What was it to her to sit before jewels which were laid on crimson damask, or to let her feet sink on a Smyrna carpet? She was alone, and the feeling of loneliness pressed on her heart. She stared at the diamonds without seeing them, and her thoughts flew away to her far-off home.

"Sylvia, my love, are you still there?" said her aunt all at once when the chef had gone. "That is just what I want. You shall be my little secretary. Valentine used to be, but now that she is engaged she spends all the morning writing to Goldisch, although she sees him every evening. Now, you shall take her place. Sit down at the table, love, and write what I dictate."

Sylvia obeyed, quite pleased to have something to do, and her aunt told her how to word a note, in which she made over her box at the opera that evening to a fashionable lady.

"We are not going to the theatre to-night," said Frau Prost to Sylvia, "for Valentine thinks we have seen the piece already about fifty times. I have been so immensely to the theatre in my life that one thing is the same as the other to me. It seems to me always a farce, only in one there is singing, in another dancing, in a third talking. One is as stupid as the other."

"Stupid!" cried out Sylvia in utter amazement. "Why, Aunt Teresa, I thought it was something quite wonderful."

"Oh! yes, that is what all young people think," said her aunt kindly. "It is one of their favorite pleasures, and I don't grudge it to them. But when one has been to the theatre for twenty years one begins to be a little weary of it."

It struck twelve, and hardly had the last stroke died away when the doors opened right and left and all the family came in: Herr Prost with Aurel, the eldest son; the two daughters; the tutor with Edgar, his pupil of eleven; and Miss Wilmot with little Harry, who was only five. Thus it was at long intervals that Frau Prost, who never hurried or tired herself, had had her children.

"Why, here is Sylvia," said Herr Prost, surveying his shy

niece with his dark, shrewd eye, and kissing her on the forehead. "You ought to have been called fairy."

Then he kissed his daughters, who wished him good-morning, and Aurel, in shaking Sylvia's hand, asked her if she remembered him from ten years ago. She said warmly that she did. Valentine's greeting was cold and constrained; Edgar took small notice of her, and Harry none at all. They all went into the dining-room. The talk was of all manner of things and people. Sylvia found herself in quite a strange world which offered no point of sympathy with her past. Suddenly Herr Prost exclaimed: "Sylvia, my little fairy, mark what I say. You must put aside your mourning. You may wear a black silk gown for a fortnight, but longer I will not have that frightful black before my eyes. At the end of the fortnight you must put on colors like your cousins. It shall not be said that you are our Cinderella."

He did not mean to be unkind, but his voice had a harshness about it which said plainly that he was accustomed to blind obedience. His very features and expression denoted the same hard-and-fast determination, and his whole being was imperious. The stern expression disappeared only when he was in a particularly good temper, and even then it did not give way to anything more attractive. Sylvia did not dream of opposition, but she blushed because she was conscious of wounded feelings.

"You need not mind about your clothes, my love," said her aunt, upon whom the blush was not lost, but who saw in it a different cause. "I will undertake everything."

This was meant kindly, but it did not in the least lessen the sense of humiliation which pressed upon Sylvia. She sat there, silent and quiet, wishing herself away, if only it might have been under the Lehrbachs' homely roof instead of with strange people who had no right to order things of her that wounded her feelings.

Luncheon was over in half an hour. Herr Prost went back to his office with Aurel. Edgar with his tutor, and Harry with Miss Wilmot, betook themselves to their daily constitutional. Valentine and Isidora followed Frau Prost, and so did Sylvia. Then began an interminable chatter between mother and daughters. First of all they talked of the dresses which they were to wear at their three-o'clock drive, and from that they turned to their evening toilets, and then matters appertaining to Valentine's trousseau were discussed.

Frau Prost's good looks had descended to her sons. The

daughters were like their father, with his dark hair and eyes, but without his penetrating expression. Valentine had that sort of indolent mannerism which belongs to young people who are vain or have not much sense; their pretensions are too great for their nature, therefore they are simply silly. Development might still do much for Isidora, who was only sixteen and had not made her appearance in society; but as yet, with her sharp features and her hard expression, she was even less good-looking than Valentine. Neither of them had managed to learn much, still less had they any desire to learn. They spoke English and French perfectly, and that was quite enough for them. Any sort of mental effort implied discomfort, and, as true daughters of their mother, they made a point of avoiding discomfort. Any fancy work which was fashionable at the time supplied the sisters with a chief and favorite occupation during their home hours. Valentine was allowed to read novels—a privilege not as yet extended to Isidora, who made up for it by quietly taking off to her room and studying the pages of numberless newspapers which she found lying about in the drawing-room or in her mother's rooms. This was the only reading she had ever taken to kindly. Frau Prost did not observe her daughters' want of education. Could they not write her notes in three languages, and, when they felt so inclined, read books in three languages? That was enough for her and for them. Their father had never troubled himself about their bringing-up. He thought deep study exceedingly unnecessary for girls. If they knew how to behave themselves and how to converse in a drawing-room, and if they could ride and dance well, they did not need other qualifications, in his opinion, for he would never have thought of discussing serious topics with a woman. If in society he ever happened to address his small talk to one who showed signs of culture, he condemned her as pretentious and tiresome. But although he contented himself with the three-language system as representing his daughters' intellectual acquirements, he could have wished them to have musical talents, because music is a drawing-room accomplishment. However, Valentine's strumming was out of the question, and Isidora had quite given up the piano. But he took consolation over their shortcomings. His money had a far more delicious ring in his ears than the music-making of all the *virtuosi* in Europe, and he knew that other people's ears were similarly constituted. He would much rather his daughters had their mother's domestic turn, for that is of practical use under the most favorable circumstances. Order,

regularity, and the well-measured swing of a large establishment, both in detail and as a whole, are produced by such a taste. Unfortunately, his daughters showed no aptitude in this direction. Once he said impatiently to Valentine: "Do you suppose life is a kind of fairy-land, where you have nothing to do but open your mouth to catch roast pigeons?"

"Up till now, papa, this has been very much the case, and I don't see why it shouldn't be," she answered.

"I only hope her husband will teach her what she ought to know in his interests," muttered Herr Prost to himself. "My wife herself has learnt a great deal in this matter." He forgot to reckon his wife's bringing-up in very narrow circumstances, and her small pretensions and modest, or at least unextravagant, habits in consequence, and that his daughters had his very luxury to thank for their indolence. In any matter which touched her vanity Valentine showed the liveliest interest, and this was apparent in the talk with her mother, to which Sylvia listened in silence, and to which Isidora contributed her word. As Frau Prost went to work in a very leisurely manner, and took time to consider everything she did, she spent hours in deciding what might have been settled in a few minutes. She was very punctual in duties which were part of family life, but between whiles she was altogether wasteful of time. Consequently she never got through the day's programme, and, being thus always behindhand, she fancied herself overpowered with business, without for that reason ever allowing herself to be hurried beyond her leisurely pace.

A servant came in with an enormous bouquet of beautiful flowers for Valentine from Herr Goldisch, who sent to ask after her. Valentine flew to her room, brought back a note already written, and gave it to the servant as her answer.

"Very nice, isn't it, for a girl to get a bouquet every day from her intended, especially at this time of year, when flowers are so rare?" said Isidora. "It is a very pretty attention. But it is uncommonly hard upon the bride to be obliged to write a note of thanks every day."

"It is no hardship to me," said Valentine. "I write because I wish to make my future husband understand me as I really am."

"So you may; but haven't you got a nice long life before you to do it in?"

"How many marriages there are where neither husband nor wife know or understand each other!" exclaimed Valentine sentimentally.

"Perhaps there are," replied Isidora. "*I* only know that this perpetual writing would bore me extremely. Wouldn't it you, Sylvia?"

"I have never thought about it," said Sylvia indifferently.

"Mamma, Sylvia finds it very stupid with us," said Isidora; "just see how tired she looks."

"It is yesterday's journey," said Frau Prost.

"And doing nothing," added Sylvia with determination. "I am not accustomed to sit like this with my hands before me. I used always to be doing something."

"What?" asked Isidora curiously.

"Oh! housekeeping or needlework. I can make dresses and linen, and I know how to knit and embroider. That made a change. Then I had to keep the accounts."

"There I see your dear mother's hand," interrupted Frau Prost with much emotion.

"But can you also speak and write English and French?" asked Isidora.

"I have learnt, but the accent is what I lack, and I have no practice in writing."

"We will see about that, love," said her aunt kindly. "Miss Wilmot shall give you an English lesson every day, and you can chatter away in French to your heart's content with Mlle. Victoire, who is a very respectable, well-educated person with a Parisian accent."

Sylvia expressed her thanks by a kiss.

"You forget, mamma, that Sylvia would also like some sewing and some knitting," said Isidora scornfully.

"Yes, I should like something to do with my fingers," said Sylvia simply. "I never find time long when they are busy."

"You have only to apply to Mlle. Victoire, love. She will find you some work. She is industry itself. She works for the church in her free time—at her own expense, of course, not at mine; for I have such enormous sums to spend in dress, and the demands made upon my purse by daily increasing distress are so great, that I can't allow myself to think of poor churches."

Again the servant appeared, this time to announce the carriage.

"What! three o'clock already?" said Frau Prost in astonishment. "Go and get your things on, children. But you, Sylvia, would rather stay at home, I am sure, on account of your mourning. I will send Mlle. Victoire to you."

Sylvia was very much pleased at this proposition and at the

thought of having something to do. Life and the world were new to her. She was all alive, ready to work, anxious to learn, and not without sufficient vanity to make her rebel at being left entirely in the background. However, she herself was not conscious of this motive. As she gave her pretty room another look she thought to herself that she only wanted settled occupation to make her feel at home, as her aunt was really kind. In this frame of mind she sat down at her elegant writing-table, took out the blotting-book which Isidora had put away, and began a long letter to Frau von Lehrbach.

CHAPTER IV.

A GOLD COIN AND THREE HUNDRED FRANCS.

MLLE. VICTOIRE was a person who was respected to a certain extent, both up and down stairs, for her extreme goodness and conscientiousness. Frau Prost had never heard or made a complaint about her during all the seven years she had lived with them. Her peaceful nature and wonderful cleverness with her fingers, her readiness to serve, which was never at fault, made her a perfect treasure. But, treasure as she was, she had a shady side, fortunately one which elicited respect even from those who made fun of it. Mlle. Victoire was an excellent Catholic, and the Prost family were only nominal Catholics.

Herr Prost was a free-thinker, who took something from various systems. Thus, he was an Epicurean in his zest for the world, a Stoic in his indifference to everything which did not put him out, a sceptic in all those things which baffled the reasoning of the five senses. He had passed many years in Paris under Louis Philippe, the citizen-king, who was pleased to fancy that indifference in religious things, combined with care for material matters, were the most enduring supports of the throne. The revolution of 1848 opened his eyes. But Herr Prost, who had made his fortune at this particular time without suffering dethronement, took his household gods and his views back to his native town, and found that he was as comfortable there as he had previously been in Paris. There was, therefore, not the least necessity for altering his philosophical notions of human life and of the end of man. His allowing his children to be baptized as Catholics was the only token to the world that he had once upon a time been baptized as one himself; and even this was a

concession to his wife, who, out of a lingering regard for the pious practices of her early youth, kept within the church, and that was all. She did the very least that was necessary in order to remain within its pale. She went to the sacraments at Easter and to Mass on Sundays—when it suited her; and of course upon occasions it did not suit her—in travelling, for instance, or in very cold weather, or during the summer in the country, where their property happened to be in a Protestant neighborhood. It was also a matter of course that she took useful people where she found them. Edgar's tutor was a Lutheran, and Miss Wilmot was a Calvinist. The tutor hated Miss Wilmot's creed, and she his. But both were of one mind in their horror of Popery, and each made the same unmistakably clear to the pupil. It was only to be expected that children reared in a similar atmosphere should display a thorough indifference to doctrine; nor was it very extraordinary, under the circumstances, that Valentine had engaged herself to Herr Goldisch without bestowing a moment's attention on the fact of his being a Protestant. But Aurel Prost, the eldest son, was quite different to the others, whose lukewarm superficiality he did not share. Who could have explained how it was so, or even how it could be so? Nature and grace have their favorites. If he had been true to his education Aurel at two-and-twenty must have been a worn-out, vain, and heartless fop. He was just the contrary. He had a loving nature, an understanding of higher things, and a need of religion. He did not find money-making its own reward. Dreams of purer happiness floated before him, though they were somewhat vague, for he wanted energy and could not lay claim to a strong character. The drowsy influence of daily comfort and constant prosperity asserted itself even in him, and prevented him from getting to that strong effort which fears no weariness in pursuing the wished-for end clearly seen and loved. Aurel was an ardent Catholic. He knew his religion and honored the church's commandments, though human respect at times might prevent him from fulfilling them—a pusillanimity also in keeping with his character. He feared his tyrannical father's wrath and his easy-going mother's tongue, not without a prick of conscience at his own cowardice. Aurel was the only one of the family who did not think himself perfect and did not look upon material comfort as happiness.

These were the details which Sylvia heard when Mlle. Victoire came to her room, commissioned by Frau Prost to see about her clothes. In a fortnight she was to be abundantly provided with morning and evening, walking and ball, dresses, and

Mlle. Victoire was to take her orders. Sylvia interrupted Victoire by saying: "Before we talk about this I must ask you to take me to Mass every morning. From a child I have always been accustomed to go, and I should like to keep to it."

Victoire was by no means pretty, but when Sylvia said this an expression of surprise so joyful lit up her face that it made her look beautiful.

"How pleased I should be to do it!" she answered. "I am only afraid that it will be impossible, because you would be obliged to get up at six, as I have to be back at half-past seven."

"I am always up at six, because at home they used to be," said Sylvia. "Then we breakfasted and went to Mass. It was part of the day."

"But then I'm sure that you used not to go to bed at midnight and at two and three o'clock in the morning, as they often do here in the season."

"Two or three o'clock in the morning!" exclaimed Sylvia with secret dismay. "No, indeed. I never went to bed so late in my life, unless it was when I had to sit up with my father and mother," she added sadly.

"So, miss, you see it won't do," said Victoire compassionately.

"But *you* can do it, and you have to wait up for my aunt," argued Sylvia.

"That's true, miss; but then I must tell you that Mass is not only part of my day: it makes my life."

"And what does my aunt say to that?" asked Sylvia eagerly.

"She has got accustomed to my peculiar ways, as they don't in the least hinder my service to her."

"Is my uncle a Catholic?" asked Sylvia simply.

"Yes," answered Victoire with constraint, "but I think—that is, it seems hard for a great many people, and in particular circumstances, to live up to their belief in a Protestant town."

Sylvia opened her eyes wide.

"Yes," continued Victoire, "fasting and abstinence days are supposed to put company out, and people think they must do as they see others do in society. You will hear many things of this kind, miss. But please tell me how many morning-dresses you would like. Your aunt is going to buy the material. She likes doing it, but I have to reckon the quantity, as it would bother her."

Sylvia felt that in this all-important matter Victoire needed to be doubly careful in speaking of a master and mistress whose views were so different from her own, and so she had turned to

the dress topic. But it so happened that Sylvia had several indications of the general tone of the house. Victoire let them drop with much discretion, so that it should not come upon her by surprise. In this way she discovered that Herr Goldisch was a Protestant.

"But, except for that, I believe he is an excellent gentleman," said Mlle. Victoire.

"But Valentine might have married an excellent Catholic," suggested Sylvia.

To this Victoire made no reply. She contented herself with stating facts. They ended by settling that Sylvia should go with Victoire to Mass, and that she should embroider an altar-cloth.

On coming in from her drive Frau Prost went into Sylvia's room and threw herself exhausted upon the chaise-longue.

"How fortunate you are, love, to sit there quietly at your writing-table, whilst I am quite worn out!"

"Haven't you been out driving, auntie?" asked Sylvia.

"Out driving!" sighed Frau Prost. "I had not even time to get some fresh air in the Park. Just listen. Happily three ladies were not at home, so I got off with cards. But Frau von A. saw me, because she was ill, and I found Frau von B. at her house. Frau von B. asked me if I shouldn't like to go with her to see Herr C.'s studio. He is a famous sculptor. Of course I didn't want to go at all. I can't see anything to rave about in these marble figures; but Valentine was dying to go, and fancied Herr C. was a celebrity every one ought to know. So off we drove to him. Before we went into the studio Herr von D. came out to tell us there was nothing worth seeing in it, and that we had better drive to the Portuguese who has arrived with some beautiful monkeys and serpents. Isidora immediately began to be enthusiastic about monkeys, and Valentine gave way. So then we went there. Herr von D. got into the carriage with us. We left Frau von B. in the lurch, and drove to the Portuguese, who really has a quantity of pretty birds and monkeys. There was a crowd of people there, amongst them the Belgian ambassadress with all her children. I always get into a fright when I see her, because she is continually at me for her good works. It was just as I thought. She came up to me and said: 'How glad I am to see you! I shall take possession of you to show you the house we have got for the Visitation nuns, that you may see how many things are still wanting.' And without more ado she sends her children home in the carriage, hardly leaves

me time to buy two beautiful monkeys, finds them atrociously dear—just fancy, monkeys from a virgin forest in another hemisphere, Brazil, atrociously dear at twelve pounds each! Why, they are as cheap as dirt—and, in short, she gets into my carriage, leaves Herr von D., poor man, to do as he may, and takes me to the world's end to see a house which is going to be a convent. Then, going up and down stairs, she pesters me for money, which of course I cannot refuse the Belgian ambassadress. But who wants her to bring nuns to this Protestant country? Let her be content with Belgium. Well, I had to give her a piece of gold, take her home, give up my drive, and now, though I am dead tired, I must go to dress and make myself pleasant, as we have twenty people coming to dinner."

"Dear Aunt Teresa," said Sylvia quickly, "I am sure you will allow me not to appear at dinner till I have left off my mourning. My uncle can't bear black, and I don't want to vex him."

"Very well, my love, that is thoughtful of you. For the next fortnight you may have your dinner with Harry. But after that you must dine with us, and from now you must appear regularly at luncheon."

Frau Prost went away to discharge her heavy duties, and Sylvia congratulated herself on her aunt's great kindness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

Lady Blanche Noel, eldest daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough, after her marriage with Mr. Murphy, it is well known to our readers, came to the United States with her husband, and during the last ten years has been a constant contributor to The Catholic World. Several of her articles which were still unpublished at the time of her death have been since that time published in our recent numbers. She was also a frequent contributor to other magazines, and her literary industry and success as a writer were certainly remarkable. The general esteem and high reputation which she had won for herself were shown by the unanimous tribute paid to her memory by the press on the occasion of her sudden death within the present year. She had purchased a cottage and a small farm in a country village in Maine with the proceeds of her literary labor, and was just beginning to enjoy the quiet and simple life of independence which suited her peculiar character and tastes, when a cold that she had taken developed into an acute and fatal malady which in a few days terminated her life. It is scarcely necessary to say that she lived and died as a faithful and practical Catholic. The funeral obsequies were performed with all due solemnity in the cathedral of Portland, and her remains were conveyed, by the desire of her father, to England, where they were deposited in the family vault at Exton.

A selection from Lady Blanche's published articles, accompanied by a biographical sketch, will be shortly published under the direction of the Earl of Gainsborough, from whom the following interesting letter of Cardinal Manning has been received, containing his reminiscences of the early life of this gifted lady—a letter which will be read with equal pleasure by Lady Blanche's numerous friends and admirers in England and in America:

"My Dear Lord Gainsborough:

"When you asked me to put in writing my recollections of your dear child Blanche I at once promised to do so; for I had then, and I still have, so clear and vivid a memory of her in her childhood and youth that I believed it would be an easy task. But since, in trying to fix what I remember in a definite form, I find it difficult to put in words what I still seem to see

before me. Nevertheless I will do my best, though the result will be less than I thought.

"I can remember her in 1849, when she was about four years old; but that is only a shadow of a memory. Next I remember her in 1858 or 1859, when she and her mother used to come to me at Bayswater. She was then about thirteen or fourteen years old. But neither can I fix anything definite at that date, except that she was a good and intelligent child. After that I next saw her when you were in Rome, in 1863. She was then about eighteen; and I for the first time began to perceive how much intelligence and how distinct a character she had. And yet I did not in those days at all discern the intellectual capacity and ability which I now see in her writings. I thought her quick, observant, and thoughtful, and in character decided and independent beyond her years. In truth, I thought I could see more of this than I could have wished in any one so young, for I did not then know that her mind had balance and strength enough as a counterpoise to a certain self-reliance. She had mixed in the Roman society, and had there met with men of the Italian politics. I was surprised to see how far she had advanced in their way of thinking, and I remember being half amused and half anxious at her talk about Garibaldi. Still, I thought it to be no more than a local or transient enthusiasm. And so, in its anti-Catholic sense, it was; for she did not detect the consequences of the Italian movement. She thought it only a work of political and popular freedom tending to the welfare of the people at large. She was too truly Christian and Catholic to sympathize in anything opposed either to the faith or to the Holy See. This gave me the first insight into her character, which was very simple, unaffected, and outspoken. Though she had been born and brought up with all the surroundings of the world, and with all the relations and associations which draw other minds under its influence, she seemed to me not only to be unattracted by such influences but to be repelled by them. I thought I saw a reaction against them, and a decided tendency to break through the conventionalities of her life. Still, I never fully understood this at that time; but in what I have since known of her, and in what I have now before me, I seem to see that there has been a consistent following-out of the thoughts and the promptings of her mind as it was then forming itself. In the years that followed from 1863 to 1870 I saw her often, but only at intervals and in brief visits or under circumstances which made any more intimate knowledge of her character impossible. All that I knew of her was the true devotion and fidelity with which, in the midst of the world, she persevered in a life of faith and piety. The love of the people at Exton towards her expresses what I mean in saying that her heart and sympathies were always with the poor, with their homes and with their state.

"Then came her marriage, the circumstances of which I then partly knew, and now know fully. It seems to me to have been the working-out of the same turn of character. Your conduct at that time must be to you a great consolation now; for you showed signally a father's prudence till you were assured of what her happiness required, and a father's love in sanctioning her marriage, with your consent, from your residence. The loving and close correspondence which still united her to you and you to her when she left you was worthy of both.

"And here my memories end. But the writings you have entrusted to

me give me more to say. I have read the articles in The Catholic World with an increased feeling of surprise and regret that I did not in days past know what her intelligence really was. Perhaps the last eleven years, and the experience of life, and wider knowledge of the world and of men and of events may have called out into activity the thoughtfulness which before 1870 was reserved and latent. Her very youthful appearance and unobtrusive, or rather retiring, manners gave no indication of what she really was even then. I must, however, believe that her life in America has been the second, self-made education, which is always the most valuable part of life. The articles are truly remarkable not only for the great variety of the subjects but for the range of reading implied in them. The style of writing is like herself. It is simple and real throughout. I do not detect the least desire for ornament or effect, but a great truthfulness in using very pure English to express her thoughts as clearly and closely as possible. She evidently thought first and used the words which came with the thoughts. If her character had not been real, simple, and, to use an old word, 'downright,' she would never have been able to write as she did. The articles are samples of clear, unstudied English. Interesting as they all are, especially those on the 'Ecclesiastical Press' and on the 'Mediæval Female Education in Germany,' there are two that revive in my memory the turn of thought which I remember in 1863 in Rome. They are the articles on 'Technical Education' and on 'Socialism in America.' In the former the sympathy with the people which made me afraid that she would become an innocent Garibaldian in Rome is seen throughout. It was this that made the villagers at Exton and Campden love her, and her many friends in America welcome her so warmly. The article is a minute and thoughtful paper, full of suggestions for the opening of paths of intelligence and industry to every class, even the poorest in birth and state. In the latter article her own character comes out unconsciously in her own words. Commenting upon a book before her which spoke of the dangers of socialism in America, she says: 'This touches one of the points on which he [the author] repeatedly insists—the duty of the better-educated (the *policy*, he more than hints) to be beforehand with the budding socialism of this country, and, by frank and friendly contact with the less fortunate and less cultured classes, to reaffirm the old spirit of brotherhood and a common patriotism.' 'The broader view of brotherhood with all one's fellow-beings, and of the necessary connection of religion with every blameless and natural human act, with the natural affections, the legitimate amusements, and the social relations of each Christian, is one which the popular [*i.e.*, narrow] idea of "religion" entirely excludes.' 'Social influence, the unobtrusive, unaffected example of a person whose life is ordered on high principles, and especially on a rigid regard for truth—such is at present the strongest weapon for good.' These words were written last year, and seem to me to be the laying open of the inmost thoughts of her mind and to bequeath to you the best likeness of herself.

"Believe me, my dear Lord Gainsborough,

"Yours affectionately,

"HENRY E.,

"*Card.: Archbishop of Westminster.*

"St. Edmund's College, July 7, 1881."

THE CARTHUSIAN MARTYRS OF ENGLAND.

The "religious world," as the varied denominations of the English state church egotistically designate themselves, are now exercised by what they call the "Romanizing tendencies" of the Ritualist clerics of the present Establishment, and several of the journals opposed to the latter wish to know, Do those Ritualists desire to bring back to England the "sanguinary doings" of Rome? Now, as a reply *per contra*, permit me to give one instance of the *bloodless* proceedings of the men who established the church of this "religious world" in England.

With what emotion can the Catholic reader peruse the calendared records of the judicial murders committed by Henry VIII. and his council against the Carthusian fathers of the Charter-house? In this narrative of the sufferings of the Carthusian community I quote Protestant historians, many of whom make marvellous admissions as to the conduct of the monarch and his advisers in relation to the Carthusians. Mr. Froude observes: "In general the Charter-house was the best conducted in England. The hospitality of the Carthusian fathers was well sustained; the charities were profuse. . . . The monks were true to their vows, and true to their duty as far as they comprehended what duty meant. Amongst many good monks the prior, John Haughton, was the best. He was of an old English family and had been educated at Cambridge, where he must have been the contemporary of Hugh Latimer. At the age of eight-and-twenty he took the vows of a monk, and had been twenty years a Carthusian at the opening of the troubles of the Reformation. John Haughton is described as small in stature, in figure graceful, in countenance dignified. In manner he was modest; in eloquence most sweet; in chastity without a stain. We may readily imagine his appearance, with that feminine austerity of expression which has been well said belongs so peculiarly to the features of the mediæval ecclesiastics." *

The Carthusians had made themselves specially obnoxious to King Henry and the Boleyn party during the long litigation of the divorce question. They boldly espoused the cause of the

* The reader must recollect that this partial commendation comes from Mr. Froude, the bitter enemy of the glorious religious orders of England.

much-wronged Queen Katharine in the "pulpit and on the platform." Both the concealed and avowed Reformers felt self-abased by the high reputation which those humble monks held in the eyes of the country; they rejoiced at the fact that the monks "crossed the king in his particular desire to become the husband of Nan de Bouleyn." Such men as Drs. London and Layton * were glad that the outspoken honesty of the Carthusians had placed them within the range of danger. Lord Crumwell and his followers coveted their property, and Archbishop Cranmer, Poynet, Bale, and Coverdale were their deadly enemies, whilst the malice was artfully concealed. Cranmer could not understand their high sense of principle; Coverdale's aversion arose from an envy of their blameless character; and Poynet scoffed at their humility and questioned their chastity—a virtue which the grossness of his nature could but little comprehend. Such was a portion of the elements united in 1535 for the immolation of the Carthusian fathers. The Oath of Supremacy was now about to be tendered to the clergy, and a large number of the secular clerics, who were influenced by the court prelates, readily complied with the royal command. The regular clergy were the noble exception, for they cowered not before the storm. The dungeon or the scaffold had no terrors for them. The bishops, with the exception of one or two, were on the side of the Crown. The Bishop of Durham (Tunstal) declaimed from the pulpit against the pope's spiritual authority; Dr. Kyte, Bishop of Carlisle, adopted the same policy; and Gardyner was the king's political agent from the beginning of the divorce controversy to its conclusion. He took the Oath of Supremacy to the king, and was created bishop of Winchester. Dr. Bonner was advanced to the see of London. Bonner's insolent language to Clement VII. drew from King Henry a severe rebuke; but nevertheless the flexible bishop continued to enjoy the royal confidence to the close of Henry's life. Every day the clergy and laity acted more subserviently to the Crown. "The king's ministers had all taken the Oath of Supremacy"; and "why," said Sir Thomas Audley, "should the good fathers of the Charter-house refuse to do as all honest men did?"

The Royal Commissioners appeared at the Charter-house to

* Dr. London was Dean of Wallingford, and Layton held a similar cure at York. Those bad men were the chief commissioners appointed by Lord Crumwell to investigate the charges preferred against the religious houses of England. The proceedings of London and Layton towards monks and nuns stand forth without a parallel in the history of the wicked deeds of Henry's reign. For particulars concerning the monastic inquisition I refer the reader to vol. ii. p. 80 of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty.*

give notice to the prior and his brethren that the Oath of Supremacy should be taken by "every loyal subject and pious *Catholic.*" It was a nice thing to ascertain or define what was "a pious Catholic," according to the teaching of men like Audley and Crumwell. The prior of the Charter-house replied to the Commissioners most respectfully. He said "he knew nothing of the matters mentioned. He was unacquainted with the world without; his office was to minister to God and to save poor souls from hell's fire and Satan's snares." The prior's explanation was rejected. He was committed to the Tower for five weeks, where he was treated with indignity and insult. At the suggestion of Dr. Bonner the prior agreed to take the oath with "certain reservations." He was discharged from custody on these conditions. Returning to the Charter-house, the conscientious prior assembled his brethren and told them the promise he had made to Lord Crumwell. He was dissatisfied with what he had done. It looked like deceit. He wished to save the Carthusians from being dispersed and cast upon the world; but, above all, he hoped to preserve the principles and vows by which they were so long bound together. They dreaded the future, but none of them could imagine that the hour of catastrophe was so near. The Royal Commissioners came again, with the Chief Magistrate of London, to tender the oath. It was rejected. Imprisonment and the rack were menaced; they were told that Crumwell was "dreadful in his wrath; that he had sworn he would immediately quarter them on the highways." A panic now seized the community, for the very name of Thomas Crumwell affrighted every one, young and old. The Carthusians gave way—but for a while.

Maurice Chauncy, one of the few who subsequently escaped his brethren's fate, describes what occurred:

"We all swore," he says, "as we were required, making one condition, that we submitted only so far as it was lawful for us so to do. Thus, like Jonah, we were delivered from the belly of this monster, this *immanis ceta*, and began again to rejoice, like him, under the shadow of the gourd of our own houses. But it is far better to trust in the Almighty God than in princes, in whom is no salvation. God hath prepared a worm * that smote our gourd and made it to perish."

In a short time the Carthusians received notice that their acceptance of the oath in the "form and feeling" they adopted it

* By the phrase "worm" is meant the Supremacy statute, with high treason as its penalty.

was an evasion of a legal obligation. As the friends of Queen Katharine they would now bear the full weight of Anna Boleyn's resentment; her influence was all-powerful at this period, and she exercised it for the destruction or the disgrace of those who had crossed the path of her "unlawful ambition." Such were the words of Bishop Fisher.

The Carthusian fathers were impeached for treason, although the law did not bring them within its range. But that was a matter of small account in those times. Every day brought fresh troubles to the Carthusian community, and the prior began to think that their case was hopeless. One morning the zealous prior summoned all the monks before him, when he addressed them in these words:

"'Brothers, very sorry am I, and my heart is heavy, especially for you, my younger friends, of whom I see so many around me. Here you are living in your innocence. The yoke will not be laid on your necks, nor the rod of persecution; but if you are taken hence, and mingle among the Gentiles, you may learn the works of them, and, having begun in the spirit, you may be consumed in the flesh. And there may be others among us whose hearts are still infirm. If these mix again with the world, I fear how it may be with them; and what shall I say, and what shall I do, if I cannot save those whom God has trusted to my charge?'

"Then all who were present burst into tears, and cried out with one voice: '*Let us die together in our integrity, and heaven and earth shall witness for us how unjustly we are cut off.*'

"The prior answered sadly: 'Would indeed that it might be so; that so dying we might live, as living we die; but they will not do to us so great a kindness, nor to themselves so great an injury. Many of you are of noble blood, and what I think they will do is this: *Me* and the elder brethren they will kill, and they will dismiss you that are young into a world which is not for you. If, therefore, it depend on me alone—if my oath will suffice for the community—I will throw myself for your sakes on the mercy of God; I will make myself anathema; and to preserve you from these dangers I will consent to the king's will. If, however, they have determined otherwise—if they choose to have the consent of us all—the will of God be done. If one death will not avail, *we will all die—die together for God's Truth and his eternal glory.*'"

Maurice Chauncy continues his narrative:

"So then, bidding us prepare for the worst, that the Lord when he knocketh might find us ready, he desired us to choose each our confessor, and to confess our sins one to another, giving us power to grant each other absolution."

Mr. Froude remarks upon this scene: "Thus, with an unobtrusive nobleness, did these poor monks prepare themselves for

their end. I will not regret their cause; yet there is no cause for which any man can more nobly suffer than to witness that it is better for him to die than to speak words which he does not mean."

The Carthusians received a further respite until the fate of other monks was decided by Lord Crumwell. Webster, Lawrence, and Hampton, Carthusian fathers, had been summoned before Lord Crumwell. They are described by Richard Crumwell as "still obstinate in their opinions." They were committed to the Fleet Prison. Reynolds also, a learned monk of Sion, was arrested. These four clerics, men of extensive learning and personal worth, were brought on the 26th of April, 1535, before the Privy Council, of which Lord Crumwell was the leading spirit. The Oath of Supremacy was again tendered to them, but they respectfully declined taking it. Three days later they were placed at the bar before a special commission, and indicted for high treason. They pleaded not guilty, contending that the statute itself was unlawful. What they had spoken in the Tower and before the Privy Council was adduced in evidence against them. One of the judges asked Haughton, the prior, "not to show so little wisdom as to maintain his own opinion against the consent of the king." Haughton replied that "he had originally resolved to imitate the example of his Divine Master before Herod, and be silent."

"But," he continued, "since you urge me, that I may satisfy my own conscience and the consciences of those who are present, I will say that if our opinion of the Supremacy statute might go by the suffrage of men, it should have more witnesses than yours. You can produce, on your side, but the Parliament of a single kingdom; I, on mine, have the whole Christian world except this realm. Nor have you all even of your own people. The lesser part is with you. The majority who seem to be with you do but dissemble to gain favor with the king, or for fear they should lose their honors and their dignities."

Lord Crumwell inquired of whom the prior was speaking. Haughton replied: "Of all the good men in the realm; and when his highness the king knoweth the real truth, I know he will be beyond measure offended with those of his bishops and priests who have given this bad advice." "Why," remarked another of the judges, "have you, Maister Prior, contrary to the king's authority within this realm, persuaded so many persons, as you have done, to disobey the king and the Parliament of this kingdom? Your crime is dreadful." "I have declared my opinion," replied Haughton, "to no man living but to those

who came to me in confession, which, in the discharge of my conscience, I would not refuse. But if I did not declare it then I will declare it now, because I am thereto obliged to God." *

About this period Crumwell had recourse to the most detestable schemes to procure evidence against priests as to their opinions on the Supremacy question; but the most infamous of all the plans devised by him was that of sending persons of abandoned character to confession to "certain priests, and there and then asking the confessor's opinion on the Supremacy law then proposed, declaring that they had conscientious scruples against it." These persons elicited the secret opinion of the confessor, and in a few hours later placed a statement, based upon information obtained by their sacrilege, in the hands of Lord Crumwell! This device led to the arrest and imprisonment of many priests, of whose sufferings there is no record now. Amongst the state papers (Domestic) of Henry's reign are to be seen certain declarations, said to be "confessions" made by informers in the interest of Crumwell, who was justly dreaded by the community, lay and clerical—in fact, hated by all parties in the state.

A priest in a "doubtful state of conscience" had, in 1534, an interview with Archbishop Cranmer on the Supremacy statute. "I told," he says, "the archbishop I would pray for the pope as the chief and papal head of Christ's church. And his grace of Canterbury told me it was the king's pleasure I should not do so. I said unto him I would continue to do it; and though I did it not openly, yet would I do it *secretly*. And then Archbishop Cranmer said I might *pray for the pope secretly, but in any wise do it not openly*." † This is quite in keeping with Cranmer's course of action in Henry's reign—a constant practice of servile deception.

To return to the Carthusian fathers. They were again consigned to the Tower, and on the following day their case was submitted to the mockery of trial by a jury—for the accused were indulged with the semblance of legality—a grim and cruel farce. Five of them were charged with high treason. The evidence was of the usual character, and was prepared in the Star-Chamber fashion. Feron and Hale threw themselves on the mercy of the court. The jury, in this case, hesitated for nearly two hours. "It was bruited in the Justice Hall," writes Thorn-

* State papers (Domestic) of Henry VIII.'s reign. See also John Strype's *Memorials*, vol. i. p. 305.

† Rolls House MSS. *Concerning the Conscience of a Popish Priest.*

dale, who was present, that "Lord Crumwell visited the jury, and between threats and rewards induced them to record a verdict of guilty against four of the fathers. Feron was acquitted, but sent to the Fleet to await the rack, in order to extort the confession of some matters of which most probably he knew nothing."

It has been asserted by the Puritan admirers of Crumwell that he *did not* visit the jury on this occasion. But Thorndale was a contemporary and well known to Crumwell. It is far easier in such cases to deny than to prove; but the weight of assertion at least, and the unwonted hesitation of the jury, go far in evidence of the "visitation." It is an undoubted fact that Crumwell in the beginning treated with juries, and even menaced them with death; but as he gained experience he adopted the readier mode of having juries chosen who could "make a quick return without any compunctious hesitation." The example has not since been lost and the practice was extended to Ireland, where, during long years, juries were compelled to find verdicts at the command of the viceroys. Lord Strafford, for instance, threatened to "*cut out the tongues of a Galway jury*" for not finding a verdict for the crown. But Crumwell effected his purposes through the agency of bribery or the threats of the terrible rack, which affrighted all classes.

Father Hale and the Carthusian fathers were not permitted to die together. When Father Haughton was put forward to receive sentence the judge addressed him as a great criminal; for he "dared to deny the right of the king to be the supreme head of the church of Christ on earth." Haughton replied that the sentence had no terrors for him. He was merely doing his duty to his Divine Master, Jesus Christ. He told the judge that his sentence was nothing more than the judgment of the king and his ministers. The other fathers briefly addressed the court. They all appeared happy, and rejoiced, they said, that they had an opportunity of dying for the Catholic faith. The learned and observant Thorndale, who accompanied his friend, Father Haughton, to the scaffold at Tyburn, declares that such a scene as hanging priests in their habits "was never before known to Englishmen." Haughton ascended the scaffold first. The sheriff and Thorndale were much affected. One of the executioners fell on his knees and besought the good father's forgiveness. "I forgive you and all who have taken part in my trial and condemnation," were the words uttered by Haughton. A few minutes of profound silence ensued, when Father Haughton, with the sheriff on his right and the devoted Thorndale on his left,

advanced to the front of the scaffold. A murmur burst from the crowd, followed by the screams and fainting of women. The sheriff told the people that the prior desired to address a few words to them on behalf of himself and of those who were to die with him. Thorndale held up a crucifix to the crowd: the women cried aloud or sobbed in deepest grief. When order was restored Father Haughton addressed the populace at some length. I extract the following passage:

"My good people, I call to witness the Almighty God and all true Christians, and I beseech you all here present to bear witness for me at the day of judgment, that, being here to die, I declare that it is from no obstinate, rebellious pretext that I do not obey the king, but because I fear to offend the Majesty of God. Our Holy Mother the Church has declared otherwise than the king and his Parliament have decreed; and, therefore, rather than disobey the church I am ready to suffer. Pray for me, and have mercy on my poor brethren, of whom I have been the unworthy prior."

The prior next addressed a few words to the crowd of mothers who were weeping in front of the scaffold. His voice was now becoming faint, but Thorndale took down his remarks accurately. "Good mothers and true Englishwomen," said he, "I ask it as a dying request that you will endeavor to keep the spirit of Catholicity alive in the hearts of your children." The good mothers exclaimed aloud: "We will, we will!" They fell a-weeping again, and the men, and even the guard of soldiers, were in tears, for every one loved the Carthusian fathers. Kneeling down, Father Haughton repeated aloud the fifty-first Psalm; then, making the sign of the cross with great devotion, he informed the executioners that he was ready for them. The remainder of the proceedings were brief. The prior was "thrown off amidst a thrill of horror." Thorndale states that one of the executioners refused to act, exclaiming, "I will not hang my old confessor." And he adds, "Wilfred Jennings was sent to the rere of the scaffold, and expired with horror and grief within one hour." When the surgeon declared Haughton dead his brethren followed on the same death-road, reciting a hymn, undaunted and firm in appearance. They died in a manner worthy of the primitive martyrs of the church. The faces of these holy men did not grow pale; their voices did not choke; they declared themselves liege subjects of the king and obedient children of holy church, giving thanks that they were held worthy to suffer for the truth. All died without a murmur. The horrible work was ended with quartering the bodies, and the arm of Father Haughton—covered with

blood—was hung up as a dismal sign over the archway of the Charter-house to awe the remaining brethren into submission. But the spirit of the departed martyrs was caught up and fired the feelings of the young monks. One of them, like the Theban sister, bore away the holy and honored relic and buried it. All that remained of the community resolved to resist to the death. Another warning was sent to them, but of no avail. In six weeks three more of the fathers went through the form of a trial. Hall, the historian, alleges that they "behaved sulky and insolent to Lord Crumwell." Their unbending virtue naturally would seem to assume the shape of insolence to a man like Hall. As a body they were educated, well-bred men, and, in the words of Prior Haughton, "many of them of noble families." Edward Hall, whose servile adulation of King Henry was conspicuous even in that reign of servility and terrorism, consulted his own stupendous notions of obedience to kingly caprice in describing facts which, to judge from other statements made by him, would have been more justly presented if left to his unbiassed judgment and natural sense of justice.* But the more accurate description of the scene was that the fathers became indifferent to the deceptive formalities of the trial, and proclaimed their adhesion to all the tenets of the Catholic Church, denouncing the king as "a spiritual impostor." These words undoubtedly sealed their doom; but they cared not—they rejoiced in having an opportunity of dying for the olden creed of Christendom. The jury in this case had no hesitation. They were prompt in returning a verdict for high treason. Three days after the verdict to which I have just alluded three more of the fathers were hanged, drawn, and quartered. They ascended the scaffold singing hymns of joy to the Lord Jesus. Thorndale says: "They died grandly, shaking hands with one another and awaiting their turn."

Some few of the brethren fled to France, and others to Ireland, where a hospitable home always awaited the proscribed priests of England in those penal times. The greater number of the Carthusians remained in the priory to await their doom; but Crumwell and the king hesitated to proceed further against them. Did they fear public opinion? Not likely. Two secular priests—mere creatures of Crumwell—were sent to take charge of what remained of the Charter-house community. Maurice Chauncy states that these priests "starved himself and his companions." Friends and relatives were sent to the Carthusians to "advise and remonstrate on their conduct"; they

* Edward Hall filled the office of judge in a very ancient court called the "Sheriff's Court," which is still in existence. He was one of the personal friends of Henry VIII.

were "coaxed and threatened" alternately, but with no effect. Four of them were brought to Westminster Abbey to hear Bishop Tunstal and Dr. Gardyner preaching against the pope, and in favor of the king's supremacy in the church. The sermons of these court prelates did not change the Carthusian fathers. To use the phrase of their persecutors, they were "still most obstinate." A number of them were then dispersed amongst other religious communities, with secular priests as guardians. The secular clerics could make "no change in those obstinate monks." The supposed worldly aspirations of the young, and the talent and ambition of maturer age, were in turn tempted by seductive promises of a future career, but with no effect. Gold could not purchase even the semblance of an agreement to the king's views of religion; and the scaffold, with its reeking horrors of strangling, decapitation, and quartering, brought no fear —none whatever. Two of the brotherhood who escaped joined the Pilgrims of Grace; a reward was offered for their heads; they were taken prisoners, and on the following day hanged in chains near the city of York. They died bravely, exciting the sympathy and admiration of the multitude. Almost at the last moment Father Gabriel exclaimed, "My good friends, *never desert Peter's ship.*" The heroic Father Gabriel's name in the world was Heber MacMahon, and he was a native of the County Tyrone, where his family had large possessions at one time.

The whole of the Charter-house fathers were now cut off from their house and property. Lord Crumwell laid his hands upon all they possessed; even family memorials, which many of them wished to preserve, were carried away. Shame, decency, all the elements of honest feeling, were cast aside on this occasion. The indignation of the people was intense, but they were unable to resist, for the spy, the informer, and the executioner were constantly at hand, ready to perform any action demanded by the crown.

The tragic history of the Carthusians does not end in the narratives above detailed. The ten remaining fathers were sent to the then hideous dungeons of Newgate, where nine of them died from prison fever produced by bad air, bad food, and disease. The survivor of the ten was hanged, drawn, and quartered. Maurice Chauncy, whose chronicle relates their glorious story, escaped to France. His narrative is borne out by many of the records and state papers of the time, and its truth is reluctantly admitted by hostile historians.

An official named Bedyll announced to Lord Crumwell the death of the nine Carthusians in Newgate in these words:

"By the hand of God, my very good lord, after my most hearty commendations, it shall please your lordship to understand that the monks of the Charter-house, here in London, who were committed to Newgate for their traitorous behavior a long time continued against the king's highness, be almost now despatched *by the hand of the Almighty God himself*, as may appear to you by this bill enclosed; whereof, considering their behavior and the whole matter, *I am not sorry, but would that all such as love not the king's highness, and his worldly honor, were in a like case.*" *

Did Bedyll believe in what he wrote? The conduct of this apostate monk, whilst attached to Dr. London's inquisition amongst the convents, was simply atrocious; but as he was doing the work of the *future* Reformers, historians are silent as to his merits. He was, however, quickly superseded by his friend Lord Crumwell for his conduct at Shaftesbury Convent to a lady of the ancient house of Fortescue—a name long honored in Devonshire. Crumwell had no desire to offer any personal insult to the nuns, for he had several relatives in convents; and there are letters of his still extant to the abbess of Godstow, and other noted establishments, written in a very friendly tone, and always seeking the prayers of the sisterhoods "for his sowl's health." Avarice was, perhaps, one of Crumwell's leading crimes, and, as many of the convents were wealthy, he could not resist the temptation of plundering them; and he did so without pity or limit, seeming to forget that the nuns were merely the guardians of the "heritage of the poor." Crumwell's clerical commissioners were far worse than himself, for he sometimes hesitated, having struggled with conscience till his golden dream triumphed; but London and Layton were not afflicted by a troubled conscience during their monastic inquisition: that terrible spectre was reserved for a death-bed surrounded with despair and horror.

Very few of the monastic houses of England suffered a more signal injustice than the Charter-house. The Royal Commissioners did their work thoroughly; and whilst seizing the property which the Carthusian fathers held in trust for the poor, they cleared off the trustees by the gibbet, the rack, and the dungeon. Such was one hideous phase of an epoch when the passions of a cruel and licentious monarch, abetted by unscrupulously wicked and servile subordinates, overruled all the ordinances of law, order, and justice.†

* State papers and despatches to Lord Crumwell.

† Maurice Chauncy's account of the sufferings of his brethren, from which the above is in part extracted, was written in Latin, and printed in France, about 1550, in a work entitled *Historia Martyrum Angliæ*, by Ritus Dulken, prior of St. Michael, near Metz.

CHRISTIAN JERUSALEM.

PART IV.—A.D. 137–335.

THE GENTILE LINE OF BISHOPS—POSITION OF THE CHURCH OF ÆLIA CAPITOLINA FROM ADRIAN TO CONSTANTINE—ORIGIN OF THE PATRIARCHATE OF JERUSALEM—ACCOUNT OF THE BUILDING OF CHURCHES AT THE HOLY PLACES BY CONSTANTINE, FROM EUSEBIUS.

AFTER the complete ruin and dispersion of the Jewish nation under Adrian, Palestine sunk into the condition of an insignificant province of the Roman Empire. It was peopled by a mixed multitude of Gentiles; and the Christian Church, composed mostly of converts from paganism and their offspring, became a Gentile community. The Bishop of Cæsarea was the metropolitan, and the church of Ælia Capitolina, the new town which arose on the site of Jerusalem, was for a long time insignificant in all respects except the sanctity of its location and its traditions. On account of these a certain honor and dignity were attached to the see of James, and it seems not to have been ever suffragan to the see of Cæsarea in the strict sense of the word, but rather to have enjoyed an honorary precedence by virtue of which the Bishop of Ælia presided in provincial synods together with the Bishop of Cæsarea. These privileges of honor were recognized and sanctioned by the Council of Nicæa. The following is a translation of the seventh canon of that council, the exact sense of which cannot with certainty be determined, but has been a subject of much dispute among canonists:

"Since the custom and ancient tradition has prevailed that the Bishop of Ælia should be honored, let him possess the succession of honor, the proper dignity of the metropolis being preserved."

The assertion of these inherited privileges by the Bishops of Jerusalem, and their recognition by the church at large, issued at last in the formal decree of the Council of Chalcedon, which conferred upon the Bishops of Jerusalem the rank of patriarch, and assigned to them the fifth place in the hierarchy, with metropolitan jurisdiction over the three provinces of Palestine.

During fifty years, counting from A.D. 137, fourteen bishops succeeded one another in the see of James. Their names have been preserved by Eusebius, and that is all. The name of the

Holy City Jerusalem had gone entirely out of use, and was not revived until the time of Constantine. The very memory of the past greatness of the city and of the history of the Jews had become so far obliterated, except among the despised and persecuted Jews and Christians, that in the year 309 the Roman governor of Cæsarea replied to a Christian on trial before his tribunal, who declared that his residence was in Jerusalem, that he had never heard of such a place. Between the year 195 and the beginning of the fourth century some facts, events, and personages are known to us through historical records, chiefly those of Eusebius, who was himself for many years Bishop of Cæsarea. Nevertheless, the entire amount of this historical information is but scanty. The first of the line of Gentile bishops at Jerusalem who gained great celebrity, and of whose life fuller details have been preserved, was Narcissus, who took possession of the see some time before the year 195, and retained it until some years after the year 211. The gift of miracles is ascribed to St. Narcissus by Eusebius, and all accounts agree in testifying to his extraordinary sanctity. In the year 195 the bishops of Palestine, to the number of nearly thirty, assembled, either in two separate councils, one at Jerusalem under Narcissus, and another at Cæsarea under Theophilus, according to the *Libellus Synodicus;* or in one synod at Cæsarea under the joint presidency of these two prelates, as Eusebius, who seems to be the best authority in this case, relates. The principal matter discussed in this council was the question of Easter, and the judgment of the bishops of Palestine sustained the decision of Pope Victor, that Easter should always be celebrated on a Sunday.

St. Narcissus was calumniated by certain malicious persons, and he withdrew secretly to the desert, where he remained unknown for a long period of time, living the life of a hermit. Three bishops in succession, Dius, Germanion, and Gordius, governed his church during his absence. At length, in the year 211, Narcissus, who was supposed to be dead, and who was above one hundred years old, suddenly reappeared in Jerusalem and resumed the government of his see. Alexander, a disciple of Clement of Alexandria, and who was a bishop in Cappadocia, became his coadjutor and succeeded to his place at his death. St. Alexander was one of the most enlightened bishops of his age. He gathered the first Christian library of which there is any mention in history, and this collection was still extant in the time of Eusebius. He was a great friend and protector of Origen,

who took refuge in Palestine in the year 216. About ten years later Origen came again to Cæsarea on his way from Alexandria to Athens, and by the authority of Theoctistus of Cæsarea and Alexander of Jerusalem he was ordained priest; an act which Demetrius of Alexandria resented to such a degree that Origen was obliged to remain for a long time at Cæsarea and Jerusalem under the protection of the two bishops, who defended their own conduct and warmly espoused the cause of Origen. The latter opened a school of philosophy and theology at Cæsarea, and was always honored and listened to with avidity by the Christians of Palestine. St. Alexander finally died in prison during the persecution of Decius, after having ruled over the church of Jerusalem thirty-nine years. Mazabanus succeeded him and ruled nine years. The next bishop, Hymenæus, took an active part in the councils of Antioch against the heretic Paul of Samosata. His episcopate extended from about the year 250 to about 262. His next successor was Zambda, and the one who followed him was Hermon. This brings us to the epoch of Diocletian's dreadful persecution in the beginning of the fourth century, which raged with equal fury in Palestine to that which elsewhere devastated and threatened to exterminate the church of Christ. Hundreds of bishops, thousands of priests, and millions of the faithful had perished in Diocletian's persecution. Great numbers had also fallen away from the faith. Yet all the cruelty and power of imperial Rome had not sufficed to destroy more than one-third of the steadfast Christians of that heroic age. There were still remaining hundreds of bishops, thousands of priests, and probably at least twenty millions of the faithful within the limits of the Roman Empire. The glorious epoch of Constantine came, and the cross had triumphed. The sun broke forth from the clouds and tempests of three centuries upon the church of Jerusalem, and its era of prosperity began, which lasted for three more centuries, while Palestine remained a province of the Christian empire of the East, whose capital was the city of Constantine. The restoration of Jerusalem, Judea, and Galilee was very different from that of which the Jews and Judaizing Christians of the first and second centuries had dreamed. Judaism was wiped out, and the national, political glory and importance of the Holy Land had passed away for ever. Jerusalem and the Holy Land were henceforth only important because of their memories, and especially because they were the scene of the birth, the life, the death, and the resurrection of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world.

The Emperor Constantine fully appreciated the moral grandeur of the history of God's chosen people as set forth in their Sacred Scriptures, of which he was a diligent reader. He was a Christian in belief from enlightened and intelligent conviction, having enlarged views, noble intentions, and a truly imperial magnanimity in carrying them into execution. Jerusalem and the Holy Land were objects of the greatest interest for him, and the piety of his mother, Helena, inspired her with an equal or superior enthusiasm to his own for rescuing the Holy Places from heathen desecration and adorning them with architectural monuments worthy of the great events which had been transacted on that sacred soil. Happily for the church of that period and of all succeeding times, Palestine possessed a metropolitan in the person of Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea, who was thoroughly versed in historical lore, especially in the sacred history of Judaism and Christianity. His learning and virtues made him worthy to be the intimate friend of Constantine, his studious tastes and religious zeal impelled him to devote himself to those literary labors which have proved so invaluable to all ecclesiastical historians since his time, to collect a library, to search for the records and the writings of the three centuries of toil and suffering just completed, and to bequeath to us those works in which he has comprised the greatest part of what we know concerning his own age and those which preceded it. Translations of the historical works of Eusebius are not in very general circulation or much read. We may quote his own narrative of that part of the history of Christian Jerusalem which we have now to recount, with a confident expectation that our readers will be best satisfied with it as the most authentic, and will also find it as novel and interesting as any description in modern form and style could be made:

"After these affairs had been completed [*i.e.*, after the close of the Council of Nicæa, A.D. 325], the emperor dear to God began another most memorable undertaking in Palestine. He considered it, namely, to be his duty to make that spot in Jerusalem where the resurrection of the Lord took place illustrious and venerable to all men. Therefore he immediately commanded that an oratory should be erected in that place, God directing and the Saviour inspiring his mind to the execution of this work.

"Impious men, or rather the entire band of the demons through the instrumentality of impious men, had formerly endeavored to involve that venerable monument of immortality in darkness and oblivion: that monument, I say, at which once an angel, descending from heaven, radiant with wonderful light, had rolled away the stone from the minds of those who were truly as hard as rocks, and who thought that the living Christ was still lying among the dead; bringing joyful news to the women, and rolling away the

stone of unbelief from their minds, that he might convince them that he whom they were seeking was alive. This saving cave, therefore, certain impious and profane men had determined to abolish entirely, foolishly thinking that in this way they could hide the truth. So then, with very great labor, they had brought from elsewhere a great quantity of earth and other materials, with which they filled up the whole place, raising a heap of moderate height, which they covered over with stones, concealing entirely under this mass the sacred cave. Then, as if sure of accomplishing their purpose, they constructed upon that ill-omened soil a sepulchre for souls; building a dark cavern of dead images in honor of that lascivious demon whom they call Venus. There they used to offer execrable sacrifices on profane and impure altars; for they thought to accomplish the design which they had in mind completely, when they had buried the saving cave under this heap of vile impurities. For those miserable men could not understand that it was altogether impossible that He who had conquered death should suffer their crime to remain hidden: just as much impossible as that the sun, shining upon all lands and making his wonted course in heaven, should escape the notice of the whole human race. Indeed, the power of our Saviour, resplendent with a far more excellent light, not shining like the sun upon bodies, but upon the minds of men, was now filling the whole world with his rays. Yet, notwithstanding, those things which impious and profane men had contrived against the truth remained for a long space of time. Nor was there any one among the presidents or generals, or even the emperors, who was worthy to overturn this criminal work, except that one prince most acceptable to God, the sovereign over all; who, being animated by an influence from the Divine Spirit, was grieved that the place already mentioned should be covered up and forgotten under the abominations which the adversaries had heaped upon it, and, being determined not to give place to their wickedness, commanded, under the invocation of the holy name of God, that it should be purified; for he thought that the spot which had been defiled by adversaries was the one most worthy to be dedicated to the divine service by his own efforts and ministry in a magnificent manner. The orders of the emperor were carried out without delay, the mound erected by those fraudulent men was levelled with the earth, and the structures they had erected for the deception of men were destroyed and scattered together with their statues, to the discomfiture of the demons.

"The zeal of the emperor did not rest here, but moved him also to have all the rubbish removed to a distance from the spot, which was immediately done in obedience to his order. Having proceeded thus far, the emperor was not yet satisfied; but, impelled by a divine ardor, he commanded that they should dig down deeply into the soil and carry it all far away, as contaminated by the profane rites of demons. This was done immediately. And when the lowest stratum had been laid bare, then, beyond the hope of all, the august and most holy monument of the Lord's resurrection was discovered; and that cave, which may truly be called the holy of holies, presented a kind of similitude of the resurrection of our Saviour, since after having been buried and concealed it was again brought to light, and, bearing witness by facts speaking more clearly than any words, exhibited in the most obvious manner to all those who had gathered together to see what

had occurred the history of the miracles which had formerly been wrought in that place.

"These things having in this manner been accomplished, the emperor immediately took measures, by issuing the necessary orders and providing ample funds, for constructing with royal magnificence a temple worthy of God around that saving cave: a work which he had, in the zeal with which God inspired him, long before projected and resolved to execute. He commanded the rulers of the Eastern provinces to furnish abundant sums of money for the fulfilment of this grand and magnificent undertaking. Moreover, to the bishop who at that time governed the church of Jerusalem he sent the following letter, in which he set forth in the clearest language the saving doctrine of faith, writing to him in these words:

"'VICTOR CONSTANTINUS MAXIMUS AUGUSTUS TO MACARIUS:

"'So great is the grace of our Saviour that no abundance of speech can seem sufficient for narrating the wonderful thing which has lately happened. For the monument of his most sacred passion, which had remained hidden under the earth for the space of so many years, until, the common enemy of all having been overthrown, it shone forth upon his liberated servants, truly surpasses all admiration. Indeed, it seems to me that if all the wise men of the world collected together should undertake to compose something suitable to the dignity of this matter, they would not be able to aspire to even the least part of it; since the faith of this miracle exceeds every nature capable of human reason as much as divine things excel those which are human. In regard to these things, my one chief object is that, while the truth of the faith is daily becoming more evident by new wonders, all our minds should be stirred up to the observance of our most holy law, with modesty and harmonious alacrity. I think all are perfectly well aware of that of which I wish you in particular to be fully persuaded, that nothing is more ardently desired by me than that we should adorn with beautiful fabrics that sacred place which by the commandment of God I have purified from the sacrilegious structure which had been piled up over it, which was holy from the beginning in the judgment of God, but was made much more holy after the faith of the Lord's passion had been made manifest.

"'Therefore, it becomes your prudence so to provide all things necessary for the work that not only the basilica itself may be the most beautiful of all which can be seen in any place, but that all parts of the edifice may far surpass the finest fabrics which can be found in any of the cities of the world. I desire you to know that I have committed to our mutual friend, Dracilianus the pro-prætor, and to the president of the province, the charge of superintending the laying of the foundations and erecting the walls in an elegant style. We have ordered that the artificers and workmen, and all things which in your prudence you may judge necessary for this work, should be provided and directed by their care after receiving, as is fitting, all requisite information from you. But as regards columns and marbles, and other more precious things which you may judge suitable for decoration, take care to communicate directly with us, so that when we know from your letters the number and quality of such things as are requisite we may provide for their transportation from the places where they can

be obtained. For it is proper that the place which is most admirable among all localities of the world should be adorned in a manner befitting its dignity.

"'Moreover, I could wish that you would inform me whether you think the grand hall of the basilica should be adorned with fret-work or in what other style, for if it is fretted it may be also decorated with gilding. I know nothing more to add, except to request your holiness to make known to the above-mentioned magistrates as soon as possible how many workmen and artificers and how much money will be necessary; and that you will speedily report to me not only in reference to marbles and columns, but also fretted panels, if you think that style of decoration the most elegant. May the Divinity preserve you, dearest brother.'

"These are the words written by the emperor. Their effect immediately followed; and in the place of our Saviour's martyrdom a New Jerusalem was built opposite to the ancient and celebrated sanctuary and city, which had already endured the punishment of the wickedness of its inhabitants by the total destruction which laid it waste after the nefarious murder of the Lord. So over against this old city the emperor in his religious zeal erected the trophy of the victory which our Saviour had won over death. And perhaps this was that modern and new Jerusalem, foretold in the oracles of the prophets, concerning which so many eulogiums pronounced by the Holy Spirit are read in the sacred books. First, therefore, he adorned that sacred cave, as the chief part of the whole work: namely, the divine monument near which, formerly, an angel radiant with celestial light had announced the regeneration which was made manifest to all by the Saviour.

"This monument, I say, as the head of the whole work, the magnificence of the emperor, first of all, decorated with elegant columns, in the most beautiful style, and with all manner of ornaments. Then he passed on to the work of inclosing a large space of the ground surrounding the sepulchre and open to the sky, laying down a splendid pavement of stones and building long porticoes on every side of the enclosure. The basilica was erected on that side of the sepulchre which looks toward the rising sun: an admirable structure of grand dimensions in height, length, and width. Its interior surfaces were encrusted with variegated marbles; its outer surface veneered with closely jointed dressed stones equally beautiful with marble. The summit and chambers were covered with a leaden roofing secure against the storms of winter. The interior was ceiled with panelling which appeared like a vast sea, and was extended through the entire basilica, supported by mortised rafters all covered with the purest gold, which made the basilica throughout radiant with splendor. On each side double porticoes, partly below and partly above the surface, extended along the whole length of the building, having adjacent rooms which were covered with gilding. Those which were exterior to the walls of the basilica were supported by great columns, the interior ones by pillars richly decorated on their surfaces. Three gates on the eastern side gave entrance to the crowd of visitors. Near these gates, as the culminating point of the whole edifice, was a hemisphere extending to the summit of the basilica. It was surrounded by twelve columns, according to the number of the twelve apostles

of our Saviour. The capitals of these columns were of silver in the form of large goblets: a costly offering which the emperor dedicated to his God.

"An area was made before the entrances to the temple. First there was an *atrium*, then porticoes on each side, and lastly the gates of the atrium. After these were the vestibules of the whole structure, in the middle of the open market-place, where the venders of various articles had their stations, and these were built in a very ornate style, so that the passers-by, looking on them with admiration, could form some idea of what was to be seen within.

"Thus, then, the emperor constructed this temple as a testimony of the resurrection which brings salvation, and adorned it with royal and magnificent furniture. The number and value of the gifts and ornaments, precious articles of gold, silver, and gems, with which he beautified it, are indescribable; and I cannot attempt to specify in detail all the grandeur, the elaborate works of art, and other numerous and various features which render this work so remarkable.

"He also undertook to adorn with reverential honor two other places of that region which were ennobled by sacred caves. The emperor honored in a befitting manner that grotto in which our Saviour first manifested his divine presence and condescended to be born in the flesh. In the other grotto he honored the memory of the ascension of the Lord, which had formerly taken place on the summit of the mountain. And by adorning these places in a magnificent manner he also consecrated with them the name of his mother, by whose work and instrumentality he was accomplishing so much good for the benefit of the human race, to the eternal remembrance of future generations.

"For when this woman of singular prudence had determined to pay the debt of pious gratitude which she owed to God, the universal sovereign, in behalf of her son the great emperor, and his sons the Cæsars dear to God, her grandchildren, although she was advanced in years, she hastened with youthful ardor to traverse that land which was so worthy of veneration, and to visit the cities and peoples of the East, making them the object of a truly royal solicitude and providence. And after she had venerated the footsteps of our Saviour with due respect, as of old the prophetic word had foretold, *Let us worship in the place where his feet have trodden* (Ps. cxxxi. 7), she left behind for posterity the fruit of her piety. For she immediately dedicated to God, whom she adored, two temples, one at the cave in which the Lord was born, the other on that mountain from which he ascended into heaven: for Emmanuel (this name signifies God with us) submitted to be born in a place under ground for our sake; and the place of his nativity was called by the Hebrews Bethlehem. And therefore the Augusta, filled with the love of God, honored the child-bearing of the Virgin Mother of God with splendid monuments, adorning that sacred cave with the most pious devotion. Moreover, the emperor soon afterwards honored the same nativity of the Lord with royal gifts, with various monuments of gold and silver, and embroidered veils, adding to the magnificence of his mother. The mother of the emperor also erected some lofty structures in memory of the ascension of Christ, the Saviour of all men, on the Mount of Olives, placing a sacred building with a temple on the very summit of the mountain. Veracious history narrates that in this place and in this very cave Christ, the

Saviour of all men, initiated his disciples into secret mysteries. The emperor, moreover, testified his veneration for the sovereign King of all men by endowing this place also with various ornaments and gifts. . . .

"Helena Augusta was mindful also even of the chapels of the smallest cities, decorating the sacred edifices everywhere with valuable ornaments" (*De Vita Constantini*, lib. iii. cc. 25–45).

TO BE CONTINUED.

IS THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT A NUISANCE TO BE ABATED?

"The history of the United States Government's repeated violations of faith with the Indians thus convicts us, as a Nation, not only of having outraged the principles of justice, which are the basis of international law, and of having made ourselves liable to all punishments which follow upon such sins—*to arbitrary punishment at the hands of any civilized nation who might see fit to call us to account*, and to that more certain natural punishment which sooner or later as surely comes from evil-doing as harvests come from sown seed."*

This is a terrible sentence pronounced upon our country. How sad a result of our first hundred years of popular government! What a pity that the amiable Georges were interfered with, by those pestilent colonists who achieved American independence, in the prosecution of those measures of improvement and elevation which they invariably employed in their transactions with the heathen! We are a nuisance among the nations, to be justly abated by whatever power, or powers, may feel strong enough to undertake our destruction. There can be no hesitancy about throwing the first stone. And we may imagine the amiable authoress of *A Century of Dishonor* hoping, like the Camilla of Corneille, that she may with her own eyes see the thunderbolt strike us—our monuments in ashes and our laurels in the dust!

Let us cast a rapid glance backward over the record of these hundred years and see if that record sustains the charge that the Republic of the West—the light of whose ensign anywhere throughout the wide world stirs up feelings of hope and faith in human progress—is, as a nation, cruel and perfidious, a liar and a thief.

* *A Century of Dishonor*. A sketch of the United States Government's dealings with some of the Indian tribes. By H. H. New York: Harper & Bros.

What was the right of the Indian tribes to the lands they occupied at the time of the settlement? The right of conquest.

Not an Indian tribe at that time was occupying land which belonged to it by any other title.

The Six Nations crushed the people of their own race from the Hudson to the Father of Waters. They conquered or expelled the tribes of the Algonquin race, the Wyandottes, the Eries, the Shawnees, the Illinois, the Delawares. They took the Delaware lands and sold them. The country claimed by the Cherokees belonged to the Euchees, whom the Cherokees exterminated, and whose land they took by the law of the strong hand. The Creeks had taken the country they claimed from the Natches, the Savannahs, and the Ogeechees, whom they had conquered. The Sioux took the country of the Iowas and that of the Cheyennes, because buffalo were plenty therein. A war to the knife of three hundred years between the Chippewas and the Sioux resulted in the expulsion of the latter from the lands they had seized. The Chippewas drove out the Sacs and Foxes. Every foot of ground claimed by this tribe was wrested by them from weaker tribes of their own race. The Sioux took the Pawnee country, murdered and outraged the Winnebagoes, the Omahas, the Ottoes, and the Missouris. And in our own day the much-vexed question of the removal of the Poncas was initiated by themselves when driven by the incessant attacks and outrages of the Sioux to ask for a change of location.

The claimants to the regions of North America by right of discovery recognized in the Indians only a very limited proprietorship in the lands they actually occupied. They refused to concede that wandering tribes of savage hunters could claim as their property vast districts over which they occasionally hunted. Even of the portions on which they actually lived the European governments considered them only as tenants-at-will, removable at the pleasure or convenience of the power possessing the right of eminent domain, which was held to grow out of the right of discovery. A usufructuary interest only was conceded to them, and this interest they could only dispose of to the power claiming by right of discovery, or, by its permission, to its subjects. The "right of occupancy," which the writer of *A Century of Dishonor* inflates to an all-comprehensive extent—excluding any right of participancy in occupation—amounted simply to this and nothing more. The "heathen" were not viewed as men having rights, but as children to be held in a state of pupilage.

This was the accepted view of the Indians' status up to the struggle for independence.

What was the attitude of the Indian tribes toward the United Colonies in the struggle for independence? At first dilatory and deceitful, it finally developed into almost universal hostility—perfidious, bloody, merciless, barbarous. From the Six Nations in the North to the Creeks in the South the frontier settlements were deluged with the blood of women and children by the noble red allies of his Majesty George III. For seven years after the peace the Western Indians continued to plunder, burn, and destroy. Up to 1795 they still hoped that Great Britain, from whose emissaries they had been receiving ammunition, would renew hostilities. Commissioners sent to arrange a peace with them were massacred. At length, when thoroughly whipped by Gen. Wayne, they made peace. Their position then before the United States was that of subjugated enemies. No mention was made of Great Britain's red allies in the treaty of peace. She quietly and silently abandoned them to their fate, or rather to the magnanimity of the young republic. She coldly ceded the country of her devoted friends, the Six Nations. What could the tribes claim in justice from the United States? Nothing. They had forfeited every right. But mercy took the place of justice, and the United States pardoned their hostility, their butcheries and atrocities, conceded to them a limited sovereignty, a qualified nationality, a power to treat and be treated with. They admitted the Indians to a proprietorship of the land, which could not be afterwards taken from them without satisfactory consideration and their consent. A higher title was now given the Indians by the United States than had ever been recognized in them by any European government. This was magnanimity, but it was mistaken. The new government treated its late enemies not wisely but too well.

Only a few years later we find the tribes in the North, the South, and the West organizing under Tecumseh and the Prophet to make war upon the government and exterminate the whites. Breaking a truce, the Indians made a sudden and unexpected night attack upon Gen. Harrison. Notwithstanding a heavy American loss, the Indians met with a severe defeat which made memorable Tippecanoe. And they made peace again.

But not for long. The declaration of war in 1812 brought them to their feet again as hostile as ever—Sioux, Shawnees, Winnebagoes, Chippewas, Delawares, Wyandottes, Pottawatomies, Miamis, Choctaws, Creeks, Seminoles, and Cherokees. Another

bloody collection of tales of horror was furnished every infant settlement on the frontiers. In accordance with the provisions of the treaty of Ghent the tribes were notified by commissioners that on ceasing hostilities their status *ante bellum* should be restored. The Rock River Sacs refused to stop hostilities and continued to burn, rob, and outrage. Surely they forfeited their rights under that treaty also. Yet on suing for peace afterwards they were accorded all the rights they could have claimed had they availed themselves of the treaty stipulations. The United States preferred a liberal and humane policy toward the tribes to their punishment by the employment of force. The United States government even fed those who at the close of hostilities were without the necessaries of life. Yet the Sacs again raised the tomahawk against the government in the war under their noted chief, Black Hawk. The old story was repeated. Suddenly they began burning settlements, butchered and outraged women and children, until an organized force was sent against them; then they succumbed, sued for peace, and were pardoned once more. Their descendants are living to-day on annuities paid them by the government of the United States. These facts should not in justice be omitted from the record of "a century of dishonor."

The author of *A Century of Dishonor* does not state the case of the Creeks and Cherokees *versus* the States of Georgia and Alabama with fairness. The portions of those tribes opposed to the emigration plan—proposed by other portions—claimed sovereignty and denied the power of the States to extend the operation of their laws over them. They were offered the choice between submission to the laws, citizenship, a fee-simple title to a sufficiency of land, and joining their emigrated brethren, getting portions of land equal to their cessions, compensation for their improvements, transportation free, and one year's subsistence after arrival in the colony. There were bloody feuds between the representatives of the two factions. Each was willing to make the treaty if negotiated with its side. One immediately opposed it when made with the other. The followers of the rival chiefs had recourse to bloody crimes and assassinations. After their arrival in their new country the feud continued bloodier and more vengeful, and the leaders of the emigration party were assassinated by their rivals with every concomitant of savage cruelty.

Thus far we have seen the Indian tribes quick to spring up, tomahawk in hand, whenever an enemy arose against the government of the United States. What was their attitude in 1861?

With insignificant exceptions, it was the traditional one. They were on the enemy's side. Canadian traders and half-breeds were busy among the Northern Indians, spreading the news of an imminent and inevitable war between the United States and Great Britain. The Chippewas and Winnebagoes, the Sioux, the Indians between the Missouri and the British line, were getting ready for the war-path. The Minnesota massacre of 1862, in which the Sioux killed nearly a thousand women, children, and old men, destroyed property to the value of millions, and reduced several thousand people from comparative comfort to destitution, was the result of the premature explosion of the mine. What do the so-called semi-civilized tribes of the Indian Territory at this critical juncture in the nation's life? They neither hesitate nor delay. In October, 1861, they formally renounced their allegiance to the government and transferred it to the Confederate States. They raised troops for the Confederate government, drove out all neutrals, attacked defenceless settlements and Indians supposed to be neutral or friendly. When it dawned upon them that they had joined the losing side they were quick petitioners for permission to retransfer their allegiance, and they were allowed to do so. The fact sounds strangely in the record of "a century of dishonor." The author's attempted defence of the treason of the Cherokees is weaker than childish. She evidently felt that it was when writing it, but then they must be defended *quand même*.

With what claim to land were the Indians armed who came under the jurisdiction of the United States by cession from Mexico or by the annexation of Texas?

Mexico recognized no Indian right to soil within her jurisdiction, unless by special grant.

Texas, by express provision, reserved the right to, and exclusive jurisdiction over, all vacant lands within her limits.

These Mexican Indians, therefore, came to us without any claim to land. They made continual war for nearly twenty years after the cession, and broke every treaty made with them from 1847 to 1865. Yet the government made no distinction between them and other Indians, but gave them reservations, food, and clothing, and recognized in them the treaty-making power. This is another fact which should not have been omitted from the record of the century.

Of course the full score of massacres of Indians by whites is given in this book, and the massacres of whites by Indians passed over in silence. This is the way to write history when you

want to make a case. When in 1860 white settlers on the Cherokee lands were driven away by government forces, our author tells us that the officer sent to dislodge them was obliged to burn their cabins over their heads before they would stir. But she drops no word of sympathy for these people. They were common white working people. This is philanthropy.

On page 146 the author says that the annuities of the Sioux were in arrears, but "this was almost a blessing, since *both* money, goods, and provisions were so soon squandered for whiskey." The next line tells us that "in 1842 several of the bands were reduced to a state of semi-starvation by the failure of the corn crops and the failure of the Senate to ratify a treaty they had made with Gov. Doty in 1841. Depending on the annuity promised in this treaty, they had *neglected* to make their usual provisions for the winter." Of course the perfidious Senate was to blame for the trusting Sioux' neglect. Then she tells us that frosts in June and drought in July combined to ruin the crops. The water had been drying up for years; the musk-rat ponds were dried up, and the perfidious musk-rats had gone "nobody knew where," says the writer. The beaver, otter, and other furred animals had been hunted until they were hard to find. The buffalo had been driven far away; but even if they were near enough the Indians had no horses to hunt with. They were hundreds of miles from any place where corn could be obtained, "even if they had money to pay for it," the author naïvely adds. And she winds up this catalogue of misfortunes with an *en-passant* remark that, "*except for some assistance from the government, they would have died by hundreds in the winter of this year.*" This interesting item for the record of "a century of dishonor" must have crept in by accident.

Sympathy with the wronged is an attribute of noble and generous hearts. But even noble and generous hearts sometimes allow their sympathy to run away with their judgment. By nursing their hatred of wrong they work themselves into such an excess of zeal that they can see nothing but total depravity in those they consider to be wrong-doers, and naught but angelic virtue in those of whom they are the self-constituted champions. From partisans they become fanatics. Their end being a humane and noble one, they are blind to the injustice done by themselves. They read history, law, theology in the light of their fanaticism. The *suggestio falsi* ceases to have any terrors for them, and the *suppressio veri* becomes a part of their system. All the wrong is on one side and all the right on the other.

Right and justice, as understood by the writer of *A Century of Dishonor*, would show us a solitary Indian standing on a lofty eminence within his ten-thousand-acre hunting-park, warning off the pioneer who begs outside his boundaries for land enough for a house for his family and for crops for their support. Railroads must not be built, the precious metals must not be digged out of the useless earth, water-power must not be utilized, because the Indian will not sell, though he will not cultivate. His "right" must be respected. The Indian's park is within the limits of a sovereign State. He claims that he, too, is a sovereign. He refuses to submit to the laws of the State. It would be "unjust" to remove him. What will she do with him?

No doubt money appropriated for Indian uses has been squandered or misapplied. Dishonest officials have been in every time and clime and under every form of government. Even the iron Spartan was not proof against a bribe. The thirst for gold is not confined to any race or people. In known instances not more than ten per centum of sums paid the Indian chiefs reached the humble members of the tribe.

That the government has pursued a short-sighted policy with regard to the Indian tribes any man of ordinary intelligence can see to-day. But the vision of even the most far-sighted of our great statesmen of the past fell far short of the future. When the Indian tribes were colonized beyond the Mississippi, who supposed the development of the country would be so vast, so rapid as it is? The expansion has been so marvellous that not even the wildest believer of forty years ago in our "manifest destiny" had an imagination rich enough to suggest a dream of its possibility.

The scheme of the colony beyond the Mississippi originated with that portion of the Cherokees who preferred living Indian fashion by the chase to the practice of agriculture. Their object was not civilization but the preservation of their old habits, customs, and mode of life. They wanted to be placed beyond possibility of contact with white men, and they thought the emigration would effect their design. Neither Indian nor white man then dreamed of pioneers crowding around the Indian Territory and galling the kibes of the big chiefs.

This colonization scheme, devised by the Indians, as I have said, to escape civilization in the first place, and then adopted by the government as a civilizing scheme, has been a double failure, both for the Indians and the government. If in the present stage of our development isolation were much longer possible, it

is not by isolation that savages can be civilized, and the Indians know it. The reservation system is merely the colony *in petto*. Tribal title to land is merely the basis of an oligarchy. The first step toward the civilization of the Indian is the solution of the tribal bond. Blood will yet be spilled before it is loosed. The chiefs, head-men, and medicine-men will fight for it to the last.

In guaranteeing vast tracts of land to Indian tribes "for ever" the government contracted unfortunately, though in good faith, to do what was beyond its power—beyond any human power. You might as well give an Indian a reservation on the sands at low water, and expect to prevent the high tide from sweeping over him. It is only a question of time. It will come in the Indian Territory as well as elsewhere. The tide of settlement will draw closer and closer until the Indian is hemmed in to the quantity of land he will cultivate. His only safety is to get that in severalty which no man can take from him, and bring up his children in the ways and habits of the whites who will settle around him. The game is gone, and the Indian was its most reckless destroyer. The hunting-park of 10,000 acres necessary to support one Indian by the chase the crush of settlement will no longer permit.

Like all conquered peoples, the Indian's future is assimilation, absorption, or extinction. He cannot be civilized by isolation or preserved as an ethnological curiosity. The sooner the great reservations are cut up and sold the better. Give the Indian a liberal share of land in fee, inalienable for a term of years. Make him amenable to the laws of the State or Territory he lives in, and extend to him their protection. Help him in his first efforts at self-support; supplement the result of these efforts by what is necessary to his subsistence. Give him industrial schools for his children; let him be free to worship God in his own way, and do not, with cold indifferentism or cynical scepticism, parcel him out among jarring sects, so many head to each.

While history shows that the Indian tribes in their transactions with each other were remorseless tyrants and perfidious enemies, that the stronger despoiled, decimated, exterminated the weaker; while the annals of their inter-tribal relations are an unparalleled record of cruelty, outrage, robbery, and blood, the history of our hundred years bears upon its closing page the not dishonorable record that *no Indian tribes which were in existence at the time of the Declaration of Independence have become extinct*. And the protecting power that saved them from extinction is the government of the United States.

A SCOTCH CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

"YOU will hear more Gaelic spoken in Canada in one week than you would hear during a month's sojourn in the Highlands!" Such was the astounding assertion made some time ago at a Montreal dinner-table by a Scottish laird, himself of Canadian birth, and an extensive landowner in Ontario as well as in North Britain. And such is indeed the case. Along the shore of Lake St. Francis, and beyond, where the broad blue ribbon of the St. Lawrence is dotted with tiny verdant islets, among which loyal Canadians peep shyly across to the State of New York, dwell a sturdy race of men as truly Highland in heart and speech as when they left their beloved hills a hundred years ago. A nature, if loyal to one attachment, will be loyal to all. These Highlanders in Canada have preserved their faith and have adhered to their language and traditions.

To visit the Gael in the home of his adoption you leave Montreal, going by railroad westward for about two hours and a half, and arrive at Lancaster, the county town of Glengarry, the home of the *Chlanadh nan Gael.* Glengarry is the most easterly county of Ontario, and is one of those into which the district of Lunenbourg was divided in 1792. It is bounded on the east by County Soulanges, on the north by Prescott, west by County Stormont—also largely peopled with Scotch settlers—and on the south by the St. Lawrence.

The county comprises four townships: Charlottenburg, Lancaster, Lochiel, and Kenyon. These are again subdivided into "concessions," and the concessions into lots. Lancaster, the county town, is in the township of Charlottenburg and lies on the banks of the Rivière-aux-Raisins. It is the outlet for produce from the inland villages, and the place of starting for stage-coaches to different points. The roads here are atrocious, and the coaches "rattle your bones over the stones" while taking you through a country so magnificent that you wonder why the dwellers therein do not *mend their ways.* In Charlottenburg are also the parishes of St. Raphael's, Martintown, and Williamstown. The township of Lancaster lies east of Charlottenburg, and was called the "sunken township" on account of the first French settlers having considered it too swampy for habitation. Lochiel lies to the north and boasts of quite

a rising town, Alexandria, containing seven hundred inhabitants, a high-school, and a convent under the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Kenyon is north of Charlottenburg, and is, like the others, a country of magnificent agricultural development.

The counties of Stormont and Dundas are, if we except a few Germans, entirely Scotch, but are not Catholic, as is Glengarry. The pioneer settlers were from the valley of the Mohawk, whither many had emigrated from Scotland and from Germany before the Revolution. When the proclamation of peace in 1783 deprived the Scottish soldiers who formed the Royal New York Regiment, under Sir John Johnson, of their occupation, nothing was left for them but to accept the offer of the British government and settle on lands granted them in Canada West. Loyalty came more natural to their mountain instincts than policy, and they were in those days much more conscientious than practical.* Each soldier received a grant of a hundred acres fronting on the river, and two hundred within the county on which he settled. That these people were for the main part Protestant is easily seen by the names which they bestowed on their villages, such as Matilda, Williamstown, Charlotte, and Mariatown, which latter was, we are told, "called after Captain Duncan's daughter Maria." There were many Catholics also in Sir John Johnson's regiment, and they probably turned the first sod in what is now Glengarry; but the real influx of Catholic Highlanders did not take place until 1786 and 1802.

Throughout the last century religious persecution prevailed in the Highlands of Scotland, not in actual strife or bloodshed, but in the merciless bigotry and continued obstruction that comes so readily to those "children of this world, who are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The old chieftains who had clung to their God and their sovereign were attainted, incarcerated in Edinburgh Castle or in the Tower of London, and their sons of tender age, removed from the influence of early associations, were the helpless pupils of the sanctimonious *dominies*, who banished from their young minds every ray of Catholic hope and joy, and sent them back to their country as strangers and sojourners—sometimes as fierce denouncers of the faith in which they were born.

Strong in loyalty and conservative to the heart's core, for years the powerful clan of MacDonald escaped unscathed. Descended from the mighty Somerled, Thane of Argyle, by his marriage with the daughter of Olaf, surnamed the Red, the Nor-

* The writer of this article, it is well to note, is a loyal Canadian.—Ed. C. W.

wegian King of the Isles, this branch of *Siol Cuin* (the race of Conn) had accepted the faith of St. Columba, the "royal O'Neil," and never wavered from his teachings. For centuries they had lived and died Catholics, and the bones of their chieftains had been

> "Carried to Colme's Kill, the
> Sacred storehouse of their predecessors,
> And guardian of their bones."

In rugged Inverness, where the mighty houses of Clanranald and Glengarry, divided by Loch Nevish, held watch and ward over the heather-clad mountains and deep and dangerous arms of the sea; back through the braes of Lochaber to where the McDonells of Keppoch dwelt under the shadow of Ben Nevis; over the Sound of Sleat, by whose waters MacDonald of that ilk kept his enemies at bay, and westward to the wild rocks of the Hebrides, the clan Donald practised their faith. By dint of much caution, and with great labor, these faithful mountaineers were fed with the sacraments of their church. Priests' heads were then as valuable as were those of wolves in the days of Alfred, and if a *saggarth* was caught by "the Reformed" woe to him! In spite of these dangers, young men escaped to the Continent, and in the Scots' College, Rome, and at Valladolid, in Spain, studied for the priesthood. After their ordination they would return to their beloved hills to brave death and save souls. Jesuits and Irish secular priests, outlawed, and with a price set upon them dead or alive, sought this remote field for their devoted labors.

Across the rough gray waters of the Gulf of Hebrides, in many a cave and sheltered nook of the island of South Uist, the clansmen, in their belted tartans, assisted at the Holy Sacrifice and received the Bread of Heaven. Like the Israelites, they "ate it with their loins girt, and standing," for the morning mist rolling off Benbecula might disclose to them a watchful foe, and the waves of Minch, now trembling in the dawn of day, might, ere the sun climbed beyond the mountains' crest, bear on their bosom the boat of the Sassenach spy. If the spy were not well attended and strongly armed it would be worse for him, for meekness and gentleness were Christian characteristics not strongly marked in this race, and they acted literally on St. Paul's injunction to be "*first* pure and *then* peaceable." Their precept was, *Luathic do liambh agus cruadhich do Chuille*—"Quicken thy hand and harden thy blows." An amusing specimen of this spirit is handed down

from the prayer of a clansman before the battle of Sheriffmuir; "O Lord! be thou with us; but, if thou be not with us, be not against us, but leave it between the red-coats and us!"

At last some among this chosen people of God fell, lured by the inducements of the supporters of the Elector of Hanover, as they had persistently called his Britannic majesty. Not content with embracing Calvinism themselves, they endeavored to inoculate their people. One, indeed, tried an untoward application by means of severe blows from his *Bati-bui*—or yellow walking-stick—with which he hoped to induce his tenantry to repair to the Protestant meeting-house. To this day Calvinism is spoken of by the descendants of those people as *Credible a bhati-bui*—the religion of the yellow stick. The tyranny of these foes of their own household, combined with the poverty and wretchedness prevailing throughout the Highlands, caused many of the MacDonalds and their Catholic neighbors to turn their thoughts to America, whence came alluring stories of plenty and peace. At home the country had been drained to provide means for the insurrection which they hoped would put their exiled prince on the throne of the Stuarts. The ravages of war had laid their lands waste, the more progressive Lowlanders and the absentee nobles were turning the tenant-holdings into sheep-walks, inch by inch their birthright was leaving them, their dress was forbidden, their arms seized, their very language was made contraband; so, facing the difficulty like brave men, they determined to emigrate. In the year 1786 two ships sailed from Scotland to Canada filled with emigrants. The first left early in the season, but sprang a leak and was obliged to put into Belfast for repairs; resuming her voyage, she reached the American coast too late to attempt making Quebec harbor, and therefore landed her passengers at Philadelphia. The emigrants were lodged in a barracks evacuated by the troops after the proclamation of peace, but in the course of the winter a third misfortune befell them: the barracks took fire and burned to the ground, consuming in the flames their worldly all. These poor pilgrims then went through to Lake Champlain in boats, and were met at Ile-aux-Noix by their friends who had already established themselves in Ontario. Who but Highland hearts would undertake such a journey for friends? At a bad season of the year, over slushy roads, when time was precious and horseflesh valuable, they started in capacious sleighs for their old friends and kindred, and drove them to the forest that was to be their home, housing and feeding them until their own log-houses were erected.

The second band of emigrants before referred to had a much more prosperous voyage. They were from Knoydart, and were under the leadership of the Rev. Alexander MacDonald, of the family of Scothouse, a cousin of the chief of Glengarry. He was a man of courage and strong will, and marshalled his flock with prudence and discretion. As the good ship *MacDonald* glided out of the harbor of Greenock the priest addressed his flock and put them under the protection of St. Raphael, the guide of the wanderer. A few moments later there was a wail of terror: the ship was aground. "*Sios air er glunean, agus dianibh urnaigh*"—"Down on your knees and pray!"—thundered the priest; St. Raphael interceded, the ship slid off, and in the Quebec *Gazette*, 1786, is this entry:

"Arrived, ship *MacDonald*, from Greenock, with emigrants, nearly the whole of a parish in the north of Scotland, who emigrated with their priest and nineteen cabin passengers, together with five hundred and twenty steerage passengers, to better their case, up to Cataraqui."

Cataraqui was the ancient name for Kingston; there, however, they did not go, but to what is now known as St. Raphael's parish, some miles north of Lancaster. Here they fell to work, in spite of numerous hardships, to construct their houses, and also to build the pioneer church, called "Blue Chapel." Of course church and parish were dedicated to their archangel guardian. In the year 1802 another very large party of emigrants arrived from Glengarry, Inverness-shire, who, settling near the earlier comers, gave the name of their native glen to the whole district. During the winter of 1803 the good priest of St. Raphael's fell ill far away from any comfort or from medical aid to soothe or assuage his malady; he was deprived, too, of the services of a brother priest to administer the consolations of religion. His people rallied round him, and the strongest men came forward; they constructed a *leabaith ghulain*, and carried him upon it through the forest paths and over the snow mountains to Williamstown. Hence, when the ice broke up, he was taken in a canoe down Rivière-aux-Raisins to the mission at Lachine, where he died on the 19th of May, 1803. He was succeeded in St. Raphael's by a Father Fitzsimmons.

The chronicle of the emigrants of 1802 introduces one of the grandest figures in Canadian history—the Rev. Alexander (Allastair) MacDonald, or MacDonell, later the first bishop of Upper Canada. He was of the House of Glengarry, a branch of clan Donald now generally recognized as inheriting the chieftainship of the

whole clan. For services rendered to the royal house of Stuart they were rewarded by Charles II. with a peerage under the title of Lord MacDonell and Arross. The Rev. Alexander MacDonald was born at Innishalaggan in 1760, and studied at Valladolid.

About the year 1790 trade between the river Clyde and the North American colonies had been greatly injured by the proclamation of peace and the independence of those colonies, and the merchants of Glasgow and Greenock turned their attention to the importation and manufacture of cotton. This branch of industry grew rapidly, and in 1793 over eighty thousand people were employed in it. The great demand for labor drained the agricultural districts and sent up the price of all kinds of provisions. The lairds, finding they could obtain so ready a market, determined that it would be more to their advantage to turn their mountain estates into sheep-walks than to allow them to be occupied by the numerous and poor clansmen, who were indifferent farmers and could scarcely obtain from the soil sufficient for their own maintenance. Accordingly the tenants were turned adrift; sometimes two hundred gave place to one south-country shepherd, or, as the local phraseology expressed it, "Two hundred smokes went through one chimney." These poor people were destitute and helpless; they had never been beyond the gray line of ocean that washes the rocks of the Hebrides and runs into the deep indentures of the Inverness-shire coast. The southern language was to them an unknown tongue; to make or to take care of money was beyond their ken. The means of emigration were denied them. British cruisers had orders from the Admiralty to prevent the departure of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland, and to press such able-bodied men as they found on board of emigrant-ships. It was when affairs were in this pitiable state that the Rev. Dr. MacDonald came to the rescue. Leaving the scene of his missionary labors on the borders of Perth, he repaired to Glasgow, where he obtained an introduction to the principal manufacturers. He proposed to them that they should give employment to his destitute countrymen. This they were willing enough to do, but reminded the priest of two obstacles: one, their ignorance of the English language; the other, their profession of the Catholic faith. At that time the prejudice against Catholics was so strong in Glasgow that they were always in danger of insult and abuse. It was hardly safe for a priest to reside among them; he would be subject to annoyance and assault, and, as the penal laws were still in force, he would also be liable to be brought before a court of justice. Dr. MacDonald

expressed his conviction that "although the letter of the law was in force, the spirit of it was greatly mitigated," and declared that if the manufacturers would take the Highlanders under their protection he would run his chances of safety and take up his residence among them as interpreter and clergyman. This was agreed to, and from 1792 to 1794 the plan worked admirably. Then came the war with France. The manufacturers received a sudden check; many failed, and others were almost at a stand. The poor Highlanders were again out of employment and again destitute. Dr. MacDonald then conceived the plan of getting them embodied in a Highland corps under his kinsman called Allastair *Ruagh* (the red), the young chief of Glengarry. He assembled a meeting of Catholics at Fort Augustus in February, 1794, when an address was drawn up to the king, offering to raise a Catholic corps under the command of the young chieftain, who with Fletcher, the laird of Dunens, proceeded to London to lay it before the king. It was most graciously received; the manufacturers of Glasgow warmly seconded it, furnishing cordial recommendations of the Highlanders, and in August letters of service were issued to Alexander MacDonell, of Glengarry, to raise the Glengarry Fencible Regiment as a Catholic corps, of which he was appointed colonel. The Rev. Dr. MacDonald was gazetted chaplain to this regiment, which did service in Guernsey and afterwards in Ireland.

An anecdote is told of them at Waterford which shows the honest simplicity of their nature and their ignorance of worldly wisdom. When they entered the town billet-money was distributed among them. Before night the order was countermanded; they were ordered to New Ross. Being told of this, each honest Scot *returned his billet-money!* While they were quartered in Connemara two young men named Stewart were brought by the commanding officer before a drum-head court-martial, whereupon a private stepped out of the ranks, recovered his arms, saluted his colonel, and said:

"Ma dhoirtear diar di fhuil nan Stuibhartich an a sho a noc, bi stri s'anchuis"—"If there will be a drop of the Stewart blood spilt here to-night there will be trouble." "Go back to the ranks, you old rebel," was the answer; but the Stewarts escaped scot-free. The colonel at this time was not Glengarry, but his cousin Donald MacDonell, who was afterwards killed at Badajos at the head of the "forlorn hope."

The regiment was disbanded in 1802, and the men were again as destitute as ever. Their chaplain then set out for Lon-

don, and entered into a negotiation with the government in the hope of obtaining assistance to further their emigration to Upper Canada. This plan was opposed, and the government offered to settle them in Trinidad. Dr. MacDonald, however, persevered, and at length procured from Mr. Addington, the premier, an order to grant two hundred acres of land to every Highlander who should arrive in the province. After enduring extreme opposition from Highland landlords, governors, and members of Parliament—even from the Prince of Wales, who offered them land in Cornwall—the devoted priest obtained the desire of his heart and saw his beloved people sail for Canada in 1802. As has been before said, they named their new home after their native glen, and every head of a family called his plantation after the farm he had possessed among the grand old hills of Inverness-shire.

It must not be thought that all the Catholic settlers were MacDonells (or MacDonalds). Among those of 1784 we find the name of Fraser, McLennan, Hay, Rose, Glasford, and others; among the bands of 1786 were Grants, McIntoshes, McWilliamses, McDougalls, McPhees, McGillises, McGillivrays, McCuaigs, and Campbells. Those of 1802 were more than half MacDonalds.

In 1804 Dr. MacDonald followed his people to Canada. He proceeded first to visit the Rev. Roderick (Rory) MacDonald at the Indian mission of St. Regis, then went to Kingston. During this time the people of St. Raphael's had taken a dislike to Father Fitzsimmons and clamored to have him removed, probably because they saw a chance of having his place filled by their beloved pastor of old days. Father Roderick, from St. Regis, reasoned with them by letter, but in vain. At last a sturdy clansman, John MacDonald, surnamed "Bonaparte," pushed his way from St. Raphael's to Quebec in midwinter, 1805, and laid his petition before Bishop du Plessis, who came to Glengarry in the summer of the same year and appointed Dr. MacDonald parish priest of St. Raphael's.

The people's joy was very great at having their beloved priest with them once more. They gathered from near and far to bid him welcome. The little "Blue Chapel" was filled to overflowing; devout worshippers knelt along the aisles, on the doorsteps, and out on the short, crisp grass of the woodland meadows. When the notes of the *Tantum Ergo* rose on the air they pictured the Benediction service in their former home, where they had knelt on the heather of the beloved glen, through whose mountains their clear, wild music had so often sounded that hymn of adora-

tion, borne along the rippling waves of the Garry to float over the waters of dark Loch Ness and echo amid the wild hills of Glen More. The "Blue Chapel" was soon too small for the parishioners, and Dr. MacDonald went home to Scotland in 1819 to procure assistance toward the erection of a larger church. During his absence he was elected bishop of Upper Canada. He returned in 1820, bringing with him from Glasgow a stone-mason, who set about building the present parish church of St. Raphael's. The bishop was consecrated in Montreal in 1820, and was received in Glengarry with a great display of rejoicing. After remaining there for two years he removed to Kingston, which place became his home, the diocese having been divided and Bishop Power appointed bishop of Toronto. Bishop Gaulin, coadjutor to Bishop MacDonald, was assistant priest at St. Raphael's after 1812, as the bishop was constantly travelling. Bishop MacDonald organized his immense diocese, bought land, built convents and churches, also founded at St. Raphael's the College of Iona, a portion of which was built in 1818 for a public school; the western part was added for ecclesiastics in 1826. Here he taught himself, aided by professors whom he obtained from Montreal. Fourteen ecclesiastics were ordained from this primitive seat of learning. The bishop's house, built in 1808, is a spacious stone mansion capable of accommodating many persons, and fronting on a large garden laid out in 1826 by a gardener whom he brought out from Scotland. The bishop seems here to have found rest and solace among his flowers. He founded the Highland Society and encouraged among the people the preservation of their nationality. In a pastoral still extant he expresses himself very strongly against "those radicals who aim at the destruction of our holy religion," and strives to inculcate on his people a spirit of moderation and gratitude to the government, who had certainly befriended them better than had their own natural chieftains at home. When he crossed the Atlantic in 1819 the bishop endeavored to interest Cardinal Wilde in his Glengarry colony, and, it is said, wanted him to visit Upper Canada, his eminence being then not even a priest, simply a very wealthy widower.

In 1840 the venerable prelate went home to Scotland for the last time, and visited an old friend, Father Gardiner, in Dumfries, in whose arms he died. Mortal illness seized him before he reached the end of his journey, and his first words of greeting were: "Dear old friend, I've come to die with you." His remains were brought to St. Raphael's, then removed to Kingston

in 1860. Thus passed away one of the grandest men whom God ever sent to hew for his people a path through the wilderness.

Among those who came out in the ship *MacDonald* were one John MacDonald, of the MacDonalds of Loupe, and Anna McGillis, his wife, with three children. The three multiplied to nine before many years passed, and of these two sons entered the church; the eldest, Æneas (Angus), joined the Sulpicians and passed forty years as a professor in the Montreal seminary. He then retired to Glengarry, where, at the age of eighty, he died universally beloved. Two brothers and two sisters died, aged respectively ninety-eight, eighty-two, seventy-three, and sixty-seven years; there are now living in Cornwall two brothers and one sister, aged eighty-eight, eighty-one, and seventy-eight years. The second son, John, studied for the priesthood, and soon after his ordination was an assistant at St. Raphael's; thence he was removed to Perth, where he suffered many hardships for ten years. He was vicar-general of Kingston and parish priest of St. Raphael's for many years, and died at Lancaster on the 16th of March, 1879, in the ninety-seventh year of his age.

This latter was a man of very determined character and somewhat stern in his treatment of his flock, who one and all obeyed him as little children. It was no uncommon thing in those days to see a man with a sheep-skin on his head or a wooden gag in his mouth—a penance awarded by Father John. A pulpit was a conventionality that he scorned; he always addressed his people while walking to and fro behind the Communion railing. If any luckless wight incurred his displeasure he was pitilessly and publicly rebuked, though sometimes the worm turned. For instance:

"John Roy MacDonald, leave this church." Dead silence. "John Roy MacDonald, I say *leave this church.*" John Roy MacDonald rises and goes slowly and solemnly out, stepping carefully over the far-apart logs that did duty for a floor.

Father John proceeds with his sermon, when creak, creak, creak, back over the logs comes John Roy MacDonald and calmly resumes his seat.

"John Roy MacDonald, did I not tell you to leave this church?"

"Yes, Maister Ian, and I will be for to go out of the church for to pleass you, and now I wass come pack for to pleass myself!" It was not the ancient Scotch custom to call priests *father;* hence Father John was always spoken to and of as Maister Ian.

Through great and manifold hardships have these people worked their way to comfort and ease. Coming from a life of freedom, and in many instances careless idleness, in a sea-girt home where a wealth of fresh fish was always to be had for very slight exertion, agricultural labor was almost unknown to them. In Canada they found themselves obliged to work hard and in the face of disheartening obstacles. Their new home was in many parts either swamp-land or else sandy and full of stones; the stones had to be picked up and made into walls to divide the farms, and the swamp-land drained and reclaimed. Often they had to lay roads of logs across the marshes and jump from one log to another, carrying on their backs bags of grain to be ground at Williamstown, where Sir John Johnson had erected a mill. Williamstown is to-day a thriving place, with a fine convent and as pretty a church as there is to be found in Canada. All these obstacles they surmounted as became the hardy mountaineers they were, and from their ranks came some of the celebrated characters of Canadian history, such as the first Speaker of the Upper Canadian Parliament, which met at Niagara, September 17, 1792—Colonel John MacDonell, of Greenfield, for many years member for Glengarry and attorney-general. He was colonel of the Glengarry Fencibles raised for the War of 1812, and was killed while serving under Brock at Queenstown Heights.

Simon Fraser, of the house of Lovat, descended from Mrs. Fraser, of Kilbrocky (the best female [Scotch] Gaelic scholar of her time, who instructed the Jesuit Farquarson in that language and was one of the means of keeping the faith from extinction in the Highlands), was born in Glengarry; he became a partner in the Northwest Company, and on one of his exploring expeditions discovered the Fraser River.

From St. Raphael's came the family of Sandfield MacDonald, of which the late Hon. John Sandfield MacDonald was the eldest son. He was one of the most brilliant politicians of his time, and premier of the Canadian government. His brother, the Hon. D. A. MacDonald, one of the crown ministers of the late Liberal or *Grit* government, was lieutenant-governor of Ontario for five years.*

Among the "places of interest" to a Catholic stranger in Canada West there is none more delightful than St. Raphael's, where so many historic memories meet and touch, and, inter-

* Mother St. Xavier, for years the respected superior of the Ursuline Convent in Quebec, also was born in Glengarry.

weaved with the faith that is in them, live on in the hearts of the people. It is difficult of access; so are most poetic places nowadays. You leave Lancaster in a "Black Maria" that groans and creaks and bounces over the road in a way that will test your nerves. Your driver is a yellow-haired Gael with a tendency to moralize on the evils of intemperance; but as he speaks the wind wafts over his shoulder his breath, tainted with an unmistakable odor of John Barleycorn. As you leave Lancaster a wayside workshop strikes your eye, neat, white, and dapper. From its eave depends a sign; you expect at the most an intimation that festive buggies and neat jaunting-sleighs are made within; but no: "*A large supply of elegant coffins always on hand!*" This singular *memento mori* sets you thinking until you come to the end of your seven-mile drive and dismount at "Sandfield's Corner," your oscillating conveyance going jolting on to Alexandria. You follow in the wake of a barefooted small boy whose merry black eyes proclaim him an interloper and a Frenchman. Along the side of the old "military road" you go under elm-trees of giant height until you reach the quaint old hamlet dedicated to "Raphael the healer, Raphael the guide." Village there is none; only a post-office and store, an inn, a school-house, two cottages, with the church, presbytery, and college. The former stands on the brow of a hill and is remarkably large and lofty for a country church. On a chiselled slab over the door you read:

Teag De. *
IIIDCCXXI.

Entering you are struck by the bareness of the vast roof, unsupported by pillars or galleries. The sanctuary is formed by a rood-screen dividing it from the passage that connects the sanctuaries. Behind this screen is a white marble slab bearing the inscription:

On the 18th of June, 1843,
the Highland Society of Canada
erected this tablet to the memory of
the Honorable and Right Reverend
Alexander MacDonell,
Bishop of Kingston,
Born 1760—Died 1840.
Though dead he still lives
in the hearts of his countrymen.

* House of God.

Under the floor at the gospel side of the sanctuary lie the mortal remains of the good and revered Father John. Upon the main altar a statue of the patron of the church, St. Raphael, the "human-hearted seraph"—imported from Munich by the present parish priest, Father Masterson—looks as full of beauty and compassion as even Faber has portrayed him.

The side altars have also fine statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and the church throughout gives evidence of tasteful care. In the graveyard there are many old tombs, of which the inscriptions are defaced by time. One of the oldest bears the date of 1828, and on it the passer-by is requested, "in the name of God," to pray for the soul of Mary Watson, spouse of Lieutenant Angus McDonell, Glengarry Light Infantry. Near the church there was a building called a convent, but the bishop never succeeded in obtaining nuns for the mission. The enclosure across the road is occupied by the presbytery and college, now used as a chapel in which Mass is said daily, and in which, when the writer first saw it, the descendants of the mountaineers were repeating the rosary on a golden May evening. The building is small, and has, of course, been greatly altered, all the partitions having been removed to render it fit for use as a chapel. The garden of the bishop is still a mass of bloom, and in its centre walk stands a moss-grown sun-dial, whereon we trace:

"R. J. McD. 1827"

—a relic of *Maister Ian.* From the wall of one of the rooms in which he lived the grand old bishop's portrait looks down on his people. It shows a man of commanding figure and noble and benign aspect, withal bearing a striking resemblance to the pictures of Sir Walter Scott. The church, house, college, and garden have been much improved by Father Masterson, who succeeded Father John, after being his assistant for many years.

The people of Glengarry seem to live on very good terms with their Protestant neighbors, and tell with pleasure of Father John's custom of reading the Bible aloud to those of them who wished him to do so. The bishop was revered by all sects, and when he received visitors of state in Kingston the wife of the Protestant minister used to go over to do the honors of his house. All through the country the farms are equal, if not superior, to any others of the Dominion, and are graced by magnificent trees. The roads are bordered with beech, ash, birch, tamarack, maple, butternut, spruce, willow, and pine, while the elms in every direc-

tion offer studies for an artist in their rugged and graceful curves. These elms were the staple commodity for export, and the year in which the people found no market for their wood was one in which their sufferings were extreme; they still speak of it as "the year of elms." A small river called the Beaudette winds through the country. On each side of it are marsh-lands, covered in places with low-sized bushes; water scenery is certainly wanting to Glengarry.

The Highlanders are grave and serious, clannish as of old, standing by each other "guaillean ri guaillean" (shoulder to shoulder) in all disputes. The old antipathy between the clans is still in some instances cherished. It is a well-known fact that a young lawyer of Glengarry, who is, in the opinion of many, heir to the title and chieftainship, actually refused, some time ago, to accept an invitation to dine with the Marquis of Lorne, declaring that a MacDonell could not and would not be the guest of a Campbell of Argyle!

The national dress is rare now and only comes out, like the bagpipes, on state occasions. The girls, in spite of Father John's penances, have cultivated their decided talent for dancing, but there is generally none of the gayety and careless amusement so common among the French-Canadians. Hospitality is a predominant characteristic of the Highlanders—a hospitality so generous, sincere, and hearty that, having experienced it, you will be ready to say with Burns:

> "When death's dark stream I ferry o'er—
> A time that surely shall come—
> In heaven itself I'll ask no more
> Than just a Highland welcome."

WHAT DOES THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL QUESTION MEAN?

We give place willingly to the following remarks of Prof. Lyman, of the Rush Medical College of Chicago, on an article published in the pages of this magazine entitled "Catholics and Protestants agreeing on the Public-School Question." Every one will be convinced, on the perusal of his criticism, that he is a man of candor, honestly seeks to find a satisfactory solution to the much-vexed school problem, and wishes to deal fairly with Catholics. Let us hope that in his fair-mindedness he does not stand alone, but represents the great body of our fellow-countrymen:

"To the Editor of The Catholic World:

"Dear Sir: My attention has been recently directed to an admirable paper on the school question, published by the Rev. Isaac T. Hecker in The Catholic World for February, 1881. After setting forth the true position of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens towards the public-school system of our country, the reverend gentleman, as a remedy for the injustice which now mars our method of popular education, proposes a division of the school fund among the different denominational schools and the public schools. 'Let all schools,' he writes, 'whether secular or denominational, stand, as they should do in this free country, equally before the state. . . . Every school would receive, whether Christian, Jew, or Gentile, that quota from the state, and no more, which would be both legitimate and just under our form of political government. . . . The public schools under such a plan would continue to exist for those who prefer them, and receive their fair share of payment from the state. Denominational schools would be founded by those who prefer them, and receive also their quota from the state.'

"Such a plan as this certainly has, to commend it, the merit of simplicity. If all men could also agree as to the kind of schools which should thus be created and supported, there could arise no serious objection to a division of the taxes among different educational bodies. Unfortunately, however, this plan would not enable us to dispense with one of the greatest objections to our present system of popular education. It would not emancipate our common schools from the control of the politician. Our denominational schools, which now are free, would then all be finally brought under the blighting influence of the practical politician; for the holder of the purse would inevitably insist upon the control, in some shape, of its contents. My worthy Roman Catholic friends who now support their parochial schools with funds which are contributed by the faithful members of their own communion—funds which are honestly raised in response to appeals addressed to the higher motives of the human soul—would then find themselves embarrassed by the degrading necessity for continual manipulation of the selfish men who absorb the political power of the country.

Nor would the denominational schools, thus supported, be left free to their own course of development. There would be constant insistence upon the right of public inspection and public control of schools which were supported with public money. This would lead to constant irritation and annoyance. Denominational jealousies would at once spring into renewed life. The smaller sects would continually complain that the larger denominations were securing the lion's share of the fund. There would also be a continual outcry against misuse of public money, if one denomination should choose to use its share for the support of schools based upon a plan which differed essentially from the regulation pattern. Thus we should find the last end worse than the first.

"My objection to the support of denominational schools by the state rests, however, upon grounds which lie deeper than those above indicated. I object to such support of a denominational school for the same reason that I object to state support for any high-school, college, or university. Such support cannot be contributed by the state without injustice to its citizens. No government has any moral right to take from its subjects any more than it returns to them. This great maxim is continually disregarded, but it is not the less true. It is unjust to tax the whole people for the support of anything in which they have not a common interest. A tax for the support of a high-school which can only be useful to a limited portion of the community is unjust. A tax for the support of a university which can never be of use to any but the smallest fraction of the population is still worse. A tax for the training-up of Congregationalists, or Episcopalians, or Roman Catholics is just as bad. The state cannot engage in the work of giving anything but the rudiments of common education without at once invading the rights of the community for the benefit of certain privileged classes in the community. To give a college education, or any other kind of special education, at the expense of the state is as unjust as it would be to present the sons of our wealthier citizens with horses or watches at the expense of the commonwealth. In like manner it would be unjust to raise taxes for the support of church schools. A church school must necessarily be something different from and better than a common public school. It is a special institution, for the benefit of a special class. It therefore cannot be justly supported by the taxation of those who owe no allegiance to the church—who very likely condemn its methods and its results.

"Denominational teaching and the apparatus for special education must, therefore, be entirely divorced from all connection with the state, if justice is to be maintained and liberty of education is to be preserved. But it is obviously unjust to tax people for the support of one set of schools when they are educating their children in another. Our present system does this, and even worse—it taxes citizens even when their children cannot be received in the over-crowded public school-houses. The great want in connection with our present organization is a method by which public-school taxes shall be raised only from those who choose to avail themselves of the public provision for instruction. The man who prefers or is obliged to educate his children in a private or denominational school should not be compelled to pay for the maintenance of a public school. In this respect we are now as badly off as were our forefathers, who were

compelled to pay tithes for the support of an established church which they despised. They found out a way of relief from this imposition. Surely their descendants should be equally competent to deal with this new form of an old difficulty. Of course all politicians of the tax-eating class will vigorously oppose every reform which tends to diminish the amount of the funds and the patronage at their disposal; but every true patriot should seek to emancipate his country from a form of tyranny which is none the less real because it is ostensibly exercised for the benefit of mankind.

"Unfortunately, the majority of the Protestant denominations appear to have committed themselves to the work of upholding the present system without any attempt to remove its faults; thus illustrating anew the old fact that it is much easier and more popular to cry out for justice in behalf of Indians and negroes at a distance than it is to do justice to our own people near by. It seems likely, therefore, that it is from the Catholic Church that we may expect the next decisive movement for the advancement of liberty in this country.

"Very respectfully yours,

"Henry M. Lyman."

These views of Professor Lyman afford us the opportunity of adding a few more words explanatory of the position of Catholics on the school question, and at the same time we shall correct some misapprehensions into which he has fallen in regard to what we wrote on this subject in the February number of The Catholic World.

Men differ rarely on first principles, sometimes on the secondary, but often on the more remote consequences drawn from first principles. Hence frequent recourse to first principles, in a community where there exists a great divergency of convictions and opinions, is most salutary. If the laying of these bare does not always produce agreement, it at least promotes a better understanding, and increases good feeling among all intelligent and unbiassed minds. For man is essentially a rational creature, and the inherent and constitutional inclinations of his nature are always in accordance with the dictates of right reason.

Now, Catholics and Protestants agree in maintaining that it is not possible for men to attain the destiny for which God created them without the light of a revelation above that of reason and an aid beyond that given to them by nature. They equally hold and maintain that Christianity is the completion of this necessary revelation and aid to mankind.

But their divergency begins as soon as the question is asked: What is Christianity? or what are the truths or doctrines which this divine revelation teaches?

Catholics hold that Christ instituted a church to preserve and teach unerringly the truths and doctrines of his revelation,

and to enable his church to accomplish this divine work he abides with and animates his church always. Some Protestants hold the same belief and regard their church in the same light. But the great body of Protestants hold that Christianity is discovered with the aid of divine grace by reading the Holy Scriptures diligently, and hence, in their view, the church is nothing else than a voluntary association of Christians.

It is clear that it would be utterly in vain to strive to make these Christians agree on the educational question. The first two classes hold that it is of the highest importance that children should receive instruction in the truths of the Christian religion from their earliest childhood. The latter class would leave the child until it reached the age of reason and could read the Bible, to determine its belief for itself. The instruction which the former would consider as one of the most imperative of duties the latter would look upon as a most culpable intrusion. To ask either of these to give up the education of his children to the ideas of the other would be equivalent to asking him to yield up his most sacred convictions. Such a concession would be the abdication of one's manhood, for religion is, or ought to be, the highest and most rational form of its assertion.

This clears the way to the definition of the point under discussion, namely: What is education? Education may be defined, in its most general meaning, to be the fitting of man to attain his destiny, whatever that may be. The matter of education, therefore, resolves itself into a more radical one, to wit: What is man's destiny, or what is man's true aim in life? Until a satisfactory answer is given to this question a man cannot live a rational life. For a rational life can only be conceived of as the direction of one's thoughts, affections, and actions to the attainment of the great purpose of his existence.

From these general principles the following corollary on education may be deduced: As education is the fitting of man to attain his destiny, it follows that its character depends on the end or purpose for which man exists. In a word, means should be fitting and adequate to the end proposed.

But as education is a practical matter, it is necessary to reach a more explicit answer to the radical question: What is the destiny of the man-child? the meaning of man?

How shall we make this discovery? Who will solve this problem of problems? Where shall we find the Light, the Teacher, the Guide? The state, society, philosophy, science, art, poetry have been in existence many thousand years, and thus far

they have not made this discovery or solved this problem of problems. This is not said in their disparagement; for the solution of this problem was not their aim or within their province. Theirs is to second and facilitate man to attain his true destiny, and not to teach him what it is. The solution of the problem of man's supreme destiny is the special province of religion.

This brings us one step nearer to the end of our course, and justifies the following statement: As the character of education should be in accordance with the true destiny of man, and as this destiny is made known by religion, it follows that as a man's religion is so should be his education. That means, if you wish a child to be a Christian when he grows up to manhood, then you should give him a Christian education in his childhood. If you wish him to be a Buddhist, or Mohammedan, or pagan, why, then, give him a Buddhistic, Mohammedan, or pagan education; if a Catholic, or a Protestant, or a rationalist, or a positivist, or an atheist, why, then, educate him accordingly. Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it, is a general rule, confirmed alike by common sense and by the inspiration of Holy Writ. When men differ in regard to what is Christianity or what is the true religion, and differ widely, it follows that their ideas of education will differ, and differ widely.

There is no denying the fact that the religious problem sums up all other problems, and in the last analysis it is religion which shapes, and by right ought to shape, among intelligent men all institutions, and none more so than that of the education of the youth.

Therefore what lies at the bottom between Catholics and Protestants in their difference concerning the public-school question is not, as some fancy, a thing of secondary importance, but one of the highest and most weighty; and to insist that either party can or should accommodate itself to the other, or both should compromise, is an evidence of indifference in religious matters or of unreasonableness.

The educational question, properly understood, is a religious question. It is a question of enlightened religious convictions —convictions the most sacred of the rational soul; and neither party, Catholic or Protestant, if intelligent and conscientious, can accept the views or convictions of the other. To expect that these can be accommodated or adjusted, or compromised on a common basis, is to ignore what is at stake. And all attempts to impose upon a minority of a community the religious convic-

tions of a majority by the force of the ballot-box, or by legislation or any other force than that of persuasion, is a gross violation of the fundamental ideas of our free institutions, contrary to all reason, and a tyrannical act of religious bigotry.

Protestants differ from Catholics, and Catholics differ from Protestants, whether they be Lutherans, or Calvinists, or Arminians, concerning God and the character of his dealing with man; the nature of the church; the sacraments, what they are and their number; the divine precepts, counsels, and worship; the meaning of the marriage tie; the relations of men with the spiritual world; the importance and value that that world holds to this—on these and many other similar subjects Catholics and Protestants differ, and these differences mould their views not only in matters purely religious, but in artistic, scientific, philosophical, historical, social, and other matters which necessarily enter more or less into the instructions of every system of education. It is useless to deny this fact or to attempt to blink it; and the sooner both parties agree to recognize it, and admit it, and act accordingly in good faith, fairly and in good feeling, the better for religion, the good of society, and the peace and prosperity of the state.

The Protestant ideal of education is one thing, the Catholic ideal is quite another, and neither desiderates that of the other. Let us understand this and each work in his own sphere, respecting each other's religious convictions.

But how this can be best brought about is a practical matter, to be dealt with in the spirit of wisdom, with prudence and justice. This calls up the animadversions made by Dr. Lyman on our former article, the purpose of which was to meet this difficulty. In speaking of the plan proposed he says: "It would not emancipate our common schools from the control of the politician." Very true; the plan proposed did not pretend even to touch our common schools, much less reform them. Its purpose was reasonably to satisfy the different religious convictions of the American people in connection with education, consistently with the cherished principle of liberty of conscience. If Dr. Lyman wishes to take our common schools out of the control of politicians, that is quite another thing, and he is welcome to try his hand at it. His second objection is: "Our denominational schools, which now are free, would then all be finally brought under the blighting influence of the practical politician; for the holder of the purse would inevitably insist upon the control, in some shape, of its contents." We confess that we do not participate in the

fears of Prof. Lyman of the blighting influence of politicians. It has not been felt in Catholic Austria or in Protestant England, nor in Protestant Prussia or Catholic France until recently, when these countries changed the plan that hitherto had worked satisfactorily into an infidel or irreligious system. All that the state has for its duty is to see that such instructions are imparted to children as are necessary to good citizenship, itself being the judge of this, and to remunerate for this education accordingly, and for nothing else. It is a matter of indifference, as for the rest, to the state whether the school be denominational or a common public school. The suggestions of interference on the part of politicians to the free development of denominational schools, or jealousies among them, or complaints of the smaller sects against the larger sects securing the lion's share of the fund—these objections are all based, in our opinion, on misconceptions or on fears without foundation in reason.

But the doctor's main objection surprises us, because we did not anticipate such a clear-headed man falling into so great a confusion. "I object," he says, "to such support of a denominational school for the same reason that I object to state support for any high-school, college, or university." He then lays down this correct general principle: "It is unjust to tax the whole people for the support of anything in which they have not a common interest." This is precisely the ground on which Catholics base their objection to the so-called common schools, which are not common schools at all. And if the plan proposed involves a remuneration from the state, it is distinctly stated over and over again, it is only for those instructions imparted to children which the state considers necessary in order to make them, when grown up to manhood, good citizens.

Is not this distinction sufficiently clear? How, then, can it be said consistently that the state supports denominational schools or raises taxes for the support of church schools? Does the professor hold that no education is necessary to make good citizens, or that good citizens are not a "common interest"? If so his objection is well taken; otherwise it falls to the ground.

The American people may rest assured that whenever a question arises involving fundamental principles Catholics will always be found, as a body, on the side of liberty, fair play, and equal rights. Such an issue happens now to take shape in the public-school question; and it is a test-question of the sincerity of the American people in their profession of liberty of conscience in religious matters. This is what the public-school question means.

VAUCLUSE.

VAUCLUSE is one of the places to be visited from Avignon. The country most of the way is flat and uninteresting, but it is covered with olives, vines, and the white mulberry-tree, and the novelty of their foliage to one fresh from the north gives a certain charm to the landscape. We left the railway at Isle, a busy little town on an island formed by the Sorgue, and took a carriage to Vaucluse. The road lies along the river, bordered with plane-trees forming a long, shady avenue, through which we drove for an hour. Then we came in sight of an enormous cliff about six hundred feet high, ash-colored, utterly devoid of vegetation, and so precipitous that it can only be ascended at one point. In the heart of this immense rock is the celebrated fountain of Vaucluse, the source of the river Sorgue, and at its base stands the small but ancient village of the same name, where Petrarch resided fifteen years and composed the greater part of his works. We stopped at the Hôtel de Pétrarque et Laure, but, what was not so poetical, we found the village given up to petty industries, and the waters of the fountain sung by the great poet now utilized in turning small silk and woollen mills. Every previous conception of the place was suddenly put to flight. Vaucluse, as its name and poetic associations would lead one to expect, is no secluded, umbrageous valley, no sylvan solitude where it is delightful to wander along the verdant banks of the Sorgue under the green roof of trees. There is nothing whatever of that which constitutes our ideal of all that is pastoral and romantic. In Petrarch's time, however, the valley and hillsides were covered with oaks, the people were engaged in rural pursuits, and the Sorgue was unpolluted by sordid uses. Now, it is true, some olives grow around the base of the mount, but their foliage is as sad as the ashen rocks, and there are odorous plants, and scattered fig and almond trees, which may sound pleasingly to the ear, but to the unbiassed eye the desolate aspect of the naked cliff, the rough and arid banks of the Sorgue, and the unattractive village, with nothing to screen you from the blazing sun, nothing to gently woo you to communion with nature or to rouse the "divine afflatus" in the very place of all others where it should most be felt, is a grievous disappointment. The imagination is nevertheless struck by the majestic cliff, honey-combed

with grottoes, and still more so by the mysterious abyss in its very depths, whence issues the fountain from a vast subterranean lake fed by waters that descend from Mt. Ventoux and the hills of the Basses-Alpes. This fountain should be seen at two different seasons—when it has attained its greatest height and comes pouring out of the cave at the rate of about three thousand litres a second, dashing over the rocky bed with a roar in foaming cascades; and again when its waters have died away and the great cavern can be entered, enabling you to look down into the black, unfathomable gulf.

This fountain was well known to the ancients. Pliny speaks of it as celebrated under the name of Fons Orgiæ, whence that of Sorgia, or the Sorgue. Strabo calls it Sulga. Some ancient remains show that the Romans erected a temple here to the nymphs of the fountain. At Avignon is a marble torso of Greek workmanship that adorned it; and in the church at Vaucluse are two fluted columns, as well as many old Roman bricks and bits of sculpture, encrusted here and there in the walls, which came from the old pagan temple. This church, one of the most interesting things to be seen at Vaucluse, stands at the entrance of the village, grave and severe, but captivating to the eye of the archæologist. Petrarch himself frequented it and prayed before its altars. Bare, gaunt, and grim as it is, its impress of antiquity gives it an attractiveness that all the elegance of modern times would fail to impart. Its history comprises the history of Vaucluse. It is an edifice of the Romanesque style, partly of the ninth and partly of the eleventh century, and it encloses an ancient chapel of the sixth. Great stone buttresses support the massive walls. And there is a gray square tower with its bell of St. Antoine, where you have a good view of the valley. The interior is cave-like, and the thick walls are pierced with narrow apertures admitting a scant light that vainly struggles with the gloom. The chancel, where stand the ancient fluted columns like trophies of paganism, is only lighted by a small arched pane with our Saviour painted on it, and over the main entrance is another with St. Véran and the dragon. St. Véran is the great saint of Vaucluse, and if you explore the church you will find a grated door that opens into a small cell-like oratory, dark and vaulted, where, by the light of a flickering candle, you see in a *cubiculum*, or recess, the ancient stone sarcophagus in which the saint was entombed, covered with the drippings of the tapers that surround it on his festival, the 13th of November. This curious little chapel, a Gallo-Roman monument of the sixth century, was regarded with great

veneration in the middle ages. It was built by St. Véran himself on his own land—*in prædio suo*, say the old documents—and consecrated to Our Lady.

St. Véran, whose father is believed to have been King Theodoric's intendant in Liguria, made his escape from the world in his very youth, and came to the secluded valley of Vaucluse to live as a hermit. Some suppose it to have been his native place. At least his family owned an estate here on which stood the ancient *delubrum* that he consecrated to the true God. At that time northern France was convulsed by sanguinary contests between Fredegonde and Brunehaut, and the southern was ravaged by the Arian Visigoths. Paganism was not yet wholly rooted out of the land, and the old Roman deities still received many offerings and sacrifices. St. Véran found Vaucluse infested by an enormous dragon, known as the *Coulobré*, which was the terror of the whole neighborhood and threatened to make it uninhabitable. Its den was in the side of the cliff, and is still pointed out as the Trou du Coulobré—a gaping cave overshadowed by a vigorous olive. This monster used to come forth when least expected, and fall upon the cattle on the hills and the workmen in the fields. The very sight of it was terrible. Its huge body was covered with scales that defied every species of arrow. Its gleaming red eyes looked like two breathing-holes in a fiery furnace. When it opened its mouth its smoking breath poured out as if it were vomiting flames. And it had two wings which enabled it to move with wonderful celerity. The people, looking upon St. Véran as a man of supernatural powers, besought him to deliver the valley from this monster. He went fearlessly to the cave, and the dragon, at his command, came forth and crouched submissively at his feet. St. Véran then raised his eyes and cried: "O Almighty God! engendering, engendered, and proceeding from, listen to thy servant, I beseech thee, and deliver the people from the ravages of this serpent, that they may acknowledge thee, O God! to be three in person and one in substance, who alone reignest for ever"—a prayer whose peculiar wording is an act of faith in protest, as it were, against the great heresy of that day. Then, fastening a chain around the neck of the dragon, he led it to the mountain of Luberon, three leagues distant, where, loosing the chain, he made the sign of the cross over the animal and commanded it to do no injury henceforth to any one whomsoever created in the image of God, but to betake itself to some inaccessible wilderness far from the dwelling of mankind. There is still a little rural village at the foot of the

Luberon called St. Véran in memory of the spot where thirteen hundred years ago the hermit of Vaucluse unchained the dragon and sent it forth into the wilderness. A tradition of this region asserts that the dragon at length came down from the fastnesses of the mountain and died at the entrance of the village. It was after this victory that St. Véran built the chapel at Vaucluse, and that of St. Victor on the top of the cliff.

The significant legend of the dragon is told of many early saints in France as well as other countries, but St. Véran is noted among them for overcoming two of these monsters. For in those days, as the lover of the symbolic would say, expiring paganism had withdrawn to secret places, but still devoured many a victim, while Arianism boldly devastated the fair lands of the church. Or it might be some fever or pestilence that sprang from miasmatic fens and marshes like a wild beast from its lair, as perhaps was the case at Albenga, a town on the Riviera still noted for its unhealthiness, where St. Véran overcame the second dragon on his way to Rome. The people of that place had been in the habit of paying the animal a kind of worship or tribute, in order to appease its voracity, but at the command of the saint it came down to the shore and cast itself into the Ligurian sea, which eagerly swallowed it up. The cathedral of Albenga long preserved a memorial of this deliverance in the form of a wooden dragon suspended from the arches, and St. Véran is to this day regarded as one of the protecting saints of the town, which celebrates his feast on the 12th of November and preserves a portion of his relics in an urn beneath one of its altars. In the cathedral is also a painting of St. Véran and the dragon, with a number of votaries looking upwards with awe. The dragon naturally became the saint's distinguishing symbol in art. He is depicted on the old banner of Vaucluse with a dragon *sinople* on a field *azure*. A painting over the high altar of the church in this village represents the dragon as an enormous reptile with the head of a hog; but in a series of old engravings giving the legendary history of St. Véran it has the head and body of a tiger, with sharp fins and a bristling tail. In an old document at Cavaillon of the year 1222 is a seal, on one side of which is St. Véran seated in an episcopal chair, wearing a low mitre, after the fashion of those days, and a vestment ending in a point. On the other side is the winged *coulobré*, with a dangerous-looking twist in its tail, and a head with sharp, thorny crests.

It was on his way to Rome that St. Véran stopped at Embrun, where he wrought so many wonders that his memory has

been preserved there by a small village that still bears his name. Arriving at Rome, his first desire was to visit the subterranean chapel which contained the tomb of the apostles. He was refused entrance, but the iron doors flew open at his approach. This created such a sensation that Pope Vigilius sent for the wonderful pilgrim and gave him a relic of the holy apostles.

St. Véran lived at so remote a period that a great part of his life has a legendary aspect, but all the marvellous incidents related of him have a truth of their own. It is certain, moreover, that from the time of his appointment to the see of Cavaillon in 568 he took part in all the great events of the province, and greatly contributed to the rooting-out of remaining idolatrous superstitions and softening the manners of the people. King Gontran, of Burgundy, made him his ambassador. In 587 he was chosen godfather for the son of King Childebert, of Austrasia, to whom he gave the name of Theodoric. And he was one of the forty-three bishops at the second council of Mâcon—a council that promulgated so many decrees tending to soften the ferocity of the age. Bishops were charged to defend the liberty of freedmen and to exercise hospitality. Churches were to be regarded as inviolate asylums. Judges were not to make any decrees concerning widows and orphans without the knowledge of the bishop, their natural protector. Among the canons was one concerning the observance of the Lord's day, ordering severe penalties to be inflicted on all who violated it. If a monk or cleric, he was to be separated from communion with his brethren six months. "Let us pass in holy vigils," adds the council, "the night before Sunday and sleep not, as do the pretended believers who are only Christians in name." We have only retained the custom of keeping a similar vigil at Christmas.

St. Gregory of Tours speaks of St. Véran as one of the most saintly bishops of the time, and says he often healed the sick by merely making the sign of the cross. Among other works he accomplished was the building of the cathedral at Cavaillon, that afterwards took his name. One day while the work was actively progressing a wolf issued from the forest and killed one of the oxen drawing stones for the edifice. Whereupon the bishop ordered it in Christ's name to take the place of the ox it had killed. The wolf obeyed with docility and worked until the building was completed. This legend was afterwards sculptured on the walls. A similar one is told of several other ancient bishops. St. Véran did not consecrate the church, but foretold that this would be done at some future time by the vicar of Christ and a great

number of prelates; which prediction was not accomplished till more than six hundred years after, when Pope Innocent IV. came from Lyons with a great number of cardinals and bishops to perform the ceremony.

St. Véran died while attending the Council of Arles in 588, and his body was taken to Vaucluse to be buried, the waters of the Durance and the Sorgue dividing to allow it to pass through. It was placed, amid the singing of hymns and sacred canticles, in a new sepulchre in the little chapel of the Virgin he had built.

Petrarch was familiar with all these old traditions, and thus alludes to them in his treatise on the solitary life addressed to his friend Cardinal de Cabassole, Bishop of Cavaillon: "Come and taste the delicious repose to be had at this wonderful fountain. Here is the Sorgue, the queen of running streams, to the music of which I write these lines, and the beautiful retreat of Vaucluse, which the popular voice has named in accordance with Nature. One has only to see this deep, narrow valley, secluded among the hills and steep cliffs, to acknowledge its right to the name of the Valley Enclosed. . . . This is the place loved and chosen as a residence by the great and holy personage to whom you pay special devotion. For here it was, you know, that Veranus, the illustrious confessor of Christ whose episcopal chair you occupy, came to live in retirement, and, after banishing a monstrous dragon, led so holy a life here in this solitude that his fame spread abroad, making the place so renowned that great numbers come to visit it. How much more should you who invoke him daily, and often visit his sanctuary * and give of your substance to adorn his sacred relics! Here in this region won by him to Christ, by whose name and sign he gained so glorious a victory, he dwelt before his sublime virtues raised him to the episcopate, and here he erected a monument in honor of the Virgin that has become celebrated—a small temple, it is true, but substantial and richly adorned. According to tradition, he pierced the very mountain with his own hands—a prodigious work that zeal alone could have accomplished. On this bank he had a cell where he lived content with the mere produce of his garden and the fish of the stream, but abounding in Christ. Finally, having breathed his last at a distance, it was here he wished to be brought by the most astonishing of miracles, as you know. What Moses' rod did to effect a passage through the Red Sea the mortuary chest of Veranus did to the streams it passed through."

The tomb of St. Véran became noted. Among the distin-

* The church of St. Véran at Cavaillon.

guished pilgrims of ancient times was Aldana, daughter of Charles Martel, who, after the victory of her son, Guillaume-au-Cornet, over the Saracens, came here to make an offering of thanksgiving. Petrarch makes mention of this: "Not far from the fountain, amid pleasant verdure, is the holy chapel, surrounded by olives and a forest of oaks. It was hither a lady of royal name and blood brought the golden orange. Rejoicing at the defeat of the enemy, this illustrious mother brought to the temple of Veranus her offering of golden fruit in an osier basket."

Some monks from the isles of Lerins established themselves at Vaucluse soon after St. Véran's death. They enlarged the church in the eighth or ninth century, but seem to have abandoned the place in the tenth, perhaps owing to the insecurity of the country. Then it was given to the abbey of St. Victor at Marseilles, together with a mill, some vineyards and arable lands, and certain tithes. The body of St. Véran remained at Vaucluse till 1311, when the bishop of Cavaillon, fearing it might be carried off by some of the bands of lawless men then overrunning the country, decided to transport it to Cavaillon. He came hither himself and unsealed the tomb in the presence of a great multitude. The body of the saint was found wrapped up in a winding-sheet of dazzling whiteness, and at his side was the relic of the holy apostles given him by Pope Vigilius. There were other sainted remains here also. They were all put into separate shrines and borne away with holy chants to Cavaillon. Petrarch makes Laura, under the name of Daphne, speak of this removal: "I remember seeing the sacred remains of Veranus brought forth. They were placed in a car white as the snow, adorned with flowers and green branches. I was then a child, but I took pleasure in looking at the pastor surrounded by his flock, old and young, accompanying these venerable remains across the hills to the solemn sound of instruments of brass ringing through the air."

A relic of St. Véran was, however, deposited under the high altar at Vaucluse, and another seems to have been given at some period to the diocese of Orleans, where it was put in a silver shrine in the church at Jargeau, but was lost in the time of the Huguenots. St. Véran is still honored in that town under the name of St. Vrain, and in the church are two paintings—one representing the saint unchaining the dragon at the foot of Mt. Luberon, surrounded by the clergy heartily chanting; the other a procession around the walls of Jargeau bearing his shrine, ap-

parently to allay the swollen waters of the Loire. In one corner is St. Véran holding the dragon enchained, and in the clouds appear the Virgin and Child, smiling propitiously.

St. Véran is invoked at Vaucluse likewise at any disturbance of the elements. In a drought processions are formed all through this region, bearing a relic of the saint with great pomp and solemn invocation. This special power of St. Véran is alluded to in the hymns of the church, always the expression of popular belief:

"Imber optatus fluitat repente."*

Vaucluse and Cavaillon were in the twelfth century dependencies of the counts of Toulouse. In 1171 Count Raymond V., having been cured of an infirmity at the tomb of St. Véran, gave the castle of Vaucluse with its lands to the bishop of Cavaillon and his successors as an offering of gratitude. This castle stood high up on a ledge of the cliff, and was considered almost impregnable. It was there Petrarch spent so much time with Cardinal de Cabassole. It is related that they used to wander forth on the mount, or in the oak forests beneath, and, absorbed in religious and philosophical discussions, forget the flight of time and the gathering darkness till the servants came out with torches at the dinner-hour to find them. "Do you remember our *villeggiature* at Vaucluse?" wrote he to the cardinal at a later period—"the days spent in the woods without eating, and whole nights passed in delightful converse amid our books till the dawn came to surprise us?" The ruins of this castle are interesting to visit, but the ascent should only be undertaken by those who are stout of limb and sound of lung. The remains of a draw-bridge and a round-arched portal are still to be seen, and there is a magnificent view from Avignon to the Alps. After the sun has passed the meridian even the Mediterranean may be seen, flooded with light. On the highest point of the cliff is the ruined chapel of St. Victor, and on the southern side may be traced the precipitous path by which the bold saint ascended, leaving the impress of his horse's feet graven on the very rocks.

The tunnel to which Petrarch refers in the passage already given is still to be seen. It is cut through a spur of the cliff, and in the middle ages was regarded as the work of St. Véran, but the enlightened savants of our day prefer to think it done by the Romans. We passed through it to visit the house of Petrarch—by no means a place of poetic aspect now, whatever it

* Office of St. Véran.

might have been in his day. At his death he bequeathed it to the hospital of the town, which no longer exists. In the garden so often washed over by the inundations of the Sorgue—or, as Petrarch expresses it, disputed by the nymphs of the fountain—is an offshoot of one of the numerous laurels the poet planted more than five hundred years ago, from which every one plucks a leaf. "Do you remember the land covered with stones you aided me in clearing?" wrote he to a friend. "It is now a garden enamelled with flowers, bounded on one side by the Sorgue, and on the other by a lofty cliff which, being at the west, screens it from the sun the greater part of the day. It is here I have established my Muse." And again he writes: "Wherever there is a gushing forth of a stream, says Seneca, there should be erected an altar. Long ago I made a vow before Christ to set up an altar in my garden, between the river and cliff, should my means permit, not to the nymphs or divinities Seneca wished honored, but to the Virgin Mary, whose ineffable maternity has overthrown the altars and temples of all false gods."

When Petrarch lived here the priory and church of Vaucluse still belonged to the monks of St. Victor. The members of their order had the unique privilege of administering the Holy Eucharist on Good Friday—a day when it is not customary in the Catholic Church to receive Communion. The singularity of this privilege always drew an immense crowd to the churches served by these monks. At Vaucluse the people of the vicinity were in the pious habit of spending the night of Maundy Thursday at the chapel of St. Véran, remaining till after the solemn function of Good Friday. It was after one of these holy vigils, we are sorry to say, that Laura, daughter of the neighboring lord of Cabrières, is said by some to have made so deep an impression on the heart of Petrarch. For in these investigating days, when so many ancient traditions are set aside, and even what were once considered indisputable facts in history, it is not surprising to be told that the object of the poet's Platonic affection was not, after all, the Laura an emperor once kissed and over whose tomb a king broke forth in song. It is pleasanter to believe it was not, as she was a married woman and the mother of eight children. No, let those who have shed so many sentimental tears over the matron of Avignon prepare to shed more legitimate ones over the genuine Laura.

About three miles south of Vaucluse is an ancient château on an eminence overlooking the valley of the Sorgue. Around it is gathered the small village of Lagnes in the midst of vines, olives,

and fig-trees. The château itself is somewhat imposing. Its ramparts, towers, and portals have for the most part been preserved intact. There are Gothic portals, a donjon keep, a spacious interior court, an ancient chapel dedicated to St. Antoine, some old halls of the twelfth century, and four round towers that formed part of a second rampart. In this mediæval castle lived, in Petrarch's time, a family whose name of Cabrières indicates the source of their wealth to have been vast flocks of sheep and goats. Lagnes still preserves the memory of the festival that used to end the great shearings of the flocks by a joyful pilgrimage every year on the 12th of May to the rural chapel of St. Pancras. This castle was Laura's birth-place, or, to use the poet's own words, where she put on her mortal frame. Lagnes was the *picciol borgo* at the foot of the hill

"Onde un si bella donna el mondo nacque"

—where so fair a lady into the world was born. "I can see the window from which she looks out on the valley whence comes the rude Boreas, and the rock on which she so often sits to muse. How often do I turn my eyes to the sweet declivities of the picturesque hills among which she was born who holds my heart in her hand!" All this corresponds with the site of the castle of Cabrières with its terrace looking to the north, affording a fine view up the valley of the Sorgue.

It was, according to our new authority, on Good Friday, 1331, that Laura de Cabrières attended the grand services at Vaucluse with her parents, and first saw Petrarch. She was then only seventeen or eighteen years of age, and in all the freshness of her maidenly beauty, with blonde locks and a child-like but expressive face, looking, as Petrarch says, like a tender flower—*un tenero fiore*—in her calyx-like green corsage. In the crowd of other ladies she seemed like a rose among flowers of inferior beauty. It was on her account the poet left Avignon to live in this secluded spot. Here he could see her from time to time, or at least catch a glimpse of her as she passed through the valley. It was on one of these occasions he doubtless wrote the sonnet: "O joyful, happy flowers! fortunate to have sprung up on the spot which my lady in passing has pressed with her footsteps; meadows that have heard her sweet voice and kept the imprint of her beautiful feet; shrubs and fresh green foliage, pale, loving violets, umbrageous woods, smiling landscape, and limpid stream that refreshes her celestial vision and

often laves her beauteous face and eyes, how much I envy you!" Henceforth Petrarch attached himself to this valley. It is always Vaucluse, always Laura, that become the subjects of his cantos. His is a love that resists time, absence—death itself. Whatever be thought of this love from a religious point of view, it was certainly a sentiment that could only have been engendered by Christianity, as a French author has well remarked. There is an elevation of feeling and a certain chasteness of language in his sonnets that are very different from the verses of Anacreon, for instance. "It is not the love of a Bacchante with bare limbs and dishevelled locks, but timid, half veiled in its passion. It is a love that is reserved, grave, fond of solitude, and fed by melancholy. His cantos breathe the sadness of a soul that struggles with itself and makes it superior to the expression of a burning passion."

Laura loved the poet in return:

"Il tuo cuor chiuso a tutto il mondo apristi"

—to me thou openest thy heart, closed to all the world beside. The obstacles to their marriage are believed to have shortened her days. Like the white flowers of the almond-tree overtaken by the frost, she early descended to the tomb, leaving the poet full of melancholy regret. Everywhere on these hills along the Sorgue he wandered, seeking Laura, calling to her. Everywhere he planted the laurel, the leaves of which whispered to him of her. "The rustling, the perfume and shade of the sweet laurel, its mere view, constitute the charm and repose of my sad life," says he.

And when he left Vaucluse for Italy it was, he wrote, as a stag, wounded by an arrow, that flies, carrying the envenomed dart in its side, and suffering the more the swifter its flight:

"And as a stag, sore struck by hunter's dart,
Whose poisoned iron rankles in his breast,
Flies and more grieves the more the chase is pressed,
So I, with Love's keen arrow in my heart,
Endure at once my death and my delight,
Racked with long grief, and weary with vain flight."

Reason had he to cry: "Lord of my life and my death, before my bark is dashed to pieces amid these treacherous reefs, guide my riven sail to a safe port!"—

"Signor della mia fine e' della vita,
Prima ch' i' fiacchi il legno tragli scogli,
Drizza à buon porto l' affanata vela!"

THE CHRISTIAN CONQUEST OF AFRICA.

PURSUING her career with a deep conviction of ultimate success grounded upon an unfaltering faith in the promises of her Founder, the church is now sending her envoys into the very heart of that dark continent on the verge of which still linger some accents of the olden Punic language that was the mother-tongue of her Cyprians and her Augustines, and where the name and the creed of Rome are still known and revered, while

> "Kings in dusty darkness hid
> Have left a nameless pyramid."

"The whole world," said Archbishop Lavigerie in the cathedral of Algiers on the occasion of the departure of a band of missionaries—"the whole world had heard the glad tidings; the barbarous regions of Africa alone had not. But, lo! all the Christian nations are banded together, emulously eager to open the doors of barbarism hitherto unfortunately closed. America is in the van—America, that for three centuries has been the cause of so many woes to the blacks. England, Germany, Italy, Belgium are treading the same road. On all sides daring conquerors are penetrating into unknown depths where the riches of nature only serve to reveal the deeper depths of human misery. Shall the church alone lag behind? No! Already its apostles have besieged the African coasts; Gaboon, Guinea, the Cape, the shores of Zanguebar, the Zambesi, have received the envoys of God, but the interior still remains inaccessible. See! the conquering heroes are coming. Already Egypt is preparing a way for them over the mysterious course of the Nile. But who are those who are fleeting along like clouds borne by rapid winds? Zanguebar, thou hast seen them plunge into thy scorching plains, cross the inhospitable mountains that rise in view of thy shores; thou hast seen them, too, with no arms but the cross, no ambition but to be the bearers of life into that empire of death."

Facing dangers and difficulties as the apostles did, hungering and thirsting, buffeted, with no fixed abode, laboring with their own hands, undismayed by the seemingly insurmountable obstacles thickening around them at every step, the intrepid pioneers of Christian civilization are effecting by their self-sacrifice the spiritual conquest of Africa.

"A field has been opened to the Gospel," writes Father Weld,* "such as the church had not seen since the mariners of Portugal first sailed into

* *Mission of the Zambesi*, by the Rev. A. Weld, S.J., p. 5.

the Eastern seas. Once more we have before us a virgin soil, and many millions of souls lost indeed in heathenism, but having this to raise our hopes: that they have never rejected the light of faith. For them it is in some sense the day of Pentecost which is dawning, and we know not why God may not grant to us to see a primitive church in the heart of this land of malediction, where the image of God is most of all disfigured and where human blood is set at the cheapest rate, as he did when the nations first came to the church, and when, in later times, the forests of America echoed the name of Jesus Christ."

"In spite of our insufficiency and our unworthiness," records one of Mgr. Lavigerie's missionaries to the lake district in his journal, "we are the first since the foundation of Christianity to proceed as representatives of our Lord and his church to this barbarous and unknown region. Perhaps two hundred millions of souls are invisibly stretching forth their arms towards us, like the infidels of Macedonia whom St. Paul saw in a dream." Speaking in general of the whole country between the Limpopo and the Zambesi, Mgr. Jolivet says: "The natives are to be counted by millions; it is one of the richest, most fertile, and most populous regions of Africa."

Some crude idea of the teeming population of this half-explored continent may be formed from these data and from the fact, vouched for by Mgr. Lavigerie, that Mohammedanism, overthrown and almost expiring in Europe, is still making such formidable progress there, creating provinces and kingdoms, that in a hundred years it has brought under its iron yoke no less than 50,000,000 souls; while 400,000 negroes annually fall victims to the abominable and inhuman slave-trade, which in twenty-five years—the average African life—amounts to 10,000,000: ten millions of defenceless men, women, and children doomed to such a life and such a death as Mgr. Lavigerie has touchingly described in a series of eloquent letters * revealing the horrors of slavery. Hundreds of thousands of Kafirs dwell in or close to Cape Colony, while millions of human beings are spread throughout the vast regions of the interior, extending to the Zambesi and beyond to the lakes. An approximate estimate of the populations of the southern states gives the number of whites in Cape Colony (including the western, central, and eastern vicariates) as 270,000 to 450,000 colored, there being in Kaffraria proper only 500 whites to 500,000 colored; the population in Natal being 20,000 to 300,000; Basutoland, 1,000 to 80,000; Diamond Fields,

* *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, May, 1881. See also *Les Missions Catholiques*, Mars 4, 1881, *et seq.*

10,000 to 40,000; Orange Free State, 20,000 to 10,000; Transvaal 40,000 to 500,000; and in the countries between the Limpopo and the Zambesi, only 100 to 1,000,000.

"It cannot be denied," comments Father Weld, "that there are signs of a special interposition of divine mercy drawing the eyes of the church to the African races, and we feel no less sure that many who desire nothing better than to give all for God will feel a response in their breasts pointing to those regions peopled with millions of redeemed souls not only naked and loathsome to the human eye, but stripped of all that could make them objects of beauty and love in the sight of God."* "It seems," writes Father Carré, superior of the Congo mission, referring to the scientific, industrial, and commercial expedition organized under the auspices of the king of the Belgians—"it seems that in the designs of Providence the hour of light and civilization for these barbarous countries has struck. Why do we not see the apostles of the cross—that luminous cross which dissipated the darkness of paganism—marching at the head of this crusade against savagery and fetichism? Formerly, when the Portuguese discovered these countries and explored them for the first time, they were preceded by the cross, and it was by it and in its name they colonized there and for a time dispelled the shades of death. But now what is religion going to do, I do not say in advance of science and commerce, but only in their wake, along the road they are opening?"†

The reader has here the key to the origin, organization, and aims of the missionary enterprise conceived at Rome, and of which the illustrious archbishop of Algiers is the chief executive. It was, in fact, not to let itself be outstripped by lay organizations that the Holy See directed its special attention to all that concerns these missions. The field of action it has traced out for them is exactly the same as that selected by the International African Association of Brussels, founded in 1876 by the king of the Belgians with the main design of giving a definitive and practical direction to the efforts of isolated individual travellers like Burton, Cameron, Speke, Nachtigal, Schweinfurt, Livingstone, and Stanley, and that passion for exploration which the stirring record of their daring and adventurous journeys into the interior has inspired, bringing into contact with European civilization the only portion of our globe into which it has not yet penetrated, piercing the darkness that envelops whole populations—in a word, to enlist the concurrence of all civilized nations in a crusade against barbarism worthy of this age of progress.‡ This field is limited on the east and west by the two seas, on the south by the basin of the Zambesi, and on the north by the con-

* *Op. cit.*, p. 54. † *Missions Catholiques.*

‡ Speech of the king of the Belgians at the first conference of the association.

quests of the new Egyptian territory and independent Soudan—a region extending from the tenth degree of north to the fifteenth degree of south latitude. The centres of exploration which the Belgian association has established, or is establishing, to serve as bases of operations, are the very points the Algerian missionaries are directed to occupy.

An uninterrupted line of stations is being formed on the east from Zanguebar to Tanganyika, where the central establishment of Karema is situated, while Stanley is ascending the course of the Congo, making roads and founding settlements on its banks. The day is, therefore, near when the representatives of the Belgian International Association, coming, the one party from the Atlantic, the other from the Indian Ocean, will meet on the higher table-lands where the two great African rivers, the Nile and the Congo, take their rise.

"It cannot be denied," observes Mgr. Lavigerie, "that this is a grand enterprise, for whole peoples buried in death will be summoned to light and life. But the Brussels Conference can only accomplish half this work, or, to put it better, only pave the way for it. In opening routes to equatorial Africa for merchants and explorers it opens them to the Gospel, which, without its seeking it, will redound to its immortal glory. The Association does not give itself any concern about religion; it has solemnly declared itself of none. Without opposing the preaching of Christianity, while even declaring that they will accord their protection and material succor to its envoys, they completely exclude it from their projects and announce that they will confine their efforts to science, commerce, and industry. Such was the aspect the question of equatorial Africa presented in 1877 before the Christian world and the Holy See."*

The whole African coast and portions of the continent inland are, for missionary purposes, mapped out into districts called prefectures or vicariates. Starting from the point nearest to Europe, we encounter at Morocco, where the Seraphic order first gathered the martyr's palm, the Spanish Franciscans, who have charge of this prefecture. We next reach Algiers, erected into an ecclesiastical province shortly after the French occupation, Algiers being constituted an archbishopric with Oran and Constantine as suffragan sees. Mgrs. Lavigerie, Dupuch, and Pavy are contributing by their zeal to the reconstruction of that once famous African church which for centuries had ceased to exist. The archbishop has enriched his diocese with a numerous clergy, teaching communities, agricultural congregations, Arab orphanages, and every organization capable of forming new

* *Les Missions Catholiques*, Mars 4, 1881.

generations of Christians; while, as apostolic delegate of Sahara and the Soudan, he has formed and directed at Algiers (where there are now 185,100 Catholics scattered over the province) a society of missionaries destined for Central Africa. These missionaries, adopting the costume, language, usages, and mode of life of the Arabs and Kabyles, have succeeded, in ten years, in establishing nineteen missions—ten among the infidels in the Grand Kabyle and nearly as many among the Arabs of the Sahara and Tunis. The sphere of their operations has been since greatly extended, and the fathers of Algiers are to be found in the vicariates of the Nyanza and Tanganyika, created in 1878, and those of the northern and southern Congo, constituted in 1881. The first missionaries set out hardly a month after receiving their appointment from the Holy See, five for Lake Nyanza and five for Lake Tanganyika, the former reaching their destination at the close of January, 1879, and the latter on the 19th of June following, one of them, Father Pascal, superior of the latter mission, having succumbed on the 18th of August, 1879, two months after leaving Zanguebar, where they had been obliged to enlist an armed escort of five hundred negroes to protect their caravan from the bands of Rougas-Rougas, or armed brigands, who infest the forests. Finally established in Urundi, to the north of Ujiji, these missionaries began their apostolic work by purchasing and educating young infidel children, who in the course of a few years will be able to assist in forming Christian villages; while the fathers at Nyanza, having obtained full liberty from Mtesa, King of Uganda, so celebrated in Stanley's narratives, to preach the Gospel in his states, have founded an orphanage, and are endeavoring to extend their influence and establish around them new centres of apostolic work and charity.

In less than three years the missionaries have gained a firm footing in the interior, and have solved the problem as to whether the climate of equatorial Africa would not be an insurmountable obstacle to their mere existence. They are still sending out new missionaries, so that the work already begun may be continued and extended. Towards the end of June, 1879—fifteen months, therefore, after the departure of the first band—eighteen others, including six ex-Papal Zouaves who had volunteered as an auxiliary escort, set out. Eight of them died before they could reach their destination; nevertheless they were followed by fifteen others in November, 1880. In fine, within the last two years and a half this society has sent forty-three missionaries into equatorial Africa. Central stations have been established in the mis-

sions of Tanganyika and Nyanza, which have been recently erected by the Holy See into pro-vicariates apostolic, as well as those of the northern and southern Congo; and it is expected the states of Muata-Yamvo will also be so before long.

To ensure the safe transit of these few missionaries it needed a small army of natives, some to serve as *pagazis*, or carriers—as it is impossible to use beasts of burden, which are stung to death by the tzetse fly, and as there are no roads—and others to serve as *askaris*, and form an armed escort to protect the caravan against the attacks of bands of robbers and certain savage tribes.

"Imagine," writes one of the fathers from Algiers, "missionaries charged with governing and keeping in order and respect this barbarous multitude! It will be readily understood that this is not their vocation. It needs habits of command, if one wishes to be obeyed, which have nothing in common with evangelical patience; and there are cases in which examples of severity are necessary, otherwise the blacks would be divided, would revolt, kill each other, or take to flight. Still, the negroes after all are governable and have an innate respect for authority. What we need with us and by our side are some determined men accustomed to military command. They would have the absolute control of the camp, and we would have no need to interfere. It would be much better for the future success of our mission that the Unyanyembese saw in us men of prayer, sacrifice, and charity only, and not military commandants. We thought there might be found in France, Belgium, and Holland some old Pontifical Zouaves, determined and Christian men, with sufficient self-sacrifice and elevation of heart and mind to devote themselves to a magnificent work like that of the mission of equatorial Africa, and, for the love of God and souls, do what geographers are doing for the mere love of science. It is, I think, a practical thought and suggestive of great things in the future. In this African world, where violence reigns supreme, but where means of attack and defence are still primitive, it would certainly be possible for some determined men to rapidly create a great centre of action and power and hasten the hour of civilization."*

This admirable suggestion has, as the reader perceives, been already acted upon. Two of the volunteers have already fallen victims to their faith and courage; but, as the blood of martyrs is the seed of confessors, the noble self-sacrifice of this little handful of heroes may, with God's blessing and the good-will of the people, be the beginning of a new kind of lay apostolate in Africa, where the courage and faith of the Christian soldier will add a new lustre to the Catholic missions.

Following on by the Mediterranean coast, we find at classic Tunis—the ancient Carthage and proconsular Africa of the Ro-

* *Les Missions Catholiques*, n. 512.

mans, with its estimated area of 60,000 square miles and its population of about 1,000,000—the Capuchins who, under the jurisdiction of Mgr. Jutter, vicar-apostolic, minister to a Catholic population of 16,000. The principal missionary stations here are Soliman, Nebel, Hammamet, Sousse, Monastir, Mehedia, Sfax, Gerba, Bizerta, and Porto-Farina. The bey of Tunis is very favorable to the Catholic missions, and not long ago, when the vicar-apostolic, to whom he had sent a state carriage, four guards of honor, and a numerous *personnel* of domestics, was making his pastoral visitation, he directed the Mussulman authorities to pay him all the respect due to his dignity. This venerable ecclesiastic, who has reached the patriarchal age of ninety, has been replaced by the archbishop of Algiers pending the appointment of a successor, who will probably be selected from one of the French Capuchin provinces.

In sterile, sandy Tripoli and the Barbary States, with their mixed population of Berbers, Moors, Arabs, and Turks, and which form a distinct prefecture, are the Italian Franciscans, while other Franciscans—Minor Observants—minister to thirteen thousand Catholics in the vicariate of Egypt. The African Missionary College of Verona has an establishment at Cairo, where the priests and nuns remain for some time to habituate themselves to the climate, besides houses for negroes of both sexes at Khartum, capital of the Soudan, at El Obeid, capital of Kordofan, and a Catholic colony at Malbes and at Delen Gebel-nuba. The parent-house of this mission, the Missionary College of Nigritia, of which Father Joseph Tembianti is rector, is at Verona, in Italy, where, besides a seminary for forming priests, catechists, and artisans, there is a convent for sisters called the Pious Mothers of Nigritia. The seminary at Cairo is directed by Father Rolleri, who, while deploring the numerous deaths that thin their ranks, thanks God that the number of aspirants continues to augment. Central Africa, for which these missionaries are destined, was erected into a vicariate on March 30, 1846, by Gregory XVI., who gave the first impulse to the evangelization of the interior. On the 1st of August, 1868, Pius IX. divided into two missions this vast district, which took in the entire space between the Barbary States, Nubia, Abyssinia, Dahomey, and Senegambia—a sea of sandy waste dotted with oases. The eastern division was confided to the Abbate Comboni, of Verona, pro-vicar apostolic of Cairo and Alexandria; and the western, comprising the western Sahara, where there is no post or station, the Soudan, and a large portion of Central Africa, to the archbishop of Algiers.

The inhabitants of this prefecture are the descendants of the early Christians, driven backward by the conquering Arabs, by whom they are called to this day Tuaregs, or "abandoned of God," because they never heartily accepted, and often abjured, Mohammedanism. Although experience has shown that Europeans cannot long endure this deadly climate, the mortality is comparatively decreased by the precautions taken against the ravages of fever, which used to make great havoc of the poor missionaries. The forty missionaries sent thither in 1878 perished in the desert, the station at Khartum alone subsisting to bear witness to their self-sacrificing zeal.

Mgr. Comboni is at present at Delen, with the intention of penetrating into the interior as far as Golfan to found a new mission, and, profiting by the good-will of the ruling powers, which he has been so fortunate as to secure, to further extend the reign of the cross. This mission, which, besides the climatic difficulties already adverted to, is very poor, entailing many privations on the missionaries and hindering them from gathering more fruit, suffered severely from the famine, drought, and epidemic of 1878–79, which almost depopulated the district to the east and west of Khartum. "I have passed through more than a hundred villages on the Berber coast to distribute relief," wrote Mgr. Comboni at the time, "and these villages, formerly populous, were almost completely deserted. The few survivors resembled corpses, and had been for a long time living on grass and hay." Several of the priests succumbed, and in the October of that year Mgr. Comboni was the only missionary at Khartum who was not ill. Signor Pelegrino Mateucci, an Italian explorer, in a letter to the *Osservatore Romano*, wrote:

"From Cairo to Massuah each stage of my journey was marked by the news of some new misfortune which had just stricken the missions of Central Africa. I have before me a letter from Mgr. Comboni, dated November 28. This letter bears the impress of profound sadness. It can be seen that it is written by an energetic man almost overwhelmed by the weight of his tribulations. He is struggling and resisting; but twenty years passed in Africa wrestling with enormous difficulties have worn out his youthful vigor. Last October his episcopal dignity only enabled him to be the infirmarian, physician, and grave-digger not only of his missionaries but of all those who expired under the shadow of the cross. In consequence of the loss of almost all his missionaries, Mgr. Comboni has postponed the accomplishment of his vast projects. He had lately inaugurated at Géderef, on the way to the Blue River, an agricultural station which had a great future before it. He had prepared the formation of a station at Fascioda, or Denab, the capital of the Chillouks, one of the most

barbarous and unwholesome countries of Central Africa. He had recently everything arranged for an expedition to the equatorial lakes, which would have been one of his most important undertakings. The necessary *personnel*, and perhaps also the means, are now needed for these grand projects. New recruits will arrive, but they will have to make their way slowly along this death-strewn route. The Soudan has been ravaged by a terrible famine. The negroes fell exhausted, or, dying with hunger, crawled to the mission to implore a handful of *durah*, which they were never refused. At this time water was sold at Kordofan dearer than wine in Paris; and yet Mgr. Comboni in my presence rejoiced to find himself penniless and to have contracted debts to relieve the extreme distress of the famishing. . . . Poor missionaries! . . . If these missionaries had been simple travellers the newspapers and learned societies would have spoken of them; but neither the value of an African missionary nor the importance of his mission is appreciated in Europe. They know all about the explorers; we travellers know the moral and material influence of the presence of the priest in the midst of savages. Stanley, the greatest living explorer, affirms, in the story of his magnificent exploit, that to prepare the people from the equator to the Congo for civilization would need a long succession of mission stations, because the missionaries are the most skilful and patient pioneers of civilization. Mgr. Comboni has conned these words of Stanley's, and I am sure meditates their accomplishment and purposes sending new missionaries to establish a station at the equator. I hope this noble design will be carried out to the honor of the Italian name, which, gloriously borne by the missionaries, will be regarded as the propagator of civilization in the last retreat of African barbarism."

JOAN OF ARC AND THE FRANCISCANS.

M. BASTIEN LEPAGE'S notable picture of "Joan of Arc listening to her Voices," first shown at the Paris Salon of 1880, and afterwards at the exhibition here of the Society of American Artists, seems to have given a fresh stimulus on both sides of the Atlantic to the interest which must always attach, in all generous minds, to the high-hearted, heroic, and ill-fated Maid of Orleans. At least there is no other apparent motive for the sudden prominence given to her in magazine literature, that unfailing barometer of popular taste. Quite recently and almost simultaneously in three of our leading contemporaries articles have appeared bearing directly or indirectly on her career. The June *Scribner* gave a sketch of the painter's life, with engravings of his picture; to *Harper's* for the same month Mr. James Parton contributed an account of Joan's trial and condemnation; and in an elaborate paper published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for

May 1, under the title of "Jeanne d'Arc et les Frères Mendians," M. Simeon Luce undertook to show how large a share the Franciscan Friars had in giving to Joan's mind the impulse and direction which made her the liberator of France and one of the foremost and most pathetic figures in the history of the fifteenth century.

The view taken by M. Luce is sufficiently novel and, to Catholic readers in particular, of sufficient interest to justify a brief review of his argument. Two influences, he asserts, had their share in fashioning Joan's career. One, a martial impulse, the only one hitherto dwelt on or perceived, arose from the imminence of France's peril through the siege of Orleans; the other, a religious motive, which he claims the merit of first pointing out, came from the faith of the pious young maiden of Domremy in the special graces granted to France through the interposition of Our Lady of Puy and the Jubilee of the Great Friday * of 1429. M. Luce's claim of entire originality in this latter theory may perhaps be disputed; for that religious enthusiasm had a prominent, if not the chief, part in inducing Joan's action has never been doubted by any who have read attentively and understandingly the story of her life. Nor have previous writers failed to touch upon her early predilection for the teaching and peculiar doctrines of the Franciscans, and the influence they probably had in inspiring her resolution and moulding her destiny.† But in connecting Joan's immediate taking-up of arms with the great religious revival which stirred Catholic France to its depths in the beginning of the year 1429, M. Luce may fairly lay claim to the honors of a first discoverer, and he enforces his position with felicity of illustration and ingenuity of argument worthy of remark.

To understand the scope of his thesis it is necessary to glance at the position occupied in France by the two great religious orders of the middle ages, the Dominicans and the Franciscans, at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The former, or Friars Preachers, as they were sometimes called, superior in the graces of learning and theological profundity, were yet less close to the real heart of the people than the Franciscans, or Friars Minor, whose vow of absolute poverty imposed on them by their founder, St. Francis of Assisi, and renewed in its utmost rigidity by the

* A Great Friday was so called when the Feast of the Annunciation fell upon Good Friday, and was made the occasion of a special jubilee in France.

† See especially *Le Procès de Condamnation de Jeanne d'Arc*, etc., par M. Vallet de Viriville. Firmin Didot Frères et Cie. 1867.

great reformer of the order, St. Bernardin of Siena, brought them necessarily in more intimate contact with the poor and humble of all lands. The literature of the time teems with evidences that the Cordeliers, as the Franciscans were called in France, from the cord with which their habit was girded, were essentially a popular order; the Dominicans were in closer alliance with the nobility and the court.

Moreover, in the long and bloody feud between the Armagnacs and Burgundians, which for half a century had deluged France with blood and came within a hair's-breadth of making her an English province (nay, but for Joan would in all probability have left her an appanage of the English crown), circumstances brought it about that the two orders were arrayed on opposite sides. The Dominicans, whose opposition to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which the Franciscans had always zealously upheld, had drawn down the solemn condemnation of the University of Paris and exclusion for ten years from its fellowship, had likewise been expelled from the court. Charles VI. and Louis, the Duke of Orleans, had abandoned their Dominican confessors, and, alone of all the princes of the blood, John the Fearless, of Burgundy, yet gave them protection and countenance. It was not unnatural, then, that their sympathies should go with the English-Burgundian faction.

The alliance of the Franciscans with the Armagnacs, and through them with the French or patriotic party, had a remoter origin. Almost from the foundation of the order the princes of the houses of Anjou and Sicily had shown for it a manifest predilection; it was in some sense a tradition of either dynasty. It was long their pious fashion to be buried in the habit of the order, like St. Louis of Marseilles, of the royal house of Sicily, canonized by Pope John XXII. in 1317. Many of the princes of both houses are so represented on their monuments. Some even took the vows. Yolande, a cousin of her namesake, the Duchess of Anjou, at the beginning of the fifteenth century was head of the convent of Reformed Clares of Valence. It is worthy of remark also, as further indicating which way the respective sympathies of the two orders were supposed to incline, that when the church began an organized movement for the suppression of heresy in France that duty, so far as the Anglo-Burgundian provinces were concerned, was delegated to the Dominicans, while to the Franciscans were entrusted those parts of France that owned allegiance to Charles VII., or more properly, at the time we speak of, to his devout and able stepmother and guardian,

Yolande of Aragon, Queen of Sicily and Duchess of Anjou. This lady, like her brother-in-law, Jean, Duc de Berri, whose death had made her the chief of the Armagnac party, always showed a marked preference for the Franciscans, chose her confessors among them, and lent every aid to increase the number of their foundations.

The identification of the Franciscans with the patriotic cause, their great influence and popularity with the common people, and Joan's well-known piety would almost of themselves suggest the part which M. Luce boldly asserts they exercised in awakening and directing her patriotic enthusiasm. Not content with inference, however, M. Luce essays to furnish more direct proof. He points out that those pious practices which the Franciscans especially favored were also adopted by Joan, from whose mind the notion of a divine commission was never absent, and who fought, as she always contended, under the direct inspiration of Heaven. As every student of hagiology knows, one of the distinctive doctrines of the Franciscans was the devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus, introduced by their great reformer, St. Bernardin of Siena, about the year 1425, as a means to allay the agitation and terror aroused throughout Italy by the missionary labors of St. Vincent Ferrer and his disciples, who were preaching the coming of Antichrist. St. Bernardin carried with him an image presenting the word "Jesus" in the midst of a gloria, which at the end of his sermon he presented to the faithful to adore upon their knees. Sometimes the words "Jesus–Mary" were joined. Cited before the pope for idolatrous practices by his enemies, St. Bernardin was triumphantly vindicated and the cult formally recognized in a bull of Martin V.

Now, all through her life Joan seems to have practised faithfully this devotion. On the standard borne before her on the march to Orleans the words "Jhesus–Mary" were inscribed by her express orders.* Her summons to the English to evacuate France was "in the name of the King of Heaven and the Blessed Mary." When, before Compiègne, she fell into the hands of the Burgundians, they took from her finger a ring, probably a keepsake from her parents, bearing the inscription "Jhesus–Maria."

* According to the clerk of the court of La Rochelle, "she caused a banner to be made, whereon was a white pigeon on a blue shield, holding in his beak a scroll on which was written 'By order of the King of Heaven.'" This was the device adopted, in allusion to their founder's name, by the Jesuates, an order founded by St. John Columbin of Siena, and approved by Martin V. in a bull dated October 21, 1428, just prior to the vindication of St. Bernardin. M. Vallet adds: "The monogram or name of Jesus seems to have been put about 1458, by order of Charles, Duke of Orleans, on the banner commemorating Joan of Arc" (*Le Procès*, etc.)

Her letters begin and end with the same. Asked upon her trial the reason of this, she said she had acted conformably to the counsels of her party, and that, moreover, her secretaries had fallen into the habit of so signing themselves. The use of these holy names in a lay and profane correspondence was then deemed a suspicious innovation, not to say a downright sacrilege, and formed one of the twelve heads of accusation against Joan. It was otherwise in religious writings. Many years before Joan, St. Colette of Corbie, one of the most remarkable women of her time, the reformer of the Franciscan convents of France, had adopted the word "Jhesus" as the distinctive sign and device of her reform. Some rare specimens of her voluminous correspondence have come down to us, all marked "Jhesus" or "Jhesus–Maria," sometimes in addition "Franciscus et Clara," meaning, of course, St. Francis of Assisi and St. Clare.

Another element which undoubtedly had its share in awakening or confirming Joan's resolution was the preaching of the celebrated Franciscan friar, Richard. Immediately upon the approval of the devotion to the Holy Name a general council of the order was convened at Vercelli, in the diocese of Casale, and a propaganda resolved on. Among the missionaries despatched to France was Friar Richard. The effect of his preaching is said to have been prodigious. Gifted with stentorian lungs and an iron physique, he could speak a whole morning in the open air without any sign of fatigue. After one of his energetic fulminations against gaming and luxury it was a common sight to see the citizens of Paris and their wives lighting fires in every direction on the plain, into which they cast, the one their cards and dice, the others their fripperies and furbelows of all sorts.

But Friar Richard had to preach a political as well as a religious crusade. Under his impassioned appeals to the people to free themselves from the bondage of sin he contrived to instil into their hearts the hope of a secular liberator. Joan had not met Richard before her arrival at Troyes on the march from Chalons, but she had probably heard of his preaching, which, indeed, was the talk of all the country-side. Domremy lay on the confines of the bishopric of Chalons, where Richard chiefly labored, and a constant intercourse was kept up between the two by the pork-raisers and charcoal-burners who in large numbers inhabited the forests of the Meuse and sought their markets in Troyes and Chalons, and the pilgrims who, in those days of a more primitive piety, thronged every road of France.

The meeting between the Franciscan and the Maid is histori-

cal and need not be dwelt on here. Suffice it to say that Friar Richard at once espoused Joan's cause with characteristic ardor, and, returning to Troyes, preached it so effectively that the cry of "Vive le roi!" was raised, and, headed by the friar, a procession of notables sallied forth to carry to the king the expression of their devotion and to Joan the testimony of the grateful admiration of the city. Upon leaving Troyes Friar Richard accompanied Joan and became her confessor, preaching everywhere that God had sent her to expel the English.

How far St. Colette of Corbie may have similarly influenced Joan's action our author leaves a little in doubt. He is of opinion, however, that the two met in 1429, when Joan laid siege to St. Pierre-le-Moutier and La Charité-sur-Loire. After taking the former she repaired to Moulins, where St. Colette then was in a convent of Reformed Clares which she had founded. As one of Joan's most prominent supporters at the time was the Comte de Montpensier, son of Marie de Berry, Duchess of Bourbon, of whom in some sort, as of many other of the most notable personages of France, St. Colette was the spiritual directress, it seems not improbable that the two heroines—the heroine of patriotism and the heroine of piety—met. However this may be, it is not at all unlikely that St. Colette's example and teachings, far-reaching as they were in their effects, her efforts persistently put forth to heal the wounds of France, directly or indirectly exerted an influence on Joan.

For St. Colette was not only a reformer and founder of convents.* She was always a most judicious and potent mediatrix between the two warring factions that then rent France asunder. Scarce two years after the murder of John of Burgundy at the bridge of Montereau, Colette had established an indirect correspondence between Marguerite of Bavaria, his widow, and Marie de Berry, Duchess of Bourbon, of the party of the Armagnacs, who murdered him. Indeed, so efficient was her interposition and so profound the veneration she inspired in all parties (for although, in her deep humility and rigid interpretation of the rules of her order, she went always in rags and on foot, duchesses and princesses contended for her company) that M. Luce traces to her efforts the marriage of Charles de Bourbon, eldest son of John I., and Agnes of Burgundy, youngest daughter of John

* In thirty-five years she founded eighteen convents besides those she reformed, and, according to Olivier de la Marche, was instrumental in building three hundred and eighty churches. It is worthy of note that she founded no convents in English France, though the near friend and spiritual directress of the Duchess of Burgundy.

the Fearless. The marriage was celebrated at Autun in September, 1425, while St. Colette was sojourning at Moulins.

M. Luce draws an interesting parallel between these two famous women, who, each in her own way, were perhaps the chief agents in the liberation of France. Both are described by their contemporaries as of unusual beauty, but exalted by so much purity as at once to abash desire. Both were so fervidly devout that they were melted to tears at confession, yet both had the practical and organizing faculty to a remarkable degree. They had the same favorite feasts and fasts: Good Friday, the Annunciation, the feast of All Saints. They vied in their adoration of Jesus. To Joan, indeed, he was not only God, but the true King of France, whose sole lawful lieutenant was Charles VII. From the first she indicates that her expedition is a holy war. Her first summons to the English at Orleans is dated Holy Thursday, and is couched in the name of the King of Heaven. Her soldiers are obliged to confess and receive absolution before she will lead them in the campaign, and then she sets out preceded by priests singing hymns and marching under the banner of the crucified Redeemer.

Nor was her devotion to the Blessed Virgin less fervent or Franciscan. From infancy it was remarkable. Every Sunday it was her custom to hang garlands on the altar of the little chapel of Our Lady of Bermont. During the three weeks of her stay at Vaucouleurs, before her departure for Chinon to begin her great and self-imposed labor, she would pass whole days in a subterranean chapel, prostrate before Mary's image. With these dispositions it is easy to perceive what strong sympathy must have existed between these two women, alike in personal charm, alike in the fervor of their piety and the direction of their devotion, alike in their single-minded love for France. Though Joan and Colette never met, it is difficult to believe that their minds were not in conscious unison.

The last point made by M. Luce in behalf of his argument is full of interest, and, as we have said, may fairly claim the merit of novelty. In the early part of the fifteenth century the teachings of the Franciscans had made the devotion to the Blessed Virgin universal through France, and the pilgrimage to the cathedral of Puy, dedicated to the Annunciation, was at its greatest vogue. In 1429 it assumed the importance of a national event. This was due to a variety of causes, but chiefly to the development, in all classes, of the Third or secular Order of St. Francis. The sole conditions of membership in this were the profession of

the Catholic faith and obedience to the church. Parents could enroll their children, of whom a certain number were educated at the expense of the order until the age of fourteen to fifteen for boys and twelve to thirteen for girls, when, if they did not elect to embrace a religious life, they were discharged with a dowry. With these *petits enfans des mendians*, as they were called, it was Joan's chief delight to receive the sacrament. The Observantines—or Franciscans of the Observance *—had always a particular veneration for the Annunciation from the time that Paul di Foligno began his reform by building a small church on Monte Cesi (1368) in honor of the same, as the Italian order of knighthood of the Annunciata, founded November 7 of that year by Amadeus VIII., Duke of Savoy, the spiritual son of St. Colette, commemorates to this day.

When the Annunciation chanced to fall on Good Friday—called then the Great Friday of the Annunciation—the church had to celebrate at once the commencement of the work of redemption and its consummation upon Calvary. So to the church of Our Lady of Puy, in Velay, was granted a grand jubilee every time Good Friday fell on March 25. The usage still exists, and the last grand jubilee took place in 1867. From 1400 to 1430 this event occurred three times—in 1407, in 1418, and 1429. In the two former years such vast crowds attended that many persons were suffocated—two hundred the first year and thirty-three the second—despite all the precautions taken by the bishop of Puy and a continuance of the indulgence to the third day after Easter by Martin V.

In May, 1420, Henry V. of England, who married Catherine, sister of Charles VII., and Isabelle of Bavaria, the latter's unnatural mother, signed the treaty of Troyes, depriving the Dauphin of his rights to the kingdom. Charles had just stopped at Puy after a successful expedition to the south. The poor young prince, thus cruelly betrayed, turned for consolation to religion. Only the hand of the Patroness of Puy, Our Lady of Victories of southern France, was powerful enough, he thought, to tear the treaty of Troyes asunder. He had himself received a canon of the cathedral, and on Tuesday, May 16, at a grand Pontifical Mass, he received communion in his canonical vestments from the hands of the bishop of Puy. Afterwards, to mark the official and religious character of the ceremony, he conferred knighthood on several nobles. Thereafter all pilgrims were

* So called after the reform from their stricter observance of the rule of St. Francis.

shown his stole, so that popular opinion was led to look upon Charles VII. as having an especial claim on the favor of Our Lady of Puy.

In 1425 St. Colette, in concert with Claude de Roussillon, Vicomtesse de Polignac, founded there a convent of Reformed Clares. Her presence, devoted as she was alike to the Annunciation and the Passion (that feast which the Franciscans had made their own from the time that their founder had received the signal favor of the stigmata), contributed to the mystic exaltation which seized all hearts at the approach of the Great Friday of 1429.

It was a popular superstition that a Great Friday was the forerunner of great events. Nicole de Savigny, writing about the time of the murder of Jean d'Armagnac by the followers of John of Burgundy, says: "Every time Great Friday falls marvellous things are sure to happen." Twenty-five years later a marginal annotator on the Missal of Chalons—a man evidently of superior culture from his Ciceronian Latin, and probably a member of the chapter—quoting this remark, adds: "It was so in 1429, when, immediately after Easter, La Pucelle took up arms, raised her banner against the English, chased them from Orleans, and routed them at Beauce."

After the defeat of Verneuil, seeing no hope of human succor, Charles and his partisans must have placed their last despairing trust on high. In popular belief two supernatural influences above all personified this protection: the Archangel of Mount St. Michael and the Virgin of Puy. At the end of June, 1425, the Archangel had destroyed the English who laid siege to his sanctuary, and Joan had perhaps got the first inkling of her mission upon the news of it. On the approach of the Great Friday of 1429 people were persuaded that the Virgin of Puy had chosen this solemn conjuncture to make the invader feel by a crushing demonstration the weight of her arm. So towards the end of 1428 all that part of France which owned the Dauphin's sway lived in fevered expectation of this great event.

It was easy to foresee that under such conditions the pilgrimage to Puy would be unparalleled. The indulgence was extended from Holy Week to Sunday, April 3. Lent began on February 9, when the English at Orleans had already won many important advantages. Never had the danger been more pressing. With mingled anxiety and joy all patriotic France awaited the coming of the fated day.

In the middle ages Lent, especially preceding a solemn jubilee,

was a term of incessant prayer, penance, and mortification, and the Lent of 1429, for the reasons already given, was especially so in France. It was just eight months before, towards the feast of the Ascension, 1428, that Joan had sent to Robert de Baudricourt "to bid him tell the Dauphin, on the part of her Lord, to be of good cheer and not to give battle to his enemies, for that the Lord would bring him help before mid-Lent." What wonder that so devout a spirit, placing all her reliance on Heaven in her self-appointed task of freeing her native land, should have chosen for her great effort the moment when general mortification, extraordinary practices of devotion, and the plenary indulgences attached to the jubilee would all be fighting on her side to wrest divine aid to the benefit of her down-trodden countrymen? That consideration was certainly held in view by Charles' counsellors in advising him not to reject Joan's overtures: "Le roi, firent remarquer ces conseillers, en considération de sa propre détresse, et de celle de son royaume, *et ayant égard à la pénitence assidue, et aux prières de son peuple à Dieu*, ne doit pas renvoyer ni rebuter cette jeune fille." *

Joan left Vaucouleurs February 25, and reached Chinon March 6. With her eyes and hopes, her heart and soul, intent on Orleans, she does not go to Puy herself, but sends several of her escort, as appears by the deposition of Friar Jean Pasquérel "that the first time he heard of Joan was at Puy, where he met her mother and some of those who had brought her to the king. Acquaintance made, they insisted he should see the Maid, and so he went with them to Chinon and afterward to Tours."

The subsequent history of Joan of Arc is known to the world. It must be admitted that M. Luce has made out at least a plausible case in support of his theory that Franciscan influence had much to do with Joan's heroic enterprise and marvellous success. And it is certainly at this moment a singular reflection that France, at the most critical period of her history, should have been indebted for her salvation so largely to the efforts and the patriotic zeal of one of those religious orders which modern France proscribes and banishes, and to the vitalizing spirit of that religion which France's rulers despise, and, so far as in them lies, would fain suppress.

* "The king," said these counsellors, "in consideration of his own and his kingdom's sorry plight, and regard had to the assiduous penance of his people and their prayers to God, ought not to send away or repulse this young girl."

IN ARCADY.

Do you remember, O my soul! that one October month, so long since past, that we spent idling in Arcady? Have the revolving years ever brought round another such October, so rich in golden wealth, so flushed with happy life, when I, a worn-out worker sick of city cares and city toil, sought to regain my strength in the country, and found myself in Arcady, carried there through no effort of my own, and blindly ignorant of my destination?

How wearying was that few hours' ride through dismantled fields and ripening orchards! Tired and cramped, dispirited with travel, and wretched with the misery of an invalid in strange quarters, I turned disconsolately from the farm-house, with its homely comforts, to look still more disconsolately at the flat, tame fields around. My doctor's orders were explicit: a month of perfect rest, no books, no work, no excitement of any kind; but with what weariness of spirit was I destined to buy back my promised health! As I surveyed the four weeks' prospect I wished myself right heartily in any other place—back in my old den, or even at the hated sea-shore, staring at the tiresome crowd of unknown faces or listening with dull ears to the monotonous and ever-complaining sea.

But when, rested and refreshed, I strolled out in the mellow afternoon, I felt a little more resigned to my hard fate and walked with a new vigor born of the pure country air. Thinking I heard the sound of voices to my left, I lazily turned my steps in that direction. Yes, there beneath a clump of trees were a group of children at play, piling up the fallen leaves into great heaps and laughing shrilly at their pastime. They never noticed me as I approached, and at last I began to vaguely understand that this was Arcady I had reached. Where else could children be as free and wild and happy as these children were—hatless and shoeless, as became their sylvan state, yet with no touch of poverty about them? In frantic haste they were heaping up great armfuls of grass and leaves upon some prostrate figure, burying it, I thought, completely, and raising over it a huge and tumbled mound. Curious to see more, I went nearer. Suddenly they all stopped and gazed at me with the half-startled look of

woodland creatures caught at their hidden play, and the something on the ground, whose head at least was not concealed, opened a pair of astonished brown eyes and led me straight into Arcady.

The girl who lay so buried up did not seem in the least embarrassed by her singular position, but I must own I was. I raised my hat, feeling deeply conscious of the absurdity in taking it off to an individual who lay stretched at my feet and whose head alone was visible. She smiled slightly, and then without a word thrust out a little brown hand from under her grassy mound and gently extended it towards me. Could it be that she expected me to get down on my knees and take it? I felt myself growing quite hot at the prospect, and was greatly relieved to see that she had no such intention. At a little distance stood one of the children, a sturdy, sunburnt boy of five. Fully occupied with staring at me, he never noticed the hand that crept stealthily towards him until it had caught him by the ankle and with one dextrous jerk thrown him to the ground. He uttered a howl of alarm, but it was too late. In another instant the girl had jumped to her feet, neatly turning the pile of leaves over upon her prostrate victim. The children, like all other mobs, were ready and eager for a new antagonist, especially when he was already down; and in spite of his kicks and yells they flew at him and covered him up so completely that I really feared he would suffocate. In the meantime the author of this skilful manœuvre shook off the grass that still clung to her gown, and came forward without a particle of hesitation or shyness.

"You are Mr. Beven, I suppose," she said with a slightly foreign accent. "We had not expected you until a later train, but I am glad you have arrived safely. Were you much tired by the trip?" looking at me kindly, yet without any of that half-pitying, half-scrutinizing interest that most women think proper to bestow on invalids, and which is apt to be so irritating to the sufferer.

"Not very," I said; "and I am completely rested now. Mrs. Oakes has given me most comfortable quarters. But tell me, I beg, are all these children your brothers and sisters?"

"None of them," she answered; "they are all my cousins, though. I am Mrs. Oakes' niece, and my name is Natalie Harrison." Then, turning to a tall girl of ten with great, sombre eyes and a mop of short brown curls, she said with decision: "I am going home now, Snap, and I want you to see that all the children are back by tea-time."

"I sha'n't!" was the terse rejoinder.

"But you must!" with equal emphasis. "Mind! I leave them in your care, and I shall hold you responsible for them all."

"Natalie, Natalie, don't go home! Stay and play with us, please!" shrieked the youngsters in a chorus, rushing up to her; but she settled matters by shaking them all off and walking sedately away, while I ventured to accompany her homewards.

"You see," she explained to me, "I waste so much of my time with them, and Aunt Jane has always plenty for me to do. Besides, Snap can bring them home quite as well as I could."

"Only Snap does not seem altogether willing to undertake the task," I suggested.

"Oh! yes, she is," rejoined Natalie with easy assurance. "She merely says she won't by way of showing me that she does not recognize my authority, while in her heart she knows she is going to do exactly what I tell her. Now, if I had asked Margery she would have said sweetly, 'Yes, Cousin Natalie,' and then never have given another thought to the matter. But Snap is to be trusted."

"Why," I asked idly, "is she called Snap?"

"It is short for Snap-dragon," Natalie kindly explained.

"But she could hardly have been baptized Snap-dragon either," I persisted; "can that be short for something else?"

"Oh! dear, no," laughed Natalie. "I called her that because she is a dragon and snaps dreadfully. Aunt Jane's taste in names is very peculiar," she went on gravely. "Now, Snap's real one is Abigail, and it does not seem to suit her at all. Margery I don't mind so much, but Jonathan and Jeremy are dreadful, and Deborah is not much better. Even the poor Gosling is called Samuel."

"The Gosling!" I repeated vaguely.

"Yes, that is the youngest of them all—the one I pulled over so neatly. He was quite a tiny boy when I first came."

"And how long ago was that?" I asked.

"Nearly two years," she said with a faint sigh, as if the time had dragged but slowly.

"And from what part of France did you come?"

She raised her brown eyes full into mine. "Who told you I was French at all?" she asked.

"I saw it easily for myself."

"And yet I do not speak English very badly, do I?"

"On the contrary, you speak it very well; but for all that it is not hard to guess your nationality."

She shrugged her shoulders slightly, but seemed, I thought, rather pleased than otherwise. "I was born near St. Etienne," she said, "and went to school there; but my father always talked to me in English, so I ought to know it very well indeed. And there were two American girls at the convent, who were so glad to have some one they could speak to in their own tongue. It was a pity they were so stupid," she added musingly; "but then the charity in talking to them was all the greater. Oh! there is Aunt Jane beckoning me from the kitchen-door. How long I must have kept her waiting!" And with another impatient little shrug she was gone.

And I was in Arcady. I wandered aimlessly around until tea-time, languid and tired with my unusual exertion, yet vaguely satisfied and happy to have left my daily cares behind me in the city. Then, as Natalie had foretold, home came Snap, bearing the crowd of children in her train; hurrying them along, boys and girls, with a sharpness of tongue and a steadiness of purpose that in no way belied her name. Like a flock of geese she drove them all in the narrow door-way, and then, with her bare round arms akimbo, stood staring solemnly at me as I sat out on the shady lawn. I stood it as long as I could, and then, feeling that I must either speak to her or get up and escape from such prolonged scrutiny, I hazarded some random remark about the children. It was enough. At the first sound of my voice Snap had vanished, and I saw no more of her that night.

The next day was rainy, and, feeling rather dull in consequence, I was making up my mind to go down to breakfast when there came an odd little scratching, thumping noise on the outside of my door that suggested forcibly to me the morning visits of my favorite pointer, then luxuriating in Western prairies. I opened it, and saw a pair of round blue eyes under a hanging fringe of flaxen hair. It was the youngest-born—the Gosling.

"Mother says," he began in a rapid monotone, as if fearful of forgetting his message, "will you have your breakfast up here or down-stairs, and are you ready for it now?"

"Down-stairs, of course," I answered; "only sick people ought to want their breakfast in their bed-rooms. Don't you think so?"

The Gosling, being a heavy child, pondered over my question for a moment in a solemn manner, with his head a little on one side, as if considering the matter in all its lights. Unable, however, to come to any final decision, he concluded, like Talleyrand, to "reserve his judgment," and waived the subject for the present. "It's raining," he said gravely, and, having imparted this

piece of information, he began to clamber down the stairs in front of me, waddling in a manner that fully justified his title and gave me a high opinion of Natalie's sense of the ludicrous.

After breakfast I wrote a couple of letters, and then, driven to my wits' end for occupation, fell into examining every print and every china ornament in Mrs. Oakes' painfully uninteresting parlor. Especially was I struck with the one oil-painting which decorated her walls—a full-length portrait of a little boy with round red cheeks, and round black eyes, and a vivid blue jacket, who held his straw hat carefully with one hand and rested the other stiffly on a dog's head by his side. I say dog's head advisedly, because the singular part of this picture was that the head alone was visible, and, protruding from one corner, plainly in order to give the little boy something picturesque to lay his hand on, was far more suggestive of a stretched-out alligator than any honest dog. After carefully inspecting this masterpiece I turned my attention to the windows and watched the driving rain beating against the panes, and wondered where Natalie and the children were, and what they found to do on such a desperate day. Finally, setting my doctor's orders at defiance, I sought refuge in my room, and, taking out one of the forbidden volumes that lay so temptingly in my trunk, I read on for several hours, until, glancing out of the window, I saw Natalie hurrying through the rain, an old shawl wrapped around her head and shoulders. Tossing my book aside, I sauntered down the stairs and encountered her in the hall, flushed, panting, and most thoroughly wet; and to this hour I can recall the odd sensation of feeling suddenly old and wilted alongside of her vigorous young beauty.

"How could you be so imprudent?" I said reproachfully; but Natalie only laughed as she threw back her heavy hair and shook the rain-drops from her dripping shawl.

"I came from the barn," she explained, "and I hurried all I could; but rain will wet you somewhat." And with this truism, which I was hardly prepared to deny, she ran lightly up the stairs, leaving me standing in rather a disconsolate fashion at their foot. Then, moved, I am sure, by a genuine pity for my forlorn and solitary condition, she called out from the upper story: "I am going back to the barn after dinner, Mr. Beven. Would you like to go along, if it clears? The children are all there."

"I will go whether it clears or not," I made haste to say; and so off we started as soon as dinner was over, in the pouring rain and through the soaked and treacherous grass; sheltered this time, however, by the huge family umbrella, brown with

age and weighing about half a ton. When I learned that this was the only one at the farm I no longer wondered at Natalie's preferring the less ponderous protection of her shawl.

Arrived at the barn, we found the children comfortably established in the loft, with plenty of provisions and a sprinkling of dishes and forks, holding high carnival, and, it must be admitted, none too pleased to see an interloper like myself admitted into their especial fortress. The instinct of hospitality, however, always strongest in country children, prevented their showing their displeasure; and after half an hour of such close quarters I succeeded in breaking through their wall of shyness and establishing myself on the easy footing of a friend. That is to say, with all but Snap. She alone seemed to regard me with positive distrust, rejecting all my advances and glowering at me with her great eyes, as if she fully expected me to do something desperate and was determined to be on her guard. Her sister Margery was rather a pretty child, plump and fair, with a gentle, winning manner that effectually hid the imperious little will beneath. Snap generally lost her point by fighting for it, while Margery always gained hers by seeming to give way. Deborah and Jeremy, otherwise known as Deb and Jem, were twins of eight, and Jonathan, a really handsome boy of twelve, the best-looking and best-tempered of the party.

Over this merry and somewhat turbulent little crowd Natalie reigned supreme, seconded always by Jonathan and, in her reluctant, half-sullen fashion, by Snap. But shall I forget the unfortunate Gosling? Ah! no, for he it was who supplied the farcical element to the family group; always phlegmatic, yet always in hot water, being continually led astray by his more vivacious brothers and sisters. Especially was he victimized by Jem, to whom he clung with a desperate trust and affection which repeated experience of his brother's falsity could not completely shake. Was it not Jem who decoyed him into climbing the big apple-tree, and, having established him on the highest available branch, did he not slip deftly down and leave the unhappy Gosling perched aloft for two hours before he was discovered, a stolid and tear-drenched little image of despair? For which craven act I did myself see Natalie box the young scamp's ears until I, though fully approving of the punishment, fairly winced at the vigor with which it was applied.

Again, was it not Jem, aided and abetted by Deb, who terrified his little brother with appalling ghost-stories, varied by lowing sounds which Deb executed in the closet with such en-

tire success that the Gosling, his flaxen hair standing on end, his blue eyes shining with terror, rushed from his haunted bed-room into the light and safety of the parlor? Even on this rainy afternoon in the barn it required all Natalie's authority to keep this volatile Jem in order; but it must be owned that he contributed largely to our entertainment, giving us a circus performance of varied scope and of no little merit, in which he appeared as everything in turn—clown, horses, acrobat, and all.

So completely was the ice broken on this occasion between the children and myself that afterwards it became a difficult matter to keep my room free from the boys, who invaded it at all times in the true spirit of sociality; spending hours there unless positively dismissed, and then only moving as far as the hall outside in case I should relent and readmit them, or to give me the pleasure of their company as soon as I emerged. Margery fluctuated between demonstrative affection and shy avoidance, as her variable fancy inclined her. Snap alone continued obdurate, until I actually began to look about for some means to bribe her liking; for was she not, this sullen, passionate, taciturn child—was she not Natalie's acknowledged favorite?

I had little with me, unfortunately, that ran any chance of pleasing her—a row of books, to be sure, but Snap hated reading; and a few articles of jewelry, but none that I could give a little girl. At last, in rummaging through my writing-desk, I was lucky enough to find there a photograph—how obtained I do not know—and I determined to try if Snap had any taste for art, and if her favor, like that of her sex generally, was a purchasable article. The picture was a scene in the Roman Amphitheatre; a crowded mass of people looking on, and two young martyrs kneeling on the bloody sand, clasped in each other's arms; to the right a lion creeping stealthily towards them, while nearer still a glutted tiger turns savagely away. It was not of any high order of artistic merit, but I had no reason to think that Snap would be critical, so the next time I heard her on the stairs I opened my door and called her in.

"Snap," I said without any preamble, "here is a little picture that I found among my papers. Would you like to have it?"

She stood for a moment uncertain; but, desire getting the better of prejudice, she slowly came into the middle of the room and took the photograph from my hands. I expected her to disappear with it at once, but I was mistaken. Leaning her elbows on my window-sill, she looked long and earnestly at her prize. Her face was turned away from me, but as I watched her closely

I saw her gather herself up shrinkingly and shiver slightly as if in fear. The child's vigorous young fancy placed her at once by the side of those two Romans girls, and she trembled at a peril whose strange sweetness she could not understand. For a minute she stood thus wrapped in a pleasure which was half a pain; then, taking up the picture, she turned to me and raised her great eyes, with a friendly light in them, to my face.

"You are welcome to it, if it pleases you," I said, "and when I go back to the city I will send you some others."

She actually smiled, showing a line of white teeth seldom visible, and then went swiftly away, with no other thanks than those which had for a minute lit up her sombre eyes; but from that day forth it was understood that Snap and I were friends.

Mrs. Oakes had long before this taken me into her confidence—as I believe she would have taken any other boarder in my place—and had told me most of her own concerns and all about Natalie. I heard that her father had been Mrs. Oakes' only brother, and her mother a Frenchwoman, who had striven hard against poverty and a thriftless husband (my hostess openly acknowledged this fact), and had tried to educate her daughter and place her above want. But she died, poor woman, worn out by the heaviness of her task; her husband had followed her to the grave, and their child, now utterly homeless, had left her convent school and crossed the ocean to her only relatives.

"And a blessing she has been to us from the first moment she came," wound up the good woman, "as I tell my husband many and many a time. What we would do without her now I cannot think. Why, as for the children, one would suppose they belonged to her!" One would indeed, I thought acquiescently, recalling to mind Jem and the apple-tree. "Nearly every stitch the girls wear she makes, and her own clothes into the bargain. I am sure," with a sigh, "I don't know where she gets her handy ways from. Not from her father, anyhow. Many's the time I've pitied his wife, poor thing, before she gave up and died. Natalie must favor her, I reckon. And the children's manners so improved, too." What could they have been like before? I wondered. "And all winter long she teaches them, and they learn more with her in a month than they did in that trumpery school in a year, though one of the directors did come here the other day and say we ought to send them back instead of trusting them to a foreigner and a Papist. But perhaps you did not know that Natalie was a Romanist?" she said hesitatingly, and with that

fluency of synonyms which always accompanies an unwillingness to use the correct term.

I signified that I did know it, but that I was scarcely stanch enough in my own lines to be particular about the wanderings of others; an idea that seemed to impress her by its very novelty.

"Of course the child is not altogether to blame," she said apologetically, "being brought up that way and among that kind, and she is as good as gold in her own fashion, and I dare say does no harm; though it is a sin and a shame to my brother that he ever permitted it. But that was Lawrence all over. If he had married a Hottentot his daughter might have worshipped according!" And Mrs. Oakes flung herself out of the room in a torrent of indignation against her happily deceased kinsman.

Poor little Natalie! Poor little Papist!—exiled from her country and from her fellow-Papists, more gay and congenial, I feared, than any friends she was likely to make in this unattractively orthodox spot. Such a stanch little daughter of Rome as she was, too! Every Sunday, rain or shine, saw her bravely walking a long three miles to church; while her uncle, to whom the Sabbath was exclusively a day of rest, alternately smoked and slumbered in his chair, and her aunt, with a stricter sense of obligation upon her, took down a Bible from the shelf and, honestly I am sure, tried to nourish her own soul from its pages. But the unaccustomed repose of her surroundings acted like an opiate on her overworked system; and this woman, who toiled unceasingly from Monday morning until Saturday night, succumbed before the lulling influence of rest, and dozed gently off with her spectacles on her nose and the open book upon her knee.

As for the children, they were sent with great regularity to Sunday-school, whence they returned enriched with a generous supply of literature of a mildly religious type, which, I am bound to say, I never saw one of them read. In fact, a large bundle of it, neatly done up and labelled, had been saved by Natalie to return to the school. "Because," said this practical little Frenchwoman, with perhaps a faint grain of malice mingling with her solicitude, "they are really never read, and it seems a pity to waste them."

But the duty of church-going rested entirely on Natalie's shoulders, and once I accompanied her. It was a rough little edifice and a rougher congregation, made up principally of Irish farm-hands and their families. I never went again—not, however, from undue fastidiousness, but because there seemed something irreverent in coming merely as an idle spectator

among people who were all so tremendously in earnest, and bound together, as these people were, by the tie of a common faith. I looked at Natalie kneeling with her rosary in her hands, and tried to picture her amid the solemn grandeur of Notre Dame, which she had never even seen; though she was loath to believe that it could be more beautiful than the parish church at St. Chamond, where she had lived as a little child, and which, in her eyes, far surpassed anything that smoky, bustling, prosperous St. Etienne had to offer.

Poor little Natalie! Well might her aunt praise her willing hands; but by this time I had learned that the girl's light-heartedness, the happy birthright of her race, could not always stifle a homesick longing for France and the friends she had left there, or keep her from sometimes wondering if life held for her no gayer page than the one she looked at now. Not that she ever complained, or even appeared sad, but there was a wistful eagerness in the way she questioned me about all the countries I had seen, and above all about France, and Paris the wonderful, where her mother had been when a girl, and where she had promised to take her as soon as they should be rich enough.

"It takes a great deal of money to travel, does it not?" she said sorrowfully, as we sat one day under the self-same apple-tree which had been the Gosling's involuntary perch. The children on the grass beside us were playing some game, whirling round in a ring and singing loudly to Deb, who stood disconsolately in their midst. Natalie was knitting, and as she asked the question she raised her eyes from her work, while a quaint little pucker seamed her pretty, low forehead.

"Not so very much," I answered carelessly. "I am not exactly a millionaire, but I am still rich enough to have the whole world open to me, if I choose to go."

"And yet you stay here!" she said with a frank amazement that was anything but complimentary to my native land.

"And yet I stay here, as you see, and am tolerably contented with my situation; but if you were rich to-morrow where would you go to spend your wealth?"

"Oh! to France, of course," was the eager answer; "and I should build myself a most beautiful château near St. Chamond. And I would take all the children with me, and send the girls to the convent; only I don't know what the nuns would think of Snap. And the boys should go to St. Cyr and learn to be soldiers instead of farmers. How handsome Jonathan would look in his uniform!"

"And the Gosling, too?" I suggested softly.

"Don't laugh at the Gosling, if you please," she said petulantly. "He is a very fine boy, and should stay with me in my château, and wear wonderful little coats of blue velvet all trimmed with lace or fur, and big hats with long, drooping feathers, and then he would be handsome too."

I looked at the unconscious Gosling dancing unconcernedly in his ragged calico dress, with bare brown legs, and yellow hair hanging over his eyes in lieu of the drooping feather, and tried to picture him in this gorgeous array; but, failing completely, returned to the conversation.

"And where," I asked with some hesitation, "shall I be?"

Natalie glanced at me in surprise. "You? Oh! you will be at home," she said at last, "and will have forgotten all about us by that time."

"But I will not," I persisted. "Can't you find some room for me, too, in your 'castle in Spain'?"

"Château in France," corrected my companion gently. Then after a pause, "No, there would be no room for you, because you would find it all as stupid there as I am sure you must do here."

"And pray who told you I found it stupid here?" I retorted. "Why, I never was better satisfied in my life. I only wish this month could lengthen itself into a dozen."

The brown eyes looked incredulous for a minute, then a wondering glance came into them, and then, as some faint suspicion of my meaning dawned on Natalie's mind, she rose quickly to go. "You would not like it at all," she said quietly, "when the winter came." And she left me to join the children at their games.

"When the winter came!" The words had an ominous sound about them that I remembered only too well when it had come.

But, lying among the fallen apples that afternoon, I built myself an air-castle of my own as brilliant and as unstable, alas! as Natalie's had been. They were somewhat alike, too, strange to say, these aerial palaces; but in one particular they differ widely. The children were attractive undoubtedly as children, but my castle halls were not for them.

How quickly time passes in Arcady! Was it possible that I had spent five long weeks in happy idleness, and that the day was drawing near when the duties and burdens of life must once more be shifted upon my unwilling shoulders? I asked myself this question as we started together for the woods, but weakly

forbore to answer. By our sides and in front of us trooped the children, bearing baskets to hold the nuts which they proposed to gather, and which, I found, they confidently expected me to shake down for them.

"We are lucky in having you along with us," said Snap in a friendly fashion, "for Cousin Natalie says she is getting too old to climb trees, and you can take her place."

"And do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you are audacious enough to hope that I will risk my neck for the sake of filling your baskets?"

Snap looked disappointed. "I don't believe you are thinking of your neck at all," she answered sharply; "only you would rather sit and talk to Natalie. I wonder how you can be so lazy!"

"I wonder, too," was my contented response; "but this is a lazy place, I fear. I never spent so much time doing nothing in my life before."

"You are doing something now in walking to the woods with us," said Snap, whose mind was eminently practical; "but it's nothing useful to anybody, unless you climb the trees when you get there. You might just as well have stayed at home."

"Snap!" began Natalie in a warning tone, when Jem cheerfully interrupted her. "Mr. Beven and Cousin Natalie can pick up the nuts," he kindly arranged, "while we shake them down. I guess they won't be mean and keep them all, like Margery did last time."

"I didn't, either!" cried Margery, turning scarlet.

"You did! You know you did!" rapidly retorted Jem.

"So did Deb, too, then," said the injured Margery, "for we put them all in the same basket."

"Yes, and Jem stole two handfuls out. I saw him myself," declared Snap, the impartial.

"Children," said Natalie impressively, "if you squabble in this disgraceful way any longer I will turn right back, and where will your nuts be then?"

"On their trees, I reckon," promptly answered Jem as if he were guessing a conundrum; but Natalie's threat had its effect in quieting the others, and for a few minutes they marched soberly along, until at last the sight of their destination scattered their decorum to the winds and sent them forward with a tumultuous rush to gain the first spoils.

How still and sombre the woods lay until we entered, filling them with a shrill confusion of sounds! Here and there a squir-

rel, startled at our approach, scrambled half way up the nearest tree and then turned to look at us curiously, yet reproachfully too, as if in mute remonstrance at this wholesale robbery of his winter stores. The dead leaves rustled crisply beneath our feet, a few crows cawed complainingly overhead. A narrow brown streamlet ran by our side with a merry air of companionship and good feeling in its eager efforts to keep up with our advance. Now and then a gentle movement in the long grasses that overhung its banks suggested the harmless water-snake that glided fearfully away from our unwelcome presence. The fleet, chill winds shook the half-stripped branches of the close-standing trees, and showered down on us fresh supplies of leaves, golden brown and red. The spirit of Autumn seemed to be walking through the woods, flaunting her brilliant colors and her eager existence in our dazzled eyes, as though in defiance of the winter desolation that was to come. The gladness that precedes a sorrow, the triumph that goes before a fall, the full life that must soon give place to death, filled the air and stirred our unthinking hearts.

On a branch before us sat a bird with a long, sharp beak, and a tuft of crimson feathers on its head, as if it had stolen a bit of the changeful coloring around. It peered at us with bright, watchful eyes, but did not offer to stir.

"How tame it is!" said Natalie, and stepped softly forward; but the bird, as though he had caught the whispered word, took wing and flew away, uttering a long whistle that sounded in the distance like No! no! no!

The children, eager to begin, sought their favorite trees, and shrieked with delight as the nuts fell pattering to the ground: chestnuts, lying in their prickly nests and glowing with rich color as they peeped from their silken beds; surely Autumn's favorite is the chestnut, for she has given it her warm brown tints and has guarded it as a miser guards his jewels; walnuts, harsh and ugly when stripped of their favorite covering, and giving but little promise of the good that lurks beneath; stony shellbarks, pale and profitless, hard to break and yielding their meagre store with grim reluctance—an inhospitable nut, the shellbark, and its smooth, pointed surface seems to warn us against wasting our time in fruitless labor for its scanty kernel: a Puritan nut, colorless, severe, unyielding. We will leave it and seek more genial spoils.

Nimble and sure-footed, the children climb the trees and lightly swing themselves from branch to branch. Their laugh-

ter, sweet and shrill, scares from their nests the forest birds, who loudly chirp their wonder and discontent. And Natalie, wide-eyed and radiant, seems like a Dryad escaped from her oak-tree prison and happy in her subtle sympathy with the happy world around. I live in an enchanted land, and she is the guardian spirit of its beauties. The children's voices sound thinner and finer as they wander further and further off; when suddenly a long-drawn, dismal cry rings in my ears and puts my teeming fancies to flight, bringing me back in one swift leap from fairyland and elfin company to earth and suffering humanity.

Natalie started as the sound struck her ears. "The Gosling!" she cried with a frightened look, and hurried in the direction whence it came, while I rapidly followed. Unhappy Gosling! Could you not leave us in peace on this one day, and why must you desert the safe and open beauty of the woods to dabble in the cold and treacherous water? Did you not know that watery things are never to be trusted, or have you learned it now? Poor child! He knelt by the side of the pretty, innocent brown stream, down on the damp and marshy ground, and lifted up his voice with good cause; for, clinging to his fat and dimpled finger hung one of those little monsters, a cross between the most deformed of crabs and the tiniest of miniature lobsters. I knew the creatures well. Many a time when a boy had I seen them in small fresh-water streams, and wondered if they ever grew bigger or lost a portion of their wicked temper. Well might the Gosling scream, for the little pest hung on with fierce tenacity, and between the pain and fright his scanty wits had all deserted him. Before I could reach the spot Snap flung herself down from a tree on the other side of the water, and her eyes blazed with excitement and delight as she took in the situation at a glance.

"Hold it tight! Don't let it go for your life!" she screamed, rather oblivious, I thought, to the fact that it was the crab that was holding on, and not the Gosling; and she began to scramble down the bank with frantic haste. But now I had reached the frightened child, and forced the little, clinging thing from off the poor pinched finger. It dropped into the clear water and was lost to sight just as Snap, with a flying leap, landed at our side.

"You don't mean to say," she cried, aghast, "that you let it get away!"

"I think he would gladly have parted with it some time ago," I answered mildly, as I wrapped the little hand in my handkerchief.

The Gosling glanced at her in a deprecating fashion between his sobs, but attempted no defence. Snap eyed us both in withering scorn. She was one who would have let the fox rend until she dropped dead, as did the thievish Spartan boy; but the Gosling was made of different stuff, and Snap's red lip curled contemptuously as she brooded over the cowardice and stupidity that had lost her such a much-coveted treasure. But Natalie, laughing yet sympathetic, took the little boy on her lap and comforted him, dropping a sage word now and then on the advisability of letting the water alone another time. Gradually he fell asleep, his heavy head resting on her shoulder, the tear-drops standing on his chubby cheeks. Snap had wandered off to relate her grievances to the other children. Natalie and I were alone.

A sudden stillness seemed to brood upon the woods as I sat watching the graceful head lowered a little over the sleeping child. Neither of us spoke for a minute, during which I heard the murmur of the water with a strange distinctness, and caught the scream of a far-distant hawk sailing fleetly over the meadows to our right. Natalie held in her hand a branch laden with scarlet berries. She sighed softly as though in the fulness of her content. "After all," she said, "what are the beauties of spring compared with those of autumn?"

"Don't say that," I remonstrated. "We are always so forgetful of the good that is past and gone. Spring comes too, welcomed by young and old, and we are ready to swear that the fairest thing on earth is the first bunch of anemones we find nestling in the grass at our feet. And now when she is laid in her grave, and this brilliant, flaunting Autumn fills her place, we are dazzled out of all our old allegiance and think of her past loveliness as something pale and vapid. I often fancy the dead Spring looks at us reproachfully with sweet, faded eyes as we exult in the triumph of her supplanter."

Natalie smiled indulgently at a weakness she could not share. "I did not think men were ever so faithful to their lost loves," she said, idly stripping the berries from the branch she held; "but if we so readily forget the Spring it is only because she has given place to something better. She was the promise, and now we have had the fulfilment. But when the Autumn dies nature dies with her. There is nothing left to take her place."

"And when the winter comes what do you do then?" I asked.

"I freeze, teach the children, and wait for spring," she answered.

"Under which cheering circumstances you must be glad indeed when it comes. And yet winter has its attractions, too; only a solitary farm-house is not the place to most enjoy them."

"I suppose not," she said carelessly; "but it is not altogether bad, only so very cold. Last year I nearly perished, while none of the rest seemed to mind it at all."

"You are not yet accustomed to the severity of our climate."

"I never shall be," she sighed disconsolately; "and, what is more, I never want to be accustomed to anything so very disagreeable."

"You should try half a dozen seasons in Russia," I suggested.

"I would rather," she answered softly, "spend one more in France."

Another silence fell upon us at these words. Natalie sat lost in thought, her brown eyes looking out into an unseen land, a half-smile parting her curved lips.

"Natalie," I said, and she slowly turned towards me, "if you will marry me I will take you to France and wherever else in this world you want to go."

She started slightly and a sudden flush of scarlet dyed her cheek, while her eyes drooped to the ground; but she gave no other token of surprise and made no answer.

"If I have been too hasty," I went on, "wait a little while before you answer me, but do not be afraid to trust your future to my care. I will try hard to make you happy, and there is so much sweet in life that you have never tasted."

Mechanically she arose, putting the sleeping child on the grass beside her. The day was fast dying, and the late sunlight, stealing through a gap in the branches, lit up her hair's dark gold. As if obeying some hidden impulse, she turned quickly from me and passed through a clump of trees to a clearing, where she stood for a minute looking at the glowing sky. I followed and took her unresisting hand. There was no need for her to speak, for her frank young eyes met mine with a look of perfect love and confidence. She was ready indeed to trust her precious future in my hands, but the surrender was made without one single word to ratify it. Blind with happiness, when I looked again at the setting sun a heavy band of gray, sullen and lowering, had swallowed up its glories, and the crimson and gold were lost in the sombre shadows of approaching night.

How many years, O my soul! how many years since that

past October in Arcady? The chill November winds were blowing over the stripped and desolate fields when I left the farmhouse with Natalie's last kiss warm on my happy lips; and when the first soft snow of winter came it fell lightly on my darling's grave—my pretty, brown-eyed Natalie, who lay calmly sleeping in the little Catholic churchyard, with the white and feathery snow-drifts for a pall.

One day my dust shall crumble there with hers, for the right to lay my head in consecrated earth is the one and only legacy left me by my dead love; the precious mantle of faith which dropped, as did of old the mantle of prophecy, from her pure hands upon my unworthy shoulders; the link, strong yet light, which binds me to her for ever.

It is October now. The fruit hangs ripening on the tree; the red leaves deck the brown and wearied earth; the setting sun flares crimson in the west; but the golden gates of Arcady have closed upon me, and in this world I shall enter them no more.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ST. BERNARD ON THE LOVE OF GOD. Translated by Marianne Caroline and Coventry Patmore. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

Catholic authors who have written on spiritual things in modern times have for the most part given their special attention to elementary instructions, lest the faithful should be led astray. This danger has not been a slight one, and, though less at present than formerly, it has not altogether passed away. This is manifest by conspicuous examples, particularly among those who are impatient of discipline and reject the divine criterion of the authentic action of the Holy Spirit in the soul—the unerring authority of the Catholic Church.

One of the chief errors of these persons consists in their pretence of reaching the highest Christian perfection at a single bound. They are fond of fastening their attention on the example of St. Paul, who, they fancy, became all of a sudden from a bitter persecutor of Christians the great apostle of Christianity. They forget not only that his conversion was miraculous, but also the schooling which he received at the moment of this great event. They forget that when he inquired, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Christ did not deign to give him the answer, but sent him to the city of Damascus to learn his will from his servant Ananias. They seem to forget that Paul spent three years and a half in Arabia in seclusion before he entered upon his apostolate. Not a slight or short preparatory discipline! They appear to forget that even then Paul did not

judge it prudent to enter upon his great mission, but went up to Jerusalem to confer with the supreme authority of the church, represented by the Apostle Peter, "lest he should go astray." These pregnant facts are recorded in Holy Scriptures, yet, strange to say, they are overlooked. Men keep on dreaming that, with St. Paul's example against them, the heights of spiritual perfection may be reached by one leap and by every one indiscriminately! Hence the wild extravagances found in the history of sects; the shameful teachings into which they fall about spiritual perfection, such as those of Pearsall Smith; and the heinous crimes which some are led to commit, like the Pawtucket murder. These people talk of the glorious vision of Paul when he was rapt into heaven, while they walk in the darkness of spiritual pride, and assume to be teachers of a "higher life" of holiness while wallowing in the mire of sin.

The following passage is so pointedly aimed against these errors that one would scarcely imagine that it was written seven centuries ago:

"'Our bed is covered with flowers. The beams of our house are of cedar, our rafters of cypress-trees.' You that hear these words of the Holy Spirit, do you recognize nothing in yourselves of the felicity of the Bride which is chanted in the canticle of love by that Spirit; or do you hear his voice, not knowing whence it cometh or whither it goeth? Perhaps you also desire the repose of contemplation which is herein spoken of. This desire is praiseworthy, if you do not forget the flowers of good works with which the Bride decks her bed. The exercise of virtues precedes this holy repose, as flowers precede fruit. Think not to obtain this sweet rest of contemplation until you have earned it. Those who will not labor, as the apostle says, shall not eat. 'The keeping of thy commandments has given me understanding,' writes the prophet, in order to teach us that the taste of contemplation only comes from the practice of obedience. In vain will you expect the visit of the Bridegroom, if you have not prepared for him a couch covered with the flowers of good works. How can you expect him to give himself to a rebel, who was himself obedient unto death? Will he not rather say to you, in a voice of thunder: 'I cannot abide your Sabbaths and your solemn feast-days'?

"I am astonished at the impudence of some among us who, after troubling us with their singularity, impatience, obstinacy, and rebellion, dare to invite the Lord of all purity into souls thus stained. The centurion, the perfume of whose sanctity is spread throughout Israel, besought him not to enter into his house because of his unworthiness; the prince of the apostles cried: 'Depart from me, O Lord! for I am a sinful man.' But you say: 'Come unto me, O Lord! for I am holy.'

"The beams of the house—which house you are, if you walk not after the flesh but the spirit—must be of cedar, an incorruptible wood; lest, when you have begun to build, it should fall again to ruins. Let these beams be patience, for 'the patience of the poor shall never perish'; longanimity, for 'he who shall persevere to the end shall be saved'; but principally love, which 'never fails, and is stronger than death'" (pp. 114, 115).

As Catholic spiritual literature abounds in books of sound elementary instructions which guard the faithful sufficiently against such extravagances, there is a growing need felt of spiritual books which present to the mind the purpose or end of spiritual life in such a light as to move the will

to strive after its attainment. With this aim there are no writings more attractive and at the same time more safe than those which St. Philip Neri recommended, whose authors' names begin with an S—the writings of the Saints. Every such book we welcome with unmixed delight, and read with special care and attention. And when done into good English, as in the case of the little volume at the head of this notice, we feel like giving to its translator unstinted thanks for his gift.

Who among the saints even has written on Christian perfection with such sweetness and light—qualities much in vogue with certain authors of our day—as St. Bernard, who so well earned the title of the Mellifluous Doctor? That our readers may judge for themselves we extract one of the many spiritual gems which abound in this little volume, as in all the productions from this saint's pen:

"The fulness of the Divinity was poured forth on earth when the Word of God took a mortal body, that we in our bodies of death might partake of his fulness and cry out, 'Thy name is as oil poured forth.' His pouring-forth is as oil, because oil enlightens, nourishes, and heals. From whence was that great, sudden light that illuminated the world but from the preaching of the name of Jesus? It is in 'thy light that we see light.' Oil also is food and nourishment. Herein is it like the name of Jesus! How dry and worthless is everything without it! A book has no interest for me, if I find not there the word Jesus. Conversation has no charm if Jesus forms no part of it. That name is as honey to the mouth, as melody to the ears, a song of gladness to the heart" (p. 79).

THE EMPEROR: A Romance. By Georg Ebers, author of *Uarda*. From the German by Clara Bell. Two vols. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 1881.

The scene of this novel is laid in Egypt, and the time is that of the Emperor Hadrian—that is to say, about A.D. 129. The author has indulged the modern reader by allowing himself some minor anachronisms. For instance, his Romans count the days of the month and the hours of the day in our method. The true place for the book in one's library—and we consider this great but not undeserved praise—is alongside of Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*. Cardinal Wiseman, indeed, has the lofty merit of having written a highly readable novel without (if we recollect rightly) the meretricious attraction of a single love-scene. Georg Ebers, on the other hand, has married most of his men and women very handsomely.

It is a true saying that "he that would bring back the wealth of the Indies must take the wealth of the Indies out with him." And it is well illustrated in this novel. For a full appreciation of all the merits of the book the reader should be equipped with almost as much knowledge as the author. Lest, however, we may alarm some humble disciple of learning, let us add that any one who can read at all will find enough in the story to repay him.

Strangely enough, the character that impressed us most was not the Emperor Hadrian, not the Empress Sabina, not Titianus, the prefect, but quite a subordinate personage, the palace steward—fat, self-indulgent old Keraunus. And this because he is drawn with a terrific and remorseless

adherence to unregenerate human nature. To our eyes he is as real as Falstaff, and, in fact, is typical of all that is proud, mean, and selfish in every one of us—the not too hateful antitype of the very essence of Catholicity: self-sacrifice. Next to the character of Keraunus the complex one of the politician Verus seems best sustained; and the dramatic justice by which his criminal effort to subserve his own ends is made the incidental cause of their virtual defeat is most happy. Oddly enough, the architect Pontius appears in his best light (despite the involuntary pun) at the fire.

The history of the Catholic Church in Egypt in the second century is the golden thread on which the pearls of this story are strung, but this thread is not seen clearly till page 195 of the first volume is reached.

At page 281 of the second volume the blind child Helios, when his sister is ordered to adore the statue of Hadrian, says the Lord's Prayer aloud in the presence of pagans. This was not permitted in the early ages of the church. It is, however, a minor slip. At page 126 of the first volume Gabinius, a picture-dealer, says: "I know the law; it pronounces that everything which has remained in undisputed possession in one family for a hundred years becomes their property." It may not be out of place to remark that, while the law relied upon by Gabinius is probably correctly stated, its application by him was at once roguish and erroneous. The palace steward was what in the English law would be called a bailiff; and a bailiff in contemplation of law has no possession. The possession is that of the master or owner. As the equitable principles of the English common law are mainly derived from those three great store-houses of human wisdom, the Roman Institutes, the Pandects, and the Code, the point we make would doubtless be as good law in Alexandria in Egypt in the second century as it is to-day in England and America in the nineteenth.

The Emperor Hadrian, as depicted by our author, aspired to be one of those rare gems that shine with equal brilliancy from every one of a countless number of facets. The prerogative of having the greatest genius allied to the greatest fortune could alone fix the bounds of his ambition. He would fain be emperor, artist, physician, and astrologer, and excel in all. The weakness of such a desire has beset other men. Napoleon I. was not free from it. Not content with conquering nations and establishing a code of laws, he desired to look just as sharply after his wife's last purchase of a necklace, and to be at once, so to speak, omniscient and omnipotent. Poor Maximilian, of Mexican memory, was a many-sided man, but without particularly striving to be so, and knew as much about a butterfly as he might reasonably be supposed to know about a kingdom. But then he made his unusual intellectual aptitude tolerable by his evident weakness of character. Julius Cæsar, whom Montaigne calls "the foremost man of all the world," fought battles, built bridges, and wrote commentaries. He could dictate letters to eleven different secretaries simultaneously. This last was a sort of Paul Morphy feat.

Dr. Brownson, speaking of the wholesale way in which English literature has been given over to Protestantism since the time of Henry VIII., says somewhere, in substance, that there is no broader or better field in the whole domain of literature than is at present afforded to the English-speaking Catholic writer. If a similar statement may be truly predicated

of German *belles-lettres*, then Mr. Georg Ebers owes in part to Miss, or Mrs., Clara Bell his exceptional privilege of occupying in each of two great fields a coigne of vantage from which none but a very great writer of fiction can dislodge him. The translation is excellent.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL for 1882. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

It is each year a pleasure to record the appearance of this annual and almanac. It is the only one of the kind published in English, yet, in spite of the fact that it has no competitor, it each year shows a decided improvement on its preceding issues. Its one hundred and twenty pages of reading-matter are a little repertory of current Catholic history and are another evidence of the real catholicity of the Catholic Church. Among the subjects treated some are American, others are Irish, German, French, English, Spanish, Italian, etc., and all are Catholic subjects of importance.

A specialty of this annual has always been its biographical notices, including obituary sketches of prominent Catholics who have passed to their reward within the year. The first of the biographical sketches in order is that of the venerable Archbishop Blanchet, of Oregon, who last February, after forty-three years of arduous missionary labor on the Pacific coast, and worn out with old age, resigned his episcopal see. Then comes the Irish poet, Aubrey de Vere; Father Olier, the founder of the Sulpicians; that delightful old Dominican friar, Father Nicholas Dominic Young, whose death three years ago called out so many reminiscences of his earlier days in Maryland, Kentucky, and Ohio; the learned historian of the State of New York, the late Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan; the late Canon Oakeley, famous in the Tractarian movement, and still later well known to American readers by his useful manuals on Catholic ceremonials; Kenelm Henry Digby, the author of *The Broadstone of Honor* and *Mores Catholici*, neither of which, by the way, is as well known to Catholic readers as it should be; Catherine McAuley, the founder of the Sisters of Mercy; Calderon, the Spanish poet-priest; Hermann von Mallinckrodt, along with Windhorst and the Reichenspergers, the organizer of the gallant little party of the Centre in the German Reichstag, and whose death in 1874 was a sad blow to the Catholics of Germany; and Pauline von Mallinckrodt, a sister of the statesman, and the founder of the Sisters of Christian Charity. These are only some of the biographical notices, and they are all accompanied with excellent portraits. The rest of the matter is very good, and most of the engravings are admirable.

ANCIENT HISTORY; ROMAN HISTORY; HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES; MODERN HISTORY. Adapted from the French of Father Gazeau, S.J. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1881.

The department of literature known as Outlines of the world's history has recently attracted the attention of writers whose works have crowded out of existence many compilations which were at one time popular simply because of their abuse of the Catholic Church.

The new writers, however, have not gained their popularity by restor-

ing the church to her true place. They have moulded their works into *epochs*, so that modern history appears in a succession of volumes having no connection save in the name of the editor-in-chief.

History written in this way can be made, and is often made, injurious to the prestige of the Catholic faith, since the times depicted are those in which the passions of men were worked up to the highest pitch, and the church is made to bear the sins and mistakes of her children, while her zealous work done in the silence of quiet times is passed unnoticed.

To place the church in its proper relation to the peoples and nations of Europe, has ever been the aim of Catholic writers. Perhaps no one succeeded so well in his object as Father Gazeau. Besides times of warfare, he found that there were times of progress, during which the wastes of war and passion were repaired, of far greater moment to the people who suffered from the rivalry of princes than the trying times of strife and desolation.

In these intervals the church did her most effective work. The faithful now listened to her voice, and the miserable victims of the struggle for power found in her their only consolation.

These times mark the rise of the power of the people, and by giving them their just share of notice Father Gazeau is enabled to sustain interest throughout and unite the successive epochs of modern history into a work of exceptional merit.

Gazeau writes of every age with a vividness which makes us almost feel that he was a part of it. He deals with the actors in each scene on the principle of individual responsibility for their acts. When these acts are contrary to justice and morality he condemns them, be the agent Catholic or Protestant.

Holding the agent responsible instead of reviling the church for the sins and shortcomings of her children is not the popular method of dealing with the Catholic Church, but it is simple justice, and it enables us to study some of the saddest scenes in the world's drama without provoking that storm of prejudice which turns a discussion of St. Bartholomew's massacre into a war of words. The American editors of Gazeau have entirely re-written the chapters on the French Revolution and the First Empire. Their masterly treatment of the subject will repay a reading even by those who have made this period of French history a study. In addition, they have remodelled many chapters, added others, notably those on Ireland, and carried the narrative down to the present time, thus making it the most serviceable work of its kind within the reach of Catholic schools and colleges.

LETTERS, SPEECHES, AND TRACTS ON IRISH AFFAIRS. By Edmund Burke. Collected and arranged by Matthew Arnold. With a preface. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

"Burke," says Mr. Arnold in his preface, which, by the way, is a model of what prefaces ought to be—"Burke greatly needs to be re-edited; indeed, he has never yet been properly edited at all." In this volume Mr. Arnold has brought together Burke's writings and speeches on Irish affairs, the earliest of them, *Tracts on the Popery Laws*, published while the monstrous penal code was still in force—a code, says Mr. Arnold, "not half known to

Englishmen." It is high time they knew it thoroughly and set to work to make generous amends for the religious, political, and economical injustice which their horrible system inflicted upon a Christian nation. The rest of the world knows it at last and is beginning to discuss it warmly.

In a letter to Thomas Burgh written from England in 1780 Burke defends himself to his friend from some false accusations. A short extract from the letter will show that the Irish party in the British Parliament have all along had the same difficulties: "They caused it to be industriously circulated through the nation that the distresses of Ireland were of a nature hard to be traced to the true source; that they had been monstrously magnified; and that, in particular, the official reports from Ireland had given the lie (that was their phrase) to Lord Rockingham's representations. And attributing the origin of the Irish proceedings wholly to us, they asserted that everything done in Parliament upon the subject was with a view of stirring up rebellion." One hundred years later the small knot of determined men who represent Irish interests in Parliament have seen themselves forced to the policy of obstruction in order to compel a decent amount of attention to the wants of their constituency.

Burke, says Mr. Arnold, "is the greatest of our political thinkers and writers. But his political thinking and writing has more value on some subjects than on others." The last sentence must be taken under some reserve. At all events Mr. Arnold, in editing this volume, has done a meritorious action which will be appreciated by all who take interest either in Burke or in Ireland.

PATRON SAINTS. Second Series. By Eliza Allen Starr. Baltimore: John B. Piet. 1881.

The author of this handsome volume, which is embellished by twelve etchings by her own hand, has not aimed at anything original or critical in her study of the lives of the earlier champions of Christendom. She has brought together the beautiful mediæval legends which have furnished the great masters of art with material for some of their grandest work. The reader will here find in all their bearing many of the subjects which Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Clements—Protestants both—have already made familiar to non-Catholic readers, with the difference, however, that Miss Starr's treatment is at all times both reverent and Catholic.

DECENNIAL SOUVENIR OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH—Unity, Liberty, Charity, 1871–1881. New York: Stephen Mearns. 1881.

This modest but neat little pamphlet is a collection of interesting essays, and is a tangible evidence of literary taste in young men, "some of whom are of an age and experience at which nothing of their kind of a superior character can be expected; and some, too, are by gentlemen actively engaged in various branches of business in which a proclivity for literary pursuits is thought a detriment rather than an advantage; and all the essays are by young men none of whom can boast of those great educational advantages which make merit in this kind of exercise a thing of

course." Many are the societies of Catholic young men in our large cities, yet—and we say it with a blush—few are the signs of literary enthusiasm. How many bright young boys there are who, from taste or necessity, leave school in early years, and bury their mental promise in the distracting sphere of mercantile pursuits! We return our most heartfelt thanks to Father Thiry—ever zealous for and beloved by the young men of New York—for this last token of his noble devotion; and while we congratulate the young men of the Literary Society of St. Francis Xavier's Church on the success manifested in their *Decennial Souvenir*, we confidently hope for the continuance of their first fervor and the attainment of even greater and larger success.

CROWNED WITH STARS. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Published to aid in placing on the dome of the new University of Notre Dame, Indiana, a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, crowned with twelve stars. Indiana: University of Notre Dame.

Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly made a position by the publication of *Out of Sweet Solitude* which her later writings have not improved. In that volume she showed herself to be, not only a poet of deep and vivid imagination, but a woman of a most passionately religious heart. Some of her war-poems had become household legends in many homes long before *Out of Sweet Solitude* appeared, and her fervent religious spirit as shown in other poems had raised her to the level of the heavenly chorister of many Catholic circles. *Crowned with Stars* is one long hymn of praise to the Blessed Virgin—a pure, sweet strain, whose deepest and strongest notes are the echoes of the divine songs of the church.

THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE. By T. Lander Brunton, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S. With illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

That day has gone by when, for a little while, scientific opponents of revelation might, to some who were in doubt, have the appearance of being on the strong side. Mr. St. George Mivart has removed for English-speaking readers any apprehensions of what might befall should the doctrine of evolution prove true. Mr. Mivart has no fear of evolution, and, in fact, he has, as he declares, St. Thomas Aquinas on his side, which, no doubt, is startling knowledge for those who fancy that whatever is a discovery to them must be a discovery to the world. A late writer has shown that a contemporary of St. Thomas, the famous Albertus Magnus, was, in spite of the foolish popular middle-age legends that cluster about him, a close and most accurate observer of nature; that among other things his contributions to the study of botany were of immense value and have stood the test of later observers.

Dr. Brunton's work seems to contain little, if anything, that is original, yet he enables one at a glance to appreciate the present state of the controversy between the friends and opponents of Christianity among the evolutionists.

But it is a pity that an honest and earnest writer, such as Dr. Brunton seems to be, should have permitted himself so stupid an assertion as that: "We are accustomed to despise the inquisitors who tortured Galileo in order to make him assert that he had been mistaken in believing that the

earth went round the sun, instead of the sun round the earth." There are people still who believe in Pope Joan, but it is discouraging to come across a man in these days who makes a specialty of the natural sciences and their history, and yet believes the old yarn about the torture of Galileo. We might well vary Galileo's legendary expression into *e pur si mentisce*—"they lie for all that." For in 1867 M. de l'Epinois published from the celebrated Vatican MS. the entire process of Galileo's trial and nominal imprisonment—a publication which put an end once and for all, one should have supposed, to the old story. A year later (December, 1868, and January, 1869) the lamented Col. James Meline made in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD a thorough examination of the controversy with regard to Galileo's treatment at Rome, and showed the fallacy, not of the charges of cruelty only, but of the exorbitant claims as well that had been made by prejudiced writers in favor of Galileo's contributions to science.

A TIRE-D'AILE. René des Chenais. Paris · Bray et Retaux. 1881.

MEMORIALS OF STONYHURST COLLEGE. London : Burns & Oates. 1881.

SUNDAY EVENINGS AT LORETTO. By M. G. R. Dublin : M. & S. Eaton. 1881.

TALKS ABOUT IRELAND. By James Redpath. New York : P. J. Kenedy. 1881.

THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE. By Friedrich Spielhagen. New York : George W. Harlan. 1881.

THE PROBLEM OF RELIGIOUS PROGRESS. By Daniel Dorchester, D.D. New York : Phillips & Hunt. 1881.

SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG LAWYERS. An address delivered at the Commencement of Columbia College Law School, May 18, 1881. By Cortlandt Parker. New York : Trow's Printing and Bookbinding Company. 1881.

LETTERS AND WRITINGS OF MARIE LATASTE, lay sister of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart. With critical and expository notes by Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. Vol. I. London : Burns & Oates. 1881.

PROVE ALL THINGS : HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD. A letter to the parishioners of Great Yarmouth on his reception into the Catholic Church. By J. G. Sutcliffe, M.A., late curate of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, and late scholar of Clare Coll. Camb. London : Burns & Oates. 1881.

FIRST COMMUNICANT'S MANUAL. A Catechism for children preparing to receive the Holy Communion for the first time, and for the use of those charged with the duty of instructing them. By Father F. X. Schouppe, of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French by M. A. Crosier. London : Burns & Oates. 1881.

RITUALE ROMANUM. Pauli V. Pontificis Maximi jussu editum et a Benedicto XIV. auctum et castigatum. Cui novissima accedit Benedictionum et Instructionum appendix. Editio secunda accuratissima a Sacr. Rituum Congregatione approbata. Ratisbonæ, Neo-Eboraci et Cincinnatii : sumptibus, chartis, et typis Fr. Pustet. 1881.

NOTE.—The sketch of the late Lady Blanche Murphy written by Cardinal Manning, for publication in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and which will be found at p. 40 of this number, was sent to the editor by the Earl of Gainsborough, accompanied by a letter dated August 2. It was with surprise, therefore, as well as deep regret that the news was received of the Earl's sudden death on August 13. His death, as appears from the latest advices, proceeded from an affection that was no doubt a result of the sad tidings of his daughter's death shortly before.

THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE SENTIMENT OF ENGLISH RADICALISM.

RADICALISM, as it is apprehended by the lower classes, is in England rather an antagonism than a principle. It has less of political desire or aspiration than of the spirit of contest against the upper classes. It would be absurd to suppose that the ordinary (Radical) artisan, the *profanum vulgus* of any stratum or pursuit, argued politics, or considered them, on scientific principles, so much as with piqued feelings and resentment. The main idea is to pull down, not to build up. It has been well said that "a true Tory must be also a pure Liberal, because he seeks to elevate the whole tone of the lower classes"; and though, unfortunately, this is but theoretically true, it is a statement which no good man would call in question. But in regard to the Radical section, it must be sadly confessed that it does not seek to "elevate" even itself so much as to do away with institutions. And it does this from jealousy and irritation much more than from political principle. There may be a dominance of principle in a small minority, but there is a dominance of feeling in the great majority. English radicalism, speaking loosely, is hatred of class privilege; it is a sentiment, which is fanned by discontent.

Let it be granted that this is the fault of the higher orders quite as much as it is the mistake of the lower orders. If the higher orders had always realized that their two great political duties were, first, to set an example of a high standard, and, sec-

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ondly, to assist "the people" in attaining to it, the people would have less difficulty in believing that the higher orders really have the popular interests at heart. But when the people are impressed with the idea that the upper classes chiefly live for their own aggrandizement, and do not exhibit more religion, more charity, more nobility than are found in the classes which are below them, they naturally turn Radical and say, "Why should we be mere slaves to the classes who use us only for themselves?" This is, of course, a most exaggerated estimate, unjust in apprehension and in inference; but it is nevertheless the feeling—not the principle—of many millions who in England cherish radical ideas. It is a feeling which comes about from the *apparent* pride of rich persons, their apparent profound selfishness and disregard, as well as from those social barriers which are cast up by conventionalism, dividing English classes by iron walls. It is less the fault of individuals in high position than of the canons of social usage, long established. The higher classes seem, and for the most part really are, socially separate from the classes which are below them by as wide a gulf as the sternest laws of social caste can render equally offensive and impassable. A want of Catholic sympathies, of courteous manners and graceful modesty, go further in developing radical feelings than any amount of acts of parliament, good or bad. And since there cannot be a question that in England the "democratic principle" (wrongly named, for it is a feeling, not a principle) is assuming most threatening characteristics, it is wise to consider whether the people cannot be won over by an improvement in the tone of their "superiors." That the masses are getting more and more radical in a subversive and revolutionary sense, more and more irritated against "society" and whatever is included in its canons, is so patent a fact that we cannot walk through the London streets without seeing and hearing sufficient proofs of it. Now, there is still plenty of time to stem the current of this feeling, which as yet has not strengthened into a flood. It must be done, not by new acts of parliament, by extension of privilege or of franchise, or by stooping to patronize vulgar "Bradlaughism," but by a total revolution in the ideas of the upper classes, which are at present absurdly narrow and contemptible. It is much better to recognize this fact at once. It is the selfishness and the weak conventionalism of the upper classes which render them incompetent to impress the lower. As a clever workman observed recently to the present writer (so far as the substance of his remarks can be remembered): "I apprehend that religion with my

superiors means respectability; and that free thought, though just as rife with my superiors as it is with the admirers of Mr. Bradlaugh, is only veiled or mildly expressed by my superiors, because they have but very few incentives to irritation. As with religion, so with the natural virtues: my superiors keep them chiefly for themselves, and whenever they are so kind as to think of *me* they show me cool patronage or condescension, as though they did me a great honor for their own diversion. In the House of Lords I am only remembered as a serf, as being auxiliary to the greater ease of their lordships; and in the House of Commons a strong Conservative party keeps me always out of my right of being heard. In 'society' I am always treated as a barbarian, suffered occasionally to approach the back door of an employer, and subjected to the impertinence of powdered flunkies who reflect the exclusive grandeur of their masters. In church I am shoved away into a back seat—allowed to contemplate the fine dresses in the front seats; and if the parson comes to visit me he does it as a policeman, or as an almsgiver, or as a lecturer, or as a 'gentleman.' In the streets no one is polite to me in my fustian jacket; and in my home I am made the victim of some Scripture-reader, who appears to think me equally ignorant and immoral. If I get 'hard up' I can go to the parish for relief—to be informed, perhaps, that I am 'one of the undeserving poor,' a phrase which is kept always for the unfortunate; though as to the 'undeserving *rich*,' I never hear anything of *them*, nor, of course, are there any such people in the world. And, finally, when I come to die a parson offers me 'consolation,' though no rich people think of sending me comforts, nor do they recognize me any more than if I were a dog."

Now, all this is but the language of irritation. It has nothing to do with politics nor with Radicalism even. Yet be it remembered that among the "roughs and the rowdies"—very different people indeed to the thoughtful workman—the same spirit which brews the *sentiment* of discontent brews the violent outward expression of radicalism. There is in every population a residuum of coarse people who, being equally vulgar, uneducated, and obstinate, imagine that they are politicians because they hate Tory principles, or enlightened thinkers because they hate religion. The London institution of Sunday newspapers—most of them socialistic and mendacious—fan the flame of such turbulent discontent. And because the rough classes herd exclusively with one another, and never get a chance of being taught better, they form a nucleus of quasi-political injurious-

ness which ferments from time to time in street-rows. Young people are quite as blatant as their elders. Mere boys of seventeen are profoundly read in the Sunday newspapers, and consider themselves fully competent to instruct everybody, and to remodel the constitution to perfection. Now, all this comes from wrong association, as well as from vanity and inanity. It is a *sentiment* which takes its sympathies from what is vulgar. It is the offspring of three misfortunes in particular: the not recognizing any religious authority; the being ignorant of the philosophy of history, ecclesiastical, political, and social; and the herding always with an inferior class of people, from the impossibility of associating with a higher. Radicalism, in England, is not Liberalism; it is not the principle of the extension of popular liberties: it is a sentiment of antagonism to what is graceful in the natural order, and to what is submissive and supernatural in the religious order.

Radicalism was always the same in all countries, modified only by the purely national accidents of religious and political tradition. And it is due to all Radicals to say that their extravagances have been inflamed by the faults of their superiors. It is useful, as a warning in regard to the English future, to remember that all radicalism has been *pleaded* on the ground of justice, or condoned by some sort of state tyranny. Let us take the French radicalism in example. In France the worst excesses of the Revolution had their origin in the excesses of the aristocracy, and the worst forms of blasphemy and Reason-worship were but the travesty of the hypocrisy of the court. The same assertion would hold good as to "socialism." French socialism was bred in high places. More than this—for let us be just to socialism even—certain benefits actually accrued from its extravagances. It compelled the governing classes to take into consideration the gravest questions which affect the working poor. It enlarged the compass of the sympathies of statesmen and the knowledge of their legislative duties, and it obliged them to ask the question: "Why is there hatred?" Even socialism is not without its good fruits, any more than it is without its apologies. And those apologies were imposing, if not sufficient. Thus, if M. Proudhon could write the insane sentence, "Property is theft" (which was a nihilism far more rampant than that of Russakoff), let it be remembered that M. Toulon, when the French people were starving, but when there was no want of bread in the French court, had said impudently—and was afterwards hanged for having said it—"Let the people eat

grass." It was the knowledge of such cruelty in high places which justified socialistic excesses, just as the knowledge of the selfishness of the aristocracy justified the rage of the Sansculottes. In the same way, when the delegates of the Third Estate (the first formal institution of French radicalism) sat covered in the presence of Louis XVI., "with their slouched hats clapt on in hot defiance," they were justified by the fact that Louis XIV. had said—or at least was reported to have said—"L'état c'est moi," and had thus supplanted all liberties by despotism. Not the theory but the abuse of the French monarchy, not the theory but the abuse of French nobility, were responsible for the horrors of revolution; the court—which was the king's—being so stupidly egoistic that it trod the people as grass and made them eat it. In speaking of the *sentiment* of all radicalism let it be insisted that to the abuse of institutions, but not to the institutions themselves, is due the whole growth of revolution. In other words, radicalism is an aggrieved sentiment arising out of the faults of those in power. Radicalism is reaction from passive suffering, and revolution is retribution for long insult. If the French kings had not ignored all paternity, and the French nobility had not ignored all Catholic sentiment, there would never have been French radicalism, French socialism, French loathing of the odious hypocrisy of the king's court. The revolution was begotten at Versailles, and was fostered and ripened in French châteaux. The three kinds of revolution were all high-born. It was the mixture of exclusiveness and injustice which brought about the social revolution; it was the mixture of despotism and tyranny which brought about the political revolution; and it was the mixture of immorality and hypocrisy which brought about the religious revolution. Every Englishman who would be a student of English radicalism should note well these primary causes of the Reign of Terror, and should seek to cut away from English radicalism every pretext which can suggest revolution.

That there is a certain amount of socialism in England—that is, of the sentiment of socialism—it would be simply insincere to deny; but, as was said at the beginning, every political extravagance among the lower orders is rather an antagonism than a principle. The socialism of the masses has nothing to do with "social science," but is a sort of wild proletarianism *plus* scepticism. It is no more the socialism of such a theorist as Lamennais, or Fourier, or the author of the *Histoire Philosophique*, or even of the apologetic Mr. J. S. Mill—who, however, pro-

nounced all such science to be impracticable—than it is the socialism of that unique madman, Robespierre, who wished the state to decree, "There *is* a God." It has as little in common with the socialism of Saint-Simon—who made some sort of religion his first requisite—as it has with the ideal Republic of Plato, or the Utopia of good Sir Thomas More, or the City of the Sun of Campanella. English socialism is irreligion. It is negation without any affirmation. It could not explain itself if it would. Just as M. Schareffe, one of the ablest expositors of German socialism, says, "I have taken years to get to the bottom of it, and cannot," so we might say of English socialism, "It has neither top nor bottom, nor any vertebræ to connect the two if it had them." Its sole profession of faith is *nego*. The truth is that English socialism has no reason of being. French socialism, which was begotten in '89 and born into hideous life in '92, was the progeny of anti-regal ideas, because the kingship represented suppressed liberties. The English monarchy does nothing of the kind. It is perfectly true that French socialism itself meant suppressed liberties; that its substitution of association for competition, of partnerships for bravely earned wages, of social compact for individual energy, was nothing short of the killing of individuality, and therefore the killing of true liberty. But French socialism, strangely enough, has died out. Democracy—as the French now understand it—may be said to have extinguished French socialism. It is true that democracy was the parent of socialism; but this is no dishonor to the parent. Democratic ideas, in a justly liberal sense, must necessarily breed some offshoots which are deformed, because so many persons can appreciate mere license who cannot appreciate true liberty. Just as monarchy has always led to *some* tyranny when it has been divorced from constitutional safeguards, so democracy has always led to *some* travesty when it has been divorced from religion and sound sense. Still, it would be impossible to deny that, under the present republic, French socialism has crept away into holes and corners. Unhappily, the French nation, though it has cast out rabid socialism, has most certainly not robed itself in religion. The explanation is that the "religion" of the typical Saint-Simon was a political, not a Christian, medicament—intended for the healing of the diseases of society, but not for the purification of its morals. French republicans are not a whit more religious because they are less socialistic; they only regard their republic as a safety-valve for excesses which are purely political, not religious. As a French writer has put it (perhaps a little too widely): "Social-

ism implied, as a necessity, a struggle against class-oppression. We have no classes left in republican France, and therefore we have no longer oppression." Now, in England there is certainly no class-oppression; there is only too much class-demarcation; so that the socialism which exists is rather a spirit of discontent than a theory of social rectification.

Taking together the three points we have referred to as constituting the basis of all radicalism (and both the French and English socialisms are radicalism)—first, the loosening of the religious principle of obedient loyalty; next, the hatred of aristocracy, provoked by pride; and, thirdly, the feebleness of example and of aspiration in both the higher and the upper middle classes—let it be asked, How do these causes combine in England to stimulate the sentiment of revolution?

First, the religious principle of loyalty (the Catholic sentiment of obedience) may be said to be extinct in the masses. It is as extinct as is "the belief in divine right." The progressive steps in this great change have been thus marked: the crown dispossessed the Catholic Church in the sixteenth century; the peers and the land-owners dispossessed the crown in the seventeenth century; and since the Reform of 1832 to dispossess "church and peers" has been a favorite growing idea with extreme Liberals. The disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church, coupled with the total loss of dogmatic influence in the (soon to be disestablished) English Protestant Church, have shaken the foundations of the old Anglican tradition which was formulated in the toast, "Church and state." No "divinity doth [now] hedge" either the king or the church; still less does it hedge party government. No divinity hedges anybody in Great Britain, unless it be the divinity of money. So that the sentiment of Catholic loyalty being obscured—both the Christian and the natural sentiment—the flood-gates are opened, out of which pours conservative principle, or into which pours revolutionary sentiment.

Next, just as the Stuarts were expelled by a parliamentary vote, so ever since that time the imperial mantle of government has really rested on the shoulders of the people. We have recently seen how, in the case of the Irish Land Bill, public opinion is the ultimate appeal. (And it is to be regretted, by the way, that the Lords have never been Ireland's friends, nor have the royal family shown Ireland much sympathy.) The truth is that the Lords *seem* to pose as representatives, not of the ever-changing present, but of the past. Hence the sort of idea which the Radi-

cals have of the House of Lords is that it is a huge block to all progressive democracy; that through its ponderous portals every "bill for the people" has to be dragged, in a coach and six, from the popular chamber; that when the Lords discuss a measure they have to dig up their intelligences out of graves of many years of oblivion; that *because* they are hereditary they must necessarily be dull—very unlike the active candidates for popular favor; and that instead of being, as they should be, an assembly of the greatest men, they are an assembly of the richest and noblest. The Lords have heightened this impression by very foolishly declining to admit the excellent institution of life peers. That the Lords *have* been the useful allies of the Liberals—such great Whig families as the Cavendishes and the Russells having helped to lay the lines of popular freedom—is a fact which is obscured by the remembrance of the other fact, that a peer need not be great, but only noble. And so, through the Lords up to the throne, the spirit of disesteem rises slowly. So long as the crown does not meddle in politics it may be endured as a figure-head of society; but if the crown were to negative a popular vote there would be a shout of "What is the use of the crown?" And some Liberals would raise the shout, to please the Radicals! Without expressing any opinion as to the wisdom of Mr. Gladstone in utilizing Radical sections for the Liberal interests, there cannot be a question that he has done much to make the Radicals imagine that they are the same party as the Liberals. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Mr. Bright, Mr. Forster, are even claimed as partisans of extreme views. Let there be only some grave national suffering—a famine, or great depression in trade, or even some odious mistake in domestic policy—the Radicals would raise a cry for the partitioning of property, the disestablishment of other things besides the church. Liberalism may mean liberty, not equality; but radicalism would mean equality *plus* plunder.

When we come to the third point—the feebleness of example, and the feebleness of even professed aspiration, which is observable in the higher and upper middle classes (and which is shown especially by that want of class-sympathy to which we have alluded at the beginning)—we find plenty of reason for believing that the Radical sentiment may develop into Radical revolution. It is a difficult subject to speak of, this general tone of "good society" in regard to its accepted *summum bonum*. Let us get at the root of the matter. M. de Haulleville has very learnedly shown, in his exposure of the fallacies of M. de Laveleye,

that the ages of faith were the ages of enlightenment in the highest and purest senses of the word. "Servire Deo regnare est" was the *sentiment* of the best Catholic kings, and the same sentiment was caught by their subjects, and was, indeed, their conviction and postulate. But in our own time the Catholic sentiment, even in most Catholic countries, is so divorced from every action of worldly life that enlightenment has come to mean the science of gain, and egoism has pushed out every grace. We will not stay to compare relative prosperities, or industries, or progress, or enlightenment, because it is utterly futile to attempt to gauge *results* when their *principles* have but little in common. The very words which convey one idea now conveyed a totally different idea in the middle ages. The aspirations of life have wholly changed. "It is false," says M. de Haulleville, "that Protestant countries are more active, more industrious, more thrifty than Catholic countries." True; but it must all depend in what senses we take the words, or what measure of aspiration we impute to them. To draw any comparison between the condition of Spain and Portugal before the revolution of the sixteenth century and their condition in this money-grubbing nineteenth century, would be impracticable because the objects of life were as different as is the modern method of locomotion from the old. We live now chiefly to "get on"; and the getting-on seems to be narrowed solely by the personal apprehension of some pecuniary or sensuous gratification. Liberty means the right to believe nothing (instead of the old security of the Catholic faith); the privilege of envying those who are above us, and snubbing or ill-treating those who are below us; and the cherishing every political novelty which seems to promise greater play for our own importance. *Servire mundo regnare est!* It may be true that "among Catholic nations civil liberty is ancient, absolutism is modern"; but since the ideas both of liberty and of all obedience are quite changed from what they were in the middle ages, we cannot stop to work out so huge a thesis. It is better to accept things for what they are, and to try to raise the standard of aspirations. And the only way to do this is to try to spread the Catholic faith—the sole remedy for the diseases of modern thought.

It is useless to obscure the fact that no philosophy but Catholicism can be strong enough to resist revolution. Radicalism (of the baser sort; for we do not speak of political theories, which may be held with perfect impunity by eclectic minds) has no master which can keep it down in the purely

natural range, and certainly no master in the political range. It is only by its own excesses that it will fall; but it is not by any inherent good that it can rise. English Bradlaughism is a self-devouring plague, which will consume its own votaries by the unutterable degradation into which it will plunge mind and soul. And English Bradlaughism is just exactly that vulgar *sentiment* which has no principle, no object, save vulgarity. And how are you to oppose such an evil? Solely by that highest philosophy, that most refining of all sciences, which is summed up in the one word Catholicism. If you could infuse into the higher classes and the educated middle classes the aspirations, the intuitions of Catholicism, there might be still a hope that, as M. de Haulleville ventures to prophesy, "le prochain grand siècle sera un siècle Catholique." Apart from so remote a probability, there is the duty of trying our best *now*. And that best seems to be the cultivation of truer sympathies between the *best* of such class and the rougher classes. This may seem to be utopian; but it is not: it is solely a question for earnestness. The usual reply to such suggestions is: "You cannot combine classes. If you could you would do no sort of good. 'You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' and you cannot refine roughs and rowdies." It most certainly cannot be done by callous selfishness, but it can be done by active Catholic sympathies; and it *is* done, in a few instances, in English large towns, and done with the most perfect success. Among the *poor* classes—very distinct from the rough classes—there is as much refinement as can be found in the best society. The English poor are often typically refined, and as modest and tractable as they are industrious. And since in the poorest classes you may find pure exemplars—as well in the large towns as in the country—what can hinder that all the sections of the community should be rendered as typical as these are? It is evidently the negligence of the higher classes which has led to the vast increase of the residuum. It is their weak example which has been made the apology for stubbornness, for scepticism, for coarseness, for even grossness. The refined poor—of whom there are millions—set an example in almost everything to the selfish rich. *They* have no sympathy with rabid politics! They live to do their duty, and to do it peaceably. It is only where religion, and tradition, and refinement have totally died out from exceptional grooves that you find the modern revolutionary radicalism, which is as wicked as it is vulgar and blackguardly, and which is at this time best typified in England by Bradlaughism.

A JESUIT IN DISGUISE.*

The English Jesuits have undertaken an interesting and important task in illustrating, by means of materials lately made accessible in the Public Record Office and MSS. preserved in the archives of their society, the trials of Catholics under Elizabeth and James I., and the character of the daring priests who volunteered for the English mission in those terrible days. Father Gerard was one of the most distinguished of these heroic adventurers, an associate of the martyrs, Henry Garnet, superior of the English mission, and Robert Southwell, the poet; and although it was not his privilege to shed his blood for the faith, as they did, he was hunted like a wild beast, he lay long in prison, and he bore the torture. In common with Garnet he was falsely accused of complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. Finding it impossible, after that affair, to continue his labors in England, he made his escape to the Continent, and he died peacefully at Rome more than thirty years later, having passed his old age in training aspirants for the same mission of whose toils and dangers he had so ample an experience. He wrote in Latin, for the information of his superiors, a Narrative of his missionary adventures, and this document, a manuscript copy of which is preserved at Stonyhurst College, is the foundation of Father Morris' book. The title-page describes the present volume as a new edition "rewritten and enlarged." It is practically a new book. The Narrative was used in the preparation of a memoir of Father Gerard printed together with his history of the Gunpowder Plot, the autograph manuscript of which is at Stonyhurst (see *The Condition of Catholics under James I.*, London, 1871); but in preparing the memoir as a separate publication Father Morris has greatly expanded and enriched it, amplified the extracts from the Narrative, and made copious and important selections from the State Papers.

Father Gerard's Narrative derives a special interest from the fact that it was not intended for the public eye. The writer of an autobiography, even if he be a saintly missionary, is always

* *The Life of Father John Gerard, of the Society of Jesus.* By John Morris, of the same Society. Third edition, rewritten and enlarged. 8vo, pp. xiv.–524. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company. 1881.

hampered by self-consciousness; and whether this inconvenience result in over-modesty or over-complacency, the result is equally an injury to the full and exact truth. Father Gerard's purpose was not so much to record his personal experiences as to make a confidential report to the general of the society respecting the condition of the English mission, the manner of life which he and his brethren were forced to follow, the disguises they assumed, the arts by which they escaped the pursuivants, the perils they had to guard against, the circumstances of the faithful among whom they labored, and the means by which they were supported in their work. This last particular in the story was not the least important, for the life of "a Jesuit in disguise" was a pretty expensive one: he dressed as a man of the world; he mingled unsuspected in fashionable society; he had various hiding-places, the preparation of which must have cost a good deal of money; he had to pay dear for books, vestments, and sacred vessels, which were smuggled into the country at great risk and expense, and, being often seized, had to be often renewed; sometimes he was blackmailed by officers of the law, and in prison he had to pay considerable sums to his jailers. It is generally supposed by Protestants that there is a mysterious "fund" of some sort in Rome from which the cost of secret missionary enterprises has always been defrayed. This, of course, is not so. The Narrative of Father Gerard shows that the Catholics of England, in the time of persecution, gave freely of their goods for the support of the faith, quite in the zealous spirit of the early Christians who laid their fortunes at the feet of the apostles. The missionaries, on entering the kingdom, had little more than enough to take them to their field of labor: for the future they trusted entirely to the beneficence of the faithful and the providence of God. The nature of the contributions offered by laymen is set down by Father Gerard, not with a mercenary feeling, but because it was of great consequence that the superior officers of the society should know what the missionaries could depend upon and how much it would be allowable for them to undertake. These details have a great significance as illustrations of the times, but they would probably not have been given in a regular autobiography. Neither should we have found, except in a communication of the most private character, certain not to fall into hostile hands, particulars such as are given here respecting persons who "harbored priests," houses in which the proscribed confessors of Christ sought shelter, and the various agencies by which they were enabled to prosecute their perilous undertaking. The *Life of Father*

Gerard has, therefore, a twofold interest—first, as the portraiture of a sweet and heroic character; and next, as the revelation of the secret ways of that popular bogy, "a Jesuit in disguise."

John Gerard was born at Bryn, in Lancashire, October 4, 1564. His father and mother both belonged to Catholic families of substance and consideration, and, like most others of their rank, they suffered more or less for their faith. Sir Thomas Gerard, the father, was reported to Sir Francis Walsingham as "lurking in his house," refusing to come to the Protestant church, and "nourishing certain Massing priests." He was twice imprisoned; he was fined; and one of his estates was confiscated and granted to a Protestant kinsman, whose son, afterwards raised to the peerage, appears in the course of this Narrative as Queen Elizabeth's knight-marshal, personally conducting the search of a house in which Father Gerard and another priest were supposed to be hidden. But to be hunted by a relative was not the worst of the good father's trials. It is a sad illustration of the dangers of the time that Sir Thomas Gerard himself, after bearing brave testimony to the faith, fell into apostasy, and "lived a lewd and licentious life," at the very time that his son was employed on the English mission. We find no mention of Sir Thomas in Father Gerard's Narrative, and there was perhaps no opportunity for intercourse between them after the son became a priest. It is intimated, however, that Sir Thomas repented and returned to the church about a year before his death. The son was carefully educated in the faith. There is some obscurity in the account of his early years, but we know that while still a lad he spent a time in the English College at Douay and Rheims, and in the latter institution he first found himself attracted to the Society of Jesus. He studied also at the Clermont College in Paris. He was about a year at Exeter College, Oxford, where he had for tutor one whom he describes as "a good and learned man, and a Catholic in mind and heart"—that is to say, one of that numerous class of weak believers, then called "schismatics," who conformed outwardly to the established heresy without accepting the new doctrines. When John Gerard left the university rather than take the Protestant sacrament, this tutor, moved by the stanchness of his pupil, followed his example, and for some time he lived in Sir Thomas Gerard's house, superintending the young man's lessons. There was a secular priest in the house at the same time, who afterwards became a Jesuit, and from him John Gerard took lessons in Greek. This clergyman, Sutton by

name, was doubtless one of the "old priests"—that is, those ordained before Elizabeth's reign—for whom there was usually no very keen search unless they were detected saying Mass or otherwise exercising their ministry. They were assumed by the authorities to stand upon a different footing from the "seminary priests," who took orders abroad and entered the realm as missionaries.

When John Gerard was sent to the Continent "to learn the French tongue" a license to travel was obtained for him. When he proposed to go a second time, with the secret purpose of entering the Society of Jesus, no such privilege could be had, and, in company with several other Catholics, he sailed without a license. The vessel was driven into Dover by contrary winds and the whole party were arrested and sent to London. Our hero avowed his religion; but as certain members of the Privy Council were friends of his family, instead of being imprisoned with his fellow-adventurers he was committed to the custody of a Protestant uncle. This worthy was unable to convert him; and the Bishop of London, who next essayed the task, succeeded no better. Accordingly, at the age of nineteen he was locked up in the Marshalsea prison, and there he remained "from the beginning of one Lent to the end of the following." "We were twice during this interval," he writes, "dragged before the courts, not to be tried for our lives, but to be fined according to the law against recusants. I was condemned to pay two thousand florins." This, representing about one thousand dollars of our money, was, three centuries ago, a very large sum. The Marshalsea, as described to us in modern times, was something quite unlike the popular idea of a jail, with tiers of narrow cells. Only a little fragment of it now remains; but it was standing when Charles Dickens was a youth, and in *Little Dorrit* he drew it as he remembered it, with its blocks or rows of squalid tenements inside the walled enclosure. It was perhaps arranged on a similar plan in Father Gerard's day, offering the prisoners many opportunities to avoid the surveillance of the keepers, and affording the keepers unrivalled facilities for extortion. There can hardly be a doubt that privileges were for sale in this place. Father Gerard found there no fewer than seventeen priests and thirty other Catholics, "awaiting judgment of death with the greatest joy"; and several of them did afterwards obtain the crown of martyrdom. It is a curious circumstance that, although these prisoners were held as "recusants," they were in the habit of celebrating Mass in the very prison itself. The Bishop of London wrote to Lord Burgh-

ley, about the time of Father Gerard's arrest, complaining of this state of affairs:

"This I find among them, and specially in the Marshalsea, that those wretched priests which by her majesty's lenity live there, as it were in a college of caitiffs, do commonly say Mass within the prison, and entice the youth of London unto them to my great grief, and, as far as I can learn, do daily reconcile them. I have been so bold [as] to shut up one Hartley, and to lay irons upon him, till I hear from your lordship what course herein we shall take hereafter. But the Commission being renewed, I doubt not but my lord of Canterbury will look to those dangerous persons on that side."

Father Hartley, here referred to, was subsequently sent to the scaffold, but the celebration of Mass was not stopped. The keeper of the Marshalsea reported to Lord Burghley in August, 1582, that he had caught three priests saying Mass in different chambers on the same day: "Their superstitious stuff, their abominable relics and vile books, I have taken away ready to be showed. My humble request is to have the priests removed from me, and the rest to be examined and punished, as shall best seem good to your honors." This happened a few months before Gerard's incarceration, and how little effect it had is shown by the following passage in the Narrative:

"At times our cells were visited and a strict search made for church stuff, Agnus Dei, and relics. Once we were betrayed by a false brother, who had feigned to be a Catholic, and disclosed our hidden stores to the authorities. On this occasion were seized quantities of Catholic books and sacred objects, enough to fill a cart. In my cell were found nearly all the requisites for saying Mass; for my next-door neighbor was a good priest, and we discovered a secret way of opening the door between us, so that we had Mass very early every morning. We afterwards repaired our losses, nor could the malice of the devil again deprive us of so great a consolation in our bonds."

The report of a spy named Thomas Dodwell (perhaps the false brother here referred to) is preserved in the Public Record Office:

"There is four seminary priests in one chamber, and close prisoners—viz., Fenn, Fowler, Conyers, and Hartley; and yet, notwithstanding the often searching, they have such privy places to hide their Massing trumpery that hardly it can be found, that they have to themselves often Mass, and now because Sir George Carey [or Carew, knight-marshal] and his servants have often taken from them their silver chalices, they have provided chalices of tin. . . . They hide their books in such secret places that when any search is [made] they can find nothing."

The lot of some of the prisoners, however, was much more severe than that of others. Gerard found in the Marshalsea a servant of the Jesuit Father Campion, who had been arrested "on account of some words he had let fall in praise of" Campion. "On my arrival there I saw him laden with heavy fetters on his legs, besides which he wore a very rough hair-shirt. He was most lowly and meek, and full of charity. I happened one day to see a turnkey strike him repeatedly without the servant of God uttering a single word. He was at length taken with three others to the filthy Bridewell. One of their number died of starvation a few days after their transfer." Gerard obtained leave one day, on his way from court to prison, to visit some friends, pledging himself to return to the Marshalsea that night. He employed his liberty in visiting this humble confessor in Bridewell. "He was lying ill, being worn out with want of food and labor on the tread-wheel. It was a shocking sight. He was reduced to skin and bone, and covered with lice that swarmed upon him like ants on a mole-hill; so that I never remember to have seen the like."

Gerard was released on bail, being bound in sureties to the amount of two hundred pounds, furnished by his friends, to report in person at the Marshalsea every three months. The sureties were several times renewed; but at last "a very dear friend," whose name is not given, offered himself as bail with the understanding that Gerard should go abroad and that the bond should be forfeited. The generous proposal was accepted, but the penalty was never enforced, for the bondsman was one of fourteen gentlemen hanged a few weeks afterwards for complicity in Babington's conspiracy in behalf of Mary, Queen of Scots. Gerard, in the meantime, escaped across the Channel by bribing the searchers, made his way to Rome, and became a student of the English College, having been advised to take orders before he entered the Jesuit Society. His theological course was a very short one. The wants of the English mission were pressing, and Gerard had given such clear proof of virtue and constancy that it seemed quite safe to dispense in his case with a great deal of the usual training. In less than two years he was a priest and Jesuit, and on his way back to his native country, accompanied by Father Oldcorne, Jesuit, and two secular priests. They travelled incognito, Father Gerard taking the name of Thomson. Elizabeth's spies were watchful on the Continent, and documents now accessible in the Public Record Office show, what our adventurers did not suspect at the time, that they were recognized in

Paris and their movements were minutely reported by false brethren in the pay of the English government. One of the most infamous of these informers was Gilbert Gifford, Father Gerard's second cousin. This wretch, whom Sir Edward Stafford, the English ambassador at Paris, called "the most notable double treble villain that ever lived," was the chief agent employed to ripen the Babington conspiracy and then to betray it. He was the intermediary of Mary's communications with her friends in Paris and London, and all the letters entrusted to him were promptly conveyed into the hands of Walsingham. The better to play the spy, he caused himself to be ordained priest. After the execution of the Queen of Scots he seems to have distrusted his employers, for he went over to Paris. There, being arrested for immorality, he ended his life in prison, drawing meanwhile a pension of one hundred pounds a year from Elizabeth's government, and contriving even from his jail to send news to Walsingham. From this source the English authorities were warned that Gerard would "be in England within five days." Another spy, reporting Gerard's arrival in Paris, gave information of his assuming the name of Thomson.

The condition of affairs in England had changed greatly since the setting out of the party from Rome. "The Spanish attempt had exasperated the public mind against Catholics, and most rigid searches for priests and domiciliary visits had been set on foot; guards were posted in every village along the roads and streets; and the Earl of Leicester, then at the height of his favor, had sworn not to leave a single Catholic alive at the close of the year." Jesuit fathers in France were so strongly opposed to the missionaries' venturing into England at such a time that the matter was referred to Rome for the decision of the head of the society. The father-general's reply is thus given in the Narrative: "As it was the Lord's business that we had to do, he left us free either to wait the return of greater calm or to pursue the course we had entered upon. On receiving this desirable message we did not long deliberate, but immediately hired a ship to land us in the northern part of England, which seemed to be less disturbed."

The party consisted of Father Gerard, Father Oldcorne, and the two secular priests, Christopher Bales and George Beesley —all, except Gerard, destined for the scaffold. We are not told of the adventures of Bales and Beesley, except that they were caught soon after landing and were both executed in London under the statute 27 Elizabeth, for having been made priests

beyond the seas and exercising their functions in England. The Jesuits sailed along the coast of the Channel until on the third day they observed a spot where the ship's boat might easily set them on shore. The anchor was accordingly dropped until night; under cover of the darkness the fathers were landed, and the vessel immediately departed to convey Bales and Beesley to another part of the coast. Our missionaries gave some time to prayer, and then began to look for a path inland, since it would be dangerous to be found near the sea. But the night was dark, and every way they tried brought them to a dwelling, as they were made aware by the barking of dogs. Afraid of being taken for thieves, they turned at last into a wood, and there remained until dawn, unable to sleep on account of the rain and cold, and not daring to speak above a whisper. For greater safety they resolved to separate and pursue their journey to London independently, and they cast lots to determine which should leave the wood first. The lot fell upon Father Oldcorne. "We then made an equal division of what money we had, and, after embracing and receiving one from the other a blessing, the future martyr went along the sea-shore to a neighboring town, where he fell in with some sailors who were thinking of going to London." He made himself so agreeable to these men that, although he could not refrain from reproving their bad language, they willingly accepted his company, and the searchers in the towns through which they passed, taking him for one of the party, did not molest him. He reached London without much trouble. Father Gerard, following a different road, pretended to people whom he met that he was in search of a stray falcon. This gave him a plausible excuse for keeping away from the highroads and villages, and making across the country by fields and lanes. At last, late in the day, soaked with rain and exhausted with fatigue, cold, and hunger, he went boldly to an inn. His confident manner disarmed suspicion. He not only obtained here the rest and refreshment he needed, but he was able to buy a pony, and so to prosecute his journey in the morning with a better appearance and with less peril. He was arrested, indeed, at the entrance of the next village; but he held to the story of the falcon, and after some trouble he was let go, and rode on to the city of Norwich. Here he put up at an inn; and what followed we shall let him tell in his own words:

"I had rested me but a little while there when a man who seemed to be an acquaintance of the people of the house came in. After greeting me civilly he sat down in the chimney-corner and dropped some words about

some Catholic gentlemen who were kept in jail there; and he mentioned one whose relative had been a companion of mine in the Marshalsea some seven years since. I silently noted his words, and when he had gone out I asked who he might be. They answered that he was a very honest fellow in other points, but a Papist. I inquired how they came to know that. They replied that it was a well-known fact, as he had been many years imprisoned in the castle there (which was but a stone's throw from the place where I was); that many Catholic gentlemen were confined there, and that he had been but lately let out. I asked whether he had abandoned the faith in order to be at large. 'No, indeed,' said they, 'nor is he likely to, for he is a most obstinate man. But he has been set free under an engagement to come back to prison when called for. He has some business with a gentleman in the prison, and he comes here pretty often on that account.' I held my tongue and awaited his return.

"As soon as he came back, and we were alone, I told him that I should wish to speak with him apart; that I had heard that he was a Catholic, and for that reason I trusted him, as I also was a Catholic; that I had come there by a sort of chance, but wanted to get on to London; that it would be a good deed worthy of a Catholic were he to do me the favor of introducing me to some parties who might be going the same road, and who were well known, so that I might be allowed to pass on by favor of their company; that, being able to pay my expenses, I should be no burden to my companions. He replied that he knew not of any one who was then going to London. I hereon inquired if he could hire a person who would accompany me for a set price. He said he would look out some such one, but that he knew of a gentleman then in the town who might be able to forward my business. He went to find him, and soon returning desired me to accompany him. He took me into a shop, as if he were going to make some purchase. The gentleman he had mentioned was there, having appointed the place that he might see me before he made himself known. At length he joined us and told my companion in a whisper that he believed I was a priest. He led us, therefore, to the cathedral, and, having put me many questions, he at last urged me to say whether or no I was a priest, promising that he would assist me—at that time a most acceptable offer. On my side I inquired from my previous acquaintance the name and condition of this third party [Edward Yelverton, of Grimston]; and on learning it, as I saw God's providence in so ready an assistance, I told him I was a priest of the Society who had come from Rome. He performed his promise, and procured for me a change of clothes, and made me mount a good horse, and took me without delay into the country to the house of a personal friend, leaving one of his servants to bring on my little pony."

The next day our missionary arrived at Mr. Yelverton's house, and there he remained two or three days, conducting himself with great circumspection; for the brother and sister of his host were heretics, and at first the strange guest was eyed with some suspicion. Father Gerard, however, managed to allay distrust. His early home-training had made him perfectly familiar with hunting, falconry, and the other customary amusements of

English gentlemen. These were the common topics of conversation in society; he bore his part well in the general discourse, and he turned the talk readily upon hounds and horses whenever dangerous matters were approached. "Thus it often happens," says he, "that trifling covers truth—*ut vanitas veritatem occultet*"; and in a later period of his mission we find him frequently making use of sporting subjects as a prelude to the gravest observations. Good Father Southwell used to lament that he had a wretched memory for such things, and he got many a lesson from Father Gerard in the technical terms of sport; but his success in talking dog and horse seems to have been indifferent, "for many," says Father Gerard, "make sad blunders in attempting this." When Father Gerard went away Mr. Yelverton provided him with a horse and a servant, and made him promise to ask leave of his superior to return, offering the shelter of his house and whatever assistance he could render in the work of the mission. Thus sped upon his journey, our Jesuit reached London without accident, and by the help of certain Catholics found his superior, Father Garnet. Father Oldcorne had already arrived; Father Southwell was also there; and the little company, meeting joyfully, consulted together as to their future proceedings until the near approach of Christmas (1588) warned them to separate, "both for the consolation of the faithful and because the dangers are always greater in the great solemnities." These four were then the only Jesuits in England, except Father Weston, commonly known as Father Edmunds, who was a prisoner at Wisbeach. At the time of Father Garnet's execution the number had risen to forty.

Mr. Yelverton's proffer of an asylum in his house was accepted, and Father Gerard stayed there six or eight months, during which time his entertainer introduced him to nearly every family of consideration in the county. The missionary dressed and demeaned himself as a gentleman of moderate means, associated freely with Protestants, and seems to have been wholly unsuspected—unsuspected, that is to say, so far as regards his priestly character; that he was a Catholic must have been well known. How complete indeed was his disguise we can judge from an anecdote which he relates in connection with the conversion of his host's brother-in-law. This gentleman had listened to Father Gerard's persuasions and instructions in the confident belief that he was listening to a zealous layman. He was even prepared for confession, and was then informed that a priest would come to him. "His brother-in-law told him that this must be at night-

time. So, having sent away the servants who used to attend him to his chamber, he went into the library, where I left him praying, telling him that I would return directly with the priest. I went down-stairs and put on my cassock, and returned so changed in appearance that he, never dreaming of any such thing, was speechless with amazement." Father Gerard adds a little argumentative discourse by which he satisfied his convert that the concealment of his profession had been necessary and proper. But this seems superfluous. The missionaries were surely not required to invite death and defeat their purposes by proclaiming their mission. If they went about England in disguise it was because the law would not let them go about openly. Afterwards, when he was in prison, Father Gerard always wore the habit of the society, and as he passed through the streets on his way to and from the magistrates the people used to flock to see a Jesuit in his robes. This appears to have been the usual course of the fathers under arrest. Among the converts who rewarded our missionary's secret activity at Grimston, besides the person just referred to, were Mr. Yelverton's brother and two sisters, more than twenty fathers and mothers of families in good position, and a great many people of inferior rank, to say nothing of the weak who were confirmed in the faith, and the numbers of others who were strengthened by the sacraments. But Father Gerard's secret was now in the keeping of too many people about Grimston, and he deemed it more prudent to accept the hospitality of an excellent Catholic gentleman named Drury, of Losell in Suffolk, in whose house he spent two years. Mr. Drury had previously suffered a term of imprisonment in the Marshalsea as a "common receiver, harborer, and maintainer of Jesuits and seminary priests," and he crowned his useful career by selling Losell, distributing the money among the priests in prison and other Catholics suffering persecution, and entering the novitiate of the Jesuits at Antwerp, where he died shortly afterwards. Father Gerard meanwhile had taken up his abode with a family named Wiseman, illustrious in the annals of these times of trouble.* They lived on their estate called Braddocks, in the parish of Wimbish, Essex. The household comprised a widowed mother, Mrs. Jane Wiseman—"a 'true widow,' given to all manner of good works"—and her eldest son, William (afterwards knighted), with his wife. Two younger sons became Jesuits, and all the four daughters took the veil. The widow Wiseman was a great friend and protectress of priests, and it was in order to be of

* Cardinal Wiseman was descended from a younger branch of this family.

the more use to them that she subsequently left her son's house and occupied a dwelling of her own at Northend, in the parish of Great Waltham, where the pursuivants gave her no little trouble. The report of one Justice Young to Lord Keeper Sir John Puckering, preserved in the Public Record Office, describes a search made at this house at Christmas time, 1593, when "they found a Mass a-preparing, but the priest escaped" [he was hidden in the chimney]; and after setting down the names of the Catholics arrested on that occasion the report adds:

"Wherefore, if it may stand well with your lordship's good liking, I think it were well that they were all sent for hither to be examined; for that the same Mrs. Jane Wiseman, her house is the only house of resort for all these wicked persons. She was at Wisbeach with the Seminaries and Jesuits there, and she did repent that she had not gone barefooted thither, and she is a great reliever of them, and she made a rich vestment and sent it to them, as your lordship doth remember, as I think, when you and my lord of Buckhurst sent to Wisbeach to search, for that I had letters which did decipher all her doings."

The notorious Topcliffe, most cruel and untiring of the priest-hunters, seems to have pursued this excellent lady with a special spite. At last a pretext was found for her arrest, and she was taken to London and there put upon her trial for the heinous offence of giving a crown to a distressed priest, one Father Jones, a Franciscan, afterwards martyred. Under the law against the maintenance of priests this was a capital crime. Unwilling that the guilt of her blood should fall upon the jury, Mrs. Wiseman refused to plead, and was in consequence sentenced to be crushed to death by heavy weights laid upon her breast—the usual penalty for this sort of contumacy. She welcomed the sentence with the exclamation, *Deo gratias!* But it was never executed. She lay in prison until the death of Elizabeth, suffering the greatest hardships, and on the accession of James I. she was pardoned.

In the Wiseman household we may be sure that Father Gerard found a delightful home. He gives us a few glimpses of the pious life of that heroic family, where the daily routine was ordered with an almost conventual regularity. The reading of religious books was a frequent exercise. Even at meals, when no strangers were present, some one read aloud for half an hour. The priests sat at table in their gowns. All the servants were Catholics, and everybody in the house frequently approached the sacraments. Mr. Wiseman was a great sufferer from gout, in consequence of which he passed most of his time in his own

apartments, occupied with his books and his devotions, and translating into English a number of Latin works of a spiritual character, several of which were published. Every Friday he made an edifying address to his children in Latin—a tongue in which the daughters as well as the sons were versed. On Sundays and feast-days Father Gerard preached in the chapel. Mass, however, was celebrated in a secret place, for it was necessary always to be on guard against the visits of the pursuivants. The report of a search made at Braddocks while Father Gerard apparently was absent on a missionary tour mentions that the pursuivants "found in a secret place between two walls in the said house an old priest named Thomas Jackson, who hath been beyond sea, and there was also found all the furniture belonging to Mass, and the said priest useth ordinarily to say Mass there." As we have already seen, the laws made a distinction between the "old priests" and those ordained after the accession of Elizabeth, and many of the former class were permitted to live unmolested so long as they abstained from the exercise of their ministry. The penalties hanging over them, however, were severe enough. To maintain the power or jurisdiction of any foreign prelate within the realm, to refuse the oath of supremacy, to sue for or use bulls from the Bishop of Rome, was high treason. It was high treason also to withdraw any from the established religion. Only one of the "Marian" or "old" priests actually suffered death under these statutes, but numbers were imprisoned. The penalty for saying Mass was imprisonment and a fine of two hundred marks. As the old priests must have been well known to all their neighbors, they could hardly labor in disguise, as the strange missionaries did; the pursuivants could always take them on the slightest provocation; and not a few seem to have been encountered by our more adventurous evangelists living inactive under the precarious shelter of private Catholic houses, and sometimes viewing with alarm the "rashness" of the Jesuits who disturbed their quiet. Father Gerard, however, established the most cordial relations with the priests of this class; and with Father Jackson in particular, who was his fellow-guest at Braddocks, he had the very best understanding. We are not told what became of the good man after the arrest just recorded.

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

THE STORY OF A PORTIONLESS GIRL.

From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, by Mary H. A. Allies.

PART I.—EARLY YOUTH.

CHAPTER V.

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

A FORTNIGHT later there was another grand dinner in honor of Herr Goldisch's sister, who had come from London with her husband to make her future sister-in-law's acquaintance. The reception-rooms were brilliantly lighted up, and all the Prost family awaited the guest's arrival. The folding-doors opened wide, and a pretty little figure appeared in a pink dress which was done up with the usual accompaniment of lace, tulle, and ribbon; abundant tresses of fair hair ornamented the graceful head.

"Sylvia, little fairy, is it really you?" exclaimed Herr Prost in pleased surprise. "This morning you were a dingy caterpillar, and now you are a radiant butterfly."

He took hold of the tips of her fingers with his, held her at arm's length, scanned her from head to foot, and said approvingly as he let her go: "In these horrid crinolines you all look like tulips turned upside down. But you are still Sylvia, you little witch!"

"Yes, doesn't she look different?" said Frau Prost, highly pleased. "Fine feathers make fine birds."

It looked like a proof of the proverb, for Sylvia had lost all her shyness of her uncle since he had expressed his admiration, and she said pleasantly: "I am very glad that you like my dress, dear uncle. My aunt chose it for me just as it is."

"And you like it better than your black merino? You needn't say yes or no. Of course you do. You must always be elegantly dressed. I must insist upon it, as I see you are a little person meant to be elegant."

Valentine had been too intent on examining Herr Goldisch's bouquet, which she held in her hand, to pay any attention to Sylvia, whilst Isidora scanned her with a look which did not

express unmitigated satisfaction. Aurel silently shared his father's admiration.

The guests arrived. Herr Goldisch was a man of forty, apparently quiet and sensible. As the future husband of so sentimental a young lady as Valentine, Sylvia had formed a very different notion of him in her own mind. He was a widower without children, and, like Herr Prost, a man of business, with no room for sentiment, but with a great deal of kindliness. He had been taken with Valentine; there was parity of circumstances, Herr Prost liked the marriage, and Valentine showed an enthusiasm on the subject which mystified everybody. Suffice it to say she declared it had always been her dream to marry an oldish man, and particularly a widower, in order to console him for the loss of his wife. Now, this widower happened to be a millionaire and an excellent man whose relatives in London lived in grand style; she gave her consent without a moment's hesitation.

That evening the world opened before Sylvia in all its pomp, vanity, and glare. Her great personal charms, heightened as they were by unconsciousness, made a most favorable impression. Everybody is pleasant to a nice, pretty girl of eighteen; so Valentine followed suit. Up till then she had not found it worth her while to notice her cousin, whom, for the matter of that, she saw only at luncheon and upon occasions. Valentine was a great deal too busy with dear number one to bestow notice upon a being of so inferior an order as Sylvia at a time when the all-important trousseau and future plans were engrossing all her thoughts. But Herr Goldisch remarked to her that evening: "I did not know that such a person as this nice cousin existed in your house."

"I myself hardly knew it," said Valentine, "as Sylvia was in mourning and lived chiefly in her room."

"I am very glad for Isidora that she will have a companion when I carry *you* off," said Herr Goldisch.

Valentine chuckled to herself, partly for joy at the said carrying-off, partly because she doubted whether Isidora much wished for such a companion. Isidora had not yet appeared in society, and coming out with Sylvia was not to her advantage. That very evening a careful observer might have seen how little she liked Sylvia's success—for success it was, in spite of her cousin's ignorance of English, her bad French, and her extreme poverty.

Sylvia herself was only too well aware of the numerous shortcomings which were against her feeling at home in society, though her tact prevented her from saying or doing anything

contrary to its usages. This consciousness gave her a slight shyness which was in itself a charm, so that Mrs. Dambleton, Herr Goldisch's sister, congratulated Frau Prost on her niece's excellent bringing-up.

"She still wants polish," answered Frau Prost, "as she has never been out; but I hope it will come with practice."

"Oh! as to that, a little drawing-room politeness only wants practice and habit, and is not a real advantage, even though it would be a mistake to be altogether wanting in it. If only there is that natural tact which knows exactly what to do and say at the moment, ease is soon acquired."

"I think my little Sylvia will have her wits about her. Her poor mother, my sister, was a most sensible person, and she had a particular practical talent for trying circumstances."

As Sylvia got to her room about midnight she thought to herself what a strange change had taken place since she went into it for the first time. "How lonely I was!" she mused. "I seemed to be by myself in the world, and now I am a child of the house. My aunt is so kind, and my uncle is getting quite pleasant, and is already very friendly directly he sees me lively and ready for jokes. I get everything I can possibly wish for; indeed, the daughters are not better off than I. Certainly, I am still an orphan, and I have no friend here like Clarissa Lehrbach." She rang her bell. Bertha answered it; for Sylvia, as a fashionable young lady, now had her maid. Bertha said, in a tone of the greatest admiration: "Really, miss, your dress is too pretty, and you look too bewitching in it! What a pity it is that you are obliged to undress!"

"And that very quickly," answered Sylvia, laughing; "it is late, and I have to get up at six o'clock."

"O miss! don't think of it. It was all very well before, but now that you are to do as the others you must have your sleep out. Aren't you beginning to enjoy your life, as I told you you would? Did you remark the silver service, which is only used on great occasions? I peeped into the dining-room when it was lighted up, just to look at the company, and really my eyes were dazzled by the silver and the lights. I'm sure you had nothing like this at home?"

"No, Bertha, I had nothing like it; but then I was home," replied Sylvia with a tinge of sadness.

"Oh!" said Bertha, stopping short. Her business was over; she wished Sylvia good-night and withdrew. Sylvia struggled with many distractions at her night prayers, but when Mlle. Vic-

toire knocked at her door the next morning at six she did not think twice about getting up. She dressed herself quickly, for which operation she required no assistance, and went to Mass as usual. On coming back out of the gray, miserable fog to her rosy abode she felt a certain happiness at having made the little sacrifice for God. Then she breakfasted and set about her English with great zeal. This same zeal delighted Miss Wilmot, who was not spoilt in this respect by her pupils, and she spared Sylvia her Calvinistic attacks upon Catholic doctrine. Perhaps, indeed, Sylvia had a little scene to thank for it which she had had with Harry one day when he happened to be in the room at the time of her lesson. He was turning over her prayer-book, and eyeing curiously the holy pictures contained in it. At last he held up one of Our Lady and exclaimed: "Miss Wilmot, she is a Papist."

"No, Harry, I am what you are—a Catholic," said Sylvia with quiet determination.

The child stared at Miss Wilmot, as if expecting her to say something. But what could she say? She observed drily: "Be quiet, Harry, and don't interrupt us."

Sylvia had settled in her own mind to do as Mlle. Victoire did. "If a servant can assert her independence as to religion, I am sure that I can," she thought to herself; "and I will also imitate her in making friends of every one." And her plan seemed to answer. She won her relatives partly by her pleasant manner, partly by her winning modesty, which Valentine with her coldness, and Isidora with her imperiousness, had never been able to do. Mrs. Dambleton could not understand how it was that a German houseful of young people produced no music. Valentine, in consequence, proposed to play one evening. She got through a first movement of one of Beethoven's sonatas, but with so much stumbling that at the end of the *allegro* she said she could not possibly go on before an audience, and her father remarked drily: "That seems to me the best thing you can do. But, Aurel, you can sing. Won't you try what you can do?"

"Not without being accompanied," he said.

"You see, Mrs. Dambleton, we are poor in talents. People must be contented with the solid good things we have to offer them," said Herr Prost in a self-satisfied tone, and Mrs. Dambleton replied courteously that such "solid good things" were indeed the great consideration in life.

Sylvia seated herself next to Valentine and said: "You could surely get over your shyness, Tini, if you were to play

duets. That was what helped me. I was so nervous that I couldn't play before papa, and it vexed him. My friend Clarissa Lehrbach was the same. Then we began to play duets, so as to get mutual support, and from that time people didn't frighten us any more, because we both thought everybody was paying attention to the other. And when once we got so far we did better and played before any body."

"Do you play, then?" asked Valentine, astonished. "Why didn't you say so long ago?"

"Oh! I wasn't in the way of it, and nobody asked about it."

"To-morrow we must see what you can do."

"Yes, but I am out of practice, as I have been three weeks here without touching a piano."

"Oh! never mind. We will practise in my room on my beautiful Streicher piano, which is much sweeter, to my mind, than the drawing-room Erard. But have you got any duets?"

"Yes; and to-morrow early I will bring you what I have got."

On the following evening every one was much surprised when Valentine took off her gloves and said to her father: "Papa, you rave about 'Don Juan.' We are going to play the overture." And with the air of a queen she made a sign to Sylvia, and they both sat down at the piano.

"Is that our little charmer?" called out Herr Prost in surprise, and his wife gave him a pleased nod.

The overture went very well from beginning to end, Sylvia taking the treble and throwing her soul into it. They were much applauded.

"Little fairy, I am sure that you sing, too," exclaimed Herr Prost.

"Yes, I do, but only little ballads—nothing very wonderful or fashionable."

"Well done!" said Mrs. Dambleton. "German songs are a treat to my German ear."

Sylvia went to fetch her music, and in the meantime Herr Prost said to his wife: "Sylvia must have music-lessons, my dear." Frau Prost nodded her assent.

"That will be an excellent thing," said Mrs. Dambleton. "A good master pushes people on and helps them to practise and to develop."

Sylvia came back with some music, yellow with age, containing Himmel's "Alexis and Ida."

"What old paper have you got there?" exclaimed Isidora.

"Heavenly music," answered Sylvia, laughing, as she seated herself at the piano, and, after a simple chord or two, began to sing, in a voice which was clear and mellow: "I send thee, fair rose, to Alexis." Her audience listened with evident satisfaction. As the last note died away Mrs. Dambleton said: "People may call me sentimental, if they like, but there is nothing like the melody of a German song."

Frau Prost smiled, and Herr Prost exclaimed: "Little fairy, tell us who your Alexis is?"

"Clarissa Lehrbach, dear uncle," she said.

"No, I am your Alexis," said Aurel, walking up to the piano.

"Will you be able to sing at first sight?" she inquired a little anxiously.

"We shall get on. Play away," said Aurel. And he sang Alexis' part in a voice and manner that widely surpassed Sylvia's untaught singing.

"Why, we have a concert all at once," said Mrs. Dambleton approvingly.

"Much to my astonishment," remarked Frau Prost in the quietest way.

The ice was broken. Aurel went on singing. Sylvia accompanied him as well as she could, and earned thereby the gratitude of her audience for giving them the pleasure of hearing him sing.

The next morning Herr Prost broke in suddenly upon his wife's consultation with Mlle. Victoire. He would have frightened her, if she had not been cased in her lethargic calmness. Herr Prost sat himself down in an arm-chair and began: "I want to speak to you about Sylvia, my dear. I look upon it as an extraordinary bit of good fortune that a portionless niece happens to be very pretty. It is quite a chance, and we will make good use of it. Valentine is going to be married in a week, and in two or three years Isidora will marry, too. Then our home would be quite deserted; for sons don't make it, though they are noisy enough as boys, and, once grown up, they either go away or get tiresome like Aurel. But girls enliven one, and here Sylvia just comes to fill a gap. She shall stay with us."

"Who knows?" interrupted Frau Prost. "She is so wonderfully pretty that she will be much admired, and perhaps she will marry before Isidora."

"My dear!" exclaimed Herr Prost in a tone expressive of immense superiority. "You have lived in society now for three-and-twenty years. I am surprised that you can think of such a

thing for a moment. Of course people will fall in love with Sylvia and pay her attentions, but marry her with her two thousand guilders, pretty as she is, and accustomed to all the luxuries we can give her! No, my dear, marriageable young men in these matter-of-fact days have no such intentions. So this is how it is to be: she stays with us to adorn your drawing-room, and she shall learn everything that will qualify her to shine. She is full of talent, so let her have the first music-master in the place, even if the lessons should cost twenty marks each. See about her French. With poor, simple Victoire she will only learn how to sing psalms with a Parisian accent. Then she must know how to ride. I will give her a riding-habit and a *pianino* for Christmas; a grand piano would be too large for her room. So see to it all, my dear; it is your department, and I am sure you are pleased that your sister's child should have a home with us and have found the way to my heart."

"Of course I am, love," said his wife, deep already in his various suggestions. They led, however, to her saying with sudden impulse: "As you mean to spoil Sylvia after this fashion, I think you ought also to provide for her."

"I *do* provide for her in letting her live with us," replied Herr Prost sternly. "Let her marry when she is thirty-six, and then we will find her some money, but not before. I have got enough to do to look after my own children. Harry, who in the most uncalled-for way has been made into a Benjamin, must needs have the same as Edgar, and Edgar the same as Aurel; yet I can't divide Aurel's portion. The Rothschild brothers, who are in undivided strength at the top of the money-market, are my beau-ideal."

"Oh! yes, love, I will look after the riding-habit and the *pianino* without betraying you," said Frau Prost, answering rather her own thoughts than what her husband had been saying; for as soon as she saw that a suggestion made him impatient she let it drop, not out of virtue but out of laziness. *Her* ideal in everything was quietness. All that she wished for was to be able to glide along the course of life.

"I know, my dear, that you take pleasure in looking after things of this sort, and that you do it with understanding, so I shall leave you for the present." With that Herr Prost, somewhat pacified, left his wife to resume her interrupted conference with Victoire. If Sylvia had been a thing belonging to him he would not have gone to work otherwise. In the same way he might have seen to the gilding of a pet silver vase by which his

costly drawing-room would receive additional ornament. Was this unfortunate Sylvia justified in desiring more than a gilded life? She had no claims to anything whatever. This was Herr Prost's opinion on the subject, and he acted in accordance with it.

CHAPTER VI.

A SNOW-STORM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

VALENTINE'S wedding was over, and she had started with her husband for that El Dorado of all fashionable people—Paris. Mr. Dambleton was obliged to go to St. Petersburg on business, and his wife awaited his return at the Prosts'. She was a kind-hearted, sensible woman, and it pained her to see Sylvia's vanity so much fostered by her being spoilt and pushed forward. She would have liked to take Sylvia back with her to England, and Sylvia, attracted as all young people are by change and novelty, would gladly have gone. So that one day when they were all together Mrs. Dambleton said to Herr Prost: "What would you say if I were to steal Sylvia for a few months? I do not mean to stay in London, as my house will be in the mason's hands. I am going to our country-place, where my husband is only free to come of a Sunday, on account of his business; and as our four boys are all at Eton, I have a very dull winter before me."

"English country life is anything but dull in winter," said Herr Prost with constraint.

"That may be, but my house is dull," said Mrs. Dambleton, laughing. "I would bring Sylvia back in the spring, and she would speak English better than if she were to study it here for two years."

Three pairs of eyes watched Herr Prost's face with interest. Sylvia liked the plan immensely, and so did Isidora, as she would then be able to make her appearance in society with greater advantage; but Aurel was much against it. Herr Prost tried to turn his answer off in a joking way, but his own hard-and-fast determination was apparent in it.

"Isn't it enough, Mrs. Dambleton, to be robbed of one daughter by your brother? Must you needs take the other? No, I cannot allow it. What would poor Isidora, who is so used to her sister, be at without Sylvia? No, your plan isn't feasible, Mrs. Dambleton. But I am thinking of taking my wife and

daughter to an English watering-place next summer, and then I can return your kind visit."

Mrs. Dambleton was obliged to rest satisfied with this plan, and Sylvia was delighted at the thoughts of it. Isidora and Aurel let their eyes fall, the one to hide her disappointment, the other to disguise his unmitigated relief; Frau Prost remained passive, awaiting with imperturbable calmness the upshot of the conversation which her husband's decision brought to a close.

Mr. Dambleton returned from Petersburg and lost no time in hurrying back to England for Christmas. Before her departure his wife gave Sylvia some good advice, and, although Sylvia promised to follow it, she had forgotten all about it in a quarter of an hour. What with lessons in singing, music, languages, and riding, and the practice they involved, and the numerous matters connected with dress and society, she had not a quiet moment in the day after the early Mass, to which she persevered in going with Victoire.

A little before the beautiful feast of Christmas Victoire ventured to inquire of Sylvia how she meant to manage about the sacraments. "Of course I shall go to confession and communion," Sylvia replied. "At home I used to go about once in three months. My life here is so different, and I am so dreadfully taken up, that I am like my aunt, who cannot find time for all she wants to do. But this is the first thing to be considered, and I was beginning to feel scruples at having put it off for so long."

"And yet it is the only thing which helps us to keep our peace of mind in the midst of life's unrealities, and which strengthens us to resist the world," said Mlle. Victoire.

"You are quite right. Peace of mind and strength are just what I want," exclaimed Sylvia earnestly. And she thought to herself: "What a difference! Mrs. Dambleton, worthy woman, gives me all sorts of good advice—not to be vain, for instance, or to seek to please, or to lose my head about nice clothes which are given to me and pretty things which are said to me—and it is all very much to the point; but, with all her goodness and education, Mrs. Dambleton cannot tell me how I am to carry it out, and here a simple servant immediately suggests the right means to be used: confession and Holy Communion."

"Victoire," she said after a pause, "how fortunate we Catholics are, and how sad it is that so many people don't realize it! Valentine, now, who is married to a Protestant, must consent to have her children brought up Protestants. Why didn't she in-

sist upon their being Catholics? Perhaps Herr Goldisch would have consented."

"How could Miss Valentine insist in a matter which is indifferent to her?" said Victoire sadly. "O my dear miss! it's no easy thing to remain a Catholic in this house, although it's supposed to be Catholic, and Mr. Aurel is nearly a wonder. But it isn't my place to complain of my masters, and I have enough to do to look after my own conscience, I'm sure."

"How is it, then, that you stay with my aunt?"

"It's that horrid money, miss. Your aunt gives very high wages, and, being the eldest, I had my mother and six brothers and sisters to help, as my poor father was killed in the Barricades. Thank God! my brothers and sisters are now able to earn their own bread, and my poor mother has gone to heaven, where she prays for her children. I must work for another two years to save enough, and then I shall be free. Whatever God wills for me is for the best, and if he wills me to stay on here I am quite ready to obey; but it will be a happy day for me when I am set at liberty and free to live in peace and quiet."

"I'm sure it will be," said Sylvia warmly. "After doing your duty in such a position rest will seem very sweet."

Christmas came. There was great rejoicing over the presents at the Prosts'. Who thought of the heavenly gifts? On Christmas day Frau Prost drove to eleven-o'clock Mass with Sylvia and Isidora. Catholicism compressed into an eleven-o'clock Mass met her slumbering soul's requirements. Herr Prost stayed behind and read the *Indépendance Belge* over a cigar. Sylvia had been to early Mass with Mlle. Victoire, and had been greatly edified to see Aurel going to the sacraments. After luncheon on Christmas eve Sylvia followed her aunt, as she was accustomed to do, and said: "Dear Aunt Teresa, will you let me spend the evening quietly in my room? I want to go to confession and communion to-morrow, and I should like to prepare to-night."

"Wait till Easter, love, then you can go with Isidora and me," answered Frau Prost.

"Of course I mean to go at Easter, too; but I shouldn't like to miss this beautiful feast, so don't say no."

"It isn't our custom, love," remarked Frau Prost indifferently. "Isidora, did you ever hear that girls went to the sacraments more than once a year here?"

"Oh! yes, they do, but only amongst the lower classes and the Ursulines' charity-girls," replied Isidora.

"Now, you hear that, love. You don't belong to the lower classes and are not a charity-girl, so you will do as I and Isidora do in the matter, and go to confession and communion at Easter. Nobody in their senses expects you to do more, and your uncle hates pious enthusiasm." Sylvia made no answer, but that evening, when a dinner as splendid as it was copious came to an end, she left the drawing-room. Her absence was not remarked at first, owing to fresh arrivals of guests. Herr Prost, however, had no notion of being crossed, and he observed after a time:

"Now, then, Aurel, Sylvia, where's the music? To the piano with you both! But what's become of Sylvia?"

"She's in her room," said Isidora.

"Is she ill?"

"Oh! no, papa, quite well; but she is reading."

"This reading passion in young ladies is intolerable. Go and fetch her, Aurel, and then sing 'Alexis and Ida,' or some other pretty thing."

Pleased, yet shy, Aurel made his way up-stairs. He had never been in Sylvia's room, and had never spoken to her alone. They certainly sang together every day, but before the music-master or a third party. Now he was to see her alone in her own room. What would she say? His excitement was so great that he hardly heard her carelessly-uttered "Come in." She thought it was a maid, and, as the soft carpet disguised his footsteps, she remained intent upon what she was doing. It was only when he got to the table at which she was reading that she looked up and said, laughing: "I must send you away this very minute, Aurel, for I am reading the *Imitation*, you see, as a preparation for the sacraments to-morrow."

"My father wouldn't take such an excuse, Sylvia," said Aurel sadly. "He has sent for you, as he wants us to sing his favorite 'Alexis and Ida.'"

"Oh! do invent an excuse, Aurel. I really can't sing to-night."

"I quite understand your reason, Sylvia. But you are running a risk of being fetched by my father himself, and there would be a dreadful scene if he found out what you are doing."

"But that is too tyrannical," exclaimed Sylvia, half crying.

"You must get used to it, Sylvia," said Aurel gravely. "My father is really kind, and leaves everybody free to do as they like in the way of pleasure as long as it doesn't put him out. But he won't hear a word about church or religion, nor allow others to show even a secret sympathy for holy things."

"But what dreadful tyranny over conscience, Aurel! And how can my uncle think of such a thing, pretending as he does to be so liberal and tolerant? When other people happen to be piously-minded he should allow them the same liberty which he takes himself not to be piously-minded."

"Try to make him see it, Sylvia—or rather don't try. You would have a stormy beginning and gain nothing. But now come down."

"O Aurel! it's so nice and quiet here. I really can't put up with the constant whirl and never give my soul a thought. It would be very bad for me if it were to last, and what should I have to show for all the accomplishments and all the society which fill up my days?"

"What do you think my life is?" exclaimed Aurel. "It is as superficial as yours, except that I have my business instead of your music and language."

"Well, now, Aurel," said Sylvia firmly, "do let us hold together. We will mutually encourage and even correct each other, if necessary. Let us bind ourselves to a strong friendship, which may be an incentive to us both to do better and better."

"Oh! yes, do let us," said Aurel, delighted and moved. "But now come down, Sylvia."

"Yes, directly. Only tell me first how you manage to receive the sacraments as you ought."

"I get up so early that I am at the church-door before it is opened, which gives me some clear hours."

"That's what I'll do, Aurel. I am sure that Victoire will readily put herself out to take me. Now I'll come. I'm quite comforted and strengthened, for without cross and without strife there's no living on this earth, says Thomas à Kempis."

The door had been softly opened. It was Isidora, who burst out laughing and exclaimed: "Well, this is too absurd!"

"It's not at all nice of you to come in on the sly," said Sylvia impatiently.

"Do I disturb your tête-à-tête?" she asked spitefully.

"You heard my father telling me to fetch Sylvia," said Aurel coolly.

"Oh! yes, to *fetch* her, but not to stay with her."

"And who shall prevent him from staying here, or me from showing him my books and all my things when I choose?" burst out Sylvia.

"Now, Sylvia, don't excite yourself, or you won't be able to sing 'To Alexis,'" said Aurel kindly; and, taking her by the arm,

he led her down-stairs. Isidora had preceded them, and, seeing her father's black looks, she called out in high merriment: "You will laugh, papa, when you hear this absurd thing. Just fancy! Sylvia was sitting at a table with a book before her, and Aurel was standing humbly in front of her whilst she explained the *Imitation of Christ*."

"I was not explaining, but only quoting," said Sylvia bravely.

"Sing!" commanded Herr Prost. "It is too late now to go to the theatre before our party."

They sang. An hour later the drawing-room filled with people, and it was past midnight when Sylvia got to bed after having made her plan for the morning with Victoire.

A heavy snow-storm was blowing through the streets of the capital as Sylvia and Victoire, well muffled up, hurried to the church in the early morning. There Sylvia was at last able to approach the tribunal of penance and to receive the Bread of Life. As Mass proceeded the storm grew worse, and at last it blew a hurricane. Victoire thought it necessary to take a cab on Sylvia's account; but the bad weather made cabs very scarce, and Victoire had to spend some time in securing one. It was hardly eight o'clock when they reached home, but, as ill-fortune would have it, Herr Prost saw them get down at the door, and his wife had already rung twice for Victoire. As the latter did not appear, Frau Prost resigned herself to her fate and remained contentedly within her silk curtains. But her slumbers were disturbed by her husband, who burst into the room like a whirlwind and called out: "It is really intolerable that such things should go on in my house."

"What things, love?" asked Frau Prost, somewhat aroused by his vehemence.

"Where has Sylvia been to, I want to know?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Surely she hasn't been to church?"

"Yes, of course she has been to church in weather when one couldn't turn a dog away from one's door. She will catch a cold or a cough, or get hoarse, and probably lose her voice. And as she could only do such a thing with that stupid Victoire of yours, I tell you plainly that I won't have Victoire remain in my house. She shall leave my roof *stante pede*."

"My love, the thing's impossible," said Frau Prost, fairly aroused. "I won't agree to Victoire's going before the Carnival, unless I can have another Parisian in her place."

"Nonsense! There are heaps of dressmakers who understand things far better than such bigoted people as Victoire."

"You don't know what you're talking about, love. Victoire is one in a thousand. If she hadn't this absurd liking for the church she would be perfect. I must and will keep her. Vent your anger on Sylvia."

"Yes, she shall be spoken to, but it is Victoire's turn first. Ring for her."

Herr Prost had time to cool down before Victoire answered the bell. When she appeared he asked her quietly enough whether that was the first time Sylvia had been to early Mass. From one thing to the other he found out to his intense displeasure, and his wife to her intense amazement, that Sylvia had been to church every morning since her arrival.

"Very good," burst out Herr Prost at last. "I will overlook the past. But if it happen again—even but once, mind—I will turn both you and Miss Sylvia out of the house."

Thereupon he betook himself to Sylvia, disturbed her in her recollectedness, told her that religious sentimentality was perfectly monstrous, inveighed against the impropriety of her secret goings-on with a lady's maid, and ended by saying that he would punish her undutiful behavior on the next opportunity by expelling her the house without a penny piece.

Too frightened to open her mouth, Sylvia burst into tears. No sooner had her uncle administered his scolding than she was summoned to her aunt. Frau Prost was sitting at her dressing-table.

"This won't do, love," she remarked in her callous way. "You mustn't play such tricks. You were very nearly losing me Victoire, whose services are as necessary to me as my two eyes. Moreover, I had forbidden you to go to the sacraments, and, as you are so very pious, you should have known that the Third Commandment, or the Fourth, I think—or at any rate one of the Ten Commandments—says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Now, don't cry, love. It shall be forgotten and forgiven, and mark what I say: In future the morning walk to church is prohibited. You will go to Mass every Sunday with me and Isidora, and once a year to the sacraments."

"That's just why I am crying, Aunt Teresa," said Sylvia; "for it was so different when my mother was alive."

"Perhaps it was, my love. I dare say people might have different habits in your little Catholic nest. But I, too, am a Catholic, and I know perfectly well what the church requires—viz.,

Mass on Sunday and the Easter communion, and I follow it out. Anything more than this is eccentric or hypocritical. Young people are very apt to be over-enthusiastic, and it makes them either unhappy or laughable. You must be kept from both extremes, for I am very fond of you and treat you as my own little girl. It is your bounden duty to be obedient."

Sylvia could find nothing against this argument, for she was, in truth, treated like a daughter, loaded with presents, fed upon life's good things, and placed in the most brilliant circumstances, whilst her talents and capacity for society were being turned to account. She could not but acknowledge that she owed her uncle and aunt deep gratitude and childlike affection, and foresaw that yielding would be a necessity. But piety, that tender plant so carefully nurtured by her mother, required other air than drawing-room temperature, and other dew than praise and flattery. Sylvia felt more deeply than she herself suspected that the supernatural element occupies too small a place in the world's sultry and dissipating atmosphere, which pampers every phase of self-love and supplies no counterpoise to its encroachments.

Outwardly she obeyed, but in her own mind she asked herself seriously whether it would not be better for her to leave such a house. Whose advice could she ask? Who knew her circumstances or herself sufficiently well to guide her? She might have consulted Herr von Lehrbach, had not other reasons made her shy of laying the whole matter before him, or his wife, or Clarissa.

CHAPTER VII.

A BALL ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

HERR PROST had declared it to be his good pleasure that they should dance the new year in to the sound of music and orchestra, so accordingly a brilliant ball took place on the 31st of December. It was Sylvia's first, and she looked forward to it with immense delight.

"My little Sylvia must deck herself out in her fairest attire and do honor to her name," he said kindly to his niece, passing his daughter over in silence.

"There will be no lack of pretty things," replied Sylvia. "We have been sent two beautiful ball-dresses to choose from. Isidora must settle whether we are to be dressed alike or not."

"Oh! please don't let us be alike," exclaimed Isidora disagreeably; "it is so stupid."

"Are you afraid of the comparison?" asked her father sarcastically.

"I prefer it so," she answered haughtily.

The preference for his pretty niece which Herr Prost gave himself no pains to disguise was a very sore point with his plain daughter. At first Isidora would have been inclined to be friends with Sylvia, whom she looked upon as something quite inferior in her simple black dress and her shyness; but Sylvia as she now was, carrying all before her, was a great trial. Isidora might tell herself over and over again that Sylvia was a poor little thing without a farthing, living on her parents' bounty, and not, therefore, likely to make a good match. As often as she did so a secret voice in her mind rose up against her and whispered: "Sylvia beats Isidora out and out."

On the last day of the year Aurel and Sylvia had had their music-lesson together as usual, and practised their Italian duet with their master. Before they separated Sylvia said quickly in a half-whisper to Aurel: "Will you dance with me to-night, Aurel, as often as your duties as eldest son of the house leave you free?"

"I should think I would," he exclaimed, highly pleased.

"I have a great deal to say to you," she added, "but—" And she laid her finger on her lips, which sign Aurel answered by a significant nod.

"Now, then, have you made yourselves smart? Let me look at you," exclaimed Herr Prost that evening as the two girls, dressed for the ball, made their appearance in the drawing-room before the guests' arrival.

"H'm, Isi, you're not bad; why, you're quite nice. The roses suit your dark hair. Supposing you were to rouge yourself a little, how would it be?"

"My love, what are you thinking about?" said his wife, laughing. "Paint is for old women, not for young ones."

"That depends upon the women. Why shouldn't they paint if it sets them off? Why didn't you give your daughters your own beautiful complexion?" And turning to Sylvia: "But here is a bit of perfection. What fairy cloud have you fallen from, little sylph? Are you sure you can dance polka, mazurka, and the rest?"

"I don't know, dear uncle, but I have learnt it all," she said lightly.

"Why, you can do everything, little witch. You will turn many a head."

"What a sad and sorry sight that would be—turned heads, indeed!" said Sylvia, laughing merrily.

Herr Prost was more and more charmed with the fair, merry young thing. What wonder was it if she captivated Aurel? The father said to himself, "We will soon put an end to her pious fads," and Aurel thought, "How dear she is, and how pious!"

The ball went off as most balls do. Aurel could not get to Sylvia as soon as he wished, but when at last they stood side by side Sylvia said in an earnest tone: "I haven't much time to prepare my speech, Aurel, so I will begin at once without more words. I think it would be good for me not to stay here, but to become a companion or something of the kind in a really Catholic family, for here I am too much spoilt on the one hand, and too much kept under on the other; neither can be good for me. As I am still young to live amongst perfect strangers, I would rather go back to my guardian; but he is not well off, and he has five children. I could certainly pay him something, and would do it gladly until the right thing could be found; but I know that he wouldn't agree to it, so I can't consult him on the subject. There is nobody else in the wide world to whom I can turn, so I thought you would be able to give me a disinterested opinion, as you understand things."

Aurel was quite accustomed to repress his personal views on account of an unsympathetic atmosphere, and thus he succeeded in disguising the alarm which he secretly felt at Sylvia's proposal.

"The thing is not feasible, Sylvia. And now we have got to dance."

Poor Sylvia would willingly have given up that dance, and the ball itself, to come to a determination in a matter of so much moment to her. Great was her astonishment to find how sad and weary at heart it is possible to be in the most elegant of ball-dresses, and a novel feeling of deep melancholy came over her as she realized the emptiness of this world of flower and blossom.

"My father and mother will never agree to your scheme, Sylvia," said Aurel between the intervals of dancing: "first, because they are very fond of you; and, secondly, because it would be a bitter reproach to them for their niece to be in a subordinate position."

"No reproach to them if it were no disgrace to me," said Sylvia eagerly.

"The world thinks differently, Sylvia. A companion is looked upon as quite a subordinate person; and are you sure you could put up with that?"

"No, not positive, Aurel; but I could try and do my best, if I thought it good for me spiritually."

"Do your best, and in the meantime be turned away from five or six houses like a servant? It won't do, Sylvia, for your sake or for ours. What prevents you from staying here, or from submitting outwardly and remaining inwardly devout?"

"The fear of losing my little bit of piety, if I am to get no help from without."

"Am I not exactly in your position, Sylvia?"

"Oh! no, you are much more independent. You can go out when you like, early or late; and then you are a man, so of course you are stronger and better able to resist secret temptations than I am."

"That's just the question, Sylvia. I have grown up under a tyranny which may be good for developing obstinacy or doggedness, but which is not conducive to quiet determination. I am only too conscious of my weakness of purpose, and it makes me shy of myself. But, Sylvia, if you would give up your plan and stay with us you could do a great deal for me."

"What, Aurel?" she asked eagerly.

"Well, in the first place, *you* would be here."

"I should be here, Aurel?"

"Yes, Sylvia, and I should be refreshed and strengthened by seeing your fervor. And it would comfort me to feel that we understood and could encourage each other, as you said last week when you appealed to me to make our friendship true and lasting. Will you put an end to it already and leave me to my loneliness?"

"So you feel lonely, do you, Aurel?" she asked pensively.

"I should think so: lonely, misunderstood, tyrannized over, hemmed in, powerless—in short, unhappy."

"And do you really think that my staying would be of any use to you?"

"*Use* doesn't express it, Sylvia. I can only tell you that your staying is so much to me that I would rather die than see you go to strangers; and I should think it ought to be a comfort to you to know you can help me, and that we may, perhaps, hope for better days."

"O Aurel!" she said compassionately.

"Only promise me to stay, Sylvia, and you need not pity me.

You are doing a good work which makes me rich indeed," he said with emotion; adding earnestly, "and perhaps some day you will rejoice in it yourself, for God will bless it."

"If you are quite sure of that, Aurel, of course I will stay. I wanted to hear what you thought, because I know so little about things."

"Well then, Sylvia, will you stay with us as long as it shall please God?" he asked in a tone of supplication.

"Yes, as long as it shall please God," she repeated.

They were just going to begin dancing again when it struck midnight and a vigorous flourish of trumpets announced the advent of the new year.

"A most happy new year, Aurel," exclaimed Sylvia heartily.

"I believe in the new year; for are not you with me, and have you not promised me that we shall not part?"

"I didn't promise that," she answered with a touch of constraint.

"Will you let me put this construction on your words?"

"Oh! no, no," she answered hastily, as she ran off to wish her aunt a happy new year.

The ball lasted till morning. When Sylvia got to bed and thought over her evening she did not feel quite comfortable about all that had passed between her and Aurel, pleasant and reassuring as his words had sounded in her ears. But he had also said that God would bless her staying on, and, as he had both goodness and common sense, she would take his advice. Set at ease once more by this reflection, she began her new year on the strength of her determination. She put her confidence in a man. On the other hand, Aurel began his new year with a novel sensation of happiness. He felt equal to winning Sylvia and to shielding her from the fitful blasts of fortune. Aurel put *his* confidence in himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE'S STILL WATERS.

ABOUT a year later than the events recounted in the last chapter Herr Prost said one day to his wife: "My dear, I must tell you plainly that I am exceedingly displeased with you."

"O my love! what have I done?" asked Frau Prost, overwhelmed with painful surprise.

"What have you done? Why, this: you haven't used your

eyes or ears. A mother should both see and hear what her daughters are doing."

"You frighten me, love. What *is* the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter yet, but there is love in the air."

"Love in the air? What do you mean, love?"

"I mean just what I say, and what is not at all an uncommon thing when young people live together in a house. Aurel is madly in love with Sylvia, and there is a tacit agreement between them which, slight though it may be, points to future marriage."

"God preserve us!" exclaimed Frau Prost, unwontedly excited. "It mustn't come to that. Marriages between sisters' children are objectionable, and the church condemns them altogether."

"You see how I agree with the church, and then people pretend I am not a good Catholic," said Herr Prost, laughing scornfully. "Certainly it is the first time in my life that we are of one mind. And as we are three to two—the church, that is, and you and I, against Aurel and Sylvia—their marriage will never come about."

"But it is a bad business. Are you quite sure about it?"

"You may rely upon it; it is as certain as that two and two make four. Even last winter I was struck by the change in Aurel. From being indolent and tiresome he woke up, became alert and pleasant, sang readily, liked dancing and society, all which things had previously been a burden to him. But since the little charmer has been at hand to make him sing and dance and chatter he has taken an extraordinary fancy to these occupations. I don't blame him for this—on the contrary, I admire him for it; but it mustn't go any further. When you went with the two girls and the children in the summer to Grünerode, Aurel fell back again into his old spiritless ways, which instantly disappeared when he and I joined you in the country. At Grünerode he was in perfect bliss, and somehow he always managed to be at the little creature's side; whether it were on horseback, or walking, or in the drawing-room, or in the garden, he was always to be found with her. Didn't you notice it?"

"Oh! yes, I did; but they are only children."

"My love! when you were married you were not older than Sylvia, and, I can answer for it, I, at least, was no child at Aurel's age."

"It just strikes me," said Frau Prost, musing, "that Isidora once said to Sylvia before me, 'Sylvia, did you see Aurel kissing the glove you dropped yesterday, which he picked up?'"

"And what did Sylvia say?" asked Herr Prost.

"She said quite coolly, 'No, I didn't'; and as Isidora went on, 'I don't believe Herr Goldisch ever kissed Valentine's glove,' she called out, laughing, 'People's tastes are different,' and ran off. I confronted Isidora with her silly remark, and she remonstrated, in her grumbling way, that Aurel really did pay Sylvia too much attention. But as I know what Isidora is, especially in matters which concern Sylvia, I didn't think anything of what she said."

"I will prove the truth of it, much as it may surprise you," said Herr Prost. "Listen. Our English expedition came to nothing, as Herr Goldisch went off to New York, and Valentine and her confinement—most thoughtless of her—tied us at home. You know that I had other things to do in England besides giving you sea-bathing and seeing Mrs. Dambleton. I had a great deal of business there. But as I was not quite pleased with the occurrences at Grünerode, I preferred staying there quietly with you, and letting Aurel do it for me under pretence of my great confidence in him. That pleased him, and he liked going to London, the more so as it was only question of a fortnight's absence. Instead of a fortnight, here we are in November, as I managed to prolong the expedition to London into a business tour throughout the whole of Great Britain, and begged my friends, especially Mrs. Dambleton, to see that Aurel got a good insight into land and people and society. Of course Aurel was obliged to be pleased, and to be grateful into the bargain. But at last head and heart have strayed, and he has written to Sylvia."

"How do you know that, love?" asked Frau Prost, greatly astonished.

"Because I am in possession of the letter, my dear. Here it is—twelve pages, crammed full."

"Twelve pages!" she echoed in dismay.

"Yes, twelve pages full of sentiments which would have sent Valentine into an ecstasy, and from which I conclude that Aurel and Sylvia are of one mind and fully believe that their mutual sympathy will develop into marriage in time. Certainly there is not a word about engagement, but 'lasting fidelity,' 'immortal love,' 'our happy future,' point to marriage between people of Aurel's and Sylvia's stamp."

"What does Sylvia say to the letter?"

"Nothing, for she hasn't seen it and won't see it. Aurel didn't know whether we were still at Grünerode or in town. He enclosed the letter to the steward, asking him to forward it, and, strangely enough, the steward has had the rare good sense to

send me on this letter with my other correspondence. The envelope is addressed to 'Miss Sylvia von Neheim'; but I did not remark the address and opened it, and of course do not intend Sylvia ever to have it."

"But what is to be done now, love?" asked Frau Prost despondingly.

"My dear, you have nothing to do but to ignore the whole thing to every one. I will take all the rest upon myself, and you may rely upon my discretion and delicate handling. It must be put a stop to gently, but the thing must be done. Aurel is in a position to aspire far higher than this portionless little enchantress."

"Who is his cousin," added Frau Prost. "I detest such marriages. Don't be the least anxious, love; I will be as silent as the grave."

Whilst Herr Prost and his wife were talking another conversation was going on a story higher, where a suite of rooms had been very comfortably and prettily arranged for Valentine. She was lying on a chaise-longue in a cloud of lace and embroidery. She was very pale, and her dark hair fell loosely on her shoulders. She had a telegram in her hand, and was saying in a tone of complaint to Sylvia, who sat beside her with some work: "Be warned, Sylvia: don't spend your love on your husband. All men, without exception, are next door to heartless, and when they marry they become quite so. They don't dream of the secret depths of the feminine mind, and don't care to trouble themselves about it, for they think of nothing else but of how comfortable they can be—the matter-of-fact wretches!"

"But, dear Tini," said Sylvia soothingly, "your good husband—"

"Is a married man, and that is all about it," interrupted Valentine. "He says that he is coming back to-night for certain. I will pay him out by being icy cold."

"You talk as if he had been to New York for his own pleasure, whereas he went because his money affairs were threatened. He was so distressed when he brought you to Grünerode and was obliged to go so far away!"

"And I, in the meantime, might have died whilst he was thinking of his money."

"If it weren't for his money, Tini, I doubt your caring for life. So make yourself happy. Everything has come right; you are sound and well, and so is your little boy. What more do you want?"

"I want my husband to understand me, Sylvia. Fancy what trouble I took to make him understand the very depths of my heart. I wrote him pages and pages every day during our engagement. After our marriage I wanted to read with him, and he agreed. Of course I only care for novels with plenty of love-making in them, and what do you think he proposed? *Macaulay's Essays*—the most tiresome things, full of history and philosophy; just fancy! We never got through them, and never began anything else. So this shows you how very little sympathy there is between us."

"Perhaps as far as books are concerned. But it is less reading together than living together that you want to do."

"You can't separate the two. He doesn't understand me, and I am condemned to weep over my mistake for the rest of my life."

"What mistake, Tini?"

"Having married him."

"You should not talk in this way," said Sylvia seriously.

"I say it to you in confidence, you dear, sweet creature, for you attract me wonderfully. Mamma is too cold, and Isidora worse still, she is so sharp and vinegary. You have got a warm heart, and it soothes me to be with you."

It might do *her* good to unbosom her imaginary grievance about her husband's not understanding her, but it was not to Sylvia's advantage to be indoctrinated in the fanciful whims of a passion which made sentiment, not duty, its ideal, and indulged in all sorts of vain dreams.

Ever since the ball on New Year's eve a kind of tacit yet no less real understanding had sprung up between Aurel and Sylvia. They themselves could not tell how it had come about, but so it was. They had the same way of looking at things, or met each other's thoughts half-way. They were mutually happy in each other's world. They had never spoken of their love in so many words, or talked about an engagement, but they felt pledged to each other for a lifetime. The future held out the one hope, the one name, the one dream to both, and their hearts spoke the same language. Sylvia's fancy shrouded these pleasant imaginings in a golden maze, but Aurel saw them through a less fantastical light, for he foreboded a struggle. He knew his father too well not to be sure that gold, as the thing which purchased a fill of pleasure and enjoyment, honor and comfort, was his synopsis of happiness, and that he looked upon a higher ideal as a myth. "People with empty stomachs," he was wont

to say—" poets, writers, and such like dreamy, useless, and consequently hungry people—have invented an ideal happiness as a compensation to themselves; they want to make those who have got tangible goods jealous, just as the priests invented heavenly delights in room of a used-up mythology. Certainly there is this difference: that poets are the most contemptible people on earth, and nobody thinks of attending to what they say, whereas the priests impose their old women's stories on a considerable portion of mankind."

This was the kind of teaching Herr Prost lavished on his children. His table was luxurious, and after dinner he was wont to go to the theatre, employing the drive thither in a comfortable snooze on the downy cushions of his coupé. He would then watch the prima ballerina's feats with great interest, return home pleasantly excited, receive his wife's guests courteously when there was no ball or party elsewhere, and end what he considered a remarkably well-filled day with whist or *chombre*. Had he not spent its chief hours in toiling to procure similar dinners, theatre and society pleasures for his children and grandchildren? It may be surmised that in his various business undertakings and speculations he knew how to speak with unction on the beneficial effects of industry as promoting the people's good, greater mental cultivation, a higher state of civilization, and the prosperity of the commonwealth. He was inclined to think with the proverb that trade implies a certain amount of noise in the world. But, as a shrewd man of business, he ought to have known that industry requires other panegyrists than its merchant-kings to find lasting favor with the multitude.

In short, Aurel knew his father's mind well enough to feel certain that he would not welcome a poor stepdaughter, but Aurel trusted to Sylvia's winning charms, to time and his own faithfulness, in order to gain over his father. He had liked going to London, for he made a point of carrying out to the letter his father's business suggestions. But when he found that his stay was not drawing to a close impatience and longing got the better of him, and he wrote the letter to Sylvia which was pocketed on its way to her. Shortly afterwards he was summoned home, where he was greeted, as usual, with cold friendliness from his father and feebly-expressed pleasure from his mother. He gazed into Sylvia's delighted eyes; he was with her again and could enjoy her company: what more could he desire?

Valentine had no delighted eyes for *her* husband. She was determined to have a grievance which would enable her to give

an extraordinary amount of attention to herself and her hard fate. Though such women may be scarce, they are to be found. As head of a large banking-firm, and consequently very rich, Herr Goldisch was nevertheless a very different person from Herr Prost. He was very kind-hearted and good-natured, and would have been quite ready to make life smooth to a sensible wife, or even to let her get the upper hand. But he could not be expected to sit down to read French novels with Valentine, or to bother himself about grasping her "soul." He was more than double her age, and, being a good man of business, he set much store by time. With all her lamentations over not being understood, it was Valentine who did not take the trouble to understand her husband, for she failed to see how glad he would have been to read and talk sense with her. He was kind enough to attribute her queer fits and her superficiality to her youth.

"But, Tini," he said good-naturedly, "why has my expedition to New York brought me into such disgrace with you?"

"It wasn't the expedition, but the time you chose for it."

"My dear child, a failure can't be expected to time itself to your confinement."

"But I might have expected *you* to time yourself."

"Now, Tini, I told you exactly how it was before I set out, and left you to decide whether I should go myself or send somebody else."

"You represented the thing in such dark colors that I was obliged to persuade you to go."

"I represented it to you as it was, as a question of thousands of dollars, and that consequently I had a livelier interest than fifty people I might have sent in seeing to things myself."

Valentine was silent, for she had decided for her husband's departure. She was far too truly her father's daughter to trifle with the loss of a million of money.

"Well, shall we make peace?" he asked, giving her his hand.

Instead of taking it she said crossly: "I might have died."

"So might I, my child. Death spares none of us."

"This is really too much," she exclaimed angrily.

"Gently, gently, Valentine," he answered calmly. "You know perfectly well that my wife, the mother of my child, is by no means a matter of indifference to me, so I beg of you to spare me your trifling reproaches." With this he left her. Valentine got into an extraordinary state of excitement about what she called to Sylvia her husband's unbearable neglect. "But I will pay him out," she added.

"What will you do?" asked Sylvia, frightened.

"I will make him jealous."

"O Tini! what have you to make him jealous about?"

"Let him find out what he loses in me when he begins to fear that I like somebody else."

"God forbid it, Tini! You mustn't do it, indeed. Think of some other plan," exclaimed Sylvia, shocked.

"Any means of melting his cold heart is lawful. Be warned in time, Sylvia, and never marry. Marriage ties you to a selfish creature who adores you just at first, and treats you with coldness and indifference ever afterwards. All men are selfish by nature; they are selfishness personified."

"Do you think so?" asked Sylvia, bewildered by this wholesale condemnation of the male sex.

"I don't think it: I am certain of it," replied Valentine unhesitatingly.

"I am sure it's very sad for women."

"Of course it is, Sylvia—dreadfully sad," said Valentine in a melancholy tone. "Women are ill-used, oppressed creatures. But it is marriage which makes it apparent. A girl has sweet dreams about souls understanding each other under the spell of love. Her awakening is frightful. Be thankful that I have opened your eyes beforehand."

Sylvia was silent, not because she was convinced, but because she secretly doubted. As for the selfishness of the male kind, it did not trouble her much, for she knew of one important exception to the contrary, and she had daily opportunities of seeing for herself that Valentine was by no means either an oppressed or an ill-treated wife. Herr Goldisch was all kindness and attention to her. Valentine's real misfortune was an excess of prosperity. She had a husband whom she could trust and respect, a child, and a brilliant position. The troubles of life alone were wanting to her; yet man is so constituted that he creates them for himself in default of real ones. Valentine's small dose of common sense and her selfish indolence of character made her inclined to harbor the wildest notions.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SIRES OF CHASTELLUX.

"Tell me, what ancestors were thine?"

(*Farinata degli Uberti to Dante.*)

—*Inferno, canto x.*

TWELVE miles southeast of Vézelay, in France, is the ancient castle of Chastellux, picturesque and imposing, on the top of a sharp granite cliff that rises suddenly up from the banks of the river Cure, which, uniting with the Yonne, sends its waters to the Seine. Its hoary towers and battlements have a feudal aspect that carries you back to the romantic age of chivalry, and you almost expect to see some venturous knight in his armor,

"With belted sword and spur on heel,"

come pricking over the hills to pay his devoirs to the fair châtelaine watching his approach from her bower in one of the gray old turrets. This castle is specially interesting to us as the ancestral seat of the gallant Marquis of Chastellux, who took part in our Revolutionary war, serving as major-general for three years under the Count de Rochambeau. The memory of the brave Frenchmen who lent their enthusiastic aid to our cause must always be dear to Americans, but, with the exception of Lafayette, we know but little of their family history. It was therefore with unexpected pleasure I came, as upon the traces of an old benefactor, upon the towers of Chastellux, and found means of tracing the lineage of the chivalric race whose banner from time immemorial has floated from their walls.

The present castle of Chastellux is more than six hundred years old. Over a gate in the outer wall is a stone on which is rudely graven the date of 1240, in which year it was rebuilt by Artaud III., one of its greatest lords. But the stern donjon-keep, which stands apart, melancholy and threatening of aspect, is much more ancient. In its depths, hewn out of the rock, are dungeons from which there was once no escape. A passage through the walls of immense thickness has recently been found, leading to oubliettes over twenty feet in depth. Above the prisons were lodged the guards in a hall that has narrow loop-holes in every direction. The fourth story was the armory, which, at the revolution of 1789, still contained hel-

mets, shields, cuirasses, swords, spears, etc., that had doubtless been worn by crusaders and knights of the house of Chastellux. And in the Salle des Gardes may still be seen ancient armor, sheaves of lances, battered arquebuses and other fire-arms, that are curious to examine, as well as the immense fire-place and the armorial ensigns and quarterings of the family and its alliances from 1131 to 1842, emblazoned on the walls like so many pages of family reminiscences, kindling the mind of posterity to heroic deeds. This old tower witnessed the gathering of an illustrious assembly of bishops, abbots, and lords of Burgundy and Nivernais, after the first Crusade, to deliberate upon the affairs of the country.

The castle, which is triangular in shape, is composed of six towers connected by buildings lower in height. The largest, but most modern, is the Tour d'Amboise at the north angle, so named in honor of Marguerite d'Amboise, wife of Oliver de Chastellux, who built it in 1592. The square tower of the Horloge contains the family archives. In the wall between the Tour d'Amboise and the chapel is an ancient mosaic found by the Count of Chastellux while making excavations in his forest of Châgnats in the year 1838, together with medals, fragments of vases and marble columns, among the ruins of a Roman villa with frescoed walls, a little to the west of an old Roman road to Autun.

The family chapel was built by Claude de Beauvoir, one of the most illustrious lords of Chastellux, authorized by *lettres patentes* from Jean-sans-Peur, Duke of Burgundy, who assigned revenues for its maintenance. This chapel is entered from the second story, as was not uncommon in ancient castles, probably for increased security of the sacred place. It is dedicated to St. Anthony. The arms of the founder and his wife are to be seen in the painted windows.

In the centre of the castle is the court of honor, entered by pointed archways—silent and gloomy as a cloister, overshadowed as it is by towers and high walls.

The castle of Chastellux, with its massive walls, drawbridges, barbicans, battlemented and machicolated towers, and portcullises "spiked with iron prong," was a genuine fortress. Its somewhat inaccessible position also made it more impregnable, so that in times of civil disturbances it was always garrisoned as a post of importance. It stood, too, on the borders of Burgundy, and we find Charles the Bold, in his contests with Louis XI., authorizing his faithful vassal John III., Sire of Chastellux,

to man his castle with as many archers as he could muster. As late as last century there was still a battery here of four culverins given Louis de Chastellux, governor of Metz, by King Charles IX.

At the time of the Revolution the mob took possession of the castle, and with hatchet and hammer made sad havoc among the carvings, paintings, and family escutcheons; but it has since been restored, and now shows but few traces of injury. It is, in fact, one of the best preserved castles of the country, as well as one of its most interesting features.

The commune of Chastellux extends to the other side of the Cure, over which is a bridge of two arches, where King Henry III. authorized the lord of the manor to collect a toll on all vehicles and animals that crossed, and on all wood floated down the river—no inconsiderable privilege when we remember how much fuel is sent down the Seine to Paris from the forests of Morvand, and how many cattle for its market by land. According to the book of accounts for 1686, the Count de Chastellux received from the wood alone that year twenty-five hundred livres.

The parish of Chastellux now contains about seven hundred inhabitants. The church, which is under the invocation of St. Germain d'Auxerre, was partly rebuilt by Count César Laurent de Chastellux in 1822, but no change was made in the ancient portal, tower, and nave. The chapel to the north is the family chantry by royal ordinance. Here you see memorial tablets of its later members, and the mausoleum of Count Louis de Chastellux, of the sixteenth century. Beneath are vaults for burial purposes, entered from the east, with the dying wish of the patriarch Jacob, *Dormiam cum patribus meis*, over the door. The counts of Chastellux, however, had anciently the right of burial in seven churches, in return for services or benefactions rendered: the cathedral of Auxerre, the church of St. Lazare at Avallon, that of the Cordeliers at Vézelay, the abbey church of Cure, and the parish churches of Quarré-lès-Tombes, St. André-en-Morvand, and Chastellux.

Chastellux is not only one of the most ancient baronies of Morvand, but in feudal times was one of the most wealthy and powerful. Its domains used to extend five leagues from north to south, and three from east to west. There were five mills, three oil-presses, a lime-kiln, a tilery, five large fish-ponds, twelve small ones, and about four thousand seven hundred acres of woodland. Its lords seem to have had the right to coin money, for in 1864 a mould was found with *Loys de Chastellux* on one side and *Vain-*

cre ou mourir on the other. Another had the family coat-of-arms. They also held the barony of Quarré-lès-Tombes, the viscounty of Avallon, and eighteen seigniories.

The origin of the family, like so many feudal races, is lost in the remoteness of time, but it is said to be of Roman descent, as the name of Chastellux (*Castrum Lucii*) would seem to warrant. All through this region are traces of Roman villas and encampments; and Autun, a favorite city of Cæsar's, was called "the sister of Rome" by his followers. Such a descent, therefore, is not improbable. The family has always been remarkable for its chivalric and military spirit. Its ancient knights were among the first to take the cross for the Holy Land, and it has borne its part in all the wars of the country. Its old war-cry was, *Montréal à Sire de Chastellux*, in allusion to its alliance and kinship with the family of Montréal, one of the most illustrious in Burgundy and intermarried with its dukes. It has given France a marshal, an admiral, several generals, governors of cities and provinces, and counsellors to its kings. And while remarkable for its patriotism, it has been equally noted for its devotion to the church. It has founded abbeys and priories, and built churches, and bestowed gifts on countless religious houses, and, by its foundations for perpetual religious services, manifested great faith in the suffrages of the church and its power to loose and to bind. Everywhere in Morvand we find the name of Chastellux—in old charters and cartularies of monasteries and manor-houses, in documents of civil administration, and in records of alliances with the leading families.

The most ancient member of the family known to us is a knight named Hugues de Chastellux, who lived in 1070. His son, Artaud I., bore the title of Sire de Chastellux, as did his descendants till the erection of the barony into a county. Artaud, with his five sons and his son-in-law, took the cross at Vézelay in 1146, and the next year went to the Holy Land, whence, it is believed, he never returned. Before his departure he made rich offerings to the church, and gave to Notre Dame de Régny and "the brethren who served God therein" the right of pasturing their swine in his forests, by way of alms for the health and redemption of his soul, and that of his wife Rachel (who consents thereto), and the souls of his ancestors, as set forth in a solemn act, still extant, drawn up at Avallon in presence of the bishop of Autun and of Odo, Duke of Burgundy, and other lords.

His son, Artaud II., was equally pious and beneficent. After his return from Palestine he founded an anniversary service for

his father's soul, and gave lands, woods, and a right in certain streams to the abbey of Notre Dame de Régny. And out of gratitude for his safe return he built the abbey of St. Martin at Chors, or Cure, lower down the river of that name, on the left bank. All that is now left of this old monastery is a fragment incorporated in a dwelling-house, an isolated tower, and the half-ruined church, now used as a store-house. Its *caveaux*, where once reposed Guy de Chastellux and John, his son, besides other benefactors to the abbey, are now completely empty. The cells, cloisters, and abbot's house have all disappeared, but the old well remains that stood in the centre of the inner quadrangle.

Artaud II. died in his native land, and was buried in the collegiate church of St. Lazare at Avallon, where Hugues de Chastellux, by his beneficence, had acquired the right of family burial.

When Aubert de Chastellux in 1195 ratified the donations of his father and grandfather to the abbey of Régny, the grateful monks made him the present of an ox and a chariot well equipped, and gave his wife five *sous* * and each of his four children six deniers.

Artaud III., a *preux* and loyal knight, was honored with the friendship of St. Louis, whom he accompanied in his crusade of 1248. He founded a convent of Cordeliers at Vézelay in 1232 (six years after the death of St. Francis), on the spot where St. Bernard preached the Crusade on Good Friday, 1146, in presence of Louis VII. and an immense number of lords and people, and tore up his own crimson vestment to make crosses for the volunteers to the holy cause, among whom was Artaud I., Sire of Chastellux. For this purpose Artaud III. bought the chapel that Peter, Bishop of Marseilles, had already built on this consecrated spot. Artaud's departure for the Crusade leaving the friars without any protector, their house was burned down, but he rebuilt it at his return and chose it as his burial-place, perhaps hoping this might be a safeguard to the inmates and ensure them the protection of his descendants.

John I. of Chastellux had only one daughter, named Marguerite, who became a nun at Reconfort; and when he was dying he asked to be buried in that convent, in order to be near his favorite child, and founded for her and himself an anniversary service there with a rent of sixty sous. His son Guy was buried in the abbey of Cure, and so was his grandson, John II., who bequeathed the abbey one hundred *sous tournois* for the remedy of

* The *sou*, from the time of Charlemagne to the reign of Philip I., was of silver. After that time it was alloyed more and more, and kept decreasing in value till it became a copper coin.

his soul (1331). This John, when he paid homage to Duke Eudes IV., grandson of St. Louis, for his estates in the duchy of Burgundy, was created Vicomte of Avallon, and a stronghold was given him in that town, on the side toward Dijon, which Philippe le Bon afterwards allowed Claude de Beauvoir to repair and fortify on condition it should be at his service when required, at a suitable recompense. The family of Chastellux kept possession of this residence till 1789.

John II. dying without children, the barony of Chastellux passed to the female line in the person of his sister, the *haute et puissante dame* Simone de Bordeaux,* and at her death to her daughter Laura, wife of John of Bourbon. When Laura died she requested to be buried in the abbey of Quincy in Champagne, to which she bequeathed a small sum of money, one hundred pounds of wax, six oxen, and a car with five wheels well ironed, begging the abbot and monks to come for her remains and bury her in their church, where a solemn service should be offered every year for her soul. The barony now fell to her sister Jacquette, dame de Beauvoir, who died soon after, leaving her son William sire of Chastellux.

William de Beauvoir went to the court of King Charles V., where he was warmly welcomed and appointed counsellor and first chamberlain to the king. He was the second founder, as it were, of the Cordeliers of Vézelay, whose convent he rebuilt after it was burned down again in 1390. Beside it he erected a *pavillon* for himself, which became known as the Mail de Chastellux, where he often spent some days in retreat. He was so attached to this convent that he requested to be buried in the church beside his ancestor, Artaud III. His tomb, which stood before the high altar, bore the following inscription: "Here lies the noble and puissant lord, William de Beauvoir, knight, Sire de Chastellux, Vicomte of Avallon, lord of Bazoches, chamberlain of the king our sire."

Of William's two sons, George became an admiral in 1420. He was buried in the cathedral of Auxerre. Claude de Beauvoir, the next sire, by his judgment, courage, and brilliant achievements as a soldier, proved himself to be the greatest lord of Chastellux. He was born in his ancestral castle in 1386, and placed while a mere boy as a page with Philip of Burgundy, Count of Nevers. He afterwards entered the service of Duke Jean-sans-Peur, who made him his counsellor and chamberlain, and sent him at the head of an armed force against the Arma-

* The castle of Bordeaux was three leagues from Autun, where the ruins are still to be seen.

gnacs at Paris, on which occasion the Count of Armagnac was killed and the party annihilated. King Charles V. invited him to his court in 1418, made him his counsellor, appointed him marshal of France, and sent him as captain-general against the English in Normandy, where he took the town of Louviers and otherwise distinguished himself. But his most brilliant feat at arms was the taking of Cravant, one of the keys of Burgundy, with only four hundred men, and defending it for five weeks against the combined forces of Tanneguy du Châtel and the Sire de La Baume, whom he put completely to rout July 31, 1423, slaying or taking prisoners four or five thousand men. The canons of Auxerre, "lords of Cravant from all time," out of gratitude made him and his successors for ever canons of the cathedral of St. Etienne, with right of sepulture therein, and participation in all the prayers, suffrages, and benefits of that church; which favor the Sire de Chastellux graciously accepted, thanking God piously and the dean and chapter most heartily.

The canons, not satisfied with this recognition of his services, bound themselves to celebrate the Mass of the Holy Ghost in his behalf every year on the day after the Assumption. They called this the Mass of Victory. After his death it was to be changed into an anniversary service for the good of his soul and the souls of his relatives.

Claude de Beauvoir was as devout as he was valiant, after the old knightly fashion. Amid all the bustle and distractions of camp-life he seldom failed to hear Mass daily, and Pope Eugenius IV., by a special brief, allowed him to have a portable altar, at which it could be celebrated when he pleased. He died at Chastellux in 1453 at the age of sixty-eight, and was buried in the cathedral of Auxerre.

One of Claude's daughters, named Pierrette, took the veil at Crisenon, of which house she became the abbess in 1473. The abbey of Crisenon was on an island in the river Yonne, belonging to the diocese of Auxerre. It was founded in 1134 by three lords of that region, and soon became so flourishing that in 1174 the number of nuns had to be limited to one hundred. Several of its abbesses were of the house of Chastellux, which was among its benefactors; among other things bestowing on it the priory of St. Jean de la Vernhée, founded by a lord of Chastellux in the twelfth century, the ruins of which are still to be seen on the edge of a forest south of Montcréon, its chapel sacrilegiously converted into a stable. The abbey of Crisenon in 1790 had dwindled down to nine inmates.

Claude de Beauvoir's successor was his son, John III. He served under his suzerain, Charles the Bold, who authorized him to garrison the fortress of Chastellux with a company of archers against the forces of Louis XI., which did not prevent that politic king from appointing him the next year his counsellor and chamberlain. John III. seems to have married his cousin in the fourth degree without proper dispensation, though the ceremony was performed by one bishop in the presence of another; but three years before his death Pope Innocent VIII. was induced to sanction the marriage, and his three children were placed under the *nappe* of the altar at Mass, by way of recognizing their legitimacy. To effect this sanction, however, the king himself was obliged to write to the bishop of Lombez, then ambassador at Rome, also to Cardinal Benevento, and even to the pope, declaring that the families of the two parties had "from all time been good and great."

Claude's son, Philip I., was brought up at the court of Charles VIII. as *enfant d'honneur*, which procured him a distinguished marriage with Barbe de Hochberg, of the house of Baden. Two of their daughters became nuns. Their grandson, Louis de Chastellux, first belonged to the household of his aunt, the Duchess of Longueville, but afterwards had several appointments at the court of Henry II. He restored the church of St. André-en-Morvand, and, like so many of his family, made a foundation for a perpetual service there. He had the heart of his deceased wife, Jeanne de La Roëre, deposited in the choir in 1549. When this old church was repaired in 1864 the cognizance of the house of Chastellux, as *seigneur du clocher*, was found each side of the door, with the date of 1101. The entrance is through an old porch of the twelfth century, with rude carvings around it. This church, a monument of the piety of the sires of Chastellux, stands on the culminating point of the village of St. André, which is picturesquely seated on a hill nearly surrounded by the Cure and the Chaloire, which unite at its base; the former flowing calmly out of a narrow ravine bordered by hills that rise almost perpendicularly six hundred feet, and sweeping with a deep bend around the height on which the village is built. St. André was one of the five parishes belonging to the comté of Chastellux, and all the inhabitants owed their lord military service and were under his civil jurisdiction.

Oliver, son of Louis de Chastellux, was one of the most distinguished men of the race. Though a sincere Catholic, he early joined the party of Henry of Navarre, and was made governor

of Oléron and Arnay, on account of which Catherine de' Medici made complaints to his father. After his father's death he went to Auxerre, attended by Saladin de Montmorillon and a crowd of other lords, to take possession of the canonicate at the cathedral of St. Etienne, given his ancestor, Claude de Beauvoir. He did not lose sight of his own castle, but added to its defences, and built the Tour d'Amboise, so called in honor of Marguerite, his wife. After Henry of Navarre succeeded to the crown he made Oliver de Chastellux governor of Cravant on account of his military services and his fidelity to his cause. As François de Beaucaire, abbot of Régny, and all his monks had joined the League, they were punished by the confiscation of their tithes and revenues in Morvand, which were given to Oliver de Chastellux, as well as their seigneurie of Charbonnières. But the latter, at least, seems to have been restored to the monks, for we find it belonging to them in 1740. Of Oliver's children three became nuns. One was abbess of Crisenon, and when the island was invaded by the Duke of Mayenne, and the nuns were obliged to flee, she, in the disguise of a peasant, took refuge at Chastellux till her father routed the duke. His daughter Helen became a nun of the Visitation at Moulins during the lifetime of St. Jane de Chantal, who died there, but she was afterwards placed at the head of the convent established at Avallon in 1646.

The tomb of Oliver de Chastellux may still be seen in the church of Quarré-lès-Tombes.

Hercules, son of Oliver, was created Count of Chastellux by Louis XIII. in recognition of his father's services. He himself, however, stood high in the king's favor and received the appointments of chamberlain, governor of Cravant, etc. His piety is shown by his foundations in the churches of St. Lazare and of the Minimes at Avallon. He also built the chapel of the Virgin in the village of Pont, near Chastellux, where he founded a Mass and Vesper service on all the festivals of Our Lady. He was buried at St. Lazare in Avallon, as well as his wife, Charlotte de Blaigny. Their tombs, which stood on the left side of the choir, disappeared in some of the civil disturbances, but were found in 1861 among the rubbish of the church, and placed in the tower of the Horloge at Chastellux. Of his nine children two became nuns. His son César Philippe served under the Duke d'Enghien. Count César, at his accession, did not neglect taking possession of the canonicate at Auxerre, hereditary in the family. The counts of Chastellux, on these semi-ecclesiastical occasions, wore a singular costume. He was booted and spurred, and wore a

surplice over his secular attire, with a baldric over the surplice. He had gloves on both hands, and an amice on his left arm. In his right hand he held a plumed hat, and he had a falcon on his wrist. He appeared in full chapter thus attired, and took his oath of fidelity to the church of Auxerre, promising to defend its rights and to abstain from injuring it. Then the canons conducted him to the choir by the grand entrance and seated him in his stall. When Louis XIV. came to Auxerre in 1683 the Count of Chastellux appeared before him, as canon of the church, in the above-mentioned costume. Some of the courtiers laughed at its singularity, but the king instantly put a stop to their jests, saying that any of them ought to feel honored to fill such an office. This count founded, for the repose of his parents' souls, a Mass in perpetuity in each of the five parish churches in his county, in which all of the five curés were to take part, and each one give, in his turn, a dinner to the rest. After his death his heart was deposited in the church of the Cordeliers at Vézelay.

His third son, Guillaume Antoine de Chastellux, was intended for the ecclesiastical profession, but, after the death of his two older brothers, succeeded to the family estates. He was appointed governor of Roussillon, and died at Perpignan in 1742. His wife was the daughter of Chancellor d'Aguesseau. Their children all distinguished themselves. César François, the oldest, inherited the county of Chastellux. The youngest, Jean François, took part in the wars in Germany, and afterwards came to the United States with the Count de Rochambeau. At his return to France he published a book entitled *Voyages dans l'Amérique Septentrionale*, and was chosen member of the French Academy. He seems to have unfortunately imbibed the spirit of the so-called philosophy of the period, but could not help paying now and then a tribute to the church so dear to his forefathers. In 1787 he married the daughter of General Plunkett, an Irish officer in the Austrian service, whom he met at the watering-place of Spa. He died the next year, leaving one son, Alfred de Chastellux, who became member of the Chamber of Deputies from Yonne, and was appointed *chevalier d'honneur* to the Princess Adelaide of Orleans. His mother was, from the time of her marriage, maid of honor to the Duchess of Orleans, mother of King Louis Philippe, and followed her to prison and exile. She died in 1815, greatly regretted by the poor. Henri César, Count of Chastellux after the death of his father, César François, was appointed *chevalier d'honneur* to the Princesses Victoire and Adelaide, aunts of Louis XVI., and his wife was one of their ladies of honor.

The count had the spirit of ancient knighthood, and with his family followed them into exile. After these princesses found a grave at Trieste he returned to France; but his castle of Chastellux having been devastated by the revolutionists, he went to Normandy, where he died. His son César Laurent was worthy of his descent. In his boyhood he shared his father's exile, and began his education at Rome, where he embraced the career of arms. He became afterwards an officer in the French army under Louis XVIII., and took part in the war with Spain in 1823. He was subsequently made a peer of France. After the revolution of 1830 he retired to his estates in Morvand, where he made great efforts to ameliorate the condition of the laboring classes. He restored the castle of Chastellux and the parish church, and built a parsonage on land he gave for the purpose, beyond which the countess established a school in 1846, kept by the Sisters of the Cross of St. Andrew. In the year 1849 he gave seven acres of land near Quarré-lès-Tombes for the monastery of Sainte Marie de la Pierre-qui-Vire. This originally belonged to the Benedictines, being part of the land given the abbey of Notre Dame de Régny in 1186 by Régnier de Chastellux, in gratitude for which the monks sent him two hundred lambs, a palfrey, and ten sous every year. The name of Pierre-qui-Vire is derived from a granite dolmen, formerly believed to turn on its base three times every day at the noontide hour. It stands on a rock blackened by time, half buried in the earth, in the midst of a vast forest, the silence and wild solitude of which were then only broken by the torrent of the Trinclin pouring along the foot of the cliff on which the monastery is now built. Near by is a time-honored fountain of the Virgin. When the monks went to take possession of this secluded spot in 1850 four thousand people accompanied them across the forests. Their monastery forms a striking feature of this woodland scene. Near by they have erected a solemn Way of the Cross in the open air, which you follow through the cliffs from the bridge of the Gué d'Arfant to the old dolmen among the oaks once sacred to the Druids, on which a colossal statue of Our Lady is now enthroned. The place once more, as in the middle ages, is part of the dower of Mary.

CATHOLIC MUSINGS ON TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

The "In Memoriam" of Mr. Tennyson has called forth the greatest display of the varied gifts of his wealthy imagination. It contains more sentences that will live as classical than any other poem written in this century, and perhaps more than all his other productions together. In no one of his poems are clustered so many sure marks of his poetical genius. Though Mr. Tennyson comes far short of the ideal, still he shows more the workings of a Christian mind than any other modern poet of notable celebrity, either in England or the United States. His muse rises to the highest he has been taught to believe or feel as a Christian, and oftentimes it takes its flight far beyond that. "In Memoriam" is no pagan threnodiac wail over death.

Appreciating to the extent of our feeble capacity this remarkable product of his genius, we cannot, while admiring as we read it, help noticing how often the poet's muse fails to reach the height he might easily have gained—not because of poverty of his poetical gifts, with which he is so lavishly endowed, but for lack of that full-orbed faith which is not his, and the brightness of its light, which would have brought the sadly missed truths within the horizon of his poetic vision and have added to the greatness of the poet. But ours is not to depict the poet of the coming age—an age of increased light of faith and knowledge, when another Dante, in presenting the drama of divine action in human events, will "make music as before, but vaster."

Let it not be supposed that we are in search after profound theological lore, or after philosophical proofs strongly knit together, in these singularly tender songs poured forth from the soul of a truly great poet; though it would require an ampler knowledge of these satisfactorily to settle the grave problems which he not only frequently touches upon but often most deeply stirs. We are content, however, to look at his poems from his own standpoint, and accept the estimate he himself has placed upon his work; which estimate does him, in our opinion, less than scanty justice, and hardly justifies the bringing forth into so bright a light as he sometimes certainly does questions from the profoundest depths of the soul, and then to utter not seldom in

reply "wild and wandering cries." Far be from us the wish to transform the poet into a theologian or a philosopher. Let the poet be a poet, not less but more; such is our heart's desire. But if, in an age of doubt, the poet's vision of truth be too clear or his speech too firm, he loosens his hold upon it, and will he not fail in his highest work? Let, then, his sight be dim and his lips stammer, so that his muse captivates men's minds to a higher range of thought and sways their hearts to a nobler love. It is in this sense the following canto may be accepted as an explanation of his purpose and as an excuse for his occasionally faltering muse:

"If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn:

"Her care is not to part and prove;
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love:

"And hence, indeed, she sports with words,
But better serves a wholesome law,
And holds it sin and shame to draw
The deepest measure from the chords:

"Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away."

In the proem of this series of elegies, after the invocation beginning with the line:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,"

he tells us in the third stanza:

"Thou madest man, he knows not why."

Is this so? What means the Incarnation of the "Son of God," and nineteen centuries of light of his divine teachings? But, thanks to this light, man does know why, and so does the poet, and he tells us in the very same canto plainly the why:

"Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

Surely, he who can truly say, The will of God and mine are one, has attained the height of perfection.

"Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

How can we say more, do more, or aim at higher than this? How, then, can the poet say,

"Thou madest me, I know not why"?

Does he mean that man's destiny is a secret locked within his Creator's bosom, and so sublime and noble is the end for which God made man that, until he please to reveal it, man cannot know why? Perhaps. Or does his doubt settle about the motive of God in the creation of man?—which the Angel of the Schools teaches was God's love for his own goodness, that is by its nature diffusive and lives out of itself. The poet's meaning is not clear. Again, in the same canto he teaches:

"Merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee."

A poet, when he dogmatizes, unless he be inspired like David, the singer of Israel, or equipped as Dante, creates only confusion and fails in truth. For grant that merit exists from man to man, since they stand on a footing of equality; but why should not merit also exist "from man to God," when it has pleased God to become man, and to raise man, by making him by adoption his child and a participator in his nature, to a certain equality with himself:

"Here is the source,
Whence cause of merit in you is deserved."*

Otherwise how shall we read the cheering words addressed by Christ to man: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" "He that glorieth," so runs the text of Holy Writ, "may glory in the Lord." To esteem ourselves less than God has made us is not humility.

It would be a wrong done to our author if we harbored the thought that he were insensible to the shortcomings of his song. Listen to an open confession in the last stanzas of this prefatial poem, and in its last line the breathing of a lowly and most sublime prayer:

* Dante.

"Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise."

We know not in what writer of our day one can find so often and so perfectly expressed the different states of the soul common to men who fain would be Christians in this sceptical age, and the thoughts and feelings to which these give birth, as in the poems of Alfred Tennyson. The basis of his wide-spread popularity is real and well deserved, and men of competent intelligence look upon him as the prince of poets of the nineteenth century. He has his religious doubts—doubts deep and strong—and what earnest man of this age has not, or has not had his mind clouded with like doubt? We speak not now to Catholics; for them to be tormented with such doubts is no mark of earnestness or intelligence, but of delinquency or of culpable mismanagement. He, too, does not hesitate to bring his dismal thoughts to full utterance and say:

"My will is bondsman to the dark;
I sit within a helmless bark."

But he does not publish them boastfully or recklessly like

"Some wild poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim."

His voice of sincere confession of darkness usually issues into an earnest cry for the light:

"But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."

Alas! where will this soul, whose "will is bondsman to the dark," find the light? Will the muse of a soul baptized like a neo-pagan one presume to mock us and say:

"All my hurts
My garden spade can heal. A woodland walk,
A quest of river-grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild-rose, or rock-loving columbine,
Salve my worst wounds."*

Not so; this would be making Nature more (which is false) not less divine (which she is) than man. Without disparaging her

* Emerson, "Musketaquid."

precious gifts, our poet, urged by a wound which no spade, or bird, or flower has the virtue to heal, exclaims:

"And all the phantom, Nature, stands—
With all the music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own—
A hollow form with empty hands."

Nor can the sorrow of his loss be drowned in forgetfulness born of commonplace:

"One writes, that 'Other friends remain,'
That 'Loss is common to the race'—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain."

. . . . . .

"And what to me remains of good?

. . . . . .

"And unto me no second friend."

But what mysterious power upholds the poet? He dimly expresses it:

"My Arthur! whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run."

It is not nature, or the Stoic's lesson got by rote, but the sweet hope of meeting his friend, and their mutual recognition in the ampler future life, that secretly sustains the almost vacant longings of his soul in its bitter grief at his present loss, as we shall see. Let the poet recount the steps by which this height was reached. On Christmas eve, he tells us,

"Then echo-like our voices rang;
We sung, though every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year: impetuously we sang:

"We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet:
'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'
And silence follow'd, and we wept."

To know that the loved ones who are gone before us sleep—to know this and nothing more is a comfort, but a very slender comfort: a comfort too slight to still the tenderest and deepest yearnings of the soul and the poet says properly:

"And silence follow'd, and we wept."

On this holy eve a diviner faith solicits their souls, and brings to perfect birth nobler and more comforting truths, which find their way to their lips and expression in his song:

"Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: 'They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;

"'Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather'd power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.'"

Well may the poet, after such a spontaneous and triumphant outburst of divine faith, conclude, not with silence and in tears, but in nobler tones of joy which until now has not been heard from his mournful muse:

"Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn!
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father! touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born."

Other things may be gathered from this and other poems of Mr. Tennyson, some favorable, and markedly so as displaying Catholic instincts, and some things vague, doubtful, and at times, but rarely, uncatholic. Uncatholic—we do not say unchristian, for it can be said, in excuse, where there are no defined limits or criterion of divinely revealed truth, unless it be what each one in his own eyes sees fit to hold, who can say where Christianity begins or where it ends? But we note distinctly, and at the same time with thanks, that, unlike our Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, because better instructed or less swayed by bias, perhaps, he does not allow himself to indulge, as we regret to say they do, in circulating oft repeated and as oft refuted calumnies against the Catholic faith or the church. We do not remember one instance in contemporary non-Catholic poets of their fearlessly stepping forward, as he does, against fanaticism, in favor of both. Acknowledging in the "St. Simeon Stylites" of the poet a certain appreciation of much of what is Catholic, nevertheless the attempt of his muse to depict in proper colors the characteristics of a Catholic saint is, in our opinion, a failure. This is not to be wondered at, for Christianity, as he has been led to

understand it, furnishes him with no type of human sanctity by which he could interpret his superhuman excellence. By superhuman we do not mean non-human, because superhuman, in a Catholic sense, means supremely human, divinely human.

Though we have not said the thousandth part of what we have to say on this singular poem, and have but touched upon a few of the elegies which it contains, we should not do their author justice if we passed without noting the fact that he does not hesitate to smite, with all his strength and scorn, the opponents of Christianity, whether pantheist or atheist. Here is one of his blows aimed at the latter foes:

"I trust I have not wasted breath:
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death;

"Not only cunning casts in clay:
Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men,
At least to me? I would not stay.

"Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was born to other things."

Our pleasant task is ended, though it has not been the more genial one to cull the flowers and precious gems that spring luxuriantly on every page and in almost every line of these songs. Ours has been rather to appreciate, enjoy, and admire these gifts, as far as our capacity allowed, in our solitude, and to touch lightly and mostly on a few points when we have felt envious that he who had done so much for us should not have done, what he might have done, all.

KELT AND TEUTON.

ONE of the most widely received ideas of the day is that "English" and "Anglo-Saxon" are synonymous terms. For many reasons an inquiry into the validity of this opinion would prove interesting. It so happens that the modern Irish have never been entrusted, in Ireland, with self-government; it so happens that the English have built up in England a great and substantially free state which has challenged the admiration and hatred of the world. Some admire the government; others do not. De Lolme devoted a book to showing the working of the constitution; Ledru-Rollin had nothing but condemnation for what he regarded as an unmitigated oligarchy. However, the many grand qualities of the English people are admitted on all hands. It would be folly to deny them. Whence came this people? The average answer of the present day would be, "from the Teuton race."

Is the Kelt, then, by nature an inferior being? Compare England with Ireland, we are told. The comparison is, of course, to the advantage of England. But is it fair?

To be fair we should see, not what the Irish as a people are to-day, but the best development they reached in an independent state. They touched the highest point, most likely, just before the invasion of the Danes and three hundred years before the coming of the English. At that time they possessed as many of the comforts of every-day life as the English of the same epoch. If we consult the candid historians of each country we shall find that their houses, their food, their system of agriculture, and the few rudiments of the mechanical arts they had attained to were on some points better, and on some worse, in the respective states. Look, too, at the Brehon code of laws, which had existed among the Irish from time immemorial, modified by the introduction of Christianity, but substantially the same. Those laws embodied a gentleness which men living under a harsher system have always struggled for and are just now obtaining. While in this respect—freedom from capital punishments—they will compare favorably with the code in force in England one hundred years ago, it also testifies to the character of the people in a more important way. In an independent state harsh laws are the out-

come of evil living. Now, while the face of Irish history presents a constant succession of crimes, in private life they must have been very different, else mild laws would have been insufficient to sustain the fabric of society. The missionary spirit of the island, and its fame as the home of learning and religion, during that epoch of history, are too well known to need any comment. Taking all these facts into consideration, it would not be far from right to say that the civilization of the Irish was not inferior to the civilization of the English of the same age.*

That civilization did not abide. When the English came they found the country in great disorder. The Danes had been expelled, and the sparks that had been trampled down were beginning to glow again. But the incessant invasions of three hundred years had left marks not to be easily effaced. However, it does not fall within the scope of the present paper to discuss the causes and nature of that decline. All that has to be shown is that a high comparative degree of civilization was once attained by the Keltic race in an independent nation.

To say that this race was proud, factious, tribal, and often engaged in civil strife is merely to describe the state of that epoch in all lands. The same objection might have been urged by Xerxes against the old Greeks. It argues no failure in governmental ability, except one—fatal in an age of force. During a civil war a foreign power has an opportunity to subjugate the country. And this was the actual result in the case of the Irish. It happened that a neighboring power—England—was strong and united, while the Irish were weak and divided; hence the present relations of those countries.

But suppose that no foreign power had interposed, or suppose that the Irish had united, as they had done after many years in the case of the Danes, and that they had expelled the handful of English who were gaining a foothold in the land. Can we not conceive a fair civilization growing out of the beginnings that then existed? If it had thus developed, with only the normal influences of other nations acting upon it, it would have been a singular, as Mr. Froude justly says, but nevertheless a better development for the Irish themselves than that which they have been forced through. Fatal as civil war is, it is better than conquest by a foreign power. If Darius had conquered Greece, and thus barred off that independent interval between his invasion

* Consult Cusack's *History of Ireland*. This work is valuable especially for the reason that it brings into the compass of a popular handbook many of the researches into the civilization of the ancient Irish.

and the coming of the Romans, the name of Greece would have been little more familiar to us than the names of Persia's appendages. A distracted France is better than a dead Poland.

Let us leave these speculations on the what-might-have-been, and turn to actual facts. England is amply recognized as a great nation, and the greatness of that nation is generally referred to Teutonic sources. Writers who differ on thousands of other points are all agreed upon this. And those English historians—Mr. Freeman and his younger followers, Canon Stubbs and Mr. Green—whom the world credits as the best constitutional authorities on the history of their country have given a weighty import to a vague popular belief. What is here said is not meant to be derogatory to Mr. Freeman in any other respect than as to his attitude towards this theory of race. Indeed, on questions involving pure matters of history—such as the actions of men in this or that age—he has exhibited a notable impartiality. By a close study of chronicles and state papers he has cleared English history of many errors and hasty falsehoods. But the time has now come when the scientific spirit of the age questions the supreme authority of old chronicles; and the conflict between what those old chronicles say and the conclusions of anthropology is so sharp and violent on this matter of the ancestry of the English people that one or other must be discredited.

The opponents of the Teuton theory have not hesitated to attack it even on its favorite ground. When the chronicle of Gildas, on which so much reliance is placed, is shown to be untrustworthy, a shock is administered to the whole line of annalists. And now, in addition to Dr. Nichols' laborious work, *The Pedigree of the English People*, in which the above result was obtained, we have Mr. Skene, in his *Keltic Scotland*, showing, on purely documentary evidence, that the Teutons do not predominate in that section of the island. But the field here is so vast that it will be many years before any sweeping conclusion can be formed. Nevertheless, this aspect of the question will not be neglected; and as the historical inquiry will seem more valid to many than scientific observation of existing peoples, we may expect to see works of this kind appear from time to time. They will be confirmatory, at all events.

Now let us see what the scientists have to say upon the subject. Anthropology, the science that divides races by noting their physical peculiarities, is now admitted by the best philologists to be a more decided test than language. Chronicles upon

this subject are probably weaker than either, on account of their inherent nature. Every one will have to form his own estimate when they come into conflict with anthropology. The task I have set myself is merely to show what anthropology reveals as to the ancestry of the English people.

Professor Huxley is a writer whose philosophical opinions have deservedly found few followers; but as a scientific authority he will not be disputed by many. More than nine years ago he showed that the population of western Europe may be broadly divided into two types, the dark and the fair. It had till then been popularly supposed that the Kelts were dark. But he pointed out that all ancient authors were agreed that Kelt and Teuton were alike fair, and it then remained for him to show whence came the dark race. But of this dark type there are two races, perfectly distinct from each other. One—the Silurians—have long and narrow faces and heads, high noses, and frequently retreating chins and foreheads; the other—the Ligurians—have short and round heads and faces, small and fleshy noses, and foreheads round and inclined to bulge. The first are found among the Basques on the slopes of the Pyrenees, as the Silures in Wales, and were generally considered to form the dark stock of Britain. This view is partially adopted by Mr. Grant Allen.* The Ligurians were estimated by M. de Boisjoslin in his work, *Les Peuples de la France*, to form ten millions of the French. They have lost their original speech, but the name is preserved in the Ligurian Alps and the river Loire, formerly Ligur. The Logrians were a British tribe at the time of the Saxon invasion; and the name Liogairne occurs in Ireland. These Logrians were most likely identical with the continental Ligurians. Professor Phillips, quoted in Mr. Grant Allen's article, describes the exact dark type of the race, which he found in Yorkshire and some of the eastern counties. The conjecture has been hazarded that they occur most often in the east, while the Silurians or Basques are chiefly found in the west. Mr. Larminie is inclined to add another race, but this is rather hypothetical. The Mongolian or Eskimo type, descended from the Cave-men of the glacial epoch, are too far off for anything certain to be known about them, and the present complications of the British race are quite sufficient.

Mr. Larminie shows how these facts bear upon the Teuton theory in such concise sentences that I cannot do better than quote him:

* *Fortnightly Review*, October, 1880.

". . . We see that the Britons were composed of at least three races, two of them dark, the Silurians and Ligurians, and one fair, the Kelts. Mr. Freeman tells us that these people were exterminated by Teutons in the fifth and sixth centuries throughout the greater part of England. But Professor Huxley is still able to divide our population into two principal types, the dark and the fair. Now, if the Teutons, who were undeniably fair, completely destroyed the earlier races, how comes it that there is a dark type in England at all? The dark types, by their presence amongst us, tell the story of their own survival, and testify to a fact which it might otherwise have been hard to prove. The true Kelt, being himself fair, can with difficulty be distinguished from the Teuton in our existing population; but the dark Briton having survived, we cannot suppose that the fair Briton perished; so that while the whole of our dark stock is non-Teutonic, so also is perhaps one-half of our fair stock, while only the remaining half of the latter is really of Teutonic descent." *

The word Keltic is now used to designate the composite pre-Saxon race. With this understanding Mr. Grant Allen, in the article already quoted, has been able, by studying the English people as they are, to map off the Keltic area of England as follows:

In the southwest it extends along the southern coast far enough to include Hampshire.

Many west and west-midland counties are either Keltic or half-Keltic in blood.

The important northwestern counties are chiefly peopled by Kelts.

In addition to the original foundation of Keltic population, the western counties have received continual reinforcements of the same element from Wales. Also, into the great manufacturing towns of the north, and into London, there has flowed a constant stream of Kelts from Wales, Ireland, and the highlands of Scotland. He estimates that the population of London is recruited to the extent of thirty per cent. from English counties, such as Devon and Somerset, that are intensely Keltic.

Mr. Larminie brings philology and history to fortify the position of the scientists:

"It is clear that the Teutonic conquest of these islands was much less complete than the previous Keltic conquest. In the earliest times of which we know anything the Keltic speech had penetrated into every corner of Britain and Ireland, and had completely driven out the earlier tongues. The races, however, who spoke those tongues had not been destroyed. Now, English, in spite of its advantages as the language of a great civilized empire, has but recently replaced Keltic in Cornwall, has as yet

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1881.

failed to establish itself in many parts of Scotland and Ireland, and has hardly gained ground at all in Wales. In connection with these facts let us note at what a late period Wales was finally conquered, the Saxons even under Egbert being unable to accomplish the task. But if all England up to the Welsh mountains had been occupied by a homogeneous Teutonic population, can we believe that Wales would not have been at once overwhelmed, and that the Keltic name and language would not have been completely obliterated? The Saxons were evidently not strong enough really to colonize the western half of England; they were able only to conquer it and occupy detached positions sufficient for that purpose. With regard to the west generally, we may sum up by saying, in Professor Huxley's words, that it is probably more Keltic, as a whole, than Ireland itself."*

Assuming, as we have now abundant right to do, that the ethnological topography is to a certain extent settled, we may pursue the inquiry by examining what each section of the British Empire has contributed towards building up the fabric of its greatness. I may be met at the outset by the objection that, no matter what part of England we take as an illustration, Teuton blood has supplied the brain and energy which went into the creation of her wealth and mind. Why? Certainly the original Saxon has not achieved much in his own country. In truth, no reason can be given. And ethnology is a vain study, if the conclusions of anthropologists can be overruled by such an empirical assertion.

In war, both by sea and land, the Scotch and Irish are allowed to be unsurpassed by any other nations. The northwestern counties, in manufacture; the west, including Liverpool, in commerce; the southwest, extending along the southern coast to Hampshire, in agriculture—all these represent the energy and enterprise of the Kelt in those respective spheres of human endeavor.

This, in the light of Professor Huxley's remarks, is so obvious that it need not be dwelt upon. But how about that widest field for the work of the human brain which, now that it has such extensive development, is also held to be the highest?—I mean literature. Can the Kelt hold his own with the Saxon here?

The answer hitherto has been, no. The Kelt, it was said, was able to make sporadic efforts of great brilliancy. In song-writing, for instance, the Kelts were allowed the highest mark. The best song-writers in English literature were born in Scotland and Ireland. But when the Kelt ventured into the more continuous and grander form of the epic and the drama his endurance

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1881.

failed. The reason alleged is the lack of force in mental character. Is this so? May not the absence of great works of art in Scotland and Ireland be accounted for on much humbler and better comprehended grounds? Keltic France possesses such works. Therefore the absence of them in Scotland and Ireland cannot be attributed to any serious defect in mental character. The true cause of barrenness was want of demand. The drama had no national capital in either Scotland or Ireland to exhibit itself in; and both the epic and the drama would have proved too ponderous works for countries always struggling for their rights. Subject countries have never produced epics and dramas. The necessities of their situation and the nature of their existence straiten the national efforts at expression to the short and stirring song. Subject countries have produced the most and the best song-writers. Let us now examine whether, under more favorable circumstances, the Kelt was able to produce great works of an abiding character.

The apotheosis of Anglo-Saxonism is probably reached by M. Taine in his *English Literature*. And it is rather singular to notice, in this connection, how little of the Anglo-Saxon talk is done by true Anglo-Saxons. Professor Huxley and Mr. Matthew Arnold, who strenuously combat the idea of Teuton superiority, are both true Anglo-Saxons; while it is left for a Kelt like M. Taine to give the most continuous and emphatic expression to the theory. According to him, every eminent English author from Chaucer to Tennyson is but an insular development of Germanic forms of thought. How such a theory could prove palatable to the proud English is a mystery. It only concerns us, however, to ask, is it true?

If it is, then those authors must have been born in East England. Now, I have taken the trouble to make out a list of English authors, selecting only those who produced a marked impression on the thought of their country. Taking the counties in which they were born as an indication of the prevailing stock from which they came, and of course including Scotland, Ireland, and Wales on the Keltic side of West England, East England was credited to the Teutons, and London was marked neutral. The result is this: the West has one hundred and eight, London thirty-four, and the East forty-nine. Or, again, let us take those authors who, in M. Taine's opinion, embodied the strongest essence of the Teuton spirit, and about whose great names he constructs his whole book.

Of these the West claims: Ben Jonson (Scotch parentage),

Shakspere (Warwick), Joseph Addison (Wilts), Swift (Ireland), Henry Fielding (Somerset), Tobias Smollett (Scotland), Robert Burns (Scotland), Wordsworth (Cumberland), Byron (Scotland), Walter Scott (Scotland), Charles Dickens (Portsea), Thackeray (a Keltic name), Macaulay (Scotland), and Carlyle (Scotland).

London has Chaucer, Milton (whose father came from an eastern family, but whose mother, as Dr. Johnson informs us, was Welsh), Defoe, and Pope.

The East claims John Dryden (Northampton), Samuel Richardson (Derby), and Alfred Tennyson (Lincoln).

The above is the result, if we accept M. Taine as a critic who has taken pains to estimate correctly the merits of the men he dealt with, and has given them their true positions. Many will not be inclined to do so; they will think he exalts some and passes over scores unjustly; but however a candid man may look at it, he will find that the Keltic parts of England have at least contributed their share to the intellectual wealth of the country. In one department the Teutons can claim a just predominance: out of the thirty most famous theologians the East gave twenty, London four, and the West only six.

If the Keltic theory is made out important results may be expected. But we should be cautious in accepting one theory as against another, especially when that other is old and well established. And apart from the fact that no conclusive reply has yet come from the upholders of the Teuton theory, opposed to anthropology will be found the still accredited chronicles, the great fact of language, and an idea which has become a popular tradition. As to the objection on the score of language, among others Mr. Matthew Arnold has recently attempted to show the kinship between the forms of phrase and imagination to be found among the Kelts and in various English writers. But in this he was rather unfortunate, his results being not exactly in accordance with the results obtained by the anthropologists. And it should be understood that no arbitrary line can be drawn so as to designate this county Keltic and that Teutonic. The utmost that can be said, even accepting the scientific view, is that a predominance of one or other is found. It will in the end be decided, in my opinion, that Kelt and Teuton enter into the existing population of the British Islands in something like equal quantities. At all events the Kelts, in asking a recognition at the hands of the Teutons, should not depreciate the merits of the latter.

And the recognition which the Irish Kelts are seeking from their English brothers—a recognition of their capacity for self-

government—will be hastened by the present agitation of the question in England. The misgovernment of Ireland has never had its root in any great want of justice in the English people—a fact testified to by the frank admission of the iniquity of those seven hundred tyrannical years. The complacent assumption of superiority on the part of the English, by virtue of their supposed Teutonic descent, is the real cause. The Kelts, in their eyes, were an inferior people, not worthy of constitutional government; and though the strong hand was to be deprecated, it was the only means to keep them in order. But now, when we find that their thinkers are beginning to show them that this same despised Keltic race is most likely the prevailing element of the English people, their complacency will be mightily shaken and a kinder feeling will grow out of this result. A decided anti-Teutonic sentiment has for some time animated a large section of the English, as we may see by consulting such popular writers of the past as Cobbett, and they may be trusted to push the new Keltic theory into popularity.

BOURDALOUE.

THE only portrait of Bourdaloue was taken after his death. The calm, placid face and closed eyes gave occasion to a tradition that he whom Lord Brougham considered the greatest preacher of modern times delivered his immortal sermons with the pose and the expression represented in the picture. The engraving prefixed to Père Brettoneau's edition of the *Ouvrages* of Bourdaloue has the motto: *Et loquebar de testimoniis tuis in conspectu regum, et non confundebar:* "I spoke of thy statutes before kings, and I was not ashamed"—an admirable summary of the career of the king of preachers and the preacher of kings.

Louis Bourdaloue was born at Bourges, August 20, 1632, just eight years before the birth of Louis XIV., whose reign he chiefly was to immortalize; for such is the severity of modern criticism that it is now held that of all the glories of the Augustan age of French literature only Bourdaloue and Molière permanently abide. The fearful tests of time, change, novelty, fashion, enthusiasm, and indifference have been successively applied to

the preacher and the dramatist, and both have survived them. Nor is criticism abashed at thus dividing the laurel between the priest and the player, for it judges only of the indestructible element in the works of each. Bourdaloue held very stringent views regarding the dramatic profession, and it is probably owing to these views and their fearless expression that the drama of the age of Louis XIV. was ennobled with the masterpieces of Corneille and Racine, and that comedy was taught that it might be laughable and at the same time pure. What criticism has chief regard to in Bourdaloue is the presence of pure intellectual power, dominating the imagination and the feelings, and shining with the steady lustre which we instinctively associate with the permanence of truth. In pure intellect Bourdaloue stands as the representative man of his era; of sensibility, natural and spontaneous, Molière is the master.

It must be said in fairness that the judgment which assigns to Bourdaloue the highest place not only in the eloquence of the pulpit but in the oratory of modern times is an English judgment, or rather a legal decision, resulting from an examination, criticism, and sifting which no other preacher, as such, can stand. For it is manifestly trying to apply to a sermon the tests which hold good in regard to a merely theological thesis. A sermon is infinitely more than a dry, scientifically constructed dissertation. The very nature of a sermon implies eloquence. It cannot be handled as a judicial opinion, or a paper read before a learned society, or an historical essay. Now, in the opinion of Brougham, this is the unique excellence of Bourdaloue: that he is supremely judicial, and yet of mighty eloquence. Lord Erskine approaches in this power the illustrious preacher of the Augustan age of France. Erskine is now acknowledged to have been the greatest advocate that ever addressed an English jury. Another point of resemblance between these two advocates—for Bourdaloue was God's advocate—is that there is no record of the manner in which they prepared their discourses. There is not a hint about Erskine's preparation, except that implied in his having always been ready. Bourdaloue preached for thirty-seven years, and, says La Bruyère, who spent twenty years in preparing his little book, the *Caractères*, each sermon was better than the last. Yet during that time he was six hours daily in the confessional, had an attraction for attending sick-calls which amounted to a divine passion, and held intimate social relations with all the great men, authors, painters, and warriors, of his famous era. When did he study? The quotations from the Fathers were made from

memory, yet they have all been verified almost to the phrasing. There is material for a dozen sermons in almost every paragraph of his discourses, which are, nevertheless, marvels of unity. Even as we have his orations, it is clear that they are only outlines and drafts. He had no models of that style of preaching which the modern pulpit owes to him. Before him the sacred chair had degenerated into a place for the reading of the pettiest moral essays. The Protestant Reformation and Erasmus had thrown ridicule upon the philosophy and the theology of the schools—a ridicule the injustice and ignorance of which Bourdaloue demonstrated.

It seems to us that a mighty fountain whence Bourdaloue drew his inspiration was the study of the Christian Fathers. His mind had an affinity to theirs. Most of us read the Fathers in a scrappy, unconnected way, perchance only for their doctrinal value in controversy. We limit our acquaintance with them to the extracts in a handbook of dogmatic theology. We know what they say about confession, or the Eucharist, or baptism; but knowledge of this kind is of little use outside controversy, and even in that such half-knowledge is unavailing, as an opponent may place his "scrap" from patristic sources alongside of our scrap and confuse us. To realize what St. Cyril of Jerusalem taught about baptism or the Eucharist we must read at least the *Catechism* entire. To appreciate St. Cyril of Alexandria's witness to the divinity of our Lord we must study his commentary on St. John. We must read the whole *Dialogue with Trypho* to grasp the grand faith of St. Justin Martyr. And in proportion as we absorb the spirit of the Fathers we grow into a perception of the strength of Bourdaloue. That antique majesty is not the same as Athanasius', but akin to it. That wonderful analysis of text is Augustinian, and in the denunciation of sin we hear the voices of Ambrose and Chrysostom. But in all Bourdaloue never loses his own individuality. It is not Ambrose rebuking Theodosius, but Bourdaloue reproving Louis. It is not the corrupt court of Arian emperors that awakens the zeal of the new Chrysostom. His genius seizes the spirit and the principles of the Fathers and applies them to his own day. Bossuet read Homer before preaching. Bourdaloue needed nothing to fire his mind, which lived in calm. The Eagle of Meaux loved the tempest and storm of ideas, the mountain-peaks of thought, and the sublimities of imagery. The effects of Bossuet's eloquence were astonishment, rapture, applause; of Massillon's, delight and tears; but it was truer of Bourdaloue than of any other orator, before or since

him, that "vanquished senates trembled as they praised." And the fear was that supreme one which comes from profound conviction and unanswerable and inexorable demonstration.

It is interesting to note that amid the variant opinions regarding Bourdaloue in the most brilliant and intellectual court that Europe has ever seen, one impression was general—that the great preacher was utterly indifferent to the opinion itself, whether it was flattering or the reverse. La Bruyère, who was a very keen man, saw that this indifference, whether arising from a moral or only a natural cause, was, in a man of Bourdaloue's transcendent powers, the simple result of his greatness. He was too great to be proud, or touchy, or heated about reputation. Bossuet had a severe struggle to keep himself from being carried away by his commanding fame. Fénelon's holy humility is proverbial. But Bourdaloue made no pretensions to humility or to extraordinary piety, though it was said truly of him that his life was the best refutation of the *Provincial Letters*. He was simply great. Courtly preachers never forgave the king for saying that he would rather hear an old sermon of Bourdaloue's than their new ones. And Louis was more than a mere king whose whims are laws. He fully deserves his title of Great. To Bourdaloue, in the truest and deepest sense, the king and court were only men and women with souls to save. Among his hearers were men destined to earthly immortality, but *he* thought only of the life everlasting. That handsome, grave gentleman who thrilled with every poetical allusion was, to Bourdaloue, Jean Racine, whose talents only imposed upon him a stricter inquiry when the divine Trader came. He spoke to Turenne and Condé, to Corneille and Boileau, to Puget and Claude Lorraine, to Colbert and D'Aguesseau, but to them as men, as sinners, and as Christians. He had not one style for the poor and the unlettered, and another for the courtier and *littérateur*. He was as self-possessed in the pulpit of Versailles as on the altar of a village church. The blaze of diamonds, the pomp of arms, the splendor of kingship, of art, and of letters; the overpowering consciousness to a weak man that all this grandeur was forgotten in hearing him speak, and that he, for a season, was a king greater than Louis in the sway over mind, imagination, and feeling, never disturbed his great soul, which judged men and all things by the standard of the cross of Christ. Massillon burst into tears when he ascended the pulpit to preach the funeral oration of the Grand Monarch, and beheld assembled the pride and glory of France. Fléchier was so agitated at the obsequies of Turenne that he trembled

violently. Cicero fainted when he tried to deliver his oration for Milo. With all his animal courage, amazing effrontery, and pretended sincerity, Luther could hardly articulate a word before an assembly of peaceful and gentle ecclesiastics who simply asked him to explain and defend his opinions. The serenity of Bourdaloue marked a soul that lived in a sphere above merely earthly interests. In the zenith of his fame—which, indeed, never had a setting—he longed for his cell and the companionship of his brethren of the Society of Jesus. But, as if God intended to mark him out as a constant teacher, he was refused permission to retire from the desk of truth, and he died, in almost the very exercise of his sacred ministry (May 13, 1704), after an illness of only two days.

Cardinal Maury (*Essai sur l'Éloquence de la Chaire*) does not assign the first rank to Bourdaloue, on account of the great Jesuit's departure from the French idea of oratory, ably defended by the cardinal as consisting in a series of majestic and moving pictures. Cardinal Maury holds that the supreme triumph of eloquence is in stirring the passions, and he seems to hold that in bringing about this result the appeal to the imagination is the most availing. The astonishing effects of a powerful delineation are dwelt upon with great earnestness, and the student is counselled to cultivate all the imaginative power he has, aiding it by the study of poetry and other such literature. We readily grant that no one can be a great orator without a great imagination, but it seems to us that, however acceptable and even necessary this view may be to Frenchmen, it has never been the one insisted upon in English rhetorical training. What, therefore, Cardinal Maury regards as a defect in Bourdaloue is, in our eyes, a merit. We are fonder of proof, reasoning, calm illustration and argument than of grand pictures, which, if not done by a master-hand, are sure to seem daubs. Bourdaloue's sermon on the Passion is universally admitted to be the highest uninspired utterance on that subject of which written record remains—the very retort of the argument that the cross is a stumbling-block and a scandal, carrying St. Paul's declaration to its completest human expression. Now, *tableaux* of the Crucifixion do not permit that reach of thought. We have a most powerful portraiture of the Agony in the Garden by Cardinal Newman (unquestionably the most striking *tableau*, in Maury's sense, in the sermon-literature of the English language), but it does not bring one's *intellect* into subjection, as Bourdaloue's Passion sermon, which avoids the details of the Crucifixion in order to fix the mind, soul, heart, and

the whole being on the two simple points—the cross is the power and the wisdom of God.

The French preachers excel in portraiture; and as this grace of eloquence possesses a powerful attraction for the people, its sedulous cultivation is enjoined. The language itself, copious as it is, and fitted for the expression of the highest metaphysical speculation, lends itself most readily to description. It is pre-eminently the language of history and romance; and if the form which its epic poetry is forced to take seems to us unfavorable to harmony, the poetical thought is there. Gibbon hesitated long whether to write his history in French or in English. The grace and expressiveness of their beautiful tongue appear equally in the romances and in the driest philosophy of the French. The charm of Malebranche's style won him more disciples than his logic. There is no people so quick as the French to understand and to appreciate an excellence foreign to their own. To read their translations is a pleasure not often given to the reading of the original, so true are they to the thought, so appreciative of the sentiment. It is this sympathy with intellect and sensibility that makes France, after all, the idol of the world, and her language the form in which every intellectual man secretly wishes his own thoughts to be enshrined. How tender and sympathetic in tone are even the criticisms that condemn! How bravely, for example, does Cardinal Maury strive to render justice to the unspeakably dull sermons of Hugh Blair! The Scotch divine knew too much about rhetoric to write naturally, and he ground out orations on the principle of a grammarian arranging sentences for parsing.

The best sermon-literature of France, viewed as to style and expression, thus runs in portraiture, panegyric, and imagery. What a noble gallery has not Bossuet painted! These are ideal men and women transfigured by his imagination. How startling are the pictures of Massillon! His description of Famine, as living and terrible, woke cries of horror in the church. All virtues and vices become living in this great school of impassioned oratory; and we sigh over the departure of days when men of a simpler and more impressible heart listened to the preacher as *their* fathers looked upon the Vice of the old morality-plays. But the Revolution is between Massillon and Montsabré.

Now, Bourdaloue is the orator that faces this nineteenth century with the characteristics of the speaker for all time—universality, the appeal to ultimate reasons, the why and wherefore of virtue and of vice, the grounds of faith, the power of

the everlasting Gospel. We read the *Esther* and the *Athalie* of Racine, but do not relish them as so presented from the pulpit. We love to contemplate the Blessed Virgin as discoursed on by the genius of Ventura, and we treasure more highly than the sweetest description of the Last Supper the work of Arnauld on the *Perpetuity of the Church's Faith in the Eucharist.*

The mind of Bourdaloue, essentially analytic and Thomistic, treated metaphor and allegory only as subservient to a theme. They were *scholia*, which the proof of the proposition could dispense with. The text was made to yield up all its treasures, as in his sermon on St. John the Baptist's witness to Christ, which reads like an *articulus* of the Angelical's "Five things are necessary to a witness: faithfulness and disinterestedness; exact knowledge; evidence of proofs; zeal for the truth of the testimony; constancy and firmness in giving the testimony." Such was the Baptist's witness to Christ. Our Saviour's witness to him regarded his greatness, the dignity of his ministry, the excellence of his preaching, the value of his baptism, the holiness of his life, and the austerity of his penance. All these noble thoughts, each suggesting a sermon, are taken clearly and without effort from a few pages of the Gospel. An inferior preacher would content himself with a scenic representation of the Baptist in the wilderness, clothed with camel's hair and filled with memories and musings. Of course a powerful picture full of lights and shadows might be sketched, and no doubt an audience might be entranced with it, but its permanent value would be simply *nil.* St. John did not wish to be represented *en pose.*

There is no better model of the style of general teaching which the present Sovereign Pontiff is desirous of having introduced, or, where introduced, perfected, than the style of Bourdaloue. The pulpit is to become the professor's desk, and the faithful the class; and though we may feel a natural pang at putting aside our flowers and pictures, it is a call to labor in the deepest parts of the Garden that gives the flowers, and to build up the walls upon which our pictures are to hang.

THE CHRISTIAN CONQUEST OF AFRICA.

In Abyssinia, erected into a vicariate in 1846, and the population of which is supposed to exceed three millions, the French Lazarists, or Vincentians, are prosecuting the work of evangelization begun by that model missionary and true disciple of St. Vincent de Paul, the saintly Jacobis. After serving a rude apprenticeship to the apostolate Jacobis lived and labored as bishop of this country for twelve years, during which time he never wore the episcopal dress, but, clad in poor, tattered clothes, led a life of poverty and penury. He gathered into the fold twenty-five thousand souls, and left behind him, when he lay down to die upon this African land, the nucleus of a native ministry destined to supply the pressing spiritual needs of this renascent church.

"There is a report spread through the whole kingdom of Hamara," wrote Jacobis in June, 1843, when he was simply prefect, "that at the time when Oobiay was sending to the Coptic patriarch for a bishop, a hermit, who had lived for a long time in the desert of Bajoolo, near Gallas-Egion, appeared at Gondar, saying that a bad bishop, sent by the Copts, would come into Abyssinia; that, after him, another bishop would be given by Rome, and that this would be the time when Abyssinia would become Catholic."

He little thought, when penning these lines, that he himself was the future apostle of Abyssinia, thus, as it were, prophetically indicated, who was to inaugurate the restoration of Catholicity in this country, which in days long gone by was the refuge of the persecuted faithful hunted out of Egypt by the Arians, Eutychians, and Nestorians, and which seemed to him reserved for some great religious events.

This consummation so devoutly to be wished seems, however, rather far from its complete accomplishment. The present emperor, Ati-Joannes, an astute prince, much dreaded but little loved by his subjects, whom he treats as slaves, is no friend to Europeans, whom he sets at defiance, and is an inveterate enemy of the faith of Rome. Though perfidious and much given to plunder, it seems the people have an innate respect for religion, and, if purged of the bad leaven of schism, might become good Catholics in process of time. For example, Jacobis says: "Let

no religious order of women fear to come to this country: the Abyssinians have the greatest respect for Christ's spouses, and will defend them on every occasion at the risk of their own lives." The present vicar-apostolic is Mgr. Touvier.

Farther inland and north of the equator, among the Gallas tribes—a vigorous race, who derive their name from the Galla ox (remarkable for its immense lyre-shaped horns), and who fought and conquered their way from Abyssinia far to the southward—we find the French Capuchin friars, whose numbers were reinforced at the time of the expulsions in France, and who, under the jurisdiction of Mgr. Taurin, have been evangelizing this portion of eastern Africa, erected into a vicariate in 1846. A dark cloud, however, has obscured the horizon of missionary prospects here. At the instance of the Abyssinian emperor, who is lord paramount over these countries, and whose word is law, Menelik, King of Choa, his vassal, has been compelled to banish from his states Mgr. Massaja, Bishop of Cassia *in partibus*, and formerly vicar of the Gallas; his successor, Mgr. Taurin Cahange, Bishop of Adramythe *in partibus;* and Father Louis Gonzaga, Capuchins, on the specious pretext of sending them on an embassy to Europe. The emperor complained that Abyssinia was, as it were, invested and blockaded by Egypt, which will allow neither arms, nor munitions of war, nor merchandise to pass the frontier, and that to remedy this state of things the missionaries above named should plead his cause in Europe. It was a pure deception. As soon as they left Choa they were constituted prisoners for the faith. Ras Aria, the emperor's uncle, was present when the latter dictated his ultimatum to Menelik in these terms: "Expel these people who are teaching a faith contrary to mine, or prepare for war." The order had to be obeyed, and the missionaries were sent to Matama by way of the Soudan, a painful journey, rendered still more painful and perilous by forced marches in the midst of wasting fevers, occasionally solaced, however, by the succors of some Good Samaritans. The Capuchins are to be met in the Seychelles Islands also, an insular dependency of the Mauritius, formed into a vicariate in 1860.

The fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Holy Heart of Mary, founded by Libermann, administer on the east coast the immense prefecture of Zanguebar, where there are from six thousand to eight thousand Catholics, and a still larger extent of the west coast, including the prefectures of Cimbebasia (running northward from the mouth of the Orange River), Congo, Senegal, and the vicariates of the Two Guineas, Sierra

Leone (begun by Father Blanchet, in 1866) and Senegambia. These fathers, Mgr. Lavigerie assures us, have done wonders at Bagamoyo, on the east coast, and the letters of the Algerian missionaries, who make this their way to the interior, overflow with eulogies of their charity and hospitality, frequently called into active exercise at Zanguebar, where the Somalis, a fanatical tribe of Arabs, impede the passage of travellers and missionaries. They have charge of one of the most trying missions in Africa, for the climate is especially destructive in the region extending from the east coast to the great lakes. The lands are low and marshy, owing to the heavy rains, and the miasma and fevers which are thus generated develop with extraordinary rapidity under the action of a tropical sun. French priests of this Congregation are also stationed in a civilized and settled portion of Cape Colony within Mossel Bay, George Oud's Town, and Victoria West districts. Stretching up northward and westward from the latter place is a vast tract of country thinly peopled by a nomadic tribe called the Korannas, described as one of the least promising and most contracted fields in South Africa.

Considerable attention has been of recent years drawn to the South African missions, where Bishops Leonard, Rickards, and Jolivet, and the Jesuits, are doing wonders. Cape Colony is divided into three vicariates, the eastern, western, and central. In the western vicariate, the headquarters of which are at Cape Town, where there are about thirty-five hundred Catholics, the vicar-apostolic, Dr. Leonard (formerly of Dublin), has twelve priests under his jurisdiction, who are aided by Marist Brothers and Dominican nuns in the education of the children. The Catholic population of the colony is almost entirely Irish or of Irish extraction. Dr. Leonard's general views on the subject of African missions are that Catholic missionaries should be first in the field, that they should be able to preach to the natives in their own language, and that the work should be undertaken by the members of a religious community or order, who could be properly prepared for the life they would necessarily have to lead in places so far removed from the civilized world. The eastern vicariate is bounded on the north by the Orange River, and on the east by Kaffraria proper, and contains more than five thousand Catholics, about two thousand of whom live at Port Elizabeth, five hundred at Graham's Town, and the rest at King William's Town, Graaff-Reinet, Algoa Bay, Uitenhage, Fort Beaufort, and Bedford, at each of which towns there is a chapel and one or more priests. There are from twenty to thirty thousand Protestants and two

hundred and fifty thousand unconverted blacks. The vicar-apostolic, who is also titular bishop of Retimo, left Maynooth thirty years ago, then subdeacon, to labor in the vineyard which the indefatigable zeal and apostolic spirit of Mgr. Devereux had planted, and which, extending from the banks of the Orange River to the Indian Ocean and comprising one hundred thousand square miles, then contained only a comparative handful of Catholics. When Mgr. Rickards was consecrated in 1871 there were only five priests in the vicariate; in 1879 there were thirty-one, and five new stations had been established—that is, they had bought lands, built churches and presbyteries, and were breaking fresh ground where no priests had hitherto been. The college of St. Aidan, erected at a cost of ten thousand pounds and directed by the Jesuits, contained at that date fifty boarders and one hundred and sixty extern pupils, mostly English or Irish, whose number has since been greatly augmented, and there is a convent of fifteen Dominican nuns at King William's Town; while the Marists have a well-attended school at Port Elizabeth, and have established a novitiate destined to keep up the supply of teaching brothers in all the missions in South Africa, besides a school for farmers and others unable to send their sons to St. Aidan's. Three new convents are in process of erection. The vicariate now counts fifty-three hundred Catholics: twenty-four hundred at Port Elizabeth, more than one thousand at Graham's Town, and over eight hundred at King William's Town, the number in the other missions varying from seventy to one hundred. In all there are eleven missions and nearly twenty stations to meet the spiritual needs of the Catholics thinly scattered through about twenty-five towns and villages far apart, who are visited three or four times a year, the missionaries being ready to mount horse night or day in all weathers, and traverse distances sometimes exceeding one hundred miles, to administer the last sacraments. For over twenty years pious priests and devoted religious have been laboring in secret and unknown, so to speak, in the very heart of Kaffraria. The Oblates of Mary possess in Basutoland several houses, where the Kafirs have proved that they are susceptible of being instructed in our holy religion, and may become as worthy sons of the church as any other race on earth. The Trappists have established themselves on a vast tract of land, comprising twelve square miles, purchased by Mgr. Rickards for five thousand pounds, and have founded a monastery which it is expected will rival that of Staoueli ("land of saints," situated ten miles from Algiers on the way to Koleah, and which has two thousand acres of land),

besides another monastery in Tambookieland in process of establishment. Much is hoped for as the result of the introduction of the monks into South Africa. The four dioceses of South Africa contain altogether about twelve thousand Catholics; forty years ago they hardly numbered five hundred.

The Central Cape district, which extends from east to west, dividing the two districts above referred to, constitutes an apostolic prefecture and is administered by the Society of African Missions of Lyons. The largest of the South African vicariates —that of Natal, which takes in the Orange Free State, West Griqualand, Basutoland, and the Transvaal—is chiefly supplied by French Oblates, who are under the jurisdiction of Mgr. Jolivet, vicar-apostolic, formerly resident in Liverpool. Most of the Catholics here are Irish, of whom there are from three to four thousand. In the outlying stations the faithful are few and far between. The largest and richest congregation is at Kimberley, in Griqualand West, a place which only a few years ago was in the inaccessible wilds; while there has been for some years a successful native mission in Basutoland at the sources of the Orange and Val rivers.

The vast district between the Limpopo and the Zambesi, which comprises the enormous area of over nine hundred thousand square English miles—including Lake Bangweolo, on the shores of which Livingstone died; both banks of the Zambesi, with four hundred miles of unexplored country between the lake and the river; Lake Nyassi and the country peopled by the powerful tribes of the Bamanguato and Amandebele—has been assigned to the Jesuits, who administer the prefecture of Madagascar also, and the cluster of small islands lying between Madagascar and the continent. For reasons fully detailed in Father Weld's interesting pamphlet the Jesuits have resolved to make Cape Colony their basis of operations, and Graham's Town—where they conduct the college of St. Aidan, the foundation of which gave the African mission an existence and pointed out the direction which future development should take—their point of departure. These zealous missionaries are now penetrating into regions which but lately were unknown even to our best geographers, and there, where no Catholic priest had ever before been seen, there is good hope that serious missionary labors will begin a new era.

It only remains to speak of the districts assigned to the Society of African Missions,* established about twenty years ago

* The headquarters of this society, of which the superior-general is the Very Rev. Father

at Lyons by Mgr. Marion-Brêsillac, who, after an apostolate of twelve years in British India, conceived and carried out the idea of creating a body of missionaries who should devote themselves to the most abandoned of the African races, and be always ready to respond to the needs of the moment, striving by every possible means to penetrate wherever and whenever occasions presented themselves of opening this vast continent, and occupying gaps between missions already existing. They have the prefecture of the Gold Coast and the vicariate of the Benin, where they have established some of the best administered and most promising missions in Africa, although having had to contend with difficulties it is no exaggeration to describe as simply appalling, the climate alone being sufficient to deter any but men full of apostolic courage, constancy, and fervor, not to speak of the desolating scourges of slavery and human sacrifices, which have made Dahomey one of the darkest spots in the dark continent.

"How easily we could free slaves, if we had but the money!" wrote Father Holley, one of the missionaries of this society, from Abeokuta. "To feel this, after each warlike expedition we need only visit one of the great squares (and they are many) and see entire families of captives exposed pellmell for sale. The poor creatures will hold out their arms towards us, as if to cry, 'White man, buy me!' But why subject one's self to so afflicting an experience, since we have not money for such a purpose? The poor children, who might be the objects of the missionaries' care, will certainly be ruined by their merciless masters. 'For them the fetishes are good enough,' they say of these poor things. 'No one can do anything with such brutes. They are born thieves, and thieves they will die!' If those thousands of Christians who only seek a real opening to do good, and thus put out their income at good interest, could once witness these deplorable sales of human flesh and blood, many of them would hasten to rescue the miserable life of one of these poor brothers, who are truly worthy of all our sympathy. How many pious souls could do this unspeakable good to their poor African sisters without saying good-by for ever to the sweet ties of family life, without leaving their beloved native land! To rescue a poor black and put him in the way of becoming a child of God is easy—so little effort is required to give him into our charge to be transformed from a little slave of Satan into a Christian who will call a shower of blessings from heaven on his benefactor's head!"

And referring to those horrible human sacrifices which for-

Planque, are at Lyons. A branch house has within the past few years been established at Cork, Ireland, mainly through the exertions of the local superior, Father Devoncoux, and the fathers associated with him, Fathers Barrett and Pagnon. Although at present only a lesser seminary for teaching the humanities to such subjects as offer themselves, and preparing them for the philosophy course at Lyons, it promises, funds permitting, to develop at no distant date into a greater seminary and become a valuable basis of operations.

merly took place by day, but now are never perpetrated except at night, Father Zimmerman says:

"If our brethren in Europe and America only knew the sad fate of the blacks, if they only reflected on the misery of their state, they would pray to heaven more fervently that the divine grace might be shed abundantly on these poor abandoned nations. Doubtless all cannot come and preach the Gospel to the Africans, but nearly all could give their penny to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith; and if they did we should have more schools and be able to buy more children, some of whom would become fervent Christians and others schoolmasters and catechists."

As it is the Mussulmans who almost exclusively carry on this debasing slave-trade, and as Mussulman society is so organized as not to be able to exist without slaves, its complete abolition, one of the grand aims of the African missions, will at the same time weaken the power and influence of Mohammedanism, which, Sir Bartle Frere avers, is an advancing and converting religion and the chief obstacle to the evangelization of Africa.

Although the public sale of slaves has been abolished at Zanguebar, in the interior and at certain points of the coast they still carry off the unfortunate natives and transport them to the depths of Asia and every part of the Mohammedan world; whole provinces having been depopulated and changed into deserts, the bare, bleached bones of the wretched negroes who have fallen victims to hunger or brutal ill-treatment indicating the passage of the slave-gangs to the coast—ghastly evidences of "man's inhumanity to man." The American, recalling the unhappy share which his great country at one time had in this infamous slave-trade, which Pope Gregory XVI. characterized as "the opprobrium of the Christian name," must be indeed callous to all sense of shame, indignation, and human sympathy who can read of the sad fate of the poor blacks, so long "seated in darkness and the shadow of death," without resolving, as a debt of reparation, to do all that may lie in his power to aid the grand work of the evangelization and liberation of these fallen races. It has been said that if one were to lose his way from the interior to the towns on the coast where the slave-markets are held, he would easily find it again by the whitening bones of the corpses that strew the route. Every year more than a million are subjected to this dreadful fate, and under such conditions that an eye-witness affirms that if one were to accumulate every detail of horror and suffering it would not exceed the truth.

"They have closed the seas and highways of the new world to it," says

Mgr. Lavigerie; "it has multiplied in the interior and has there become more murderous. In vain the powers of earth are leagued to abolish the inhuman commerce that ensanguines Africa. Their efforts are powerless. The leprosy prevails. What do I say? It is extending its ravages. Whether the measures are insufficient because they only reach those who sell and not those who buy, or that the evil is too deep-rooted to be healed by the hand of man, slavery is still erect, and the narratives of the latest explorers of the equatorial regions are full of its horrors. It is no longer foreigners alone, it is the blacks themselves who, taught a contempt of man, have become the artisans of their own ruin—so low the human mind sinks when it finds not in a purer illumination the force to combat the brutalities of nature!"

It is to diffuse this pure light, to illuminate and liberate these suffering and enslaved races—*illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent*—that men full of that spirit of sacrifice without which nothing truly great and good was ever done for God, the church, or humanity are generously and unselfishly devoting their lives. And it is an appalling thought that, after nearly nineteen centuries of Christianity, there should still be within easy and rapid reach of Europe a vast continent where there are millions of human creatures still sunk in utter barbarism, wholly ignorant of God and of his law. In Africa, as Father Weld observes, there are many millions of souls in absolute danger, unless we make haste, of being taught all the corruptions of a premature civilization before they have had the opportunity of knowing the truth, and of being, therefore, cast into a state even more hopeless than ever. All the cry of the missionaries who have penetrated into the densely-populated districts of the interior, where the fields are already white with the harvest, is for more apostolic laborers. The men wanted for this difficult but glorious mission are not men of the commonplace type, who would pause to weigh the personal advantages or disadvantages of attaching themselves to this or that order or congregation engaged in what the writer has ventured to denominate one of the grand achievements of the church—the spiritual conquest of Africa. To summon these slumbering nations to life and liberty—to the supernatural life of faith and the liberty of the children of God; to vitalize and energize these dry bones and make them live again; to spiritualize a people so long sunk in sensualism and fetishism, would assuredly need apostolic men, men like Jacobis or Gonzalez Silveira, full of the spirit that quickeneth; and such men, though they are always to be found, are still not numerous enough for all the church's needs.

CONCLUDED.

CHRISTIAN JERUSALEM.

PART V.—A.D. 335–456.

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—ARIAN TROUBLES—EPISCOPATE OF ST. MAXIMUS—OF ST. CYRIL—ST. HILARION AND THE MONASTIC INSTITUTE IN PALESTINE—PILGRIMAGES—ST. JEROME, ST. PAULA, AND THEIR COMPANIONS IN BETHLEHEM—EPISCOPATE OF JOHN—OF PRAYLUS—JUVENAL PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM.

THE splendor with which Christianity and the church burst forth at the epoch of Constantine and the First Council of Nicæa was obscured by the cloud of Arianism. Ecclesiastical historians have occupied themselves so much in describing the contentions and persecutions arising out of this heresy that the whole history of this age has come to be regarded as identified with the war waged for and against the Symbol of Nicæa. This was, however, only one great incident of this history, and not the whole history itself, which is most glorious, not only through the victory of the faith over heresy, but in a thousand other ways. Moreover, there is much exaggeration and misunderstanding prevalent respecting the extent of the actual ravages which formal heresy, whether Arian or Semi-Arian, made in the faith either of bishops and clergy or the lay people. There were numerous heretics in all these classes, and relatively more among bishops, emperors, and the grandees of the laity than in the common ranks of the clergy and people. But we are not to suppose that by dividing between the open and firm adherents to the Nicene Symbol and the cause of St. Athanasius, and the rest of professed members of the Catholic Church, we can also divide between the orthodox believers and the heretics. The latter were always a party and in the minority; the Christian world was generally and invariably orthodox. The show of numerical superiority and the actual possession of power on the part of the Arian faction were due to the fact that its able and unscrupulous leaders were cunning enough to keep or gain possession, at times, of some of the principal sees. This was effected through the support of the men who wielded the civil power, and who were either deceived by their art, or themselves virulent enemies of the Catholic faith. They did not seek to make a new sect, but, to make good their position in the Catholic Church, they concealed and masked their heresy under ambiguous formulas, they perse-

cuted the clear-sighted and intrepid champions of Nicene orthodoxy under false pretexts, and it was only after a long time and many vicissitudes that they were completely unmasked and definitively driven out from the external communion of the Catholic Church. The greater number of the bishops who were drawn or driven into complicity with their acts and measures, and who are generally classed under the head of Semi-Arians by historians, were really neither infected with Arian or Semi-Arian heresy, and were only deficient in clear-sightedness and courage. They were more or less duped and deceived by the hypocrisy and fraud of Arius, Eusebius of Nicomedia, Acacius of Cæsarea, and their companions or successors in heretical malice and astuteness. They were bewildered by the abstruse and subtle controversies about ideas and terms relating to the most profound of all mysteries, or daunted and oppressed by the arrogance and violence of worldly and powerful prelates and the insolence of civil rulers. These tyrants, with the connivance of heretical bishops, usurped authority over the church, and both together succeeded in carrying, with the acquiescence of the majority, doctrinal decrees and administrative measures whose whole tendency and scope, it was afterwards clearly seen, were to undermine the faith of the Nicene Council and destroy its faithful defenders.

There are many difficulties in the way of attaining correct and certain knowledge of the details of ecclesiastical history in the fourth century, especially in regard to certain particular persons who figured in its events and transactions. One of these obstacles is the great amount of forgery and falsification perpetrated by the Arian faction. Moreover, we cannot follow blindly even the statements and judgments of orthodox writers, though these may be canonized saints and doctors, when they speak of certain persons and transactions. Modern critical history has done much in the way of approximating to a correction of current and loose misapprehensions of facts and characters. There still remain, however, disputes and differences of opinion among the soundest scholars. It is becoming, therefore, to use a modest reserve and caution in expressing positive judgments upon matters of this kind, unless one is prepared to furnish conclusive reasons.

The question about the orthodoxy and Catholic loyalty of Eusebius of Cæsarea is one of this kind. We cannot enter into a discussion of his character, and will merely state our impression that although an indifferent theologian, and far from the saintly type of episcopal virtue which is seen in St. Athanasius, he was

really Catholic in faith, and on the whole a worthy prelate. We see no reason, either, for doubting the orthodoxy of the Emperor Constantine and his sincere devotion to the welfare of the Catholic Church. The view taken of these two great men, one the principal instrument of effecting the triumph of Christianity in the fourth century, the other the principal historian of early Christianity, must necessarily modify the impression one gets of their epoch and its most interesting events.

Among these events, the dedication of the grand basilica of the *Martyrium* at Jerusalem, described by Eusebius, in our estimation, stands pre-eminent, as one particular instance, and as a general type, of the grand triumph of Christ in his church over Jewish and heathen persecutors. In the order of our narrative we have reached this event, which took place A.D. 335, six years after the beginning of the work, which was described in our last number. Eusebius, in his account of the preparation for constructing the basilica—which is by no means full and complete, his object being rather to give a personal biography and eulogium of Constantine than to write a history—passes over the finding of the cross. It is, however, attested by Ruffinus, Theodoret, and St. Cyril of Jerusalem, and generally so well known that we need not here enlarge upon it.

The following is a description of the dedication of the great Church of the Resurrection from the pen of Eusebius, who was present, and, as the metropolitan of Palestine, was one of the principal prelates who took part in this great and splendid celebration:

"When these injunctions [those, namely, contained in an imperial rescript to the bishops assembled at Tyre] had been carried into effect, another messenger from the emperor arrived, bringing an imperial missive, in which he exhorted the synod to come without delay and as soon as possible to Jerusalem. All, therefore, departing from the province of Phœnicia, took the public road for the place where they were commanded to assemble; and the whole city of Jerusalem was crowded with a concourse of the ministers of God, bishops of distinguished rank, who had come together there from all the provinces. For the Macedonians had sent the bishop of their first see, and the Pannonians and Mysians had deputed the choicest flower of their clergy, the chief glory of their nation. The ornament of the bishops of Persia, a holy man thoroughly versed in the divine Scriptures, was also present. Bithynians, also, and Thracians adorned the assembly by their presence. Nor were most illustrious bishops from Cilicia wanting. Likewise from Cappadocia some remarkable for learning and eloquence occupied a conspicuous place in the midst of the assembly. Moreover, all Syria, Mesopotamia, Phœnicia, Arabia, Palestine, Egypt, Libya, and the dwellers in the Thebaid were present by their representatives collected to-

gether and filling up that grand choir of God. An innumerable multitude of men from all the provinces followed these prelates. These were all provided for with royal bounty; and men of well-known probity were sent from the imperial palace to oversee the distributions made at the emperor's expense and add lustre to the festivity. A man of rank in the service of the emperor, who was conspicuous for faith, religion, and knowledge of the Sacred Writings, presided over all these; and as he had in the times of tyrannical oppression made himself illustrious by many confessions of the faith for the defence of piety, he not undeservedly had this charge committed to him. In the discharge of this duty, which he fulfilled in faithful obedience to the orders of the emperor, he honorably entertained the assembly of bishops with a singular comity and the most magnificent feasts and banquets. He distributed also to the needy and destitute of clothing, and to the infinite multitude of poor of both sexes who were suffering from scarcity of food and other necessaries a great deal of money and a great many garments. Finally, he adorned the entire basilica magnificently with royal gifts. In such a manner did this man fulfil the office with which he was entrusted.

"The priests of God, on their part, adorned the festivity partly by their public offices of prayer, and partly by their discourses. Some of these, namely, delivered eulogies on the devotion of the religious emperor toward the Saviour of all men, or magnified in their orations the splendor of the Martyrium. Others offered to their hearers a spiritual banquet by discoursing on the sacred dogmas of theology in a manner appropriate to the occasion they were celebrating. Some interpreted lessons from the sacred books, bringing to light their hidden and mystical significations. Those, moreover, who could not aspire to such efforts as these, by UNBLOODY SACRIFICES AND MYSTICAL IMMOLATIONS sought to propitiate God, offering supplications and prayers to God for the church of God, for the emperor, the author of so many benefits, and for his most pious children. There we ourselves, also, having obtained more favor than our merits deserved, contributed to the honor of the solemnity by various discourses delivered in public, at one time reading a written description of the beauty and magnificence of the royal fabric; at another interpreting the sense of the prophetic oracles in a manner suitably accommodated to the figures and images of the things foretold which were present to our sight. Thus was the solemnity of the dedication celebrated with the greatest rejoicing at the time when the emperor had completed the thirtieth year of his reign" (*De Vit. Const.*, lib. iv. cc. 43-45).*

* The following ingenious and perhaps tenable supposition of Dr. Sepp is worth inserting in this connection: "The Messiah himself, as he drove out the trafficking Jews and proclaimed the insufficiency of the Mosaic sacrifices, exclaimed: 'Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.' The rabbins affirm that the Holy House was to be built three times: the first was the Temple of Solomon, the second the Temple of Ezra, the third the Messiah should build. We read in the Midrasch Tanchuma: 'The third temple will the Edomite people (that is, the Roman Christians) build, as it is said: The Edomite kingdom will restore the crown after the destruction of the temple.' But Christ spoke of the temple of his body, as John informs us (ii. 21)—i.e., *of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre*, which nevertheless was not to be erected on Mt. Moriah. So far as relates to the three days, we can reasonably explain this to mean the three hundred years before Constantine" (*Jerus. und das H. Land*, vol. i. p. 106).

This is the bright side of the picture. It has a dark side, also, which Eusebius, as a partisan of his namesake of Nicomedia, and too much given to adulation of the emperor, fails to present. Arius was present at this grand celebration, and at its close was absolved from the censures inflicted upon him by the Council of Nicæa and restored to the communion of the church, so far as the authority of that synod of Jerusalem went. It had previously condemned and pretended to depose Athanasius at Tyre. This synod had within it and was actually managed by a knot of the most malicious heretics and worst men who have ever disgraced the episcopal order. Nevertheless, although the infamous character and policy of these men, from whom began and proceeded the troubles which disturbed both church and state for the next fifty years, cast a dark shadow into the historical picture of this epoch of triumphing Christianity, this is not a singular or isolated phenomenon either in secular or ecclesiastical history. The mixture of dark and bright is incident to all human affairs, and will be, in our opinion, to the end of the world. The considerations presented at the beginning of this article come here into play to determine a just and impartial estimate of men and things at this critical period. The absolution of Arius was not, in the intention of the majority of the bishops or of Constantine, the absolution of heresy and a renunciation of the Council of Nicæa, but the absolution of the man from censures inflicted on account of a heresy which he disavowed, and for which God judged him a year afterwards. Eusebius of Nicomedia and his chief partisans had signed the decrees of Nicæa and had not retracted their external assent. So far as the bishop and church of Jerusalem are concerned, with which we are specially occupied in this writing, they were always orthodox and pure from the Arian taint. St. Macarius was one of the first to discover and condemn the heresy of Arius, and was one of the leading prelates at the Council of Nicæa. His successors, between that council and the First Council of Constantinople, which gave the death-blow to Arianism, were St. Maximus and St. Cyril. Maximus was the dupe of the astute Eusebians at Tyre to some extent, though it does not appear with certainty how far he consented to or tacitly submitted to endure the illegal and unjust condemnation of Athanasius. He was again deceived by the hypocritical pretences of Arius and his associates at Jerusalem. He withdrew, however, from all participation with that faction soon after; when Athanasius was restored to his see he, with all the bishops of Palestine, two only excepted, received

him cordially and with honor, and before his death he retracted all that he had done in common with his persecutors.

St. Cyril is one of the principal Fathers and most illustrious ornaments of the church of the fourth century. In respect to dates and particular events of his life there is considerable uncertainty. In the ensuing brief account we give what seems to be the most probable history, according to good authors. He was born and bred of good Christian parents in or near Jerusalem, and both carefully educated and piously trained from childhood. His birth was shortly after the ceasing of Diocletian's persecution and a few years before the Council of Nicæa. At the dedication of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre he was about twenty years of age, and near about this time was ordained deacon by Bishop Maximus, who promoted him to the priesthood about ten years later, and two or three years afterward appointed him to the high and responsible office of catechetical lecturer—*i.e.*, superintendent and instructor of the classes of catechumens who were prepared for baptism and the other sacraments. These catechetical lectures were delivered in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and form the principal portion of his works. In the year 350 or 351 he was raised to the dignity of Bishop of Jerusalem.

The beginning of his episcopate was signalized by the remarkable phenomenon of the appearance of a brilliant luminous cross in the air on the 7th of May, 351. It appeared at nine o'clock in the morning, extending from Golgotha to the Mount of Olives, a distance of fifteen stadia, effacing the light of the sun, and lasting for several hours. All the inhabitants of the city, Christian and heathen, even the virgins who lived in strict seclusion in their houses, ran together to the churches, struck with mingled emotions of joy, astonishment, and fear. St. Cyril sent an account of this wonderful event to the Emperor Constantine in a letter which is still extant.

The church of Jerusalem flourished so well under St. Cyril's administration that St. Basil says in one of his epistles (ep. iv. *ad Monach. Laps.*) that he found the city peopled with saints. Acacius of Cæsarea, the disciple and successor of Eusebius, a man of versatile faith and unprincipled ambition, who changed his profession of faith from Semi-Arianism to extreme Arianism, and backward to Nicene orthodoxy, when his interest could be served by his hypocrisy, but was always a heretic at heart, early began a quarrel with Cyril. The bone of contention was the respective rights of the see of Jerusalem and the metropoli-

tan see of Cæsarea. Besides this cause of dispute Acacius made a charge of Sabellianism against Cyril—a common artifice of Arians to disguise the real motive of their persecution of the orthodox. He accused him, also, of wasting the treasures of the church—a charge which really redounded to his honor, since it was founded on the liberal alms which he distributed among the poor during a pestilence in 357, when he sold some of the precious vessels and vestments presented by Constantine. Acacius succeeded in getting a sentence of deposition decreed by a synod in Palestine, which was afterwards confirmed by another held at Constantinople. Force was employed to carry into effect this sentence, the validity of which Cyril refused to recognize, and against which he appealed to a higher authority. He was obliged to leave Jerusalem, and was on the way to Antioch when, learning of the death of the Patriarch Leontius, he turned aside to Tarsus and took refuge with the bishop of that see, who entertained him honorably during his exile. The synod of Seleucia annulled the illegal sentence against Cyril and deposed Acacius; but its decrees were not carried into effect, and Cyril was only restored in 361, when the Emperor Julian recalled all the exiled bishops to their sees. The effort made by this apostate emperor to rebuild the Temple on Mt. Moriah, and its frustration, are too well known to need special notice. Cyril continued in peaceable possession of his see until 367, when he was again exiled by the Arian Emperor Valens, and did not return to Jerusalem before 378, under the Emperor Gratian. From this time, during the remaining eight years of his life, he continued to govern his church and exerted himself to repair the great damages it had sustained during the period of heretical troubles and persecutions, supported by the authority of Theodosius, the colleague of Gratian, and the co-operation of Gelasius, the successor of Acacius in the see of Cæsarea, who was his own nephew and disciple.

In the year 381 the council of Oriental bishops held at Constantinople and presided over first by St. Meletius of Antioch, and next by St. Gregory of Nazianzen, at that time bishop of the imperial city of the East, renewed the condemnation of the Arian heresy, condemned that of Macedonius, and added some new and more explicit terms to the Nicene Symbol. This council, on account of the ratification given to its dogmatic decrees by the popes, in which the bishops of the Western church, and afterwards the succeeding œcumenical councils of Chalcedon, etc., concurred, is reckoned as the Second Œcumenical Council. St.

Cyril and his nephew Gelasius were present and took part in its action. It is probable that St. Cyril laid before this council a full account of his promotion to the see of Jerusalem, and vindicated himself against all the charges made against him to the full satisfaction of the fathers. For the same bishops, for the most part, were reassembled the following year at Constantinople, and sent three deputies to the pope and a council of Western bishops at Rome, with a full report concerning the principal matters which had been transacted at the East; and in the letter which they sent by the three bishops, having given account of the election of Nectarius to the see of Constantinople, and of Flavianus to that of Antioch, they speak as follows of the see of Jerusalem and of Cyril: "We recognize the most venerable and beloved of God Cyril as the bishop of the mother of all the churches, which is in Jerusalem, canonically ordained long ago by all the bishops of the eparchy, and who has suffered many things in divers places from the Arians" (Theod., *Hist. Eccl.*, lib. v. c. ix.) St. Cyril is supposed to have died in the year 386, in the seventieth year of his age and the thirty-fifth year of his episcopate, having passed nineteen years in the actual government of his diocese and sixteen years in exile.*

Just about the time when the Œcumenical Council of Constantinople was held died St. Hilarion, the St. Anthony of Palestine, whose biography St. Jerome wrote. Elijah, Elisha, St. John Baptist, and the Essenes had set the example of an austere and ascetic life in the solitudes of the Holy Land, and our Lord had given it the supreme sanction of his own strict fast and retreat of forty days upon Mt. Quarantain. Protestants are put to wonderful shifts in their efforts to turn aside the significant lesson of the examples of St. John and Jesus Christ, which the Catholic Church has read aright and put in practice. The consecration of individuals to a strict religious life of continence, fasting, poverty, and seclusion dates from the foundation of the church, among Christians. In the fourth century this monastic way of living took a more regular form and received a more extensive development in Palestine through the influence of St. Hilarion. He was born of heathen parents at the little village of Tabatha, near Gaza, about A.D. 292. Converted in his boyhood at Alexandria, he became a disciple for a time of St. Anthony, and in the year 307, being only fifteen years of age, he returned to the desert region of Palestine nearest to Egypt to be-

* For a critical analysis of the life and writings of St. Cyril see *Saint Cyrille de Jérusalem, sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Thèse pour le Doctorat par M. l'Abbé E. Delacroix. Paris. 1865.

gin for himself a life similar to that of his master. He is regarded as being, with St. Paul the Hermit and St. Anthony, one of the founders of the monastic institute, and the father of the numerous and flourishing communities of Palestine and Syria. His example was followed by thousands, his saintly progeny was spread over the whole region from Idumæa to Libanus, from the sea to the Arabian mountains. The grottoes, cells, and ruins of monasteries which they inhabited are still to be seen dotted all over the surface of Palestine and Syria, and at this day, in Jerusalem, on Mt. Carmel, at St. Sabbas, and in many other places, the Catholic and Greek monasteries, and the religious communities of various kinds, bear witness to the genuine and primitive nature of Christianity, to the original idea of the most perfect state of Christian life, and the true interpretation of our Lord's counsels of perfection.

In this same century began also those pilgrimages to the Holy Land which have continued in an uninterrupted stream to our own day, either from piety, or from curiosity, or from mixed motives. "In proportion," writes M. Poujoulat,* "as Christianity extended itself in the world Jerusalem took possession of the minds of men; the adorers of Jesus crucified informed themselves with pious ardor concerning the places where the days of his mortal life had been passed, where his divine mission had been fulfilled. No country was more holy or venerable for them than Judæa; the Christians of distant lands regarded those as a thousand times happy whose destiny had given them birth around Calvary and the holy sepulchre, near the Mount of Olives, at Bethlehem, on the banks of the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, and they dreamed of a pilgrimage to Palestine as one dreams of the felicities of heaven." The *Itinerary of a Pilgrim of Bordeaux* was composed in the year 333. So general and enthusiastic did this movement become that it was the incidental cause of grave inconveniences and scandals, so that St. Gregory of Nyssa, and even St. Jerome, found it necessary to protest against the excessive and extravagant passion for pilgrimage which had seized on the minds of the multitude. But though it was well to repress what was disorderly, to moderate the excitement of an unenlightened religious emotion, and to rebuke the scandals occasioned by the gathering of a miscellaneous crowd around the holy places, the mainspring of the movement was a reasonable

* *Hist. de Jérusalem*, Ouvrage couronnée par l'Académie Française, t. ii. p. 151. This work is recommended to those whose interest has been awakened in the subject of our brief sketches.

and pious sentiment. This sentiment moved numbers of the best and most elevated souls to seek for grace and consolation by visiting, or even by taking up their permanent abode in, the vicinity of Jerusalem. Melania, an illustrious and rich Roman lady, went in 368 to visit the solitaries of Egypt, and from there came to Jerusalem, where she lived for twenty-seven years. Paula and Eustochium, and several other ladies of Rome of the highest rank and education, imitated her example. St. Jerome came to Bethlehem toward the close of the fourth century to pass there, in the monastery which he founded and governed, the rest of his life, which was closed in 420. St. Jerome's monastery for men and Paula's convent for women were filled with numerous and fervent inhabitants.

St. Cyril had been succeeded in the episcopal chair of Jerusalem by John, a bishop who is made very prominent in ecclesiastical history by his relations with St. Jerome, and the part which he took in the vehement controversies about Origen and the Pelagian heresy which arose during his episcopate. It is very difficult to form a just appreciation of his character and of the line of conduct which he pursued, so many different and contradictory judgments were passed upon him by those who lived during or near that time. The impression one receives from the history of that period, as we have it in ecclesiastical authors, is on the whole not very favorable, yet there are reasons for withholding the very severe judgment which we should be warranted in making, were we to consider St. Jerome's estimate of him as strictly just and impartial. Pope Anastasius, St. John Chrysostom, Theodoret, and Basil of Seleucia have praised John of Jerusalem, and Cardinal Noris calls him a bishop illustrious by the holiness of his life and the excellence of his doctrine. Perhaps the safest opinion we can form, after balancing these testimonies in his favor against the opposite ones of Pope Innocent I. and St. Jerome, may be that he was on the whole both orthodox and upright in his intentions, but with great faults of character and prone to fall into great mistakes in his administration. The greatest of all these was the countenance he showed to Pelagius and his partisans, for which the excuse is made that he was deceived by them in respect to their real doctrine. His episcopate closed with his life in 417. The most glorious event of his reign was the discovery and translation of the relics of St. Stephen, of which we have spoken in a former number.

Praylus succeeded to the place of John, and in the first year of his rule drove the Pelagians from his diocese. Philostorgius

relates that in 419 fearful earthquakes visited Palestine, accompanied by volcanic eruptions and other convulsions of nature, causing the destruction of towns and villages. The terror of these disasters drew multitudes of Jews and pagans to seek for baptism, and St. Augustine speaks of seven thousand persons of this kind who were baptized at this time.

In 421 or 424 Juvenal succeeded Praylus and was the first bishop of Jerusalem who was formally placed in the rank of patriarchs with metropolitan jurisdiction. He sided for a time with Dioscorus of Alexandria, taking part in the Latrocinium of Ephesus, for which he was near incurring excommunication and deposition from the pope. He renounced this party, however, was reconciled with the pope and received among the orthodox prelates by the Council of Chalcedon, which recognized and confirmed his claim to the patriarchal dignity. He had a long reign of forty years, during the latter part of which he was for a time dispossessed by an Eutychian usurper named Theodosius, but he regained his place three years before his death, which took place in 456.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHURCH LIVINGS IN ENGLAND AND IN SPAIN.

SPAIN is, perhaps, the most Catholic of European kingdoms; England the richest and most powerful of Protestant nations. The legally-recognized bishops of both are regularly paid, the former by the state, the latter by endowments. The compensation allowed by the Spanish government to the bishops and clergy is the smallest in Europe, whilst there never was a richer or better-paid Protestant ministry than that of England. When one reads of the immense sums left by Protestant archbishops and bishops he concludes that these "servants of the servants of God" took more than ordinary care when in the flesh and world to place their surplus income in the place where it would draw —the largest interest.

The predecessor of the present Protestant Archbishop of Armagh left his heirs the trifling sum of £350,000 ($1,750,000). Agar, the Archdeacon of Kilmore, County Cavan, who died in 1868, left £150,000; and his ancestor, the Bishop of Ossory, who founded the Clifden family (Agar Ellis), left £450,000, or $2,250,000,

and several estates. Bishop Agar lived in those rare old times when an Irish Protestant bishop's power to amass was only bounded by the area of plunder. The now disestablished Church of Ireland was a well of delights to the favored few. His Lordship the Archbishop of Dublin had a net income of $40,000 a year; his brother of Armagh received the sum of $50,000; the Most Rev. premier (Protestant) Bishop of Ireland, at Navan, $20,000; the Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, $32,000; the Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, $20,000; the Bishop of Kilmore, Elphin, and Ardagh, $26,000; the Hon. and Right Rev. Bishops of Tuam, Killala, and Achonry, $25,000; the Bishops of Ossory, Cashel, Cork, Killaloe, and Limerick received each $20,000 per annum. If this was not liberal we don't know what is.

But in England the pay is higher. The Archbishop of Canterbury receives $75,000, and the Archbishop of York $50,000; while the Bishop of London draws $50,000, of Durham $40,000, of Winchester $35,000, of Bangor $21,000, of Bath and Wells $25,000, of Carlisle $23,000, of Chester $23,000, of Chichester $23,000, of Ely $28,000, of Exeter $17,000, of Gloucester $25,000, of Hereford $22,000, of Lichfield $22,000, of Lincoln $25,000, of Llandaff $22,000, of Manchester $22,000, of Norwich $22,000, of Oxford $25,000, of Peterborough $22,000, of Ripon $22,000, of Rochester $22,000, of Salisbury $25,000, of St. Asaph $25,000, of St. David's $22,000, of St. Albans $22,000, of Worcester $22,000, of Truro $15,000, and of Sodor and Man $10,000. The Anglican bishops' incomes are without doubt the largest in the world. We must not omit some dozen or more deans, like him of Westminster, who have $10,000 or more per annum.

The last generation saw some strange things in the English hierarchy. Dr. Markham was tutor to George IV., and was rewarded for his care of "the first gentleman in Europe's" morals by being appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. Pitt's tutor, Dr. Pretyman, was made Bishop of Lincoln. He wrote a biography of his pupil, which Macaulay declares is only remarkable as being the worst biography of its size in the English language. The Marchioness of Conyngham had the instructor of her sons made Bishop of Winchester. Dr. Sparkes was tutor to the Duke of Rutland, and got the mitre of Ely with the enormous income of £27,000, or $135,000, per annum. He loved "the Sermon on the Mount" so profoundly that he gave to his son Henry three valuable livings and a prebendal stall in Ely Cathedral, and to his son Edward three livings and a prebendal stall. To his son-in-law he gave livings amounting to $18,000 a year.

The tutor of Mr. Pitt, as soon as he became Archbishop of Canterbury, set out to provide for his three elder sons. "He that provideth not for his own house is worse than an infidel," was a favorite quotation of his. He was not an infidel. His successor, Dr. Sutton, was the champion nepotist of England. He gave his seven sons sixteen valuable livings. When Hugh Percy, son of the Earl of Beverley, married Dr. Sutton's daughter, the good father-in-law gave him eight important livings. He was also a most sanctimonious sycophant to the minister of the day. In one of his charges he regretted the change that had come over the laity in his generation. "There was no longer," he said, "that prostration of the understanding which ought to be found among a pious people."

The tutor of George IV. before mentioned, a few years previous to his death, presented each of his grandchildren, *fifty-two in number*, with a New Year's gift of £1,000, so that he might with propriety be surnamed the Munificent Doctor! As to how the Sumner family feasted on the revenues of Canterbury and Winchester one need only glance at any ordinary English directory. It was the favored family, and took extraordinary care to quarter its scions upon all the vacant benefices, and to reserve and preserve the unemployed for prospective stalls and empty mitres.

The comedy going on in England under the name of High-Churchism is graphically illustrated in the life of the late Rev. Mr. Browne. That gentleman had been in the army. After Waterloo his occupation was gone. His friend, however, "the last and worst" Duke of York, wrote him that he could have the excellent living at —— in Cornwall. His Royal Highness said: "You needn't reside, you know; you can get a curate to do the work for eighty pounds a year or so, and you can live about town on the rest." The ex-officer was delighted, but he was not in orders. The commander-in-chief of the army, the paragon of English morals, overcame that seemingly insuperable obstacle by writing to the Bishop of Cork as follows:

"Dear Cork:
"Ordain Browne. Yours,
"York."

In a few days after the reception of the above the "Rev." Mr. Browne presented himself before the duke, to whom he gave the following note:

"Dear York:
"Browne is ordained. Yours,
"Cork."

The "reverend" gentleman went down to Cornwall, read himself in, returned to London, and never again visited his benefice, although he lived for some fifty years after his ordination. This reminds one of the case of the Bishop of Llandaff who never visited his diocese, but spent his days "meditating upon matters and things super and sublunary on the banks of the Windermere."

Such men would find it rather unpleasant nowadays since Lords Carnarvon and Onslow, and several other peers of the realm, "in the season," have interested themselves in the attendance on Sunday at religious services. The noble lords aforesaid are not afraid to call attention to the apathy of the clergy of London. Lord Onslow lately declared that there are fifty-seven churches in London which have an income of $201,500, and out of a congregation of 31,000 the average attendance on favorable Sundays was 6,732 persons. Of these 571 were officials and their families, 706 paid choristers, 227 were applicants for alms, 1,374 were children attached to schools, while of the remaining 3,854 of the general public but 1,200 were adult males! This is a bad exhibit for a church whose property, according to the *Clergy List* (London, 1880), is valued at nine hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars.

This immense property is so situated and divided that "the crown" has only a limited number of livings at its disposal. The great land-owners, including the dukes, marquises, and earls, from his grace of Portland to the owner of Hawarden Castle, have the bestowal of church livings ranging each from $20,000 to $1,000 per annum. There are of this class 218 in number.

If one is inclined to be risible after reading of Browne's "ordination" he must laugh heartily when he encounters, as one occasionally does, among the thinly-settled pastures of Anglican High-Churchism a clerical Jack-of-all-trades, who, in variety of employment and multiplicity of vocations, excels the broad-shouldered Western Baptist minister who kept a tannery, a country store, was a stage-coach proprietor, and attended service on Friday and twice on Sunday. Not far from the main road leading to the summit of Snowdon, and in the vicinity of the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, there is an Anglican clergyman who is the pastor of three churches, works a salmon-fishery, has a farm in lease, is a coal merchant, a general carrier, a car proprietor, a private road contractor, a partner in public baths and mineral wells, holder of turnpike gates, a lodging-house keeper, a guardian of the poor!

When alumni of Oxford and Cambridge contemplate such a state of religious negation and apathy, it is only natural that deep thinkers, eminent scholars and logicians among them, such as Cardinals Newman and Manning, born in the purple of Protestantism, should seek the centre of faith—Rome—and dedicate their big brains and rare erudition to a peaceful eradication of error and religious comedy, and restore to their mighty country the ardent faith of Austin, who found England a wilderness and left it a garden of roses.

Let us look at the venerable archbishops, bishops, and priests in the Spanish Peninsula. There are nine religious provinces in Spain: Toledo, the seat of the primate, Burgos, Saragossa, Tarragona, Valencia, Granada, Seville, Valladolid, and Santiago, and forty-four (suffragan) dioceses.

Spain was a rich kingdom before Protestantism was known. From the coming of St. James, her patron saint, to the date of the abolition of the Established Church in Ireland she has never wavered in allegiance to the chair of Peter. Her schools of divinity once were the first in Europe; the philosophers and theologians of Salamanca outranked those of Bologna or Paris. Her hierarchy is learned and frugal; her priesthood poorly paid, but second to none in learning. Of the nine archbishops four are generally members of the College of Cardinals.

The primate of Spain, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, receives $8,000 as archbishop and $1,000 as cardinal. The other cardinal archbishops receive $6,500 as archbishop and $1,000 as cardinal. The four receive altogether $31,500, the remaining five $34,000.

There are forty-four suffragans; one receives $5,500, four $5,000, twenty-one $4,500, and eighteen $4,000 per annum; total, $192,000. Add amount received by cardinal archbishops and archbishops, and we have the sum of $257,500, or fifty-one thousand five hundred pounds sterling.

The two archbishops and the twenty-five bishops of England and Wales alone receive the enormous sum of $773,000, against the sum of $257,500 allowed the four cardinal archbishops, five archbishops, and forty-four bishops of Spain. Thus we find twenty-seven English prelates receiving three times (with about $3,500 of a surplus) the amount allowed to fifty-three Spanish bishops of all grades.

Why, then, wonder that in this age of great changes, of railroads and telegraphs, there are men in the Protestant commu-

nion who wish to reform the church that was set up, after shedding cataracts of blood and spending tons of treasure, "to reform the world." These large salaries and the mode of appointment tend very rarely to an elevation of piety among the English poor, who are the worst religiously instructed people, as a class, of all the English-speaking people in the world.

The reform will be a radical one—the disestablishment of the church, perhaps. It may not take place during the present reign, but it is sure to come, for the lords spiritual of the upper house of the British Parliament are not in harmony with the people, but are, as they ever were, hostile to all kinds of genuine reform, because they imagine that in reform they see the spectre of short commons and hard work, earnest labor among the people, true apostolic self-denial, and the divine poverty from which Christianity sprang among the hills of Judea two thousand years ago.

THE LAST OF THE CARTHUSIANS AND THE FATE OF THE OBSERVANT FATHERS.

I HERE return to the history of the two last survivors of the Charter-house community, and the part enacted against one of them by Archbishop Cranmer and the Protector Somerset.

Andrew Borde, who sometimes in Latin calls himself *Perforatus*, was a native of Sussex. He was educated at Oxford, and subsequently joined the Carthusian Order at the Charter-house. When the majority of the Carthusian Fathers perished on the scaffold or in the deadly enclosures called prisons, Father Borde, like Maurice Chauncy, escaped by a mere accident. Borde travelled in France, Spain, Italy, Austria, and other parts of Europe. He subsequently settled down at Montpellier, where he applied himself to the study of medicine, and became "a regular doctor, with the usual license to practise at the said learned profession." On his return to England he was "incorporated at Oxford, and also in the College of Physicians of London." The medical authorities had no idea, nor had the government, that the medical student of Montpellier had been a member of the disbanded Carthusian community. Anthony Wood has chronicled a favorable character of this learned and eccentric cleric. "For a considerable time," writes Wood, "he had no fixed abode. For a few months he remained with his relatives in Ponsey, who

were persons of rank and wealth, and no doubt furnished him with money. He was most cordially received in respectable society, on account of his agreeable manners and conversational powers. His knowledge as a scholar was very extensive. He took up his residence at Winchester—a place long known as the haunt of learned men and witty women with charming conversational talents. Notwithstanding Borde's rambling life and secular occupations, he constantly practised the essential duties of the Catholic religion. Three days a week he drank nothing but water and partook of bread as food. He wore a hair-shirt at certain penitential times; every night his shroud was hung up at the foot of his bed to remind him of his *last end and the great hereafter which was sure to follow.*" For a time the fact of Borde's being a priest was known to a few personal friends only, and the most devoted amongst them were two Protestant gentlemen of Winchester. Several of the "Reformed clergy," as the apostates of those times were styled, having visited Winchester, Borde seeing the grossness and levity of their conduct, and being a rigid observer of his own vows of chastity, publicly denounced some leading men of the "new order of religion." This course of action created for him a bitter enemy in the person of Dr. Poynet, the new Bishop of Winchester, who would not countenance any priest until he was first "*wifed.*" Poynet was appointed bishop of the ancient see of Winchester by the Protector Somerset, and the appointment was a disgrace even to the government of Edward VI., the "boy-king." I cannot resist the opportunity of laying before my American friends a portrait, however brief, of Poynet's career, for it will illustrate the class of men who came forward to "reform religion" in England on the death of Henry VIII.

John Poynet was an eminent scholar of King's College, University of Cambridge. His mechanical skill first made him known to Henry VIII., who subsequently appointed him to the office of a royal chaplain. He attracted the notice of Archbishop Cranmer also. Poynet conducted himself in Henry's reign with apparent propriety. He celebrated Mass with seeming devotion, preached before the king, and denounced heretics, whilst at the same time he had secretly violated nearly all his vows as a priest. Upon the accession of Edward VI. he publicly proclaimed his adhesion to the Reformation. Poynet was highly favored by Cranmer and esteemed by Roger Ascham and the leading Reformers of Edward's reign. He was an excellent mathematician. He gave Henry VIII. a wonderful dial of his

own invention, showing not only "the hour of the day, but also the day of the month, the sign of the sun, the planetary hour; yea, the change of the moon, the ebbing and flowing of the sea, with divers other things as strange, to the great wonder of the king, whose commendation he deservedly received in this case." As a linguist he had no rival at Cambridge. He was widely known for his knowledge of Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish, and German. John Strype, the worshipper of the leading English Reformers, declares that King Edward—a boy some twelve years old—was "struck by the admirable sermons preached by Dr. Poynet," which led to his further promotion; but there happened to be a gulf of some depth between the "moral essence of the noted preacher" and his practice. Whilst Bishop of Rochester Poynet cohabited with the wife of a Nottingham butcher, and subsequently went through the form of a marriage with this woman. He was divorced from the dame at St. Paul's, and there amerced in fines. The Camden Society have disentombed several documents which proclaim to posterity the sadly profligate life led by this "Reformed bishop."

Under the year 1551 (Edward VI.'s time) we have the following in Machyn's Diary, p. 8, whose words are modernized for the general reader: "The 27th day of July the new Bishop of Winchester was divorced from the *butcher's wife with shame enough.*" In the *Grey Friars' Chronicle* the record of Poynet's divorce is set down as follows: "On the 27th day of July the Bishop of Winchester, that *was there*, was divorced from *his wife* at St. Paul's; the woman was the *real wife* of the Nottingham butcher, who was accorded a certain sum by law, which Dr. Poynet had to pay to the said butcher."

Poynet was afterwards married at Croydon to a girl named Maria Simmons. Archbishop Cranmer was *present* at this marriage. The Poynet scandal was well known to the inhabitants of London in the reign of Edward VI., when some very gross ballads were circulated concerning the "bishop that robbed the butcher of his wife."

Upon the death of Edward VI. Poynet joined the conspiracy to raise Lady Jane Dudley to the throne, but soon abandoned the cause of that ill-fated lady and joined Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection. Here he again proved false and fled to Strassburg. It was with evident reluctance that Heylin ever wrote a line derogatory to the reputation of a Reformer, and more especially one regarded as a leader; nevertheless, this noted Protestant historian felt compelled to write thus of Poynet,

briefly yet significantly: "John Poynet, a better scholar than a bishop, was purposely preferred to the rich bishopric of Winchester to serve other men's purposes." Burnet denies that Poynet's life was in any way immoral. For making an unblushing assertion Gilbert Burnet had only one rival—John Foxe. The late Dean Hook, in his voluminous and learned work, the *Archbishops of Canterbury*, censures his hero, Cranmer, for having been the patron of Poynet, whose evil deeds Dr. Hook condemns. "Poynet," he writes, "was an immoral and a bad man, and at last became so lost to all sense of shame that he *lived in open adultery with a butcher's wife.*" Such was the man selected by Cranmer and the arch-Reformer, the Duke of Somerset, to succeed in the see of Winchester Dr. Gardyner, who, with all his faults, was a stern man, of strict morality, and always mindful of the poor of his diocese, towards whom he acted as a father.

Poynet died at Strassburg in 1556, in his fiftieth year. Of his life in Germany little is known, but that he "*got wifed again, and took to black beer and dice.*" Such was the end of the gifted and the fallen, the persecutor of honest Andrew Borde, the "priest-doctor" of Hampshire.

To return to Father Borde. His position in Winchester was that of a layman more than a cleric, for none of the "pope's priests" were tolerated by Somerset and Cranmer. The noted John Bale was also numbered amongst his enemies. Bale made the vilest accusations against this good and virtuous priest. It is possible, however, that even in those corrupt times few paid attention to the accusations of a being like this apostate friar, as gifted as he was immoral. Bale did the work of his employers to their own and his satisfaction. It has been truly remarked by Macaulay that "none hate with such intense malice as the renegade."

The "priest-doctor's" life was made miserable by the "government spies and the hunting-down" process adopted by the "Reformed clergy," to whom I have just referred. The Reformers at last determined to remove Borde from Winchester. He was arrested; his papers and books—a treasury in themselves—were seized upon and carried to London, and perhaps there met the fate of many similar collections. Borde was lodged in the Tower for some weeks, and then transferred to the Fleet, where he died from "ill-treatment, bad food, and neglect" in 1549–50. Thorndale says that while in the Tower Borde cured some of the prisoners of virulent diseases. He was also brought to attend Lady Jane Seymour, the protector's daughter, who was

dangerously ill. After three or four visits from the "priest-doctor" the young lady rapidly recovered. The London physicians petitioned the council "to set their learned brother free, because he had committed no crime and was a benefactor to all mankind." Somerset, whose daughter he had recovered, was "inclined to mercy," but Archbishop Cranmer was altogether opposed to clemency. He said there were more than twenty of the pope's priests playing the part of medical doctors at that moment in England, that it was a device to overturn the "Reformed religion," and, however harsh it might appear, Borde should not be released unless he adopted the principles of the Reformed church. This "act of mercy" Borde declined to accept. So, like many other good and noble characters, he died in a pestilent cell of the Fleet Prison.

Father Borde had high repute as a medical practitioner in Hampshire and the surrounding counties. His kindness to the poor patients whom he attended was widely known and fervently appreciated. He received large fees from his wealthy patients, and spent them upon the poor. It has been related by a physician of Hampshire that "his kindly manner to the ailing did much to bring about a speedy recovery, and he always left his patients in a cheerful mood." "And," adds Dr. Whitworth, "the Reformers of the extreme party had faith in my popish friend as a medical adviser, for his heart, his mind, and his splendid talents were alone directed to the performance of good offices for the afflicted of body or mind. He labored thus for the honor and the glory of God, and I hope he has received his reward."

Pomeroy, another Protestant contemporary of Father Borde, says "that there was much humor both in his writings and conversation." Borde was the author of several interesting works, now almost unknown. He published a small book in French on his visit to Vienna. It related to the position of society in that city, and is described by Mr. Fenton as highly interesting; but few copies of it ever reached England. In 1542 Father Borde published a book upon *Fashions and old Coins*. Carlo Logario says that Borde had written a book upon his travels and "the strange folks with whom he became acquainted"; but the MS. was accidentally consumed by fire in Winchester. Logario, who was himself a physician and personally acquainted with many of the Carthusian Fathers, joins in the general tribute offered to the merits and the memory of Andrew Borde.

I cannot close the tragic story of the martyrs of the Charter-

house without recurring again to Maurice Chauncy. He was undoubtedly a native of Ireland, and born within a few miles of the picturesque bay of Carlingford. It is stated in an old book entitled the *Irish Friars* that Chauncy was a native of Suffolk and of Irish parents. This statement is contradicted by the nephew of Chauncy, who names Carlingford as the place of his birth. Mr. Froude "does not believe that he was an Englishman; he suspects he was born in Ireland." It has been asked, "What would induce Irish monks and nuns to visit England in those days?" In the course of my research, ranging over twenty years, I find that in the days of the Heptarchy, down to the Wars of the Roses, and later still, many monks and nuns from Ireland joined the *English* abbeys and convents, and the *Irish* religious houses were largely recruited from England. For a long period the famous Abbey of Bective, in Meath, had a number of English monks, and the good feeling which existed between the "soldiers of the cross" was most edifying.

At the period of Lord Crumwell's inquisition of the English religious houses the nuns made some resistance; but the bravest opposition offered to Crumwell's unmanly "intruders" came from Irish ladies, who courted martyrdom on several occasions. Dean Seaton, one of Crumwell's agents, in a letter to his employer declares "that if the nuns were all *Irishwomen it would be impossible to put them down.*" Thorndale heard "something similar from Layton's own lips." Two of Maurice Chauncy's sisters were nuns in the convent of Shaftesbury, and they became noted for the courageous resistance they made to Dr. Layton and his inquisitors.

Father Chauncy continued a zealous advocate of the doctrines of the Catholic Church to the close of his long life. In his history of the Carthusians of the Charter-house he laments not having stopped and awaited the martyrdom of his brethren. He excited the particular hatred of Lord Crumwell and his royal master. Thomas Wyatt was informed by his patron, Lord Crumwell, that the king charged him "specially to hang Chauncy the moment he was caught." This speedy execution was under the provost-marshal warrant. Such executions were frequent in the reign of Elizabeth.

Dodd describes Maurice Chauncy as "a man of primitive zeal, and much esteemed by the English residents on the Continent." Archibald Graham, a Scotch Puritan, says that "Chauncy would do a kind office for a Protestant as soon as for one of his own creed, provided the person was worthy of being aided."

Jacob Alloar, a Prussian Lutheran cleric, speaks in the highest terms of "the kind and Christian feeling which marked the intercourse of Maurice Chauncy with those of opposing creeds." The high-minded Anthony Wood pays an honest tribute to the memory of this last survivor of the Charter-house slaughter. "It is not denied," writes Wood, "by any intelligent and moderate Protestant but that the name of Maurice Chauncy is worthy of being kept in everlasting remembrance."

Upon the accession of Queen Mary, Chauncy's community—few in number—returned to England for a short time. In 1575 Chauncy again visited London in the guise of a Flemish physician, when he discovered that nearly all his former friends were either dead or immured in dungeons. Dr. Chauncy, the kinsman of the expatriated Carthusian, says that he accompanied him in a walk round Westminster Abbey and amidst the ruins of the Carthusian houses. On approaching those sacred wrecks "he was seized with a melancholy; clasping his hands and casting his eyes downwards, he spake not a word for some time. He then hastened from the spot, shedding many big tears!" He next visited the grave of Bishop Fisher at Barking. Kneeling beside the last resting-place of the martyred prelate, he begged to be alone for a while. . . . On the following day Father Chauncy sailed from the Thames for Antwerp. A few hours after he left London Sir Francis Walsingham's agents discovered that they had missed their prey. The narrator of the above says: "I never saw my good uncle again." Father Chauncy ended his eventful life at Bruges in July, 1581.* He must have been beyond eighty years of age at the time of his death.

I now approach the tragic story of another religious community, whose history has been but recently discovered, although written on the wall of Time, with this text for their actions: "For the honor and the glory of God."

The Observant Fathers† of Greenwich had many claims upon the kindness and protection of King Henry. They had been fostered and aided in good works by his father and mother. His aunts of the House of York were constant in their visits to Greenwich Chapel, where, before the great altar, the Countess of Richmond knelt, and where the Seventh Henry and his queen had

* MS. records of the English Carthusians; Diary of Douai College; Thorndale; Athen. Oxon.; Pomeroy's Chronicle; Dodsray, p. 527.

† The Observant Friars, or Observantines, are a branch of the great Franciscan Order.—ED. C. W.

many times received Holy Communion, to the great edification of the people. The Eighth Henry was born in the vicinity of this sacred edifice, and he was baptized at its font; here, too, Henry, Duke of York, in the presence of his father, mother, grandmother, and aunts, made his First Communion. Time brought many other memorable events. For instance, in the bloom of a hopeful youth this same Henry Tudor, then a king, on an early morning in June besought one of the Observant Fathers to join him in wedlock to the "bride of his first love." Twenty years had scarcely passed from that interesting scene when all kindly remembrance seemed erased on the monarch's part.

Thorndale relates that the Observants were not only broken up as a community, but they had been "hunted down, owing to a decree that no religious house should give them meat, drink, or shelter." Two hundred of their number were quickly imprisoned; forty "died from putrid or prison fever"; and the others, who were *in extreme old age, died from cold and hunger*. Lord Crumwell's agents went forth on the highways to denounce them as "lazy and profligate." Unmeet and cruel treatment this for such generous benefactors of the needy, the sick, and the dying, whose last moments they consoled and whose faith they strengthened.

John Stowe, a Reformer, and almost a contemporary of the Community, has left on record an interesting narrative, disclosing much observation on the "manners and passions of those licentious and turbulent times." Stowe writes thus:

"The first that openly resisted or reprehended the king's highness touching his marriage with Anna Boleyn was Friar Peto, a simple, devout, and fearless member of the Order of Observants. This goodly man preaching at Greenwich upon the two-and-twentieth chapter of the First Book of Kings—viz., the last part of the story of Achab—saying, 'And even where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, even there shall the dogs lick thy blood also, O king!' and therewithal spake of the lying prophets, which abashed the king; 'and I am,' quoth he, 'that Micheas whom thou wilt hate, because I must tell thee truly that thy marriage *is unlawful;* and I know I shall eat the bread of affliction, and drink the water of sorrow, yet because our Lord hath put it into my mouth I must speak it.' And when he (Peto) had strongly inveighed against the king's second marriage, to dissuade him from it, he further saith: 'There are many other preachers, yea, too many, who preach and persuade thee otherwise, feeding thy folly and frail affections upon the hope of their own worldly promotion; and by that means they destroy thy soul, thy honor and posterity, to obtain fat benefices, to become rich abbots and get episcopal jurisdiction and other

ecclesiastical dignities. There, I say, are the four hundred prophets who, in the spirit of lying, seek to deceive thee; but take good heed lest you, being seduced, find Achab's punishment, which was to have his blood 'licked up by the dogs,'* saying it was the greatest miscarriage of princes to be daily abused by flatterers.

"The king, being thus reproved, endured it patiently, and did no violence to the courageous Peto. The following Sunday, being the 8th of May, Dr. Curwin preached in the same place, strongly reproached Father Peto and the style of his discourse. He called Peto dog, slanderer, base, beggarly liar, closeman, rebel, and traitor, saying that no subject should speak so audaciously to princes. And having spoken much to that effect, and in commendation of the king's marriage, thereby to establish his family for ever, Dr. Curwin supposing he had utterly suppressed Father Peto, he lifted up his voice and said: 'I speak to thee, Peto, which maketh thyself Micheas, that thou mayest speak evil of kings; but now thou art not to be found, being fled for fear of shame, as being unable to answer my arguments.' But whilst he thus speaketh there was one Elstow, a fellow-friar to Peto, standing in the rood-loft, who, with a bold voice, said to Dr. Curwin: 'Good sir, you know that Father Peto, as he was commanded, is now gone to a provincial council holden at Canterbury, and not fled for fear of you, for to-morrow he will return again. In the meantime I am here as another Micheas, and will lay down my life to prove all those things true which he hath brought out of the Holy Scripture, and to this combat *I challenge thee before God and all equal judges.* Even unto thee, Curwin, I say, which are one of the four hundred prophets into whom the spirit of lying has entered, and seek out of adultery to establish a succession, betraying the king unto endless perdition, more for thy own vainglory and hope of promotion than for the discharge of thy dogged conscience and the king's salvation!'

"On this Father Elstow waxed hot and spake very earnestly, so as they could not make him cease his speech, until the king himself bade him hold his peace, and gave order that he and Peto should be convented [cited] before the council, which was done the next day. And when the Lords had rebuked them, the Earl of Essex [Thomas Crumwell] told them that they deserved to be put into a sack and cast into the Thames. Whereupon Elstow, smiling, said: 'Threaten these things to rich and dainty folk, who are clothed in purple, fare deliciously, and have their chiefest hope in this world; for we esteem them not, but are joyful that for the discharge of our duties we are driven hence, *and, with thanks to God, we know the way to heaven to be as ready by water as by land, and therefore we care not which way we go!*'"

*Father Peto's reference to the statement recorded in Scripture actually occurred in Henry's case. Here is the startling incident: The royal remains being carried to Windsor to be buried, the coffin, placed on a stand, remained all night under the dilapidated walls of the Convent of Sion, and there, the "leaden shell being cleft by the shakening of the rude conveyance along the bad roads, the pavement of the church was *wetted with King Henry's blood.* In the morning came plumbers to solder the coffin, under whose feet—I tremble while I write it (says the narrator)—was suddenly seen a large black dog *licking up King Henry's blood.* It was with difficulty that the animal was driven away." This statement is to be seen in a MS. in the Sloane State Papers, also in the correspondence of Thorndale, Hapsfield, Sir Aedward Derry, and Sir Anthony Brown, all of whom were present on that morning.

John Stowe concludes his narrative in these words: "Peto and his devoted brotherhood were subsequently banished from Greenwich."

Curwin was made Dean of Hereford for his pliant action as to the king's conduct. When Cuthbert Tunstal preached against the pope's Spiritual Supremacy in England he was answered by several powerful sermons from the Observant Fathers. They constituted missions throughout the country, and enjoined the people "not to leap out of Peter's ship," and to beware of the many false prophets who were ministering to the king's vanity.* In Yorkshire thousands of people came forth to greet the Observant Fathers. They were fearless in denouncing all encroachments upon the church, for which they earned the enmity of the court party concurrently with the reverence and affection of the people.

Many deliberate misrepresentations have been made by Puritan writers as to the merits of the Observants. The Observant Fathers were long known to, and much regarded by, Henry VII. He gave them a small piece of land near Greenwich Palace, and one thousand pounds to set them forward on their works of goodness and mercy, all which works were performed for "the honor and the glory of God." There were two young friars in this community who were the special favorites of Henry VII. —namely, John Forrest and William Peto, both remarkable for their calm courage and high sense of equity. The intercourse between these friars and the royal family was courteous, respectful, edifying, kindly. According to the rules of the community, they were vowed to live in poverty and obedience; they supplied a meat dinner for visitors or for the poor, whilst they themselves partook of vegetables, bread and water, and only two curtailed meals in the twelve hours; they were to attend the insane, the outcast, and the leper; they were the unpaid nurses of the sick, the unsought teachers of the poor; they went into woods and forests to seek for outlaws and desperate characters, and converted many of those sorrow-laden creatures who were styled "the lost sheep." The Observant Fathers were celebrated for the cultivation of herbs; they studied medicine, chemistry, and surgery; they were admirable gardeners, and made most nutritious vegetable soups for the sick poor. The Observant communities tilled the land; they planted fruit-trees for the poor beside the cottage homes; and, in the words of a distinguished Protestant historian, "they did work which no one else would

* Adam Goodchylde's *Account of the Sufferings of the Observant Fathers.*

look after," and *refused all payment for their labor*. Where, in what land, have the Gospel expounders of the Reformation produced such a community? The Observants had every description of toil, which they cheerfully performed for the honor and the glory of God. They were bound by their vows to follow armies on the march, to shrive (confess) the dying, and to decently cover the dead in the grave. In fact, most of the heroic deeds of the present day are but imitations of the example set by the religious orders in the days of yore. The "Geneva Cross" of recent battle-fields is a welcome repetition by conscious and unconscious believers of the present day in those unselfish men who derived their faith and fearless devotion direct from the cross of the Divine Founder of Christianity.

Queen Katharine was a tertiary Sister of the Observant Order; and the brotherhood were much indebted to both king and queen. At Greenwich the Observants had five houses, which were dedicated to the Virgin Mother, to St. Francis, St. Joseph, and other saints of blessed memory. Henry VII. left six hundred marks to keep those houses in repair, and as soon as Katharine became queen she expended large sums of money on the community. Whilst at Greenwich she repaired every morning to the neatly-decorated chapel. There she knelt and prayed before the high altar, at which not many years before the lovely and hopeful Castilian maid pledged her bridal vows to Henry Tudor. Father Forrest and his brotherhood were Katharine's devoted English friends. They had witnessed the sunshine which surrounded her for many years; later, when the sudden change came, they participated in the darkness of her fortunes, and as the thunderstorm burst around the royal lady these poor, honest-minded men shrank never from the way of duty. They took their part in the path of danger, and were not only not afraid to vindicate the wrongs, but to the cold mind of philosophy seemed officiously to anathematize the wrong and denounce the wronger, *never afraid to speak God's truth*. When divested of her queenly titles the Observant Fathers still adhered to Katharine. But the end soon came; the queen sank into the grave, a broken-hearted heir to the reverence of posterity. Father Forrest perished by a barbarous immolation, and the rest of the community were ruthlessly driven from the dismantled home of their edifying and beneficent duties. The people of the south of Ireland extended their hospitality and sympathy to a few of the Observants who landed upon the shore of Kinsale, hunted like the wolf from their own once happy land.

NAPOLEON III. AND HIS REIGN.

THERE is a tendency in physical nature, if it is not a law, to condense force in some one of a family to the detriment of its other members. How seldom two of the same name become illustrious in letters, statesmanship, or military glory! If, however, we sometimes find two of the same family sharing the same gifts, one will be found to be but an echo or a reflection of the other. There are not two Homers, nor two Shaksperes, nor two Newtons, nor two Ciceros, and, in the sense in which we write, are we not justified in saying that there have not been two Bonapartes? There is, indeed, a whole family of the name which still counts its members by the dozen and its ramifications by the score, but in the light of recent history the fact is evident that only one of them was gifted in an extraordinary manner. The Corsican who rose from the post of minor officer in the French army by the force of his own talents to be the tamer of the revolution, the conqueror of Europe, the Emperor of France, and its lawgiver even to the present time, left no Eliseus behind him to wear his mantle or share his greatness. Nor should it be overlooked that the genius of the first Napoleon is not so apparent in the battles that he won as in the code of laws which he framed and bequeathed to France. The "Code Napoléon," written with the clearness of Cæsar and the pith of Tacitus, places its author in a rank higher than that of Lycurgus or Solon, or even of Charlemagne. The vices of the man as told us in authentic history, his private failings as portrayed in the somewhat prejudiced pages of Rémusat, will never make men forget the spirit of equity which breathes through this Code, nor cease to admire the greatness of the restorer of public order in France, the victor of Austerlitz, and the founder of new dynasties all over Europe—dynasties which failed everywhere, because, although many bore the name, only one possessed the genius of Napoleon. This fact is well illustrated in the history of the last of the name who held the sceptre of his uncle. Those who had looked at the outside only of things during the twenty years' reign of the last of the Napoleons, and judged him by the material prosperity of France, the embellishment of its capital, the respectful fear of other nations and the homage of their monarchs, the military success of the Crimean and Italian wars, and the annexation of Savoy, were dis-

posed to think that the nephew, although not the military peer of his uncle, was his equal in statesmanship and his superior in diplomacy, and that the glory of the Napoleonic dynasty had risen from the tomb at the Invalides for a second apotheosis. But now, after the disgraceful surrender at Sedan, the invasion of France and capture of Paris by the countrymen of Blücher, guided by the son of Queen Louise; after the fall of the dynasty and the revelation of its secret history, its vices and its weakness, we are forced to conclude that the nephew was but a caricature of his uncle—in short, a "*Badinguet*," as the audiences in the French theatres wittily nicknamed him.

Charles Louis Napoleon, or Napoleon III., was born in Paris April 20, 1808, and died at Chiselhurst, in England, January 9, 1873. He was the son of Louis Bonaparte, for a time King of Holland, third brother of the great emperor, and of Hortense de Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine. Charles Louis received a good education under the care of a mother who, whatever other faults she may have had, was certainly not lacking on the score of devotion to her children. His early life was one of wild and often foolish adventure. In 1836 at Strasbourg, and in 1840 at Boulogne, where he displayed a tame eagle as the symbol of his dynasty, he made ridiculous attempts to overthrow the government of Louis Philippe. After a novitiate spent in insurrection, conspiracy, travel, and jail, he was elected a member of the French Assembly in 1848, and chosen president of the republic for four years on December 10 of the same year. On December 2, 1851, he overthrew the existing government by force, and just one year after, on December 2, 1852, by a successful conspiracy and a violation of his oath, he became Emperor of the French. At the instigation of Jules Favre, on September 4, 1870, after the surrender of the French troops at Sedan, the French Assembly voted his dethronement and the re-establishment of the republic. Thus Napoleon as emperor controlled the destinies of France for almost twenty years, and for eighteen of them his sway was almost despotic. He had the initiative of the law-making power and the unchecked disposition of the army, navy, and finance of the greatest nation in Europe for eighteen years—time enough to mould a full generation of men.

But what is the record which he left? The republic of 1848, conservative for a time, was so disturbed by insurrection of the dangerous classes that good men lived in continual terror of communism and socialism. A licentious press threatened, conspiring clubs menaced, peace, law, order, and religion. Conse-

quently when Napoleon seized the reins of power and repressed the incipient Commune the better-minded men of France and the rest of Europe, although condemning the means employed by him, rejoiced at their consequence; for they hoped that his strong arm would shield property and religion from mob aggression. They were encouraged the more to hope this because the men who surrounded his throne in the beginning were generally able and well disposed to the higher interests of society and to Christianity. Rouher and Troplong were conservatives, and his Spanish wife, Eugénie, was said to be a devout Catholic. Canrobert, Saint-Arnaud, and afterwards Niel and MacMahon, were soldiers of the old school, uncorrupted by the license which at a later date ate the heart out of the discipline of the French army. And so Napoleon, after the *Coup-d'état*, was hailed even by the clergy of France as a new deliverer. Country curates in La Vendée and Brittany, the heart of the Legitimist faction, saluted him as lawful king and met him at the door of their churches with smoking thuribles, as if he were Henry V. himself, while admiring peasants shouted, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" from throats that had always been used to the cry of "*Vive le roi!*" France was at peace. "The empire is peace," said the emperor, and prosperity brightened the hills and valleys of the whole land. In a few years the whole world bowed to France. Her sword drove back the Cossack from the Black Sea and the Austrian from the plains of Lombardy; and her word settled the quarrels of the East and swayed the diplomacy even of England, timorous and distrustful of so great a rival. Cavour and Bismarck, then humble intriguers conspiring for the aggrandizement of their ambitious but intimidated states, bent low to the Cæsar who held in his hands the sword of Brennus which decided the balance into whichever scale it was cast. The French army that had conquered Algiers and relieved Rome was believed to be invincible. Its prestige received a new lustre from the name of Napoleon—of a Napoleon, too, who had shown some evidence in his published works of being a philosopher as well as a strategist, in spite of the reveries scattered through them. Everything went well at first. With such an army, such a navy, so splendid a financial condition, such a system of police as existed in France in 1852, what was there to prevent Napoleon from correcting the false notions of so many Frenchmen in regard to government by improving the education of the young, and by aiding religion in its endeavor to recapture the hearts of the lower classes in French towns and cities, tainted by the infidelity that accompanied the

first Revolution? He had the control of the education of the whole of France, yet he did not correct the infidel tendency of the University, always jealous of Christian schools. Renan, an arch-infidel, was allowed to corrupt young France in the Collége de France until in 1864 public opinion forced his dismissal. The laws against religious orders were not enforced, it is true, as they have been lately under the new republic, but they were not abrogated. Instead of founding Christian schools among the laboring classes, Napoleon thought to convert them by giving them plenty of work at the public expense—feeding them, as it were, at the public crib—and to control them by *mouchards* instead of by religion. He should have prevented public work on Sunday, as he had the power to do; but he feared the secret societies and the Orsini bombs. The laboring classes were trained to infidelity by public sanction. His influence in the church was thrown on the side of Gallicanism—not a Gallicanism of principle, like that of the old Bourbons, but one of sentiment and political expediency. George Darboy was the representative of this new form of Gallicanism, as Bishop of Nancy, and afterwards as Archbishop of Paris, and he received many reproofs from the pope for his trimming between him and Cæsar. Thus did Napoleon fail to improve the moral condition of France while he was adding to its material wealth; thus did he fail to understand that a Christian people loyal in obedience to the Ten Commandments is the only one upon which a ruler can depend for support in his hour of adversity.

If we look at the chief events of his reign we shall perceive this lack of foresight more clearly.

The first great event of his reign was the Crimean War. It is related that Louis Napoleon being at Stuttgart in 1847 a French journalist interviewed him.

> "'What impression do I make in France?' said the prince.
>
> "'A bad one, prince.'
>
> "'Then you think my cause lost?'
>
> "'Yes, lost!'
>
> "'You are mistaken, sir. France cannot live without destroying the treaties of 1815 and avenging Waterloo. She knows that I alone will give her satisfaction.'"*

The prince who spoke thus showed the inconsistency of his character when as emperor he became the ally of England and throughout his whole reign the slave of English diplomacy. In

* *Le Dernier des Napoléon*, p. 113.

1852 Russia menaced the interests of English power and commerce in the East. England controlled Turkey politically and financially. Russia, irritated and desirous of extending her own influence in the East, declared war against Turkey in 1854. England alone could not withstand the Cossack; France was necessary, and, through the unfortunate influence of Eugénie, Napoleon became the ally of his uncle's only conqueror, contrary to his own and his country's true interest. The French army, at first decimated by cholera in the Dobruscha swamps, beat Menchikoff at Alma, in the Crimea, saved the English army at Inkermann, and took Sebastopol by storm September 8, 1855, after a long and bloody siege. Peace followed, but what did France gain? The hatred of Russia, in the first place—a great misfortune for Napoleon's mushroom empire. The Russian power was only checked but not broken in the East. Nor did Napoleon know how to keep the friendship of his ally, for he refused to destroy Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. Thus he gained nothing even on the side of England, while through his fault France lost both her soldiers and her money.

An incident that occurred on the occasion of signing the treaty of Paris, after this war, shows clearly the weakness of this imperial dreamer. He was master of the situation. His troops had won the battles of the Crimea. It was in his power to dictate his own terms and to form strong alliances. Russia could not resist, and England dared not. Yet, instead of acting for the future interests of France or of his own dynasty, he was specially occupied with the question of what kind of quill the plenipotentiaries should use in signing the treaty of peace! A feather was pulled from the wing of an eagle in the Jardin des Plantes for the glorious purpose; and the gentleman * who plucked it gave a certificate of authenticity in the following words: "I hereby certify that I myself have plucked this quill from the wing of the imperial eagle." Here we have "Badinguet" and the women of his court, instead of the spirit of the great conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz.

If the rôle of Napoleon III. in the Crimean War proved him to be the dupe of England, insincere in his words—for he had said that the empire meant peace, just before going to war; and that Waterloo should be avenged, previous to becoming the ally of Wellington's countrymen—his conduct in the war of Italy showed further that he was a poor soldier, affiliated with the secret societies, and the tool of their conspiracies. Louis Napo-

* M. Feuillet de Conches.

leon's true policy would have been to identify himself with the conservative forces in European society. He could not trust the revolution. He ought to have known that it would push him aside, if it ever obtained the upper hand. He should have known that the names of emperor and empire were as distasteful to the secret societies as those of king and kingdom. To placate the opposition of the followers of the old régime, to inspire confidence in the bosom of the conservative classes—this would have been true diplomacy, for on this side alone lay the hope of his dynasty. Pius IX. and his much-abused minister, Antonelli, had repeatedly warned him of the danger of joining in the intrigues of Cavour and the other subalpine conspirators. He had already alienated Russia, the great conservative power of the North. He next alienated Austria, the great conservative power of Germany, by making war on her in the interest of all the Red Republicans in Europe, the sworn enemies of his own throne.

Count Cavour, true disciple of Machiavelli, knew how to manage the hesitating and irresolute Louis Napoleon. Partly intimidated by the attempts at assassination, partly cajoled, and partly from sympathy—for had not some of his youth been spent in attempts at Italian revolution?—the emperor declared war against Austria on April 13, 1859. All Italy was in arms. The cohorts of Mazzini, with whom Napoleon had always held a morganatic relation, brought the knife of the assassin to assist, but to sully, the sword of the gallant French army. The battle of Magenta, won on June 4, 1859, by Marshal MacMahon; and the battle of Solferino, won on the 24th of the same month by Marshal Niel, terminated the campaign. Napoleon took a personal part in the war and manifested absolute incapacity as a soldier. His two brave marshals saved him from complete disaster, and achieved victory where alone he would have experienced defeat. Incompetent as a soldier, he again showed his incompetency as a diplomat. He went to war for the sake of Italy, yet abruptly made a treaty with Austria at Villafranca, leaving the north of Italy still in the hands of the detested foreigner. The Italians cried out against the French emperor for deserting them after having declared that he would free Italy "from the Alps to the Adriatic." They forgot that only for his assistance Austria might have crushed them to powder, as she had already done during the reign of Charles Albert. Napoleon made peace with Austria because he was afraid of Prussia, who was afterwards to become his conqueror.

There was another conservative force in Europe which Napo-

leon III. should have kept friendly at all hazards: that was the Papacy. Its temporal power was the oldest sovereignty in Europe, guaranteed by the law of nations. It represented law and right. It represented the great Catholic party of France and the world. It stood in the way of the ambition of the subalpine kingdom, ever grasping and aggressive, and plotting the overthrow of all the other Italian principalities for the pretended cause of Italian unity, but really for the sake of Sardinian domination. Napoleon should have seen that Italian unity meant the creation of a great force hostile to France on the south, as Prussia was hostile to her on the east. But he seemed to be dazed. The blindness of his uncle fell on him. The uncle had tried to get rid of the *vieux calotin*, Pius VII., and the nephew tried to get rid of his namesake, Pius IX. Both broke their power on the same rock. The curse of Rome followed them and their armies, the one to the Borodino and Moscow, the other to the Rhine and Sedan.

Napoleon became more unprincipled as he grew older. He fell under the domination of the subalpine clique, more especially after the marriage of his cousin Prince Jerome to the daughter of Victor Emmanuel. So it was decreed that the pope's temporality should first be sacrificed after the kingdom of Naples had been abolished. Napoleon wrote to Pius IX. letters signed "Your devoted son," expressing his anxiety for the papal welfare, and sent words of sympathy to the King of Naples, holding out hopes of aid to him, while at the same time he was tolerating or secretly encouraging Cavour and Garibaldi to destroy the temporal power of both. Lamoricière, the pope's general, asserted that he had the word of Napoleon for it that the Piedmontese army should not be allowed to interfere at Castel Fidardo. King Ferdinand had his promise of non-interference at Gaeta. But the word and the promise were of a true Corsican. The Italian general, Cialdini, told Lamoricière at Castel Fidardo that he had seen the emperor and was sure of his sympathy.

With the fall of the papal sovereignty Napoleon lost the sympathy of all the Catholics in France and in the world. He never had the full sympathy of the infidel body, and so when he surrendered at Sedan no one wept for his fate. Before that event came, however, he was to commit more blunders, one of which made him as detestable to Americans as he had become to the best classes in European society.

This blunder was the expedition to Mexico. It was the less excusable because Napoleon, having lived for some time in our

country, ought to have known that his interference in the affairs of this continent would be resented. In virtue of the Monroe doctrine we are jealous of European interference in our own or in the affairs of our neighbors. Our national sympathies are with republics and democracies everywhere, but especially in America. Napoleon knew that he would alienate the feelings of all the inhabitants of the United States by taking advantage of our civil dissensions to attempt to erect an empire at our very doors. His sympathy for the Southern rebellion created a bitter feeling against him in the North. His effort to destroy the Mexican republic and turn it into an empire under an Austrian prince intensified our hostility to him and his dynasty. Even if he had succeeded in realizing his foolish dream of a Latin empire in Mexico it could not have lasted. We would have crushed it so soon as our civil war would have been over. This state of feeling in the United States Napoleon himself perhaps knew; but, with his usual weakness, he allowed himself to be influenced by the royalist Spanish *camarilla* that so often controlled his court. Labastida, the exiled archbishop of Mexico, full of resentment against the republic, is said to have used his influence with the empress, and both, together with Juan Prim, of Spain, engineered the plot to turn Mexico into an empire. Labastida's motive was probably the interest of his own party; Prim expected to be made emperor himself; and Napoleon's vanity was stimulated by the project. It seemed easy to be realized while the power of the United States was divided by the civil war. On the 30th November, 1861, France, England, and Spain agreed to interfere in the domestic affairs of Mexico. The French army, sent across the Atlantic at enormous expense, was decimated by disease. France was robbed by the expedition. Prim, perceiving that he was not to be the emperor, induced Spain to desert, and England, selfish and cunning, left Napoleon to carry out the scheme alone. Bazaine, a name since Metz infamous in France, was the agent, and Maximilian the victim, of this unfortunate undertaking. The result of it is well known. The United States threatened; Juarez held out; France withdrew, and Maximilian, one of the bravest names that ever gave glory to the house of Hapsburg, was left to fight his battle alone. He died like a hero, shot by the republican soldiers of Juarez at Queretaro on July 19, 1867—almost on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. His death was a second Waterloo for the Bonaparte family, for from it broke out that feeling of hatred in Austria, and that feeling of contempt in France and

throughout the world, which culminated in execration after the surrender of Sedan.

Austria never forgave the interview between Maximilian's wife, Carlotta, and Napoleon III. in a hotel at Paris previous to the fall of her husband. She begged Bonaparte not to desert him, telling him that it would be dishonorable to do so. She threw herself at his feet as a suppliant, but in vain. "It is useless to insist, madame," said the cold-blooded son of Hortense. "I shall not give your husband another man, not another crown." The words broke her heart and disordered her brain. She rose to her feet, and with flashing eyes, from which shot the fires of incipient insanity, exclaimed: "Ah! I was not, then, deceived in you. I know you, destroyer of my family! You have your revenge on the granddaughter of Louis Philippe, who saved you from misery and the scaffold." She followed him to the door as he departed, crying after him: "You think you can, through your police, tear from me your letters and promises; but you are mistaken. They are secure. Go! and may the curse of God fall on you as on Cain!"

She lost her reason, and the curse fell on the betrayer of Maximilian. As the ghost of Cæsar haunted Brutus at Philippi, so did the vision of Maximilian's bloody corse and the shadow of his insane wife haunt Napoleon at Sedan.

Step by step the crisis was approaching. The Catholic party alienated by his treachery to the pope; England and Russia both distrustful; the conservatives of Italy unfriendly on account of his having betrayed the exiled sovereign of Naples; the radicals of Italy discontented by the abrupt treaty of Villafranca; Austria hostile on account of the Italian war and his desertion of Maximilian; the United States unfriendly on account of his Mexican enterprise and because of his well-known sympathy for the Southern rebellion; Prussia watching the game and making ready for the inevitable struggle: how stood France to Napoleon?

The secret societies to which the emperor had belonged, and to please which he had betrayed the pope and attacked Austria, still continued to plot. Their motto was nationality and an international republic. By nationality they meant a union of the people of the same race in spite of geographical, financial, or municipal reasons. By internationalism they meant socialism and communism. True nationality, like true liberty, is based on the preservation of municipal rights and is opposed to centralization. Our form of government, with its system of separate States, each preserving its own peculiar privileges, serving as a

check to centralized uniformity; or Switzerland with its distinct cantons; or the confederation of the Italian States, each retaining its own constitution and laws, as advocated by Gioberti; or the Spanish system, in which some of the provinces retain their own customs and *fueros*, would not satisfy the advocates of national unity. They wanted a geographical, legal, and centralized nationality, which could be moved from one extreme to another, as an electric current is set in motion by the touch of a button under the thumb of one executive. They wanted, not a nationality like a mosaic, with variety in unity, but a nationality vulgarly uniform. Prince Jerome was the friend and protector of all these dreamers and schemers, while at the same time he held relations with all his cousin's theories regarding the perpetuity of the Napoleonic dynasty. Indeed, it was in the interest of this cause that he courted the socialists and publicly seemed to favor the *Internationale* while the emperor was prosecuting it. Both imagined that, despite the opposition of Legitimists and Orleanists, they could at last found a liberal Napoleonic dynasty on the support of the irreligious masses. They imagined that they could make the Commune content with a liberal empire, and cheat the people out of their desire to re-establish the republic. But they counted without Gambetta, Favre, and Rochefort. They did not expect that Pierre Bonaparte was going to murder Victor Noir, one of the idols of the Parisian mob. They forgot that the more the tiger of communism gets the more he wants. They forgot that the empire had lost its hold on the French heart, and that Bismarck knew it. Rouher and the old Bonapartists saw the chasm into which the emperor was going to plunge; but he would not listen to them. He preferred the counsels of his quondam enemy, the demagogue Emile Olivier, to those of his tried friend, Rouher; and he trusted Le Bœuf, the imbecile Minister of War, rather than Niel and MacMahon, the true victors of Solferino and Magenta. Honest Niel was dead; MacMahon was in quasi-exile in Africa. Thiers' advice would not be listened to. Bismarck was ready. Prussia was armed and longing for the fray. France was rich, but the administration of civil affairs had become corrupt and the nerves of discipline, both in the army and the navy, were fatally relaxed.

We now reach the last act in this emperor's reign, one that began in such splendor and ended in such disgrace. We saw in the beginning the genius of Cavour leading him into the blunder of the Italian campaign, the result of which was to raise up on the southern frontier of France a rival power discontented with

the half-measures of Villafranca. We shall now see a German statesman lead Napoleon to ruin at Sedan. Bismarck, like Cavour and Napoleon, belongs to the Machiavellian school of politics. Hatred of France and of everything French had been instilled into King William's mind from his very infancy, and detestation of the Napoleons was with him almost a monomania. Bismarck was a strange agent for this royal son of Luther, half fanatic in his Protestantism and half savage in his policy, to choose. Yet the pair have ever worked harmoniously, the king calling on Providence, while the minister called on his Uhlans and his rifled cannon, to carry out the policy of deception, of blood and iron, which was to enlarge the Prussian kingdom into an empire and humiliate France. Bismarck played his game astutely. He helped Cavour to gain Italian unity, in order to weaken Austria and create sympathy for Prussian aims beyond the Pyrenees, and then he duped Napoleon into non-interference in the war with Austria.

It is not probable that Bismarck at first hoped or intended to take Alsace-Lorraine from France. His aim was to drive the Austrian influence out of North Germany and leave it entirely under Prussian hegemony. But he could not do this without the leave of France. In order, therefore, to gain the sympathy of the latter he paid court to Napoleon, and in 1862 submitted to him a plan for the reorganization of Europe. The chief points of it were that France was to annex Luxembourg and Belgium, and afterwards the coal districts on the Rhine of Saar and Mentz. Prussia, in return for helping France to this piece of territory, was to get control of Hanover and all the German states as far south as the Main. He flattered, coaxed, bribed, and intrigued at the court in Paris and Biarritz, till Napoleon, weak and mute, allowed him to carry out his scheme. Napoleon perhaps thought that after the expulsion of Austrian influence from Schleswig-Holstein, and the breaking of her power at Sadowa, Bismarck would keep his word. It is strange that such an adept in duplicity as Napoleon should have trusted a man like Bismarck. But the sybarite who presided over the destinies of France was every day growing weaker and weaker. In 1866 Prussia declared war on Austria. Napoleon even then could have dictated terms to Bismarck. He could have at once pushed his army to the Rhine, which old Frederick II. said was the natural eastern limit of France. Both Prussia and Austria would have been obliged to assent. They were at war with each other. But the opportunity was lost, and after the Prussian victory at Sadowa

it was no longer possible for France to dictate terms. Bismarck was allowed to achieve the work of Prussian aggrandizement without let or hindrance. The Prussian chancellor himself expressed surprise at the stupidity of the French emperor. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and gallant Marshal Niel tried to awake him to his danger and exact from Bismarck, while it was possible, some compensation to France for her friendly neutrality. But in vain. When the last scene in his inglorious reign opened Niel and Drouyn de Lhuys were dead.

On the 15th of July, 1870, the French parliament decreed war against Prussia, exactly four years too late. Rouher and the old imperial counsellors had been superseded by men like Olivier and Le Bœuf. The emperor had yielded up many of his prerogatives and relaxed his hold on the French people. He thought that the liberal constitution would reconcile them to his dynasty. A war with Prussia for refusing to give France the Rhine as a boundary would distract the attention of France, and, if it were successful, would make it forgive his Mexican and Italian mistakes. Success, of course, he expected. He always believed in his star. In a few months after a rapid march on Berlin he would return with spoil and glory, the conqueror of the victor of Sadowa. Prussian insolence, that had dared to favor the candidacy of a Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne, was to be punished at Berlin by the nephew, as it had been punished at Jena by the uncle. Yet suddenly it was found that nothing was ready. Luxury had destroyed the discipline of the French army. A veritable reign of "shoddy" pervaded all the departments of the administration. Theft and imbecility were found everywhere. The commissariat was defective. The quota of the regiments was not filled. The officers did not know the geography of their own country. They had not even the maps necessary to study it. Yet all seemed right on paper. M. Le Bœuf, Minister of War, said that France was ready, that she did not need to buy even a gaiter-button. He said that there was a stock on hand of four millions of chassepot rifles; in reality there were but eleven hundred. There was a powerful French navy, which Prussia especially dreaded, for it could have blockaded her Baltic ports and landed a force on her northern frontier. But the navy, commanded by Rigault de Genouilly—another product of this reign of shoddy—had no proper charts of the Baltic, and did absolutely nothing during the campaign. The administration in France had seen the growth of Prussia, her magnificent

army and its splendid equipment, its thorough discipline and great prestige, especially after the victory of Sadowa; yet no proper preparations had been made for the struggle that every one saw to be inevitable. The most bitter satire that was ever penned against French vanity is not half so strong as the record of the battles in Napoleon's last war, from Wörth and Forbach to Metz and Sedan. "On to Berlin!" was the cry of the whole French people when Napoleon left Paris. They believed in the prestige of French arms. They could not believe that the emperor was an absolute imbecile. They thought that all was ready; but the answer to their cry was the harsh "*Nach Paris!*" of the Uhlans. German sobriety, steadiness, discipline, and poverty trampled down in the dust the luxury, volatility, and licentiousness of the administration of the last of the Napoleons. The corrupt officers of his army, debauched by Mexican wealth, Parisian effeminacy, and government appointments irrespective of merit, were no match for the sinewy sons of Bavaria and the brawny braves of Brandenburg. France, still crippled and humiliated, will never forgive the disgrace of her last defeat, due to the neglect and blindness of her emperor. The defeat at Sedan on the 2d of September, 1870, ended the Napoleonic dynasty.

The man is dead, but his work survives him. The present republic is a fit sequel to an empire begotten in perjury and nurtured in deception. The charlatanism of the present leaders of French diplomatic thought, of Gambetta and Ferry, is but the fruit of Napoleon's failure to set France on the road to real greatness, to progress based on truth, honor, self-restraint, and religion.

Yet perhaps we should make some allowances for his shortcomings. His moral education was bad, owing to the corrupt surroundings of his youth. He was taught to be a Catholic rather because Catholicity was the religion of his family than on account of the fixed principles and strict practices which it entails. His only fixed belief was in his star, in his destiny. The government of Louis Philippe is accused of having purposely given him opportunities of debauch in the prison at Ham. His physical and mental debility manifested after his escape give probability to the story. He was a bundle of contradictions, a model of duplicity. He called himself a devout Catholic and acted like a free-thinker; a son of the church, yet a Carbonaro; and although a Frenchman by descent, he was a Corsican in insincerity and a Hollander in phlegm. His cold character, so unlike that of his un-

cle, caused many to doubt his legitimacy. His public policy was tortuous, shuffling, Machiavellian. Perhaps at no period of history does the contrast appear more striking between it and true Christian diplomacy than during his reign. Palmerston, Cavour, Bismarck, and Napoleon III., aiming at success by systematic lying and deception, making the end always justify the means, were incarnate representatives of Machiavelli's system.

THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.*

"Praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him, all ye peoples. For his mercy is confirmed upon us, and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever."—*Psalm cxvi.*

How naturally these words of the Psalmist come to our minds and rise to our lips on an occasion like this! We are here to give thanks to Almighty God for the great victory won on this spot a hundred years ago, which virtually ended our country's struggle for freedom and put the seal of the Lord of Hosts on her independence. Standing on this battle-field, and viewing in loving memory that noble band of patriots who, after so many discouragements and from amid the gloom of so many difficulties, here beheld the glorious sunburst of hope—nay, of assured success, gleam forth upon their country's cause, we feel anew the thrill of their relief, their exultation, and their gratitude, and we would fain sing forth our rejoicing to the Lord, our deliverer.

From that event, as from their fountain-head, we see pouring forth the blessings of a century of national life, and our hearts rise up in dutiful thanksgiving to the Giver of all good.

We behold the influence of these blessings shed abroad, through the myriad channels of human intercourse, till their power is felt in every corner of the world; and we would fain have all the nations and peoples of the earth join in our canticle of praise.

From the past and the present we glance to the future; and, strong in our faith that the Almighty's providence has not bestowed such wondrous bounty for evanescent purposes, but for great ends which he will surely carry to their full accomplishment, we recognize in his past mercies the best guarantee of his

* The Discourse of the Right Rev. John J. Keane, D.D., Bishop of Richmond, Va., at the Mass of Thanksgiving at Yorktown, Sunday, October 16, 1881.

future beneficence, and with gladsome trust we exclaim: "His mercy is confirmed upon us, and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever."

And with our gratitude to the Almighty is inseparably bound up our gratitude to that noble nation which he was pleased to use as the agent of his providence in our country's behalf—to chivalrous and generous France, to whom, under God, we are so largely indebted for all that we to-day give thanks for. To her, above all the nations of the earth, do our hearts on this day go forth, and on her we invoke heaven's richest rewards.

Men have various sets of weights and measures for estimating the meaning and value of human events; but we never see them in their true light, nor put upon them their right value, till we view them in the light of God's overruling providence and discover the place which he has assigned them in the development of his plan, and the efficacy which he has given them in promoting and securing his purposes of wisdom and love. Viewed in its own proportions and amid its own surroundings only, the victory which we commemorate is dwarfed by many another of far greater brilliancy in the annals of mankind. But regarded as an element in God's providence over the nations of the earth, it ranks among the foremost of the great events that have shaped the destinies of the world. Faintly and imperfectly at best could the patriots of 1781 have imagined the growth that was to spring from the seed which they so laboriously and wearily planted. But now that the battle-clouds which then overshadowed it have long since passed away, and the tree of liberty spreads its branches far and wide, we can estimate their work aright, and trace the stream of providential guidance which leads up to it and flows from it.

From the beginning God destined man to live in society, to have social relations each with his fellow-men. His social relations as well as his individual life were meant for his welfare and happiness, both here and hereafter. To this end every form of human authority and government called for by the social state was to contribute and to be subordinated. The Creator foresaw all the forms of imperfection and of evil that were to follow from the blundering and the perversity of men; but his wisdom, which "reacheth from end to end mightily and ordereth all things sweetly," knew how to provide, and assuredly did provide, that the net outcome of it all should tend to the realizing of his plan and to the greater welfare of mankind. Whithersoever they migrated over the face of the earth, and whatever were, in suc-

cessive ages, their ups and downs of fortune and of civilization, that heavenly guidance was ever with them, moulding their forms of society and of government into conformity with their capacities and their needs. Kings and emperors, chiefs and princes, statesmen and legislatures and politicians, seemed ofttimes to shape the nations to their wills, and sway and use them according to their ambitions, their interests, or their caprice; while ever and anon mighty popular upheavals would burst all restraints and overthrow the growth of generations in a day, and then, through fiery processes, settle into new social forms. But the eye and the hand of the Almighty were ever above them all, guiding the final results to the furtherance of his own all-wise ends. And these ends are all summed up in this: that men should be made nobler and wiser and happier by the suppression of all that disturbs or degrades them and by the promotion of all that elevates character and makes life peaceful and commodious. This is the providential purpose of all social systems, and the functions of every just government are comprised in these two things: to hinder every cause within its reach that tends to popular unhappiness and evil, and to promote every cause within its reach that contributes to popular happiness and welfare. But these two ends of government, although equally necessary, are not equally noble and pleasing. The encouragement of good is an occupation equally pleasing to God and to noble minds, whereas the suppression of evil is a sad necessity imposed by human folly and wickedness. The greater and more numerous the moral evils that afflict or degrade a people, the more stern and severe must its government naturally become. And if the hands that hold the reins are also perverse, then despotism and tyranny rule and grow apace. The more this unhappy condition develops, the greater, too, becomes the alienation, and even the hostility, between the governing and the governed. Here we have the key to the appalling picture presented by nearly all governments and peoples before the Christian era. Human nature had almost universally perverted itself in the ways of concupiscence; hence their greatness, as a rule, had fear for its treacherous prop, and their brilliancy was but an embroidered cloak for the corruption which finally wrought their ruin.

Then Christianity came to shed its sacred light throughout the world and to mould the hearts of men to its blessed morality. Little by little the good leaven penetrated the mass, and the result was seen in legislation and government, as well as in domestic relations and private morals. The *Divus Imperator*, who

claimed divine honors and absolute sway, gave place to the Christian ruler, who bent his knee to the same God and Father as the lowliest of his subjects; who knew well, even though ambition might sometimes blind him to the truth, that he was only the responsible agent of a beneficent Providence, that the welfare of his people was the only reason and right for his holding sway, that the rights of the governed were as sacred as those of their ruler, that if he trampled on theirs he forfeited his own, and that he would best secure his own interests and happiness, here and hereafter, by identifying them with the interests and happiness of his people. Thus, on the one hand, a higher right and a more sacred sanction were given to authority, and, on the other, subjection to it was no longer a galling yoke, but a reasonable and voluntary submission to the essential conditions of peace, order, and prosperity. Authority was seen to be divine in its origin and its rights; but equally divine the rights of the people which it was commissioned to guard and foster. Thus the governing and the governed, no longer two alienated or antagonistic classes, were drawn nearer and nearer together, and more and more blended and identified through common interests and reciprocal duties. And so the providence of God led steadily forward towards that perfect balancing of mutual rights, and that complete union and almost identification of the governing with the governed, which was to be known as self-government.

At different times and with various fortunes Christian states had essayed the republican form of government, so consonant with the spirit of Christianity, but our own favored land was destined to be the field in which the social system should assume this lofty shape in its grandest proportions. 'Twas for this that God cut her loose from swaddling-clothes and leading-strings, and set her strong and firm on her own feet, and gave her that individual responsibility which is the necessary condition for noble aspirations and lofty ends. 'Twas for this that the men of '76, taking their stand on the inalienable rights of man, proclaimed to the world their country's independence and consecrated to the holy cause their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. 'Twas for this that the fire of patriotism was spread abroad throughout the land, nerving the people with a heroism which neither dangers, nor hardships, nor disasters could overcome. 'Twas for this that, when the need was greatest, He gave her the sympathy of the noble French nation to cheer her on, and its strong right arm to aid her to victory. 'Twas for this that, on this battle-field of Yorktown, He gave forth the *fiat* which sealed her

freedom as an accomplished fact. 'Twas for this He guarded her amid the doubts and anxieties which at first beset her pathway, when scoffers said she had only to be let alone and they would soon see her end. 'Twas for this He gave wisdom more than human to our patriot fathers to store up safely the harvest which had been sown amid their tears, and watered with their blood, and reaped with their brave swords—to launch a new world on its destined course—and, shunning both the revolutionary rashness which spurns the wisdom of the past, and the conservative timidity which shrinks from the responsibilities of the future, to gather up all the experience of preceding ages and mould it into the new and better shape which was to mark an era in history and lift mankind to a higher level.

'Twas thus that Washington viewed it when, at the close of the constitutional deliberations, to whose success he so largely contributed, he declared that it was through ways little short of miraculous that they had accomplished the framing of a Constitution which embodied all the progress that mankind had made in the science of government, and surrounded liberty with more safeguards than any other government hitherto instituted among mortals. In this spirit, too, he exclaimed: "We may, with a kind of a pious and grateful exultation, trace the finger of Providence through those dark and mysterious events which have, step by step, led to the Constitution, thereby, in all human probability, laying a lasting foundation for tranquillity and happiness when there was but too much reason to fear confusion and misery."

We speak not boastfully but gratefully. We do not forget that, as our great Washington said, we must not expect anything perfect in this world; and we doubt not that the treasures of God's providence contain still richer and higher blessings for future stages in the march of mankind. Nor do we forget that it would be a foolish and an evil thing to boast as if these blessings were our own making or the making of our fathers, and not the gift of the Most High. No; we recognize and proclaim His bounty, and therefore are we here this day to pour forth to Him our loving thanksgiving. We thank Him for the destiny which He has vouchsafed our country, and for all the blessings which have thus far marked her pathway towards its realization. We thank Him for our patriot fathers, for their deeds of heroism, for the fortitude which upheld them amid untold trials, for the glorious success which crowned their efforts, and for the noble example which they have bequeathed to us and all subsequent

generations, than which there is none grander in the annals of history. We thank Him for the wisdom which guided their counsels, and which used their timid and inexperienced hands for tracing and founding the majestic social fabric which himself had planned. We thank Him for having laid the foundations so deep and strong that the mighty convulsions of civil war have left the edifice as majestic and, we trust, as firm and solid as ever. We thank Him for having knit the ties of union and brotherhood so close that they who, so short a time ago, met in the awful shock of battle meet here to-day with no strife or rivalry save that of enthusiastic devotedness to their common country, and are gathered here, around this old fountain-head of liberty, that all may drink deep of the patriotism of our fathers—a patriotism high and universal, knowing no limits of sect or section, no bounds save God and humanity. And while this mourning drapery entwined with the emblems of our exultation reminds us how, so lately, our country bent in tearful sorrow over the prostrate form of her Chief Magistrate, cut off in the midst of his noble career by the iniquitous act of an assassin, yet we see no blanch of terror on her cheek, no tremor of anxiety in her hand. She inscribes his name on the list of her illustrious sons, and then points calmly onward and upward, strong in the faith that He who has so marvellously blessed her with unparalleled prosperity during this century of her life will not abandon his work and has not exhausted his treasures. To Him be all the glory, from whom all the good has come.

Nor is there any narrow exclusiveness in our exultation and our thanksgiving. Our hearts must elate with world-wide sympathies to-day, because the blessings we rejoice in were meant to be world-wide in their influence. Our country was meant by divine Providence to be the home of liberty for all mankind, the refuge of the down-trodden in every land, the sanctuary of freedom in which the noble-souled of every clime might find the object of their loftiest yearnings. Thus our country was meant to be the grandest exemplification of the universal brotherhood of men, and in the name of all we give thanks to the Father of all.

Nay, more, the Almighty not only meant her to be a mother-land, with wide-extended arms offering shelter and plenty to all; she was meant to be a teacher, through whose lips and in whose life He was to solve all the social problems of the Old World. The European nations had grown, by slow stages, from the chaos of the fifth century to the civilization of the eighteenth. In their social systems, as in general culture, the movement had been ever onward; but much of the husk and shell of transi-

tion periods was still tightly clinging to the ripe or fast ripening fruit. Hence arose anomalies and social problems involving contradictory views, and clashing interests, and opposing forces, and great dangers. Then the God of nations set our country apart from all the rest, and took from her all props and bandages that were no longer needed, and moulded her form and life in such wise as to solve all those problems and to show both the rulers and the peoples of the Old World how to lay aside tutelage without falling into unruliness; how to avoid both tyranny and anarchy; how to reconcile the fullest majesty of authority and law with the highest popular intelligence and the completest popular liberty. Oh! how beautiful is that spectacle to every one who loves liberty and who loves order. Blessed be the God of order and liberty, who has realized this grand ideal among the sons of men! May his providence long preserve in our country this union of these two blessings—the centripetal and the centrifugal forces of society--which so many, erring through timidity or rashness, think to be incompatible, but which reason and our country's experience prove to be not only reconcilable, but to be the complement and the perfection of each other, and to constitute the true ideal of the Christian State.

I say the *Christian State*, because Christianity alone has ever given the ideal, and Christianity alone ever has produced or ever can produce the character and circumstances of individuals and of society which make the realization of such an ideal possible. It was Christianity that supplied the fundamental principles of our independence and of our social system by teaching and maintaining against all the traditions of paganism the God-given and inalienable rights of man. It was Christianity that vindicated, at the cost of the blood of her millions of martyrs, the superiority of the rights and conscience of the individual man over the majesty of Cæsars and the might of empires. It was Christianity that taught the great truth that all systems and appliances and forms of authority, whether religious or secular, have for their providential reason of existence the welfare, temporal and eternal, of individual human beings, and the glory of God resulting from the happiness of his creatures; and thus she gave the world the principle that the reason of government is the welfare of the governed. Hence we see how natural is the affinity of Christianity with a governmental system in which the authority which preserves order in all the general movement and in all its details is made to agree with and to foster the individual rights and uses and prosperity

of every member of the body corporate. And as all man's natural powers develop best in the air of freedom, tempered by law and order, so is it also with his spiritual being and with the work of Christianity; for grace loves noble natures, and Christianity loves children whose characters are fitting reflexes of the beauty and nobleness and freedom of God.

Here, again, we are not so boastful as to assert or imagine that this grand ideal has been realized among us in its perfection. No one, surely, could hesitate to acknowledge, with Washington, that we must not expect perfection in this world; but, with him, we would gratefully declare our belief that God's providence had better fitted our system and its principles for an approach to that perfection than any that had ever preceded it. We, like all the rest of mankind, have abundance of human perversity to lament, and it is evidently not best that there should exist the diversities and contradictions and antagonisms, in religious and in secular matters, which are found among us. But all these imperfections and evils existed before our country was formed. They are pre-existing defects and difficulties which her principles have to contend with. But what we unhesitatingly assert is that, since these defects were already in existence, our country's principles were the best on which they could be dealt with. We falter not in our confidence that what is right and true will ever prevail in a fair field. We doubt not that, from amid pre-existing and unavoidable imperfections, the God of nations will lead our country to the highest development yet reached by man's intellectual, moral, social, and spiritual nature, and that Christianity, which has laid the foundations and begun the work, will carry it on to its completion. We cannot admit the fear that the minds and hearts of our people will ever lose their hold on Christianity, or withdraw themselves from its blessed influence, for there is and can be no antagonism between Christianity and their highest and noblest aspirations. On the contrary, it is her finger that points them to the loftiest heights and exclaims: "Excelsior!" She has given the world the only true civilization the world has ever known; and she will be carrying out an integral part of her divine mission by not only accompanying man, but leading him, to the furthest advances that civilization is capable of. For true civilization means our advancing in God's ways to God's destiny. He is the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, in himself and for us. His ways are the ways of the true, the beautiful, and the good; and progress in them is the object both of civilization and of Christianity.

Progress in truth, whether revealed or philosophical or scientific, is his gift, and is pleasing to him, and is meant to be a way that leads to him. Progress in the beautiful, in every form of art, in all that smooths and beautifies the path of life—this, too, is his gift, and is meant to tell of him and lead to him. Progress in all that lifts up to well-doing and happy living, in all that is good and useful—all this is from him and is meant to help us towards him. It is these three forms of progress that constitute civilization, and they are equally elements and aims of Christianity. And the reason of this is plain. Both Christianity and civilization are from God, and there can be no contradiction in him or his work. He made both heaven and earth; and earth was meant to lead to heaven, and there is no incompatibility. If only we bear Him in mind who is in all things our first beginning and last end, and remember always that it is his ways we are going in and his ends we are aiming at, then the grandest efforts of genius and of energy will be blessed by him and we be perfectly in accord with the spirit of Christianity. Our longest reaches cannot reach beyond what he is and what he means for us; and he "puts all things under our feet," that all may help on to him. In the words of the apostle: "All things are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Let our aspirations, then, be ever so exalted and our progress ever so advanced, neither the aspirations nor the progress need ever entail any sacrifice of the truth, the principles, or the spirit of Christianity. That may be dreaded wherever Christianity has to deal, in any degree, with a tendency to tyranny on the one hand or to unruliness or anarchy on the other. But wherever, as in our favored land, the principles of the social system are in accord with the principles of Christianity, then there can be no reasonable fear that the development of the one will lead to antagonism with the other.

All that we have to fear is that passions and selfish interests may lead our people astray from the great principles alike both of Christianity and our country. We cannot forget Washington's solemn words that we "can never be in danger of degenerating into any despotic or oppressive form *so long as there shall remain any virtue in the body of the people*"; nor the oft-repeated warning that there can be no true liberty without morality, and no morality without religion. Nor can we close our eyes to the evil influences that are at work, and to the dangers which threaten both religion and liberty. We know but too well the tendency to substitute expediency for principle, selfishness for

patriotism, and darkness for light. But our faith is in God and in our country's providence, and we would rather seem to err by being too sanguine than sin against him by want of trust. Only we would implore our people to remember that now, as in the days of old, "perpetual vigilance is the price of freedom"; we would beg of them to appreciate the pricelessness of our country's liberties, and to recognize that Christianity is their only safeguard.

Perhaps some one may be tempted to wonder that I have thus far said nothing distinctively as a minister of the Catholic Church. Not so, friends and brethren: every sentiment that I have uttered I have uttered not only as an American citizen and as a Christian, in the vague sense sometimes given to the name, but in my character as a Roman Catholic. Here before God and my country I profess my soul's innermost conviction that every word that I have said is in harmony with God's truth, with the principles which Jesus Christ gave the world, with the spirit and teaching of the Catholic Church, with all that is symbolized by the vestments just now worn at this altar, and with the robes in which I am clad as a Roman Catholic bishop. As such we have offered up the sacrifice of the Eucharist—the highest *Thanksgiving*, as the name signifies—to thank the Almighty not only for the victory of Yorktown, but also for all the moulding of our country's form and all the shaping of her life which have followed as the consequences of that victory. And we have offered it in supplication, too, that he would render her social principles everlasting; that he would guard and shield them against any hand which from any quarter soever, or for any motive soever, might seek to attack them, or change them, or misuse them; and that through them he would lead our country to the destiny for which he made her, that she may show to the world the highest manhood ennobled by religion, the highest intellect illumined by faith, the highest social progress beautified by the order of the kingdom of God and by the "liberty of the children of God," and the highest physical and scientific progress, giving means to spread that light and beauty and power into every nook and corner where darkness lurks, or misery crouches, or tyranny clutches its victims, or delusive unwisdom would cheat noble aspiration into utopian morasses or plunge it into the abyss of anarchy and despair. Thus, we implore, may our country be, in the natural order, "the salt of the earth and the light of the world," because walking faithfully in the ways of Him who alone gives light and peace and true welfare.

O friends and brethren! let us on this day, and on this

field sacred to liberty, rally more lovingly than ever around the "landmarks of our fathers" and vow that we will ever make them the standard of our judgments, the guide of our deliberations, the measure of our social acts, the light of our onward pathway; for they are the work and the gift, not of men, but of God.

Let our final word be of France. Well may she hold a large share in our thoughts to-day, since one of the chief objects of this centennial celebration is to commemorate our alliance with her and the invaluable aid received at her hands. Blessings on that noble land which, alone of all the nations of the world, stood by our country in her hour of direst need and became the champion of her struggling liberties! Blessings on her for the cheering sympathy poured into our country's drooping heart! Blessings on her for the noble generosity which spared nothing and counted no cost of men or money! Blessings on her for the chivalrous leaders who rivalled Washington himself in their devotedness to the cause, and for the thousands of brave men who bore unmurmuringly the untold hardships of a dreary campaign in a strange land; who panted for the fray as eagerly as our own patriot-soldiers; who, on this battle-field, outnumbered the colonial forces, and laid down their lives more numerously to secure the glorious result. Never can our country forget Washington's declaration that, were it not for the aid given on this spot by France, not only would the victory of Yorktown never have been gained, but the disheartened colonial forces would probably have disbanded and given up altogether the struggle for liberty. Think, therefore, of what France has assured to us, and then think whether there ought to be, or ever can be, end or limits to our gratitude. May all that is honorable and noble die out of the hearts of men ere the remembrance of this die out of our country's heart! May this soil, sacred to our country's liberties —more sacred than even old Independence Hall, because while there she made the grand but almost desperate venture, here the wreath of victory was twined around her brow—may it be ever doubly sacred because of *the mingled blood* that has hallowed it; and may that mingled blood be the covenant of a friendship that can never die—a friendship more lasting than the monumental shaft which here is to tell all future generations of the alliance between France and America!

And now let our concluding anthem of thanksgiving and supplication be one in which all can join; and let every heart and voice give praise to God in the strains of the *Te Deum.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Catholic Controversy. A Reply to Dr. Littledale's *Plain Reasons*. By H. I. D. Ryder, of the Oratory. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1881.

In a small duodecimo of two hundred and sixty pages Dr. Ryder has condensed succinct and incisive answers to as many as one hundred counts of indictment laid by Dr. Littledale to the charge of the Roman See and the Catholic Church in general. The motto on the title-page aptly characterizes the nature of Dr. Littledale's polemics: *Dilexisti omnia verba præcipitationis, lingua dolosa*—"Thou hast loved all hasty words, O fraudulent tongue." Dr. Ryder says he was teased for several weary months—and we can well conceive how weary must have been the months devoted to the irksome task of refuting such an odious book as *Plain Reasons*—by the effort to account for the phenomenon which that book presents. He found the easy theory of deliberate lying repulsive and contrary to his experience of human nature. This is how he solves the difficulty: "Dr. Littledale, I am willing to admit, has committed himself to an illicit pursuit of truth, truth politic, truth artistic, it may be, at the expense of truths of detail, a respect for which ordinary folks associate with common honesty; and he has failed, as such unscrupulous efforts deserve to fail" (p. 258). We find ourselves involuntarily smiling very much over this, and reminded of an anecdote which we heard forty years ago from a late very eminent Protestant bishop. An editor of a very evangelical newspaper of New York published a story of certain doings of this gentleman, who was then a professor in a college in this vicinity. The story was false, and in an interview with the editor was proved to be so by the professor, who demanded a public retractation and apology. The editor declined to accede to this demand, and justified himself on the ground that he considered it lawful and useful to recount any story illustrative of the nature and tendencies of Puseyism, whether it were true or not. If it were not true, it had, anyhow, verisimilitude. Dr. Ryder's solution of the problem, how men who are not liars can seek to promote politic and artistic truth "at the expense of truths of detail," is capable of application to several other writers besides Dr. Littledale—*e.g.*, Mr. Froude, who has said: "There is no cause for which any man can more nobly suffer than to witness that it is better for him to die than to speak words which he does not mean," and yet has written what he has written. We have to account also for the fact that some men speak and act in reference to Catholics at the expense of courtesy, decency, and justice in detail, without condemning these men as ruffians, and a little modification of Dr. Ryder's theory will enable us to do this.

Calumnious and vituperative attacks on the Catholic religion have still very considerable influence on the popular mind in England and America. Though irksome, it is most useful to answer them, and the briefer the compass of any sufficient answer the better it fulfils its purpose. Dr.

Ryder's reply to Littledale is as thorough as it could be consistently with its brevity. Thoroughly acquainted with theology and history, very critical in his mind and training, and enjoying the advantage of the excellent library of the Edgbaston Oratory, perfectly in command of his temper, and master of a most excellent and taking style, whatever he writes is well worth reading. The general divisions of his little book are as follows: Part I. The Privilege of Peter and his Successors in the Roman See. Part II. Charges against the Catholic Church in Communion with the See of Peter, subdivided under seven heads, viz.: 1. Creature-Worship; 2. Uncertainty and Error in Faith; 3. Uncertainty and Unsoundness in Morals; 4. Untrustworthiness; 5. Cruelty and Intolerance; 6. Uncertainty and Error in the Sacraments; 7. Lack of the Four Notes. Among all these the part on Creature-Worship has struck our mind as specially clear and able.

This book, being small in size and cheap in cost, is admirably fitted for the most extensive reading and circulation. We recommend it emphatically both to Catholics, and to those who are not Catholics but wish to get correct notions about the Catholic Church and religion.

THE PROBLEM OF RELIGIOUS PROGRESS. By Daniel Dorchester, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt; Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. 1881.

The aim of Dr. Dorchester in this work is to comfort such of his evangelical brethren as may have been discouraged by the many assertions recently made, even by Protestants, that Protestantism has failed. He wishes to show that the "great working doctrines of Christianity" (that is to say, those generally agreed on by the Reformed churches), which he gives with some unavoidable vagueness, to suit every one as well as possible, are still working well and bringing forth good fruit, and bid fair to root out all the errors and corruptions of Rome and overcome all the powers of infidelity; and that the particular selection of conflicting sects which he takes for the church of Christ, instead of being on the point of still greater dispersion, are now acquiring substantial unity and entering on a career of victory.

To support these cheerful views he searches history, examines the present state of the world, and collects all the statistics which will help him in his statements. He displays, as is to be expected, the ignorance as to the real teachings and tendencies of the Catholic Church that is usually met with in those of his class, and upon which it seems hopeless to make any impression. It is in vain to try to show to such that what real progress their religion makes is owing to the Catholic truth which it still retains, or to make them believe that Rome is not occupied in converting the world to pomps and mummery instead of to Christ. This is perhaps the principal reason why it is not worth while to answer such books as this; for the only people who are influenced by them are those thus placed beyond the reach of our words.

We of course acknowledge that the imperfect and mutilated Protestant gospel still does bear some fruit, and rejoice in all the good that it can accomplish. But it is amusing to see how the doctor, in his zeal, overrates its power. As an example of his statistical crumbs of comfort we may adduce the astonishing classification of the Christian world according to religion, in which he foots up the Protestant states at 486,000,000, while the

Catholics come out only 103,000,000. How is this accomplished? Very simply: principally by counting in the British Empire, with 283,000,000, on the Protestant side. Is it possible that he really imagines that the Protestant religion has a hold, or shows any signs that it ever will have a hold on the vast numbers now under English sway, or that the German Empire (put, of course, on the same side) is a state actually pervaded by "evangelical" views, or is this a little piece of brag, which he hopes some one here and there may believe, and which other good Protestants will, for the sake of the good cause, excuse?

The Twit-Twats. A Christmas allegorical Story of Birds connected with the introduction of Sparrows into the New World. By Rev. Aug. J. Thébaud, S.J. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1881.

The want of a children's book in English, Catholic in tone and entertaining in subject and style, is something that has caused many a heartache to the seeker after Christmas presents for the young folks. But that such a book should come from the pen of Father Thébaud will perhaps surprise those who had hitherto known the learned Jesuit's capabilities through his valuable contributions to the philosophy of history only.

The Twit-Twats is a book about sparrows. To the sparrows, which, like the poor, we have always with us, we usually give a passing glance and thought only, as too many of us are apt to do with the poor. But Father Thébaud has closely studied the sparrows, and, while describing their nature and habits in a most fascinating and instructive way, he has given the history of their introduction into this country, and, by means of a well-sustained allegory, has shown how the successes and failures, the trials and triumphs of these little immigrants may be compared to the vicissitudes of some of our Catholic settlers from abroad. The moral is there, plain for all who care to find it, but not so much in the way as to prevent a boy or girl from thoroughly enjoying this charming book.

The publishers have done their part ungrudgingly. The book is a handsome quarto, printed on very fine paper, well illustrated, and tastefully and attractively bound.

Letters and Writings of Marie Lataste, Lay Sister of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart. With critical and expository notes by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. Vol. i. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

We became long ago familiar with the *Life and Writings* of Marie Lataste in one of the editions published in French. This remarkable person was a totally uneducated peasant-girl. Nevertheless she wrote on the highest topics of theology in a manner so correct and sublime that, deducting certain errors of expression, her writings would do honor to a profound theologian. After she became a lay sister of the Sacred Heart she wrote no more, but passed her life entirely in humble labor and the ordinary practices of a religious house. Mr. Thompson has already issued an edition of her *Life*. The present volume contains all her writings except letters of a personal and biographical nature, which the editor will publish in a second volume, if there is a demand for it. The *Life and Writings* of Marie Lataste have passed the most searching ordeal, and there can be no reasonable doubt

that she was the recipient of extraordinary gifts and illuminations from which came the infused knowledge by which she was enabled to discourse so wonderfully upon heavenly things. There is no solution of the problem how an ignorant peasant-girl could produce these writings, except this one, which is in the least degree reasonable. The facts of her life are all proved by conclusive evidence. The book is one which all pious Catholics will find to be eminently instructive and of great practical utility, besides having its own special and enthralling interest.

Nach Rom und Jerusalem. Von Hermann Leygraaff. Mit Bildern. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1881.

The Rev. Mr. Leygraaff, of the diocese of St. Louis, the writer of these sketches of a tour which he made in 1879 from the Mississippi to the Jordan in search of health, departed this life soon after writing the preface to his little book, which is dated January, 1881. It is sprightly and readable. The most interesting portion is that which relates to the Holy Land, and to us what is more pleasing than anything else is the description of the foundations and works of F. Alphonse Ratisbonne and the Daughters of Sion. The wood-cuts are respectable, and two of them, giving a correct idea of F. Ratisbonne's church and monastery on Mt. Sion, and of the restored church and convent of St. Ann, where the Daughters of Our Lady of Sion are established, add much to the interesting description of these unique and admirable institutions from which we hope so much for the future of Jerusalem and Palestine.

Ranthorpe. By George Henry Lewes. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. 1881.

This old and forgotten novelette of the year 1847 is republished, we presume, as a literary curiosity. It is dedicated by the author to his real wife, and not to "Marian Evans, spinster." It reads like a sort of autobiography. Mr. Ranthorpe, however, although not very wise or exemplary in his young days, behaved himself in a much more moral and creditable manner than his creator, who in his own later life fell far short of his earlier ideal of fidelity to conscience as presented in this tale. It is just as plain that novel-writing was not Mr. Lewes' *forte* as it is that it was the *forte* of George Eliot, who, in his company, gave the world such a signal example of defiance of the laws of God and man from a purely disinterested and sublime altruism.

Rituale Romanum Pauli V. Pontificis Maximi jussu editum et a Benedicto XIV. auctum et castigatum. Cui novissima accedit Benedictionum et Instructionum Appendix. Editio secunda accuratissima a Sacr. Rituum Congregatione approbata. Ratisbonæ, Neo-Eboraci et Cincinnati: Sumptibus, chartis et typis Fr. Pustet. 1881.

This handsome work is the complete Ritual in a convenient form. While adhering to the matter of the Roman Ritual, the publishers have introduced certain modifications. The chant melodies and the style of notation adopted in the Graduale and the Antiphonarium published by Fr. Pustet have replaced those found in the older Rituals. This will be esteemed a great convenience by many.

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THE GERMAN PROBLEM.

IT has been evident to every unbiassed observer from tne beginning that none have been more desirous of national unity among Germans than Catholic Germans. The idea of a German Empire they have held most dear, and have considered its destruction by the action of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century as a great calamity. Regardless of minor differences, they have persistently labored for its restitution, and with an enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, and heroism unsurpassed. The Catholic King of Bavaria, the largest element in the Confederacy, Prussia alone excepted, was among the first to accept at Versailles in 1871 the Protestant King of Prussia as the hereditary German Kaiser. The number of inhabitants of the empire is, in round numbers, forty millions, and of these fifteen millions are Catholics. Without the consent and co-operation of those Catholics King William of Prussia would never have been dignified with the proud title of emperor and the national unity would have existed only in dreamland. He who would attempt to impeach the patriotism of German Catholics trades upon the ignorance of his readers. Their patriotism stands before the whole world, after long and severest tests, unimpeached and unimpeachable. Thus much has been gained by reviving against the Catholics of the Prussian Empire the old pagan cry of disloyalty—*Vaterlandslieblosigkeit*, not-loving-the-fatherland.

Nobody doubts that Catholic Germans would rather see the

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Catholic house of Austria wield the sceptre of the empire than the Protestant King of Prussia. But they knew how to subordinate their wish to the realization of national unity—the steady object of their earnest desire. Hence as a body they have never raised a voice not favorable to the existing confederated imperial government. Let the empire stand as it is, and let the imperial government be maintained with all the power at its command!—this is the sincere expression of the aspiration of the Catholics of the German Empire.

If any one says that there is an issue between Catholics and Protestants concerning the existence of the German Empire, he makes an egregious mistake. The empire commands the entire suffrages of both religious parties. There is, however, a serious issue between them, but this issue does not involve the political existence of the empire. What it does involve is its right to proscribe religious freedom. Not to make this distinction is to create a contest where none exists, and betrays the sinister design of placing fifteen millions of Catholics in a false position.

The German chancellor appears to have adopted this disingenuous course, hence his misleading cry: "*Wir gehen nicht nach Canossa*"—We will not go to Canossa. And German Protestants, Jews, infidels, rationalists, Freemasons, atheists, socialists, communists, *et id genus omne*, with the entire National Liberal party, united together, with the applause of the sectarian and secular press everywhere, to infringe the imprescriptible rights of conscience of their Catholic fellow-citizens! The prince-chancellor appears to have entertained the vain idea that with the infamous Falk laws he could bind hand and foot the Catholic Church; and if Catholics showed signs of resistance, then he could seize the occasion, in the words of that despicable American, the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, "to stamp out popery in Germany." To stamp out the convictions of millions of consciences, and these consciences informed with the divine light of the Catholic faith, is sooner said than done. Foolish men! They count in vain who think to overcome with human weapons divine convictions. This is the contest in Germany. Here is the tug of war. As for Catholics, their faith makes them naturally at home in vast connections, and if the German Empire is ever imperilled it will never be on account of their conduct, but on account of those who, with a bitter and intolerant spirit, refuse to Catholics their religious liberty.

The crowd of followers of "the man of iron and blood" did not stop to ask what is the meaning of the defiant phrase, "We

will never go to Canossa." Their blind obedience to their leader has no parallel, except it be in the poet's fancy of the famous charge of the Light Brigade when he says:

> "Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die,
> Into the valley of Death
> Rode the six hundred."

So the Prussian National Liberal party and its sympathizers rode but to an ignoble defeat and dishonorable grave in voting for the Falk laws, disclosing to the whole world the hypocrisy of their profession of religious toleration and the hollowness of their love for liberty of conscience. Bismarck's cry duped this pseudo-liberal party, and after it had served his purpose it lost power, and now there is none so poor as to respect its remains.

What could these deluded followers of Bismarck imagine he meant? Was it that he was engaged in the defence of the state as a separate and independent organization from the church? Was it that the state had its own proper sphere of duty and action, and in this he was resolved to receive no dictation from either priest, prelate, or pope? Was it because he would have the clergy of the Catholic Church in Germany to be Germans? Was it because he would have this clergy enlightened and unmistakably patriotic? Was it that he would have the Catholic German people of the empire its sincere friends and stanch upholders? If this was his meaning of the phrase, "We will not go to Canossa," may he never break the pledge which it contains! May he never take a single step in the direction of Canossa! None recognize and maintain the divine origin of the state more strenuously and sincerely than Catholics. Catholics are not, and never were, in favor of theocracy—the absorption of the functions of the state into the church—that is a Puritan idea; nor are they in favor of the abolition of the state—that is a communistic dream. If this was not his meaning, then what did he mean? Was it his intention to exalt the state above the church? or to dictate to her hierarchy and make her rulers subservient to his political policy and ambitious schemes? Was it to this end he attempted to decatholicize Catholic Germans and make the church a function of the state? If such was his design, then he was foolish. He and his followers were day-dreaming, fancying that the Catholic Church was a voluntary association to be moulded or overcome at the pleasure of the state—a fancy not

to be wondered at with the training which he and they had received.

But what an infatuation! Nero, Domitian, Diocletian, and other Roman emperors had all the power of their colossal empire at their command, and failed in the same enterprise. The hordes of Huns and Goths and Visigoths came, and their arms faltered before her pontiffs. Henry IV. and Barbarossa, both emperors of Germany, repeated the folly and ignominiously failed. Henry II. of England tried, and met the same fate. The two Napoleons, the first and the third, the one by force and the other by craft, strove to prevail against the church, and both were dethroned and died in exile. None but a fool or a madman, with so many historical examples before his eyes, would repeat so fatal an experiment.

It is true that a man-made church, like every other voluntary human institution, is conquerable. But a church which has God for her builder and has his promise to be her sustainer until the end of time, and which rests upon the inherent needs of the soul for her fast foundations, is divine and unconquerable. This truth, one would suppose, had been made sufficiently plain to all tolerably well-informed minds by the repeated persecutions and attacks during nineteen centuries against the Catholic Church. The testimony of history, however, makes but a slight impression on the minds of dreamers, and is soon effaced. The lesson had to be taught over again in our day, and, that it may be remembered, let it be proclaimed from the house-tops that "the Prussian kingdom, at the head of the most powerful empire, with 'the man of iron and blood' wielding its weapons, made the serious attempt to overcome the Catholics within its limits, and suffered defeat." Thanks to Prince Bismarck's war against Catholics, he has reawakened Germany and the whole world to a fresh appreciation of the superhuman strength of the Catholic Church!

Nobody expects the imperial chancellor to recognize, or to acknowledge if he does recognize, the divine character of the Catholic Church. But he has enough good sense to recognize that his campaign against her has not been successful. He has sufficient sagacity to see that if he would save the German national unity from ruin he must stop his violent persecution of Catholics. He knows that the empire was formed by the aid of Catholics, and he has learned by his recent experience that the empire cannot stand without their good-will and co-operation. Bismarck's first duty, unless he would be considered as an enemy to the empire, is to seek and to find, and that speedily, a *modus*

vivendi acceptable to the chief pastor of the Catholic Church, Leo XIII.

And, to all appearances, the prince chancellor has at last come to the conviction that this is a political necessity. He says as much in these words: "I have not given up my arms, but hung them on the wall, for we may have future use for them." This is an acknowledgment of defeat under the cover of a threat. At the outset of this daring conflict with the church the chancellor won a certain admiration for his frankness. He threw down, in the sight of the whole world, his glove into the arena, and proclaimed his intention of reopening the historical battle against the Catholic Church. Catholics had no choice left but to accept the challenge and incur the chancellor's hostility. He has waged war during these ten years. He is weary—"sick," to use his own words, "unto death."

He has got enough, but lacks the manliness to acknowledge this openly. This is not handsome on his part, and it is to be feared that what some had supposed was due to a certain natural nobleness of Bismarck's character sprang from an overweening self-conceit. In common parlance, it was brag. This, however, is a personal matter and of no great importance. But what is important to know is that the terminus of the road on which he has started is the for-ever-famous "Canossa."

> "Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas
> Ostendunt."

Defeat, then, there has been, and it is certain that the Catholic Church in Prussia has not been destroyed or subjugated to the state; on the contrary, she has not been so strong and so conscious of her strength for a long while as at this very moment. Defeat there has been, and it is certain that the attempt to detach Catholic Germans from their allegiance to the supreme authority of the Holy See has signally failed. Never have their expressions of readiness to obey the decisions of the chief pastor of the church been more explicit, more sincere, and more worthy of admiration. Defeat there has been, and it is certain that the fostering care and aid by the state of the Old-Catholic movement, in order to create a national German Catholic Church, has proved to be the most abortive attempt made in the religious world in this century. Thus far the war waged against the Catholic Church in the kingdom of Prussia has resulted as follows: It has gained for Prince Bismarck the unenviable distinction of being placed on the list of the persecutors of the Roman Catholic

Church, at the head of which stands Nero; and it has contributed powerfully in making the fifteen millions of Catholics existing in the German Empire, more particularly those in Prussia, the most intelligent, fervent, unflinching, and heroic in the fold of the holy church. The man who made the German Empire has ventured to measure himself with Him who built the Catholic Church, and the Galilean has conquered.

How often it has been said by its opponents that the Catholic religion is altogether dependent on its hierarchy, its external worship, its ceremonies, symbols, and forms! Destroy these, so they fancied, and the Catholic religion would cease to exist. This assertion has been put to the practical test before our eyes in Prussia. The Catholic Church has been deprived of all of her bishops, except one; a thousand, more or less, of her parishes are destitute of priests; her churches in great numbers have been taken and given over to apostates; all her religious orders have been banished, her institutions of beneficence and education have been closed, and her children, so far as it was in the power of the state, have been handed over for their education to the tender mercies of the enemies of her faith. What has been the result of this persistent and bitter persecution? Has the faith of Catholics died out? Has their fervor cooled off? Has their unity been broken? Has their courage for one instant faltered? Have they flinched, or given any signs of flinching? The precise contrary has taken place, and, like the Christians of early days, they hold up their heads undaunted, their hearts beat with noble valor, and with firm and stout arms they hold aloft their banner! It was theirs to show the falsity of the charges against the divine character of their faith, and to render evident that the convictions of their consciences of its truths were invincible. Let others yield to the dictation of the state; they have so learned Christianity as to stoop to no authority in religion that is not divine! Noble Catholic Germans of this unbelieving age, your conduct will shine forth to all future time as an example to the faithful in their trials and as an encouragement in their sacrifices!

But suppose that the present dispositions of Prince Bismarck do not eventuate in a *modus vivendi;* what then? What then? Why then the conflict will have to go on, and the weaker vessel will go to the wall and be dashed into pieces. What then? Why, the life-purpose of the German chancellor will not be realized, and, like his predecessors in this historical battle, his end will be ignominious. Like them, he was unwilling to brook in the empire a body who were resolute in maintaining the rights of con-

science and in defending at all costs their religious faith. He had mastered and broken up the German Diet; he had duped and vanquished Austria; he had led France craftily into a disastrous war, defeated her armies, and humbled her pride; he had restored the German Empire, and placed its sceptre in the hands of his own prince, the King of Prussia—he who had done all these great things meets, for the first time in his career, with men whom he cannot dupe by any artifice, overreach by all his craft, or conquer by all the force at his disposal! For the first time this "man of iron and blood" finds himself constrained to hang up on the wall his victorious arms! He is compelled from the necessity of the case to face the alternative, either to witness the failure of the darling project of his ambition, or give up his persecution of Catholics and respect their religious convictions. It looks likely that he will try the latter. For he can find nowhere else that basis of support necessary to uphold the empire, except in the compact body of Catholics. The national Protestant Church is a rope of sand. The National Liberal party has lost its hold on the masses because of its lack of all principle. The only cement which has the virtue to bind the integral elements of the empire together is Catholicity. But before this can be utilized by the chancellor he has to undo the disgraceful work of these last ten years against the Catholic Church. This is a bitter pill for him to swallow. Will he take it? He is evidently making now wry faces over the dose. His acceptance of the newly-appointed bishops by the Pope, and the rumor of his willingness to re-establish diplomatic relations with the Holy See, are signs of his willingness. But the man of Varzin is not now dealing with Austrians or Frenchmen; he has to deal with his own Prussians, whom he cannot so easily baffle. Signs will not satisfy them; they will insist upon his swallowing the pill, and not be content until they detect its effects by his restoration of their religious liberty. Wherever the Falk laws are incompatible with the rights of the church they will have to be abrogated, or Prince Bismarck will have to see what he once declared was his hope. "I hope," he said, "to live to see the foolish bark of the state dash itself to pieces against the rock of the Church." Was this prophetic of the new German Empire? We sincerely trust not. And was Bismarck himself to be the fated instrument of its fulfilment? God forbid! The fall of the German Empire would fill us with unfeigned regrets. There are good reasons in God's providence to hope for great things in the future from the empire of Germany.

There is but slight prospect that the connection between the church and state which existed in the Prussian kingdom before this contest will be restored. If such a restoration were possible, with the prevailing tendencies of men's minds it cannot be lasting. From a religious point of view, no less than from a political point of view, its recovery might not be desirable. For the men who have control of the state almost everywhere in actual Europe either aim at the reduction of the church into servitude or are bent on her destruction. Politicians and courtiers will forge every connection between the church and the state into chains to fetter her free limbs or turn them into weapons against her. "The hind that would be mated by the lion must die of love."

The pages of history teach the important lesson that under the bloody persecutions of the Roman Empire the church conquered her persecutors. Under the bitter persecutions of England the faithful and heroic children of Ireland are breaking her fetters and she is fast regaining her lost freedom. History teaches indisputably that the church can exist independently of the state much better than the state can exist independently of the church. Is it not a sign of a lack of faith, and an injustice to the divine character of the church, to mistrust her ability to stand upon her own feet and maintain herself erect?

The Catholic Church exists, and has existed without patronage from the state one hundred years in this country, and flourishes. The tree of Catholicity grows strong and bears precious fruit when planted in the soil of liberty and intelligence. Would to God that the Catholic Church everywhere in Europe enjoyed liberty to preach her holy faith and exercise her salutary discipline, as she does in these United States! Religion reigns most worthily, in an age tempered like ours, when she rules by the voluntary force of the intelligent convictions of conscience, and finds in these alone her sufficient support.

It is when both church and state are the expressions of the religious faith and political convictions of the entire community, and each acts in its own sphere concordantly with the other in aiding man to attain his divinely appointed destiny, that the kingdom of God upon earth approaches to its nearest fulfilment. Every well-informed Catholic knows that the separation of church and state is a great calamity. He knows also that the destruction of the liberty of the church and her servitude to the state is a still greater, perhaps the greatest of calamities. Now that the old system between church and state has been broken,

and its recovery hopeless, may it not be the interest no less than the policy of the church not to neglect but to embrace the opportunity which Heaven yields to secure above all things, in view of menacing dangers, her independence and freedom of action?

The solution of the German problem, looked at exclusively on its political side, is another thesis, but all we can do here is to make its presentment, which might be stated as follows: Considering the German Empire with its conflicting religious elements, would not a programme assuring to all denominations their liberty and equal protection of their rights satisfy the reasonable demands of all parties, produce that internal peace necessary to the stability of the empire, and open a door to Prince Bismarck, its chancellor, through which he might escape from his present embarrassments without humiliation, and renew his title to leadership of the empire with honor?

The persecution of the Catholic Church in the kingdom of Prussia, if public rumors are to be credited, has ceased. May it not be a truce only, but may the armor now hanging idly on their walls hang there for ever! The strife has entered upon a new phase—that of arranging a *modus vivendi*, as it is called. The contest is no longer one of principles and rights, these being settled; the question is one of compromises, concessions, and conciliations. Catholics, in an emergency like the present, cannot be too thankful to God for placing as chief pastor of his church militant one who possesses in an eminent degree the various gifts and virtues which fit him for the functions of his high office; one who, like a skilful and experienced captain, knows how to steer in stormy and tempestuous times the bark of Peter into calm waters and harbors of safety; one who, while holding tenaciously the divine principles and rights of God's church, knows how, with admirable sagacity, to adjust their bearings on the interests of society and the prosperity of the state, while securing to religion a reign of peace and a fair prospect of future triumph. May the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning, have the support of the fervent and earnest prayers of the faithful throughout the world to aid him in the execution of his great task, and God grant that his reign may be long and prosperous!

HOW CORNWALLIS CONSOLIDATED THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

"The life of a lord-lieutenant of Ireland comes up to my idea of perfect misery, but if I can accomplish the great object of consolidating the British Empire I shall be sufficiently repaid.—Lord Cornwallis."

Lord Cornwallis enjoyed some repose after returning to England from America, where he had learned that, although he was a trained strategist, a general untrained in that part of the art of war was more apt in it than he; and the memory of Yorktown had become softened by five years of more agreeable experience when he was sent out as governor-general of Bengal and commander-in-chief of the army in India. Neither military nor civil critics are agreed concerning the permanent effects of his efforts to consolidate the British Empire in that quarter. He resigned his post in 1793 and returned to England, receiving a marquisate for his services and the appointment of master-general of the ordnance. The government placed no slight estimate on his abilities as a diplomat, whatever they may have thought of his brilliancy as a soldier; and as it was craft, not bravery, that was most needed in Ireland in the woful year of '98, Cornwallis accepted the functions of lord-lieutenant and commander-in-chief, and entered upon his duties in June of that year. Before he was in office a month he wrote to Major-General Ross a letter of which the above is the closing paragraph.

There was not the slightest uncertainty in his mind or in the minds of the king or ministers as to the nature of his mission to Ireland. He was to suppress a rebellion and abolish a national parliament. For this double purpose he was to have as many men and as much money as he deemed necessary. Both purposes were to be accomplished at any cost; but the men were to be drawn from England or her mercenaries, for the Irish soldiers could not be depended upon to massacre their own blood; and the money was to be drawn from the Irish, for they were sufficiently at peace to be taxed to death, if they were not sufficiently at war to be slaughtered. Should the resources of that country prove inadequate, then the secret-service fund—the corruption fund—of the English ministers was to be invaded. The suppression of the rebellion and the abolition of the national Parliament

of Ireland would, it was confidently expected, effect the permanent consolidation of the British Empire.

The moment is opportune to take the story of this the most remarkable chapter in the career of Lord Cornwallis from the official and private letters written by him during his Irish administration. We shall walk at his side through that exciting and dramatic epoch; and there shall be no divergence from the path, except for the purpose of ascertaining whether he is always frank in his assertions, or to break the branches overhead and let in a little clearer light on some especially dismal spot. The story is by no means a cheerful one; but there can be no serious objection to permitting the chief actor in it to tell it in his own way. Where the testimony of others is borrowed to confirm, disprove, or elucidate, the reader will find the authorities quite as trustworthy as the respectable gentleman who surrendered to Washington; for Lord Cornwallis was really an amiable and by no means bigoted man, and had his counsels been followed the record he was compelled to make for his country would be one in which his countrymen to-day would feel less shame.

As to the rebellion, the dreadful details need not be repeated, except as they enter naturally into the progress of the narrative; but it is well to understand precisely the nature of the enterprise Lord Cornwallis had in hand in undertaking to abolish for ever the national Parliament of Ireland. In describing the characteristics of that Parliament and ascertaining its official composition it is necessary to employ the terms Protestant and Catholic freely; for those were the sanguinary days when fanatics hated each other to gratify their peculiar conception of the love of God, and when audacious and ambitious politicians fanned that hatred for the consummation of their schemes. It is obviously judicious, therefore, in this instance, since every effort should be made to avoid wounding the sensibilities of the descendants of either party, to employ only Protestant authors in discussing a subject from which pain cannot be wholly eliminated. If any inaccuracy creep into the recital, at least it will be apparent that it is not the wish or the fault of the writer.

It is a paradox to speak of the Irish Parliament as the national Parliament of the Irish people. Strictly speaking, it never was a national Parliament in the sense in which we understand that word now. Prior to the passage of Poynings' law during the reign of Henry VII. political dissensions and wars rendered its nationalization impossible; and as soon as it displayed a spark of genuine national spirit a snuffer was sent over from England to

put out the light the spark might have created. The snuffer was Poynings' law. It was, in substance, that the Irish Parliament should meet only when the King of England desired it to meet; that it should meet only at his pleasure, and when it had done his business in Ireland that the members should go home. That law was passed in England in 1495. Of course it had to be accepted in Ireland. A Parliament thus fettered was indeed no Parliament; but in course of time astute men in it found ways to do slight favors for the country without the previous permission of the crown, and when the religious fanaticism of the subsequent period introduced new elements of distress into Irish life it was deemed prudent to expel the Catholics from seats and to deprive them of the right to vote for Protestants who were candidates. Yet the Catholics were seven-tenths of the population, according to Lord Cornwallis. A Parliament which contained no representatives of that proportion of the people of a country can scarcely be designated a national Parliament.

But there were factors in its composition which rendered it less than representative of the minority who were eligible. The Stuarts had fostered the borough system so industriously that a Parliament of three hundred members represented actually only about as many individuals or families. Two hundred and sixteen members represented only manors. Manor proprietors who sent in men to the Commons acceptable to the government were rewarded with peerages; and thus the upper and lower houses were simultaneously degraded and corrupted. Still further to withdraw the Parliament from public opinion, should any be developed by events, the lower house, unless dissolved by the crown, continued for an entire reign. The Irish Parliament of George III. continued for thirty-three years.

Nevertheless, in the middle of the eighteenth century the Irish Parliament began to feel the faint throbs of a national pulse. Supine under their yoke, the Catholics, having no share in the government, devoted themselves as best they could to those forms of production which were possible in a country in which manufactures might easily be promoted with capital. The Presbyterians, suffering like the Catholics on account of their religious views, engaged largely in manufacture, especially in the North; and while the land had been confiscated, and Catholics could not even buy it at any price, the English who had settled on the estates taken from the native owners became interested in the material growth of a country which they intended to make their home. Enough money was in circulation to keep a healthy

feeling between the agricultural and manufacturing classes; and some of the manufactures attained such proportions as to arouse the jealousy of the English producers, who immediately appealed to the king and Parliament of England to suppress in Ireland every manufacture which would rival any in England, and to tolerate in Ireland only such industries as would help the English market. In principle the Irish should be permitted to make only such articles as the English could not sell to them. Law after law was passed in England for the destruction of Irish manufactures; the finishing blow was given in the beginning of the eighteenth century by the prohibition of the last that remained, the woollen trade. Irish ships, which had been met on every ocean highway, were excluded from the sea, and the country sank into abject poverty whose depths reached the famine-pits at frequent intervals.

The vitality of the Irish must have astonished their foreign government. Commerce by water was practically abolished, except with England; but the domestic trade revived slightly from time to time, and as a little capital came to the despondent manufacturers they began to appeal to the Irish Parliament to help them by endeavoring to obtain a modification of the laws by which Irish industry had been destroyed. These manufacturers were chiefly Protestants, and they received countenance, in some degree at least, from the English land-owners in Ireland who had money to spare; while the Presbyterians, who were so busy in Ulster, were strengthened by accessions from Scotland, Irish land and water-power being so cheap that many availed themselves of the chance to better their condition by emigrating from the neighboring country, bringing at least some money into Ireland. It was the Protestant and Presbyterian manufacturers who first imbued the Irish Parliament with national sympathy and aspiration.

It is proper to say Protestant and Presbyterian, because in those days Presbyterians were not Protestants; that designation belonged exclusively to members of the church by law established. It is worthy of mention, for justice' sake, that it was the Protestants and not the Presbyterians who founded Orangeism in Ireland. Neither Catholics nor Presbyterians were eligible for admission to the original Orange lodges. The object of Orangeism was one toward which the Presbyterians had shown decided animosity—the perpetuation of English rule in Ireland; on the contrary, the Presbyterians were accused, and justly, of downright democratic tendencies.

The temper of the Irish Parliament in the second half of the eighteenth century was one to give the English crown some solicitude. Lords were sent over as viceroys, and they selected as their representatives in the two houses the ablest men who could be induced to accept official posts, with the understanding that their duty was to the King of England and not to the people of Ireland. Gradually an opposition had grown bold, energetic, and sagacious; while a literature outside Parliament, of which Swift and Molyneux were the parents, helped to organize public opinion, which reacted upon Parliament. When the American war broke out there was undisguised joy among the masses of the Irish people; the courage of the opposition in Parliament received substantial access of resolution, although the prevailing hypocrisy in public affairs required that formal sympathy should be expressed with the crown in its reverses; but the victories of the rebels were sincerely celebrated, with prudent decorum, by the patriots in and out of Parliament.

The king's necessities in America precipitated an altogether unprecedented state of affairs in Ireland. All the troops that could be sent to the colonies were urgently needed there; and the regulars in Ireland were demanded, although, with invasion threatened by France, their withdrawal was a confessed menace to the safety of the crown in Ireland. Nevertheless they were withdrawn, after a debate which no student of great oratory can have missed—that in which Flood appeared as the advocate of the crown and Grattan as the exponent of the sympathy of the Irish people with the American rebels. Flood had enjoyed the confidence of all classes of the people until he entered the Irish cabinet; from that moment he was looked upon with suspicion, and when he described the troops to be sent out from Ireland to America as "armed negotiators" Grattan poured out upon him a withering invective from whose effects he never recovered, characterizing him as standing "with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America—the only hope of Ireland, the refuge of the liberties of mankind." The regulars having been sent, Ireland was actually without defence, and the formation of volunteers began with the consent of the government. "The cry to arms," writes Lecky,* "passed through the land and was speedily responded to by all parties and all creeds. Beginning among the Protestants of the North, the movement soon spread, though in a less degree, to

* Author of *History of Rationalism in Europe*, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, etc.

other parts of the island, and the war of religions and castes that had so long divided the people vanished as a dream."

The character of the Volunteers was unique. Furnished with arms by the government, they paid their own expenses, refused commissions from the crown, elected their own officers, and became speedily a threat, instead of a defence. Having no battles to fight with France, they devoted their moral force to fighting the government; and with their formidable numbers, estimated to have been from sixty thousand to a hundred thousand, armed, equipped, and drilled, with not a battalion in either island to confront them, they became the masters of Parliament and compelled it to assume a virtue which it had not: they compelled it to nationalize itself. Poynings' law was still in force; they demanded its repeal. All the prohibitory laws which had strangled industry and trade in Ireland were still in force; they demanded their repeal. The penal laws by which seven-tenths of their countrymen were excluded from participation in the government of their country were still in force; they demanded their repeal.

It has always been characteristic of English dealings with Ireland never to grant her any concession except under compulsion of force, and then to grant less than is demanded. It was only as a preventive of insurrection, the Duke of Wellington told the stubborn dullard who wore the crown in 1829, that Catholic Emancipation was conceded; but coupled with it was a suffrage law which disfranchised many of those who had become voters while the Irish Parliament was independent, as we shall soon see it. The movement to effect repeal of the Act of Union would probably have succeeded had O'Connell not been too old and feeble to maintain the vigor of the people. The present first minister of Great Britain is authority for the confession, openly made, that the abolition of the Irish church establishment, the hoary relic of penal law, was made necessary by Fenianism, which set out on an entirely different errand, that it could not complete. When the secret records of these disturbed days shall be uncovered by another generation the world will read that the Land Act of 1881 was wrung from the crown by ministerial assurance that if some relief were not allowed the Irish tenants insurrection would inevitably ensue. To postpone relief Michael Davitt, the strong man of the Irish people, was thrust into prison, unaccused, untried.

To resist the demands of the Volunteers in 1782 was impossible; to grant them all the crown would not consent. But Poynings' law was repealed; the Irish Parliament was conceded the

exclusive right to legislate for Ireland; the trade restrictions were all removed. But the third demand—political equality for all classes of the people—was withheld; and before the Volunteers could coerce it the government disbanded them.

We have reached the Irish Parliament as Cornwallis found it. It had enjoyed independence for sixteen years. His mission was to abolish it, because its independence had unfettered the manufacturers of Ireland, to the anger and injury of the English manufacturers; because there was every reason to believe that, as it had allowed the Catholics the right to vote for members, it would soon allow them the right to be members and to enter the race of life on the same terms as those possessed by the non-Catholic minority; and because there was danger that, when all the people united in the government of their country in a native congress, they would dispense with the services of a foreign crown. It was necessary, therefore, to abolish the independent Irish Parliament in order to consolidate the British Empire.

All representative bodies fluctuate in the relative merit of their *personnel*. No country has always been able to command at all times the services of its ablest and most virtuous sons. When the Irish Parliament, with eighty thousand Volunteers at its back, in 1782 declared itself independent, removed the restrictions which a foreign Parliament had placed upon its manufactures and commerce, and wisely fostered every form of industry, it contained a very large proportion of able and determined men, although the vast majority of the people had no voice in its halls. In 1798, when Cornwallis proceeded on his mission to abolish it, many of the ablest members of the former period were absent from it. Neither Grattan nor Curran was there—the one the most effective wit, the other the most eminent patriot and most powerful orator, of the time. In 1782 the government councillors were weak and commonplace men, while the patriots had the genius, the eloquence, the courage of the country on their side. In 1798 the government had Castlereagh for chief secretary, and a host of mercenary men whose faculties had been sharpened by necessity and who were as keen as they were unscrupulous. In 1782 the Parliament was literally on fire with patriotic ardor, and men were ready and anxious to make sacrifices, if necessary, of personal interests for the general good of the whole people. In 1798 a spasm of selfish office-seeking was in progress, and place and promotion were the chief objects of a large number in Parliament and of their friends, who hoped to obtain one or the other through their influence.

Let it not be forgotten that the Parliament in 1798 contained no representatives of the majority of the Irish people, and that the minority represented was composed in considerable part of manor proprietors and their placemen, of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and other aliens who had no permanent interest in Ireland. It ought also to be recalled that the upper house in Ireland never contained a dozen men of mark. The Protestant lords saw in the Protestant crown exclusive privileges for themselves which they could not hope for after the Catholics of Ireland obtained their political rights; the few Catholic peers were vacillating and nerveless, incapable of serving their country and willing to sell out her independence for their own profit.

The task of Cornwallis was not so difficult, therefore, as it would have been a few years earlier. The English agents, who had been acquainted with the designs of the crown, had ample time to pack the lower house as fully as possible with persons expressly selected for the object in view. The borough system quite as truly as gold corrupted and extinguished the Irish parliament. It was declared on the floor of the lower house that less than ninety individuals returned a majority of that body. Yet so tenacious was the little flicker of national spirit which still burned there that as soon as the intentions of the lord-lieutenant became publicly known the people arose and by their determined resistance kept the imperial corruptionists at bay for more than a year.

Cornwallis' description of the men who were at that time foremost under English protection in ruining Ireland is the best possible explanation of his final victory in buying them up and destroying the legislative body which was cursed by their presence. On July 8, 1798, he writes to the Duke of Portland as follows, the letter being marked "private and confidential"; his allusion to the rebels needs no comment:

"The principal persons in this country and the members of both houses of Parliament are in general averse to all acts of clemency, and, although they do not express, and are perhaps too much heated to see, the ultimate effect which their violence must produce, would pursue measures that could only terminate in the extirpation of the greater number of the inhabitants and in the utter destruction of the country. The words papists and priests are for ever in their mouths, and by their unaccountable policy they would drive four-fifths of the community into irreconcilable rebellion. . . . I should be very ungrateful if I did not acknowledge the obligations I owe to Lord Castlereagh, whose abilities, temper, and judgment have been of the greatest use to me, and who has on every occasion shown his sincere

and unprejudiced attachment to the general interests of the British Empire."

At other times the noble lord wrote of Castlereagh, "He is so cold that nothing can warm him"; but when he wished to give him a persuasive recommendation to the favor of the imperial government he pleaded that he knew no favors were for the Irish, but that an exception should be made in the case of Castlereagh—"he is so very unlike an Irishman." When the news of the arch-traitor's suicide was spread it was another English lord —Byron—who wrote:

> "So he has cut his throat at last! He—who?
> The man who cut his country's long ago."

In a letter to Pitt, dated July 20, Cornwallis makes the first avowal of his chief business in Ireland. He informs the minister that he does not see at that moment the most distant encouragement for the project. A few days later he tells Ross that there is no law in the country except martial law, and that numberless murders are committed by his people without any process or examination. His yeomanry, he adds, "are in the style of the Loyalists of America, only more numerous and powerful, and a thousand times more ferocious." Many letters are full of the loathsome details of betrayals of the rebels, of the sums paid informers, the artifices resorted to to obtain the secrets of suspects, and the rewards held out to the base and the infamous. In August Cornwallis issued general orders appealing to the regimental officers to assist in putting a stop to the licentious conduct of the troops. In September his thoughts revert to the Parliament. The Catholics who have kept out of it by the determination of his majesty must be conciliated. Some advantages must be held out to them in the proposed union of the two countries—"the union of the shark with its prey," as Lord Byron termed it. The lord-lieutenant has been talking with some of his official friends, and is beginning to think that they would not be averse to the union, provided it were a Protestant union; but they would not hear of the Catholics sitting in the imperial Parliament. This bigotry does not please him, nor does he see in it the promise of success. He writes Ross that he is convinced that until the Catholics are admitted into a general participation of rights there will be no peace or safety in Ireland. A private and somewhat alarming letter is despatched to the Duke of Portland by hand. The progress of rebellion, the disaffection of the Catholics, and

the apparent resolution of the discontented to effect a general insurrection convince Cornwallis that if the union be not speedily accomplished it will soon be too late to attempt it. In October Cornwallis writes Pitt:

> "It has always appeared to me a desperate measure for the British government to make an irrevocable alliance with a small party in Ireland (which party has derived all its consequence from, and is in fact entirely dependent upon, the British government) to wage eternal war against the Papists and Presbyterians of this kingdom, which two sects, from the fairest calculations, compose about nine-tenths of the community."

In the same letter he prophesies that if Catholic emancipation is not granted then it will be extorted at a later time—a prophecy literally fulfilled and acknowledged by the Duke of Wellington thirty years afterwards.

All the transactions in progress at this time are either unknown to Cornwallis, or he leaves the mention of some of them to others, or his editor, careful of his reputation, omits them. In November the lord-lieutenant writes to Ross: "Things have gone too far to admit of a change, and the principal persons in this country have received assurances from the English ministers which cannot be retracted." No information of the nature of these assurances appears previously in the correspondence; but the evidence is accessible elsewhere. Pitt writes from Downing Street to Cornwallis that the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons (John Foster) had been in London, and had conversed with him on the proposed union. Pitt believed he would not obstruct the measure, and if it could be made personally palatable to him he might give it fair support. The premier suggests that the prospect of an English peerage be held out to him, with some ostensible situation. Time proved the minister did the Speaker gross injustice; Foster had been cautious in talking with the minister, and the latter was so accustomed to thinking that every man had his price he misconstrued Foster's wariness into the solicitation of a bribe. A week or two later Cornwallis, in a letter to Ross, expresses his frank opinion of the men in Ireland who were acting for the English government in carrying on the project of the union. "They are detested by everybody but their immediate followers, and have no influence but what is founded on the grossest corruption."

Yet the enterprise moved slowly and painfully. Castlereagh admits to a friend that "there is no predisposition in its favor," but, while the bar is almost a unit against it, the Orangemen are

for it, believing that the Catholics will oppose it; he hopes that the arrangement proposed for the Catholic clergy will secure their support. No arrangement, in fact, was ever made for them; but some individuals for whom "arrangement" was made were in favor of the measure. Among these was Dr. Troy, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. Castlereagh closes this letter with an important statement: "The principal provincial newspapers have been secured, and every attention will be paid to the press generally." November 27 Cornwallis writes a secret letter to the Duke of Portland, describing minutely the steps he had felt it his "duty to make in consequence of your grace's despatch enclosing heads of a union between the two kingdoms"; and the steps must have been humiliating enough to a man of Cornwallis' professed disgust for such atrocious business. He summarizes the results of his approaching "the most leading characters" on the subject. Lord Shannon is favorable, but will not declare himself openly until he sees that his doing so "can answer some purpose." "Lord Ely (relying on the crown in a matter personal to himself) is prepared to give it his utmost support." Lord Yelverton had no hesitation about it; he was made Viscount Avonmore. Lord Pery would not pledge himself against it; he had a government pension of three thousand pounds a year.

In December Cornwallis writes to the Duke of Portland that Speaker Foster and Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Exchequer, are still in London, and that he hopes they will not have left it before Castlereagh shall arrive there. "Some of the king's Irish servants appear to be the most impracticable in their opinions, and I feel confident that your grace will leave no means untried to impress these gentlemen more favorably before their return to this kingdom." The plain hint was not lost; with what result the final record will show. Lord Castlereagh bore a letter to Pitt, in which Cornwallis declared: "That every man in this most corrupt country should consider the important question before us in no other point of view than as it may be likely to promote his private objects of ambition or avarice will not surprise you"—an allegation true as to Pitt, who proceeded solely on that assumption; for he was not silly enough to believe that any man of sound sense in Ireland would be moved by other motives than avarice or ambition in betraying the right of his country to make her own laws under a British constitution guaranteeing her that right. But it was a careless exaggeration on the part of Cornwallis: he approached men whom he could not corrupt. A

great meeting of the bar held that month revealed the fact that only thirty-two were in favor of the measure, while five times as many opposed it; and of those thirty-two five only were left without government appointment. It is not unlikely that the five had been won by what Barrington calls "simple metallic corruption." Intimidation was tried with more or less success on those who were exceptionally dangerous; in the beginning of the year 1799 it was even proposed to disgown Saurin, one of the ablest Protestant lawyers. The threat was not carried out; and after the union had been consummated he accepted the office of attorney-general for Ireland, and prosecuted Sheil energetically for speeches not half so "treasonable" in behalf of Catholic Emancipation as his own had been against the union. Plunkett, another of the patriots of the bar of 1799, accepted the office of solicitor-general soon after the passage of the act; it was he who prosecuted poor Robert Emmet.

That "simple metallic corruption" was being carried boldly on there was no attempt to conceal in government circles. January 10 Castlereagh acknowledges the receipt of five thousand pounds from the English secret-service fund, and adds: "Arrangements with a view to further communications of the same nature will be highly advantageous, and the Duke of Portland may depend on their being carefully applied." Cornwallis was busy trying to make converts among those then holding positions under the government. He writes to the Duke of Portland that, finding Sir John Parnell determined not to support the union, "I have notified to him his dismission from the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I shall pursue the same line of conduct without favor or partiality whenever I may think it will tend to promote the success of the measure." Cornwallis may have had occasion to regret deeply his failure to corrupt Parnell; for after the first test vote in the Commons, which was a great surprise to the government, the lord-lieutenant writes to the Duke of Portland:

"I have now only to express my sincere regret to your grace that the prejudices prevailing amongst the members of the Commons, countenanced and encouraged as they have been by the Speaker and Sir John Parnell, are infinitely too strong to afford me any prospect of bringing this measure, with any chance of success, into discussion in the course of the present session."

The test vote should not have so deeply discouraged Cornwallis. It is thus analyzed by Barrington: The house was com-

posed of three hundred, of whom eighty-four were absent. Of the two hundred and sixteen who voted one hundred and eleven were against the government, and of the one hundred and five who voted with it sixty-nine were holding government offices, nineteen were rewarded with office, one was openly bought during debate, and thirteen were created peers or their wives were made peeresses for their votes. Three were supposed to be uninfluenced. The absentees were presumably against the union; were they for it the government could have required their attendance. Castlereagh addressed himself assiduously to corrupting them during the recess, and when the question came up again in the following year forty-three of the eighty-four voted for the union.

It is difficult to determine who were the more astonished at the result of the test vote, the government or the people; but the joy of the latter exceeded the dismay of the former. The weak *personnel* of the Parliament; the unblushing effrontery with which bribery had been carried on in and out of its walls; the pertinacity with which Castlereagh was known to continue his efforts in any given direction; and the vast power of the British Empire, which was understood to be at the service of the corrupters, had naturally driven the masses of the people into the conviction that the scheme must succeed. Its failure inspired the drooping country with wild enthusiasm, which vented itself in all forms of popular demonstration. Grattan was unquestionably accurate when he said "that the whole unbribed intellect of Ireland" was opposed to the union. But the government agents returned to their work, resolved to accomplish after the recess what they had not won before it. They first secured the absentees. They then elaborated a gigantic fraud on the Catholics by circulating the information that although, for obviously politic reasons, no pledge would be publicly made to the clergy, the imperial government, after the passage of the act, would provide for the payment of the Catholic priesthood on the same terms as those enjoyed by the clergy of the Established Church; and a like lure was cast about the dissenters. There is not the least doubt that Cornwallis honestly desired that this assurance should be in good faith, and there is ample testimony that he was authorized to make it by Pitt and his associates. But after the union was an accomplished fact the pledge was broken; the king positively affirmed that he never had been spoken to on the subject, and would never have consented to it had he been; and in consequence of what Pitt affected to consider for a moment dishonor

at the king's hands, he resigned, only to accept office again soon afterwards.

It is certain that Cornwallis was adroit enough to secure the support of a very large number of Catholics, and the silence of the rest, and that the enterprise was thus substantially forwarded. But he did not rely on promises from those who had no votes: he continued to buy those who had. A bill was audaciously introduced by Castlereagh, providing what he euphemistically termed "compensation" for those who would lose their seats by the Act of Union. His terms were generous enough. Every aristocrat who returned members was to receive in cash fifteen thousand pounds for each member; every member who had purchased a seat should have his money refunded from the Irish treasury; and every member who was in any manner a loser by the union should be amply repaid. The amount drawn from the people of Ireland in taxes for this shameless proceeding was fixed by the secretary at seven million five hundred thousand dollars. Thus did the English agent actually make the Irish people pay out of their own pockets the bribes by which their servants were induced to betray them to their enemies! A parallel for this deed will be sought in vain in ancient or modern history. The passage of the bill showed that the government had actually secured a majority, although a small one; and the patriots became disheartened. In their distress they appealed to the absent Grattan to return to the house and once again lift up the mighty voice which eighteen years before had won the independence of the now degenerate body. The reappearance of the venerable statesman on the floor of the house at the most critical juncture which had occurred since his withdrawal from politics furnishes an illustration of the manner in which "history" is made.

First we have the intimation from Cornwallis; the date is January 15, 1800: "Grattan, I hear, is to be introduced after twelve to-night, until which period the debate is to be prolonged. I pity from my soul Lord Castlereagh, but he shall have something more than helpless pity from me . . . Grattan has, you know, the confidence of forty thousand pikemen." The next day Cornwallis wrote to Portland that Grattan took his seat at seven in the morning, having been elected for Wicklow at midnight. "He appeared weak in health, but had sufficient strength to deliver a very inflammatory speech of an hour and a half sitting." The biographer of the lord-lieutenant thus describes the scene: "The election had been timed by Mr. Grattan's friends so as to

prevent his taking his seat until the unusual hour mentioned above, when he was supported into the house apparently in a fainting state. . . . The scene was well gotten up, but the trick was too palpable and produced little effect." The truth was that Cornwallis and Castlereagh, profoundly dreading the influence of Grattan, had resorted to all possible devices to prevent his election, and the writ was withheld until the last moment the law allowed; it was only by waking up the proper officer after midnight that the return was gotten to parliament at seven in the morning. The allegation that Grattan's entrance at that time was a bit of theatricalism invented by him or his friends is therefore a mere falsehood. Instead of appearing a "palpable trick" his arrival is pronounced by Barrington, who was present, "electric." Grattan, he says, was reduced almost to the appearance of a spectre. "As he feebly tottered into the house to his seat every member simultaneously rose from his seat." Would they, corrupt and incorrupt, have so risen in homage to "a palpable trick"? "He moved slowly to the table; his languid countenance seemed to revive as he took those oaths that restored him to his pre-eminent station; the smile of inward satisfaction obviously illuminated his features, and reanimation and energy seemed to kindle by the labor of his mind." Almost breathless, amid the deep silence, Grattan attempted to rise, but could not keep his feet. He was given permission to remain in his chair.

"Then," says Lecky, "was witnessed that spectacle, among the grandest in the whole range of mental phenomena, of mind asserting its supremacy over matter. . . . As the fire of oratory kindled, as the angel of enthusiasm touched those pallid lips with the living coal, as the old scenes crowded on the speaker's mind and the old plaudits broke upon his ear, it seemed as though the force of disease was neutralized and the buoyancy of youth restored. His voice gained a deeper power, his action a more commanding energy, his eloquence an ever-increasing brilliancy. For more than two hours he poured forth a stream of epigram, of argument, of appeal. He traversed almost the whole of that complex question; he grappled with the various arguments of expediency the ministers had urged; but he placed the issue on the highest grounds: 'The thing he proposes to buy is what cannot be sold—liberty.'"

"Never," adds Barrington, "did a speech make a more affecting impression; but it came too late."

It was too late. Bribery had accomplished its undertaking; and, lest the people should rise up on the purchased traitors and rend them, Cornwallis had prudently increased the military in the country to one hundred and twenty thousand men. So convinced was he that the people might attempt to save by force

what they had lost by fraud that in extremity he resolved to accept even Russian and Dutch soldiers, if no others could be had. On the test vote, February 6, 1800, the government had a majority of forty-three; and thus the Parliament of Ireland was doomed, while the tramp of cavalry resounded through the streets of Dublin to warn the indignant that their cause was lost and to admonish the reckless that their courage would not avail. It was thus that Cornwallis consolidated the British Empire.

"In the case of Ireland," writes the historian of rationalism, "as truly as in the case of Poland, a national constitution was destroyed by a foreign power, contrary to the wishes of the people. In the one case the deed was a crime of violence; in the other it was a crime of treachery and corruption. In both cases a legacy of enduring bitterness was the result."

The remaining letters of Cornwallis touching on Irish affairs are appeals to the British ministers to fulfil his promises made to the traitors; to pay the price for which they had sold the constitutional liberty of their country; and scattered at intervals between his dignified and often piteous entreaties are coarse demands from his subalterns for money to reimburse themselves or to deliver to the commoner creatures who preferred cash. Reviewing the obstinate refusal of the king to consent to religious equality in Ireland, which he had promised, and the unfaithfulness of the ministers in dishonoring his pledges, he writes: "Ireland is again to become a millstone about the neck of Britain, and to be plunged into all its former horrors and miseries." The union, he had felt convinced, would consolidate the empire. Through after-years of chagrin and mortification his error haunted him. He was in heart a better man than those who were his masters; his private standard of morality was superior to that of the time; he gloried, as he had a right to glory, in the grandeur of the great empire he had served, in camp, on field, in council, and he served her king and his advisers as he conceived it to be his duty to do, even in the vile and infamous methods which they prescribed. It is sad to have to remark that he was less revolted by the methods than piqued and humiliated by their practical failure. A man who would have scorned a bribe did not hesitate to bribe others. A man who would have perished rather than take a penny that did not belong to him was unmoved in conscience while causing an entire people to be robbed of their constitutional rights and compelling them to present the thieves with millions of a cash bonus. The morality of politics cannot be said to have been lowered since the beginning of the century.

THE STORY OF A PORTIONLESS GIRL.

From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, by Mary H. A. Allies.

PART I.—EARLY YOUTH.

CHAPTER IX.

A CONSIDERATE FATHER.

AUREL had remarked with a certain anxiety that ever since his return from England his father seemed to watch him. Did he, by chance, suspect his secret? If he did Aurel hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry. Sooner or later it would have to come to light, but in the meantime anxiety of mind more than balanced his hopefulness. Sometimes he wondered about his Dublin letter, which Sylvia had never mentioned. But as it had been an outpouring of love from beginning to end, she might not have seen the necessity of an answer.

Part of the winter had gone by quietly enough when one morning Herr Prost summoned Aurel to his private study, and, seating himself upon the sofa, began, in a solemn tone of parental authority: "Sit down, Aurel; I want to speak a word with you about something very particular."

Aurel did as he was bid in fear and trembling, for he felt that the critical hour had struck which was to decide his own and Sylvia's future.

"That time you spent in England, Aurel," said Herr Prost paternally, "and your way of doing business there for our firm, make me feel that I can give you my fullest confidence. As long as you worked under my eye you always showed yourself an active, toiling man of business. But mere laboriousness is not by itself sufficient for our extensive connection. It requires shrewdness, forethought, judgment to use and profit by circumstances. You developed these qualities in England; hence I conclude that an independent position is what you want, and, as you will soon be four-and-twenty, I look upon it as my duty to give it to you. I am going to let you represent our firm in Paris."

"O father! how can I thank you?" exclaimed Aurel in joyful surprise.

"Don't be in too great a hurry to thank me before I have had

my say," continued Herr Prost, laughing. "Of course, my boy, I have remarked your fondness for Sylvia, and a certain letter you wrote to her to Grünerode fell by chance into my hands and confirmed my observation."

"Yes, indeed, father, I love Sylvia, and she loves me," exclaimed Aurel, thrown off his guard by his father's apparent sympathy.

"I am sorry for it, my boy," he said very gently. Aurel's face sank. "Have you ever promised Sylvia that you would marry her?" asked his father.

"Never!" exclaimed Aurel. "No such promise was needed."

"Come, that is good, for Sylvia can never become your wife. I will never be induced to give my consent to your both running into an unhappy marriage."

"But, father, it is no misfortune to be a little less well off, if that is what you mean," said Aurel beseechingly.

"Perhaps not a *little* less well off. But Sylvia is penniless; she has hardly enough to buy her trousseau pocket-handkerchiefs. But this is not the principal difficulty."

"What is it, then?" asked Aurel breathlessly.

"Sylvia is your cousin, as your mothers were sisters, and marriages between relatives so nearly connected are most objectionable. They are contrary to nature, and this is proved—not always, I admit, but oftener than not—in the children of such marriages, who are sure to be weak in mind or sickly, or both—epileptic, in short."

"For pity's sake, father, say no more," stammered Aurel, turning pale.

"It is a fact, my boy. You may well shudder at the thought of rearing such children; so when your father, the church, and nature's laws are of one mind you should take their counsel. You may be certain that I am right."

"No, you're wrong—or, at least, you're by no means infallibly right," exclaimed poor Aurel, hardly knowing what he said. "It is possible to have a sickly, unhealthy child without marrying one's cousin."

"You are as well instructed in the laws of the church as I, so you will know that the church discourages such marriages as much as possible on account of their results. I wouldn't say that they inevitably turn out badly, for nature is capricious; but a judicious father doesn't trust his children's happiness to such a feeble chance. Put Sylvia out of your head. I am giving you a chance by settling you in Paris, and things are so arranged that

you must start to-morrow evening. This will shorten the pangs of parting."

"O father! you can't mean to put an end so lightly to a matter which involves all mine and Sylvia's happiness?" exclaimed Aurel with desperation.

"Come, Aurel, it's no use making a scene," said Herr Prost coldly. "You know me well enough to be sure that I do not act without due consideration, but when once a thing is settled in my mind nothing can deter me from carrying it out. Now, I have shaped your course for you, and in a year or two you will thank me for it."

"Never! I can't and won't give Sylvia up. Let us wait. I will work—"

"Will that prevent Sylvia from being your cousin?" said Herr Prost sternly. "Does every boyish fancy imply marriage? I should think not, indeed. Common sense must be consulted; and who expects lovers to have common sense? Every one knows that people in a sound state of mind don't fall in love, and that, putting aside all question of relationship, love-marriages are apt to be very wretched—two excellent reasons against you, you see. In the face of such possibilities prudent fathers are indeed very necessary to their children to prevent them from making themselves wretched for life and from bringing idiots into the world."

"Don't anticipate such dreadful things, father," exclaimed Aurel, burying his face in his hands.

"I am sorry for you, you poor fool," replied Herr Prost; "but, as I can't alter the laws of nature, it must be as I have settled. See about anything you have to do, and get ready to start to-morrow evening."

Herr Prost got up and went back to the room where his large writing-desk stood, which was his way of signifying that, having settled family matters, he intended business to come to the fore. Aurel took the hint. He well knew his father's mode of acting and that stern determination of purpose which left him no way out of his troubles. It seemed to him that he was in the position of a man who has only a narrow footpath between two mountain passes. Perhaps a man of more energetic character would have rebelled, or taken the matter into his own hands, or pursued, nothing daunted, his ideal of happiness; but Aurel had not the necessary courage or independence. His father had struck his hopes a withering blow, and had laid before him a fearful reality in place of his sweet dreams of happiness and Sylvia.

Apprised by her husband of how matters stood, Frau Prost had received strict orders to prevent Aurel from seeing Sylvia alone before his departure. Accordingly at nine o'clock in the morning of the day before that event she sent for Sylvia and said: "I am going to take possession of you for the present, my love; so you must put aside your languages and your music till we have finished doing something which interests me immensely. You see this pretty green leather book? I mean you to copy off into it all the items of Valentine's trousseau in your clear, nice hand. It is convenient to have it all together, and it may be useful to me on some other occasion. I will help you to do it in alphabetical order, and we will begin at once. But first write a note in French to the Belgian ambassadress, and send her—most persevering beggar that she is—the twenty-franc piece which is on the malachite tray on my writing-desk. A year ago when I bought those pretty monkeys I had to promise her twenty francs for her Visitation nuns! Our climate killed the poor monkeys, but not so the nuns. They are here, and they rob me of my substance. So, love, sit down and write a pretty note. And before I forget it, my love, write and tell Mrs. Johnston not to expect me to-morrow, and that I will go on Saturday to take her to the flower-show. You can write in English, and this will give you a double exercise in foreign languages. I will make all the haste I can to-day with the four pillars of my house, so that we may get all the sooner to our green book."

Sylvia was used to her aunt's diffusiveness, and, as she always acted as secretary, she accepted these suggestions as part of her work; but she was quite astonished not to see Aurel at luncheon and to hear Herr Prost say: "Aurel is very busy, as he is going to Paris to-morrow."

"Is he? Well, I'm very glad to hear it for his sake," said Frau Prost, true to her part.

Sylvia could not make it out, for Aurel had already spent two years in Paris. What was he to do there?

"Yes, children, I am going to let Aurel live in Paris on his own hook," said Herr Prost. "Listen, all of you. See what it is to have a good father who is at so much pains about his children's future. There is your brother, at his age already his own master, to do or not to do what he likes in all things reasonable. See if you can't follow in his footsteps and do honor to your father's care."

Sylvia listened in a fever of anxiety, for Aurel's independence might mean something very good. A thousand hopes passed

through her mind and a thousand misbodings filled her heart. She was divided between hope and fear, and could hardly control her feelings so as to appear outwardly calm. Isidora, and Isidora alone, observed it.

"You must take your singing-lesson alone to-day, Sylvia, and lay more stress upon the solos. For the present we shall have to give up the duets."

"Yes, dear uncle," said Sylvia just audibly.

"You've got a headache, love, I'm sure, and won't say anything about it, which is very wrong of you," said Frau Prost. "The porter shall send the master away. In any case we have got other fish to fry."

Sylvia had indeed other things to occupy her mind, but she let circumstances take their course and answered mechanically: "Very well, Aunt Teresa."

The painful meal came to an end at last, and Sylvia was going up to her room. There, at least, she would be alone and free to give vent to her feelings as best she might in tears or prayers, though she herself hardly knew what to do or to think.

"Where are you going to, love?" exclaimed her aunt. "Make haste and get on your things, and you too, Isidora. We will drive to Mme. Zephirin, who has just sent to tell me she has some delightful things from Paris. We must be quick. I am sure Princess Ygrek is already there."

"And Countess Xaveria and the Russian ambassadress for certain," added Isidora.

"The carriage is at the door," announced the servant.

Hour after hour went by in looking at the pretty things which Mme. Zephirin, the first modiste in the place, brought out and enlarged upon with irresistible loquacity, whilst a dozen ladies, the cream of the upper ten thousand, admired, fingered, considered—or did not consider—and purchased.

"What business has that uppish Frau Prost to be here with us?" whispered Countess Xaveria to Princess Ygrek. "She is so pushing!"

"At Mme. Zephirin's it is of no consequence if she is," conjectured the princess.

"Why is Mme. Zephirin so very anxious to let the woman know of her new importations?" said Countess Xaveria. "That's what vexes me."

Princess Ygrek was delighted to seize an opportunity of giving her greatest friend, the reigning beauty of the place, a gentle home-thrust, and she said, laughing: "It's very easy to under-

stand why, darling. This Frau Prost is a very good customer. She pays down."

It was said that Countess Xaveria's husband by no means always relished paying her ruinous dress-bills. But the princess' hint did not in the least disturb her. She threw her pretty head back with a pert little movement which was most becoming, and said: "That's what it is. These people—money people I call them—spoil everything for us. Thanks to their horrid tin, they get into our society and ape our ways."

The princess laughed and said: "All the same she gives capital balls, which are worth the trouble of my speaking to her."

"*I* sha'n't," said Countess Xaveria, moving towards the Russian ambassadress, who pretended to be intent on Mme. Zephirin's costly finery as Princess Ygrek spoke to Frau Prost and inquired with interest whether she was going to give any more balls.

The whole talk and vanity of the thing were lost upon Sylvia. She could think of nothing but Aurel and his new position in Paris, which she knew not how to interpret. She hoped in spite of herself, because she was in love; but the way and manner in which Aurel's father and mother set about his move to Paris were not calculated to strengthen her hopes.

A long drive followed upon the visit to Mme. Zephirin's shop. After that cards had to be left at various places, and Frau Prost came back only just in time to dress for dinner with all the haste she could muster. When she appeared in the drawing-room with Isidora and Sylvia the gentlemen invited to dinner were already there, and they all went at once to the dining-room. Sylvia gave one look at Aurel, and that told her quite enough: Paris was to be an exile. His journey was discussed at dinner. Some congratulated him, and he was obliged to answer and to act as if he liked it very much. After dinner they went to the theatre. An interminable opera, lengthened by an endless ballet, made the evening one of the most painful in all Sylvia's experience. What had happened? Why was Aurel sent away so very suddenly? What a delight it would have been to have five minutes' conversation with him! He was at the back of the box, but it was impossible to get at him, for she was next to her uncle and behind her aunt. It was eleven o'clock when they got home.

"You needn't come to tea, my love," said Frau Prost kindly. "You look tired out. Go to bed and sleep off your headache."

All danger of an understanding between Sylvia and Aurel was at an end for that day, and consequently Sylvia was allowed

to go to her room to seek, not comfort indeed, but physical relief from tears. The following day passed in the same way, except that Aurel sought out his mother whilst she was engaged in dictating her interesting accounts to Sylvia.

"Just go to the piano in the drawing-room for a minute, my love. I have some commissions for Aurel," she said as he came in. Sylvia left her aunt's room and sat down at the piano which had given her so many happy hours, and whose harmonious notes had so often served to interpret what was passing in their hearts. She struck a few sorrowful chords, and began to play "I send thee to Alexis," the ballad she had first sung with Aurel; but singing then was out of the question. Tears would have choked her voice.

In the meantime Aurel was trying vainly to gain his mother over to his side. Though kinder, her tone was much the same as his father's, and she ended with the comforting assurance that there were nicer girls than Sylvia in the world.

"Perhaps there are," he said sadly, "but there is only one Sylvia." Then he begged his mother to let him speak to Sylvia.

"Certainly," she replied, "but it must be in my presence. "Most likely if you saw her alone you would bind yourself to her by a formal engagement; and this is not to be thought of for a moment. As there can be no question of marriage, there must be perfect liberty on both sides." Aurel did not care for an interview in his mother's presence. The day wore on; the evening came, and with it the parting hour. Aurel wished them all good-by. He was too much overcome to trust himself to speak. Silently he put out his hand to Sylvia, and silently she took it as her sorrowful eyes alone spoke the love which was in her heart. Then, making an effort, she said calmly: "When shall we meet again?"

"That is hidden in the counsel of the gods, you inquisitive little charmer," exclaimed Herr Prost, laughing noisily; and Aurel whispered, "When it shall please God."

Thus they parted.

"Let us have some music, little fairy," said Herr Prost to Sylvia, who got up and walked mechanically to the piano. "In this lower world of ours there is nothing more wearisome than saying good-by. People ought to say *au revoir* when they go away, and *bon jour* when they come back—quite enough. In these railway days there is no sense in a sentimental farewell. Thanks to the steam-engine, we can get anywhere in no time. What are you doing, Sylvia?" he said, interrupting himself im-

patiently. "I want something to cheer me up, and you're playing something which sounds like muffled drums."

"It is the 'Dead March in Saul,'" she answered faintly.

"Now, just fancy what a good ear I have!" said Herr Prost in a tone of satisfaction; "it immediately discovered the muffled drums. But now, child, let us have a polka, or a capriccio, or something lively."

Instead of obeying Sylvia covered her face with her handkerchief and ran out of the room.

"Her nose is bleeding," remarked Frau Prost carelessly.

"No, mamma, she is crying because Aurel has gone. Can't you see that?" exclaimed Isidora.

"What a senseless question!" burst out Herr Prost. "Of course we can see it, and, as you are so very sharp, I'm surprised you have not also remarked that we did not want to see it. The best treatment for certain circumstances is to ignore them entirely. They are thus crushed, as it were, in their birth. If you see Sylvia crying or fainting, or doing any other stupid thing, you are to put it down to weak nerves, and you are never to mention Aurel's name. Do you understand?"

"Of course," answered Isidora, with her mother's insensibility. She was not disturbed by the sufferings of others.

"Let us hope that Aurel will soon make a good match, and then the whole story will come to a peaceful end." And so Herr Prost dismissed the subject.

PART II.—YOUTH STEALS ON.

CHAPTER I.

HOW A MAN IS MADE A BARON.

THERE was no doubt that the ball at Baron von Grünerode's was the most brilliant of the season. The suite of rooms, the splendid furniture, the lighting arrangements, the refreshments, the fairy-like conservatory—the whole thing was princely; and even if Baron von Grünerode, although by no means a prince, was one and the same person as Herr Geheime-Commerzienrath Prost, still he had a princely fortune, could live accordingly, and let others, at least, dance at his expense. During the last few years he had rendered immortal services to country, state, and humanity by undertaking a railway which was certain to prove a highly successful speculation. The state, indeed, was bound to acknowledge the eminent merits of a millionaire otherwise than by conferring upon him the cross of the blue or gray Vulture. As he was manifestly amongst the foremost benefactors of his country, it was fitting that he should belong to its nobility, the more so that his estate, Grünerode, was an important and complete property with a first-rate house. The railway business had delivered him from his anxiety about Edgar's not being his own master—*i.e.*, a rich man—some day, and he trusted to his own shrewdness and activity to secure the same kind of blissful liberty for Harry. Herr Prost therefore declared his willingness to be transformed into Baron von Grünerode, and forthwith to adorn his plate and carriage with a complicated coat-of-arms, in which, besides the baron's coronet, green and red predominated.

The Baroness von Grünerode submitted to her new title and dignity with perfect indifference. She thought very little of it, partly because she belonged to an old, noble family, and partly because she saw there was nothing to be gained thereby, but rather that it would bring her an increase of social duties. Fräulein Isidora von Grünerode, on the contrary, was thoroughly delighted. She could not explain her elation, for if it was only because Isidora Prost did not sound so well as Isidora von Grünerode she would have been ashamed to own to the same.

In high society people took it favorably as soon as Gräfin Xaveria, the leader of tone, had been heard to say: "We must put up with these people, as they are millionaires. Such are the

times; and as we can't alter them, it is pleasanter to call him Baron von Grünerode than Herr Prost."

"I don't think so," said Princess Ygrek. "Times may change —there may be a bankruptcy, for instance, and Herr Prost is easily dropped; but it is more difficult with Baron Grünerode."

"Oh! we should know how to manage," replied Countess Xaveria, laughing innocently; "but for the present I would rather the baron than the plebeian gave us balls."

At the ball that evening, in the intervals of dancing, Countess Xaveria took Aurel's arm and said:

"Show me all the rooms. It is a magnificent suite. But Paris spoils you, doesn't it? The *haute finance* there is accustomed to tremendous luxury, and, with the footing in it you have, it must be difficult to be satisfied with anything out of Paris, isn't it?"

"You get accustomed to the luxury, and don't even think about it," replied Aurel, with an imperturbability which would have betrayed his mother's son had not his sad eyes borne witness to another meaning.

"And how does your wife like being here?"

"She is an American, and American ladies are very particular, countess," replied Aurel in the same tone.

"Well, she has a right to be particular. Such wonderful beauty as hers has its privileges."

The lady about whom Countess Xaveria expressed herself with benevolence so unwonted was the centre of attraction to all eyes not undividedly bent upon their particular concerns. In the intervals of dancing she kept chiefly to her father-in-law's side. He introduced the principal gentlemen to her, and she bowed coldly and stiffly. Hers was no ordinary beauty. She was very tall and slender, with jet-black hair, dark eyes, and rosy lips which stood out in strong contrast to a face of marble whiteness. She wore a dress of white crêpe embroidered with silver, dark-red camellias and butterflies of precious stones in her hair, and round her neck a choice necklace of pearls. She was covered with jewels, but still she was not imposing or attractive, and perhaps this was why Gräfin Xaveria had spoken of her in terms so flattering.

A group of young men were criticising the transatlantic beauty with all their might.

"I stick to it," said Captain von Tieffenstein, "she is one of those ivory figures, ornamented with enamel and precious stones, from the Grünen Gewölbe at Dresden."

"If I believed in vampires I should say *she* was one," said an attaché.

"What! you wouldn't call her a blood-sucker, would you?" exclaimed a good-natured lieutenant.

"Yes, that's just what she is. According to the legend, a vampire is a corpse struggling to live, and only succeeding by sucking the blood of others at night. The deep red lips and shining eyes—which, however, have no soul—strike me as uncanny."

"American beauties are said to be very stuck-up," remarked a fourth; "perhaps that accounts for her icy expression."

"Well, I know one thing, and if these were the days of chivalry I would break a thousand lances over it: this Baroness Grünerode cannot be compared to Fräulein von Neheim," said Captain von Tieffenstein with deep conviction.

"Nor Fräulein von Neheim to Countess Xaveria," exclaimed a gentleman.

"As Xaveria is my sister, I'm no judge about her," replied the captain. "But where is she, I wonder? She shall introduce me to the fairest of the fair."

Aurel and Countess Xaveria had been into the end room. Sprouting plants and sweet-smelling flowers had transformed it into a spring bower.

"This is lovely!" she cried out. "What masses of azaleas and what enormous gum-plants! How prettily the cactus shoots up between the camellias! And there is nobody to admire this beautiful anteroom. It's too much out of the way."

"This is sometimes the case in life," said Aurel. "The best things are not noticed because they are not brought before people. But, Sylvia, what are you doing here all alone?" he exclaimed suddenly.

Sylvia, in pale blue tulle, was sitting in the middle of some sweet jasmine, looking like the nymph of this enchanted garden. As the countess went towards her she got up and pointed to a door, saying: "Some ladies wanted to arrange their head-gear, and I came with them to the green room and am waiting for them." The door opened and the ladies appeared as Captain von Tieffenstein came in the other way.

"Has my brother been introduced to you?" said the Countess to Sylvia. "If not, I will introduce him myself."

His desire was thereby gratified, and he could approach the "fairest of the fair" to exchange the usual commonplaces. They were all standing amongst the flowers when suddenly an impe-

rious voice called out: "Are you there, Aurel? Oh! dear, how I have been looking for you."

"What do you want, Phœbe dear?" he asked, going up to her.

"I want to go. Be so good as to take me away. It is very unfitting of you not to trouble yourself a bit about me."

Countess Xaveria, intensely amused by the little scene between husband and wife, said, laughing: "Don't scold your husband, baroness. It was I who enticed him away."

Phœbe appeared not to hear her at all, and drew Aurel off with her. In the middle of the second room she uttered a low cry and sank to the ground before Aurel could prevent her. But he raised her in haste and disappeared with her, as there was a sudden rush to the room and many anxious inquiries as to what had happened.

"It is only a fainting-fit," said Baron Grünerode, senior, in a very audible tone of voice. "We won't let it disturb us."

He went into the ball-room and gave the orchestra a signal; dancing began again, and Phœbe was forgotten by all but Sylvia, in spite of the lively and brilliant conversation of her partner, Herr von Tieffenstein. As aide-de-camp to a great military personage he had spent three years in travels and missions having military interests for their object. On his return to the capital a short time previously he found Sylvia a very attractive bit of novelty. Her beauty no longer bore the impress of youth's first freshness and joyousness; a thoughtful earnestness had come over her which made her less charming but much more interesting. Herr von Tieffenstein had a certain amount of cultivation, and he could easily see that Sylvia would not care to hear her own dress praised and other people's dress passed in stern review. So he talked of his travels, of beautiful spots, fine works of art, and the different characters of different nations.

"Yes," said Sylvia, "but all nations are alike in one capital point which touches every single individual: they are not perfection."

"Certainly we must not look for ideal people in this commonplace world of ours," he replied, laughing.

"I'm not looking for them, though I don't deny that I should like to find them; and because I know that I can't my pleasure in ordinary good things is spoilt."

"That seems to me very unreasonable indeed, Miss von Neheim. On the same principle, if you were logical you would come to give up a nice book because it must end, and you would

not care for a flower as it must wither. But fortunately ladies are not logical."

"Oh! please rather say *men* are not logical, and I will agree with you," exclaimed Sylvia, laughing. "But what you say about the book and the flower seems to me not quite true, because both are perfect in their way, and their way is to have an end. But man stops in his imperfection."

"It is for you to give the world an example of the contrary," he replied, laughing.

"I deserve your sarcasm," said Sylvia playfully. "It is one of my numerous peculiarities never to be so sad as at a ball."

"Probably because it has an end?"

"No, not for that, but because I cannot help thinking that all these ball-faces are only masks which hide life's crowd of troubles."

"You talk as if you were a hundred years old, Miss von Neheim."

"Perhaps that is *my* mask," she exclaimed merrily.

The captain hardly knew what to make of her, but she certainly interested him. Phœbe did not appear again. Aurel was from time to time visible in the crowd. But the young couple in whose honor the splendid ball was given had small pleasure in it, and Sylvia, strangely divided between sadness and a certain satisfaction, said to herself: "In spite of Phœbe's beauty and her thousands Aurel is not happy."

CHAPTER II.

HOW MARRIAGES ARE MADE.

How had all this happened? How was it that Aurel had left his father's house devoted to Sylvia, and that he came back to it at the end of two years as Phœbe's husband?

For years Baron Grünerode had been planning a connection between his firm and that of an American house established in Paris, Grandison by name, and in any case Aurel's move to Paris would have been effected. Under ordinary circumstances the baron would have confided his schemes to his son, whereas now he preserved a discreet silence. So Aurel went to Paris little suspecting that there was any question of a second connection not relating to business. His father wrote openly to Mr. Grandison, expressing the hope that there was nothing to prevent a marriage between their children, and calling attention to Aurel's shy-

ness, which, though a great merit in one of his abilities, required encouragement and pushing on in important matters. Mr. Grandison took the hint. He desired the marriage extremely, having no son, but only daughters. It was just before the American civil war. Any one acquainted with the state of things could easily foresee what a mine of wealth might accrue to experienced speculators from the battle-field. If Mr. Grandison had been able to leave a trustworthy son-in-law at the head of his firm in Paris, he would gladly have chosen this time to go to America, to stay there as long as the war lasted. He gave Aurel a kind welcome and bade him feel perfectly at home. Phœbe was then only fifteen. Aurel hardly noticed her at all, though he saw her every day.

Sylvia heard nothing of Aurel except the commonplace tidings which his parents received and sometimes discussed; but she believed in him, judging of his feelings by her own. She did not think to ask herself whether it was all in accordance with God's will, or whether his father and mother would consent to their marriage; she took it for granted.

And whose advice in the matter could she have asked? She had no counsellor. If, indeed, as formerly, she had been able to pour forth her doubts and troubles in the tribunal of penance, she would have found the main road out of her heart's labyrinth. But the way thither was blocked up, and consequently she was deprived of the principal means of spiritual progress, confession being the best way to come to a knowledge of self. Her spiritual life was fettered and grew weaker by the very helplessness which made it an easier prey to worldliness. Sylvia never had an opportunity of hearing a sermon, or of spending a quiet hour before the Blessed Sacrament, or of going to one of those solemn functions in which the church is so rich, and which make us realize with deep and joyful conviction what it is to be a child of this divine church. She was restricted to the Sunday Mass—and rarely did she get in before the Gospel, on account of her aunt's steady unpunctuality—and to the sacraments at Easter. Then, indeed, God, his grace, and his love came home to her heart; but during the long year nobody spoke to her of him except that feeble voice in herself, which, amidst the roar of outward things, could scarcely make itself heard at morning and night prayers. The attentions paid to her in society were a further bewilderment. She was so pretty, so full of talent, so interesting, so elegant that it was impossible not to be quite charmed with her. If her uncle, who adored her in his selfish way, had not expressly

given it out that she had neither money nor expectations she would have found numerous suitors. As it was, a sensible man naturally concluded that middling circumstances would be like a fall into the farmyard to this spoilt bird of paradise. Many people blamed Sylvia's uncle for bringing up a girl without fortune or position on the same footing as his rich daughter. He said carelessly enough: "If I did not treat Sylvia as my daughter people would say that I was afraid of her outshining Isidora. People always do grumble. But now I treat my niece as my daughter, and leave every one to please himself; one is pretty and poor, the other is rich without good looks." Thus time went by for Sylvia. She still had pious feelings, and was sorry sometimes that she could practise her religion so little; but her soul's inner life dried up like the shallow stream when it runs out of the cool wood into the open field in the heat of summer.

About three months before Aurel and Phœbe came Baroness Grünerode said one morning to Sylvia: "Sit down at the writing-table, love; I have got an important letter to Mme. Daragon to dictate." Sylvia thought her aunt was going to make another appeal to her friend's good-nature to do some commission for her in Paris. But both her hand and her heart trembled as, after the first few lines, she was told to write: "It is about Aurel that I am going to speak, my dear friend. An excellent marriage is talked of for him to Mr. Grandison's eldest daughter, Phœbe. We know that the young lady is rich and pretty, but you will understand that in my anxiety as a mother there are other things I should like to be told. What is she like in character, what are her tastes? Is she sensible, is she clever? Is she strong and healthy? This is an important point in these days, as young ladies are wont to have such wretched health. I beg of you, therefore, my dear friend, to get me an answer to my questions and to write it to me. Perhaps you know the Grandisons personally, which would be all the better for me. But, supposing you don't, it won't be difficult for you, with your large acquaintance, to procure the desired information." Thanks to the various details and questions which followed, Sylvia gained sufficient self-control to say at the end of the letter, in a tone apparently calm: "Do you think this marriage will take place, Aunt Teresa?"

"I don't doubt it, love, as all parties concerned wish it particularly."

Here was a withering blight to all Sylvia's quiet hopes, a merciless frost which came and snapped off her young love's blossoms. The most conflicting feelings were at work in her heart.

If Aurel's love were so weak as to allow him to forget her in two years, then, indeed, it was not worth a tear! Or had he been caught and beguiled by an artful beauty or pressed on by his father's stern wishes, and was he miserable in consequence? In this case he was certainly to be pitied, though it was impossible to feel any respect for such weakness; and what a humiliation it was to have fallen in love with a man unworthy of the world's respect! After that the further humiliation of being forgotten by him scarcely went for anything. But in spite of herself the thought, "He has forgotten me," did nevertheless well up like a flood of bitterness in Sylvia's heart. Notwithstanding all the self-control which she exercised, partly out of pride and partly from the consciousness that no one sympathized with her, her grief would have betrayed itself had not the baron given particular injunctions to his wife and daughter to pay no attention to what he called Sylvia's fit of low spirits. He it was who had determined upon the letter to Mme. Daragon as the simplest way of conveying the intelligence to Sylvia, because it was a mark of confidence.

One morning Baroness Grünerode appeared with Mme. Daragon's answer in her husband's office. This was an event in itself, but it was so aggravated by her state of agitation that the baron could not repress his annoyance. He took her by the hand and they went into his private study. There he said shortly: "What has put you out, Teresa?"

"Just read this letter," she said, almost gasping, and sank down on the sofa.

He read it first rapidly, then slowly and as if weighing every word, after which he tore it up and threw it into the fire, watching attentively to see that it was all consumed. Then he said coolly: "Silly woman's gossip. Put it out of your head, Teresa."

"No, it isn't silly gossip. How could such a thing be said without cause?"

"Phœbe is very pale; she has grown very fast—"

"So has Isidora, yet nobody dreams of saying that she is epileptic."

"Silence!" he exclaimed, stamping with his foot. "I won't hear the calumny, and you shouldn't even mention it."

"But Mme. Daragon is not thinking of a calumny."

"Then she is thinking of catching Phœbe for a son, nephew, cousin, relative, or friend."

"You are very unjust, love; she is only warning us."

"It's too late."

"Indeed it isn't after this dreadful discovery! The business may be put an end to. Why should poor Aurel marry a wife who is afflicted with this shocking complaint?"

"But Mme. Daragon speaks doubtfully about it," said the baron, with ill-repressed anger. "She says 'people say,' 'I believe,' and so on."

"I consider that she leaves no room for doubt."

"Every one says that Phœbe Grandison is subject to dreadful cramps which—"

"I won't hear the name mentioned," broke out the baron.

"But you can read it in black and white, love."

"The letter is burnt, Teresa. I am sufficiently convinced that it contained nothing very definite. Phœbe is young; such things may be cured—"

"Yes, and in the meantime they are inherited by the children; every one knows that."

"Now, my love, be so good as to calm yourself, to be quiet, and to leave me alone," said the baron icily; "it's too late in the day to change our minds, and, supposing it weren't, I would not do it on the authority of a mere hearsay."

"You are sacrificing Aurel's happiness, love."

"Sacrificing happiness!—all stuff. Marriage is a highly prosaical and matter-of-fact concern with far other ends in view than the satisfaction of mere sentiment. One woman has headaches, another cramps; such things don't affect a man's happiness or unhappiness. A sensible man will be satisfied with riches and good looks; all other considerations are his own lookout. And Aurel must look at it in this light. I am only thankful that he put Sylvia out of his head."

What could the baroness answer? Her husband was right to a certain extent. So, according to her wont, she sought refuge in his view of the matter, and thereby solaced herself. As it may be supposed, Sylvia never heard a word of Mme. Daragon's answer, and it was not long before news of Aurel's engagement to Miss Phœbe Grandison was noised abroad.

"I'm sure you didn't expect *this*," said Isidora to Sylvia with ill-concealed exultation.

"I certainly could not expect it when I knew nothing of this Miss Phœbe Grandison," replied Sylvia very stiffly. She would rather have died than let Isidora triumph over her humiliation.

Aurel, then, was engaged. His father had allowed him a year and a half's grace in which to realize the impossibility of marry-

ing Sylvia. Then he began to talk to him about the duty of making a suitable marriage and of having a family, seeing that he was already a quarter of a century old, that he had a large firm to represent and a father who was getting into years. Aurel, indeed, made answer that he was not inclined to marry, but the baron did not heed him in the least. On the contrary, at that very time he wrote to Mr. Grandison that his son was too shy to sue for Miss Grandison's hand because he had already had a "tender attachment"; would Mr. Grandison, therefore, help him on a little? In consequence of this letter Mr. Grandison said to Aurel without more ado; "I have remarked that you like my daughter. She likes you, too, and, as the parents on both sides agree in the matter, I look upon you as my son-in-law."

Aurel's surprise knew no bounds. It is true that he had often sat by Phœbe at dinners, and talked to her as he would to any other lady, but to be called upon to marry her was more than he expected, in spite of all that his father had written. Then Sylvia's likeness rose up vividly before his mind's eye and made him disinclined to take Phœbe to himself as wife. Sorely perplexed, he brought forth some incoherent phrases just to gain time. "No," said Mr. Grandison; "*now* is the time. You are both of you young, and youth helps people to learn each other's ways, which is important. Besides," he added with a certain gravity—"besides, your waiting would look rather odd and it would compromise my daughter, for everybody knows how much at home you are at my house."

"That is part of our business."

"Oh! is it? The world thinks differently, and the world is quite right. Business transactions are the stepping-stone to matrimony. But come, don't be bashful, my dear fellow. Your father has told me exactly how matters stand with you."

Not knowing the nature of his father's communications, Aurel felt more and more perplexed.

"You need not trouble yourself about bygones," Mr. Grandison went on. "Who of us at twenty-two was without his love-affair, which took its course in one way or another and led to nothing? You have been in love once—well, what if you have? You haven't incurred any responsibility thereby, which was uncommonly wise of you. You feel a certain shyness about offering your heart to another girl, which I could understand if you were offering your hand without your heart. Marriage is no romance, so it doesn't require to rest upon such milk-and-watery stuff as love, sympathy, and such like. In your position you

must marry sooner or later. Miss Phœbe Grandison and Baron Aurel Grünerode suit each other in every way, are both young, good-looking, rich, well educated. What have you to say against their marriage?"

"Oh! nothing," said Aurel, "only that—"

"Don't let us have any 'onlys,' young man," exclaimed Mr. Grandison imperiously. "If you refuse to marry my daughter all business relations between us must stop. That would put you into a very uncomfortable position and be no end of annoyance to your father. But why need I say all this? You like Phœbe—well, take her."

Aurel felt as if he were in a snare from which he could not get loose. He saw that for the last two years his father had plotted the marriage to Mr. Grandison's daughter. Aurel did not possess that firmness of character which sets itself against a thing and takes the responsibility of its opposition upon itself when it becomes a question of determining a whole life according to the pleasure of another. He stooped to his father's will and gave himself up to what he called his destiny. He engaged himself, married, and went for his honeymoon to see his father and mother. Mme. Daragon's piece of information had not been communicated to him, and perhaps Phœbe's parents themselves were not quite clear as to the exact nature of what the family doctor called "nervous attacks." Phœbe was not attractive. Consciousness of her beauty and of her money made her vain and haughty, whilst her bodily disorder produced a jealous susceptibility which was always ready to feel itself aggrieved. Aurel found a certain satisfaction in not being happy with Phœbe. Thanks to his easy-going nature, he discharged his new duties kindly, but a fixed sadness took possession of him from a secret feeling of displeasure at his own conduct—a state of mind which is apt to become morose under the action of time. He had dreaded meeting Sylvia, but his fear vanished before her calmness and the composure with which she put out her hand to welcome him. Even Isidora's sharp eyes were unable to discover any emotion in her manner. "No," said Sylvia to herself, "the husband of another woman can be nothing to me. As he forgot me, I mean to forget him. What grieves me the most is my blindness in trusting him. It shall put me on my guard for the future." She avoided with the greatest tact any allusion to the past. One day her uncle said: "Now, Sylvia, sing the 'Alexis and Ida' songs with Aurel again."

"Oh! no, dear uncle," exclaimed Sylvia disdainfully. "I can't

go back to those old-fashioned songs; but if you hate music of the future as much as I do, and want to hear good old music, I will sing you Beethoven's 'Adelaïde.'"

And she began to sing in a rich and musical soprano voice, which her lessons had wonderfully developed, to an accompaniment which she played herself with taste.

"Well done, little fairy! You are getting first-rate," exclaimed Baron Grünerode as the last "Adelaïde" died away in a passionate burst of love. "What do you say to it, my pretty Phœbe? Do you still remain cold and insensible?"

"Yes," said Phœbe shortly. She did not understand how to take a joke.

Aurel felt that he must say something to Sylvia, who was sitting meditatively at the piano and letting her hand run melodiously over the keys. He went up to it and said: "You have got on wonderfully, Sylvia, and I—have done nothing but go back. I should not venture to sing with you now."

"Without practice it isn't easy to sing together," she replied carelessly.

Phœbe seemed annoyed that Aurel should have eyes for any one besides herself. She, too, went up to the piano, and, as she played very well, Sylvia wanted to make way for her. But Phœbe insisted on playing a duet. If Aurel wished to stay at the piano she meant to be there too.

CHAPTER III.

AN UNHAPPY WIFE.

Valentine had arrived on a visit to make her sister-in-law's acquaintance—so it was given out; but the truth of the case was somewhat different. Herr Goldisch had written as follows to his father-in-law:

"I am sending Valentine, much against her will, to you for two or three months. I am very much displeased with her, and have every reason to be so. Her fondness for display is hardly credible, but, whether it is play or earnest, her reputation is suffering under it. She never did listen to sensible remonstrances, and will not do so now. I think sending her away for a time is my best course, and Aurel's honeymoon furnishes us with a very good opportunity. Let us hope the season in the capital will put other thoughts into her head and send her back a sensible woman."

But there was small appearance of this consummation. Valentine went to balls and parties with the air of a victim; wore her beautiful Parisian dresses, her laces and jewels, as if their weight oppressed her; did not trouble herself much about her family, and not at all about Phœbe, and showed a liking for Sylvia only, who sat by her side for long hours as she lay on her chaise-longue, and was initiated into the secrets of what she called her "miserable marriage."

"What want of sympathy, Sylvia!" she moaned on the very first day. "I am lying here quite worn down by my wretched lot, and there you are painting away at flowers as if you meant to make the world out a flower-garden."

"I really can't quite believe in your wretched lot, Tini," remarked Sylvia, not raising her eyes from her painting.

"Why! don't you understand that without true sympathy of hearts there is no such thing as happiness?"

"Not *perfect* happiness, perhaps; but your husband is so kind that I think you might be tolerably happy with him."

"Tolerably happy! Well, that *is* a definition of happiness! No, I don't want to be 'tolerably happy.' My heart craves for full and entire happiness. I see it glimmering before my eyes, but I can't reach it because I am chained down. It is dreadful, under such circumstances, not to be able to dissolve one's marriage."

"Under what circumstances, Tini?" asking Sylvia, still painting busily.

"When there is no sympathy between husband and wife, and one's heart is irresistibly attracted in another direction," said Valentine, dragging her words out in a tragical way.

Sylvia's paint-brush fell from her hand. She jumped up, sat down by Valentine, and said earnestly: "You have no right to have such thoughts, or at least to give way to them, and still less to talk about them."

"Command the heart to be still," said Valentine sentimentally.

"You can't, of course; but you can struggle. It is your duty."

"Love is more powerful than the most important duties."

"Yes, when it is lawful, and *this* sort of love helps you out with your duties as wife and mother."

"How very matter-of-fact, Sylvia!"

"So it may be. I don't care as long as you understand me."

"That doesn't matter a bit, Sylvia. The thing is for you to

understand me and my feelings, which are crushed to death in my wretched state of bondage, so that I can only wish to shake off a tie which makes three persons miserable."

"Valentine," said Sylvia sorrowfully, with Catholic instinct, "it would do you good to go to confession."

"Don't talk such nonsense. Why, what have I done?"

"Remember the Ninth and Tenth Commandments, Valentine. They don't speak of our actions, but of our thoughts and state of mind, which by themselves may be grievous sins."

"*May* be, but are not in my case."

"Yet you are thinking of leaving your husband," exclaimed Sylvia sharply.

"It is much better to part from him than to remain with him loving another. How old are you, Sylvia?"

"I shall be twenty-two on the 1st of May. But that is not to the point."

"But it is, for I can't understand how people can be so old without knowing anything about love."

Sylvia blushed. Valentine remarked it and went on: "Perhaps you may have had some little sentimental affair or other, but you haven't the least notion what an overwhelming passion is."

"I am sure I would do my very utmost to fight against an affection which was out of harmony with my circumstances."

"Circumstances!" echoed Valentine contemptuously.

"Our duties and our circumstances are very closely connected; so now, Tini, do think about yours, and then, perhaps, you will be quite willing to go to confession."

Valentine got up and said in a drawling tone: "This is very hard. You are the only person to whom I can speak, and you shut me up." She stood before the mirror, and, in spite of her hard fate, the glance which she cast into it was altogether satisfactory. A white cashmere morning-gown lined with red taffeta threw a soft light over her pale complexion, whilst her inseparable tresses of dark hair were allowed to flow loosely over her shoulders and justified her brother Edgar's nickname of weeping willow. As she stood looking at herself in the glass her thoughts took a more definite form, the substance thereof being "quite a tragical apparition." Sylvia noticed Valentine's self-complacency, and said, laughing: "You know best how to console yourself, Tini. You don't require *me* at all."

"You ungrateful creature!" sighed Valentine; and, kissing Sylvia, she left her, but only for that morning. The next day

she was back again with her sighs and groans and silliness, and passionate outbursts which brought many things she had better not have known before Sylvia. By degrees Sylvia became interested in Valentine's love-affairs. She did not approve, but she made excuses for her, and she grew careless about her music and other occupations in order to read with Valentine. They chose that particular kind of novel in which love is depicted as something quite irresistible, as a fate to which man falls a victim in spite of himself, or as a divinity which exercises supernatural power over the human will. And whereas fate and divinity are two things against which human reason and energy are entirely powerless, men fall without resistance, own themselves vanquished, and allege their very weakness as their excuse. These books made an extraordinary impression on Sylvia, although they had not previously attracted her. Her wholesome love for Aurel gave her an appreciation of genuine feeling, and kept her in a freshness and simplicity which were impervious to fiction on the stage or in books. But now, in her perturbed state of mind, deeply wounded as she was by Aurel's behavior and craving for something to distract her thoughts, she hailed books that kept her imagination actively employed. How often, coming home at night after a ball, did she fancy herself too weary to say her night prayers; yet she would read for hours till her eyelids dropped with sheer exhaustion. Sleep came, and with it a continuation of her day-dreams, so that they were still in her mind when she awoke. She grew more and more inclined to view the mental sickness of a culpable passion as something both happy and satisfying, and when spring came she listened to Valentine with far different ears to what she had done three months earlier. But Baron Grünerode at least had no romantic notions on the subject. Before his daughter had begun to think of her departure he said to her one day:

"You must go back to your husband this day week, and please to give him no further cause for displeasure."

"It is impossible. Have pity on me!" moaned Valentine.

"Silence!" he exclaimed sternly. "I won't hear a word. During your visit I have not spoken about your husband's complaints, for I purposely ignore them. You are married people and must get on together as best you can. Bear this in mind and behave sensibly, for you may be quite sure that your father and mother will not support you in your folly. So now sit down and write to tell your husband to expect you on the 24th."

Valentine, in a flood of tears, rushed off to Sylvia, saying, as

she threw herself into her arms: "Oh! what a cruel father. He won't be bothered with his daughter's misfortunes. He ignores her sorrows just to keep comfortable himself. He has no consolation or encouragement or advice to give me. He sends me back to my husband and gives me up to my fate. And then look at my mother, Sylvia. I don't know whether she even suspects what a wretched marriage mine is, but I *do* know that she is either my father's shadow or a mere nonentity which only counts for something as long as it keeps with him. O Sylvia! don't you leave me. Come home with me; then, at least, I shall have a friend at hand."

Sylvia was quite disposed to follow up a suggestion which offered her both change and novelty. They went together to Baroness Grünerode to tell her their plan and to beg her to get the baron's consent to it.

"I shall miss you very much, love, and I'm sure I don't know who will write my letters and notes for me," said the baroness; "but there is nothing we won't do for our children." And she was as good as her word, and spoke to her husband.

"My dear," he answered impatiently, "I am very loath to part with Sylvia, as she knows uncommonly well how to enliven me. Moreover, I doubt whether it is to her advantage to be thrust with Goldisch and Valentine. She may find out many things which will do her no good."

"O love! just think of poor Tini. She is twenty years younger than her husband, and has a craving for sympathy."

"My dear, between ourselves 'poor Tini' is a goose with her craving after sympathy. Let her sympathize with her husband, after her mother's example. On the other hand, she may possibly bestow her sympathy on Sylvia, and, as Sylvia has behaved with great common sense to Aurel and Phœbe, let her go."

"Poor Aurel!" said the baroness with a faint sigh. "I admired his patience with that capricious, obstinate Phœbe. Whether she did or said anything very silly or rude, he quietly remarked, to excuse her, 'She is American'—as if Americans, one and all, did not know how to behave."

"He was obliged to say something, my dear, so he said that. After all, I don't think he is to be pitied. Phœbe is a very pretty young woman and very fond of him, and they live in first-rate style."

"He didn't strike me as very happy."

"What are all these complaints about, my dear? First it was 'poor Tini,' and now it is 'poor Aurel.' We can't order them a

life as you can a cake at the confectioner's; they must take it as they find it. I am sure we do all we possibly can for them, and now we are going to give up Sylvia. They ought to be happy enough out of sheer gratitude to us."

"You are quite right, love; we are patterns of parents, and set our children an example of what marriage should be," said the baroness with conviction.

Sylvia went off with Valentine and became an eye-witness of the sad state of things for which Valentine's confidential communications had prepared her. Their departure just happened to fall in Holy Week. The confusion and bustle which it involved successfully banished all thoughts of Easter duties from both their minds. A little later, indeed, Sylvia remembered the precept of the church; but then the Easter-Communion time had gone by, and she determined to put off her *mea culpa* till the following year. As to Valentine, it never even entered her head. She had very little common sense naturally, and her education had not developed either strong belief or principles which rest upon a lively faith. She conceived no higher rule of conduct than that of acting upon her whims and fancies, and she did not ground a conduct so conceived upon the will of God, but upon her own inclination, depraved and vitiated by passion as it was. Thus blindly and heedlessly did she rush on her downward course.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MONASTIC DUBLIN.

In the days when England and Ireland, however otherwise opposed, owned one faith in common, before the benefactions of generations of pious Catholics were torn from those who had been chosen as the trustees of their bounty and distributers of their alms, there were within Dublin, or in immediate proximity to the walls of Dublin, some ten religious houses of much note.

Admittedly the most ancient of these was that known as the Abbey of the Virgin Mary, or St. Mary's Abbey, and certain traditions, of an uncorroborated kind indeed, assign its foundation to the piety of the Danes of Dublin immediately after their conversion to Christianity. That this was the oldest of the religious houses existing in Dublin at the period of the so-called Reformation is, however, unquestionable, as is also the fact that one Maurice, its second abbot, died on the 19th January, A.D. 998.* At first this abbey is said to have been in possession of the Cassinese or black Benedictine monks, but St. Malachy is believed to have, when acting as papal legate in Ireland, procured its transference to the Cistercians, a branch of the Benedictine Order for which he had a great affection. Henry II. of England seems to have taken upon himself the handing over of this abbey, with all its lands and appurtenances, to Ranulph, abbot of Bildewas, in Shropshire, enjoining obedience to such decree upon its monks and abbot. It appears, nevertheless, that a large amount of independence was preserved by the Irish house, for under date A.D. 1182 we read:

"Leonard was abbot. On the feast of All Saints this year Harvey de Monte Marisco, having granted to Robert, abbot of Bildewas, the monastery of Dunbrothy, in the diocese of Ferns, with all its lands and appurtenances, the said abbot sent thither Brother Alan, one of their convent, and a discreet lay person, to make proper inquiries concerning it. When they came to the place they found it to be a waste and desert, whereupon the abbot of Bildewas made a transfer of his grant to the abbot of St. Mary's, together with the rights of patronage and of visiting and reforming that abbey." †

* Archdall's *Monasticon Hibernicum*, ed. of 1873, edited by the Right Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, vol. i. p. 304.

† Archdall, vol. i. p. 306.

Sufficiently prudent and sagacious, if not too generous, seems to have been this abbot of Bildewas. In St. Mary's Abbey died Felix O'Ruanadhagh (O'Rooney), whilom Archbishop of Tuam, who had succeeded to the archiepiscopal see in 1201. He was, it appears, a member of the Cistercian Order. When years began to grow upon him he formed the design of returning to the peaceful walls wherein he had, perhaps, spent the days of happy noviceship. He seems to have resigned his archbishopric in 1234 and to have lived but three years longer in the olden abbey of Our Lady, for the annals record that—

"In 1238 Felix, Lord-Archbishop of Tuam, of pious memory, died, who caused the church and steeple of the house of Our Blessed Lady near Dublin to be covered with lead, and was honorably buried in the chancel of the same church, at the steps of the altar, on the left hand."

Thus much quotes the worthy Sir James Ware in his *Antiquities and History of Ireland*, and Archdall tells us that in the year 1718 "there was found, in digging in the ruins of this abbey, the corpse of a prelate in his pontificals, uncorrupted, and supposed to have been this archbishop; his coffin was again replaced."

It seems as if the claims of the abbots of Bildewas over St. Mary's were denied by some of the order elsewhere, and that an effort was made to prevent the church in Ireland from being degraded to a mere portion of the Norman government; for we find, under date of 1301, that—

"The contention which had so long subsisted between the abbots of Saviniac in France, and of Bildewas in England, respecting the right of filiation of this abbey, was, in a general chapter held this year, determined in favor of Bildewas by means of William de Ashburne, the monk and proctor of Bildewas, and afterwards abbot of St. Mary's."

What the extension of Norman or English sway over Irish religious houses and establishments meant has much light thrown upon it by the abominable statute enacted by the Parliament of the Pale in their session at Kilkenny in 1367, which runs as follows:

"Also, it is ordained and established that no religious house which is situated amongst the English (be it exempt or not) shall henceforth receive any Irishman to their profession, but may receive Englishmen without taking into consideration whether they be born in England or in Ireland; and that any that shall act otherwise, and thereof shall be attainted, their temporalities shall be seized into the hands of our lord the king, so to remain at his pleasure; and that no prelates of holy church shall receive any treoyft (*recte* tridoyft—*i.e.*, serf or villein) to any orders without the assent and testimony of his lord, given to him under seal."

Far different was the olden customary law of Ireland as explained and defined in the ancient Brehon law-tract, the *Corus Bresena*, and it may not be inapposite to quote the words of the native legal doctors:

"The enslaved shall be freed, and plebeians shall be exalted, by receiving church grades and by performing penitential service to God. For the Lord is accessible; he will not refuse any kind of person after belief, either among the noble or plebeian tribes; so, likewise, is the church open to every one who goes under her rule."

On the 27th of May, 1304, the abbey of St. Mary's was nearly entirely destroyed by fire. In 1311 William de Ashburne became abbot, and we have recorded in 1314 that—

"On the Saturday next before the feast of the Annunciation the Abbot Ashburne was admitted a freeman of the city of Dublin, at their assembly held in St. Mary's Chapel in Christ Church; Richard le Wells, mayor, and Richard St. Olave and Robert de Morenes, bailiffs."

More than one hundred years later—viz., in 1434—we read that—

"On the 4th May Nicholas Woder, the mayor of Dublin, accompanied with the citizens, and walking barefooted, visited the churches of the Holy Trinity (Christ Church) and St. Patrick, humbling themselves and doing acts of penance; they then proceeded to this abbey, craving pardon for their offences—for attempting to kill their mayor, for violently seizing the Earl of Ormond and committing manslaughter in the action, and for breaking the doors of the abbey, forcibly rushing in and laying violent hands on the abbot, whom they dragged, like a dead corpse, to the gate of the monastery."

The unfortunate abbot whom these representatives of the Norman colony treated thus vilely was one Stephen Lawless, who had been appointed in 1431, and who died on the 4th of August, 1438.

Throughout the reigns of the Norman kings St. Mary's Abbey witnessed many at least equally determined attempts to coerce and degrade its rulers, and many a harsh interference with its olden rights and liberties; for Norman and Plantagenet monarchs scrupled not to create customs and precedents of their own, provided custom or precedent might be quoted against the law.*

* It throws much light upon the almost, if not quite, sacrilegious Statute of Kilkenny to read the words of St. Thomas à Becket describing to the Sovereign Pontiff the actions of Henry II.: "Be pleased to read over the bill of those reprobate usages which he claims against the church, and on account of which I am banished; and your Holiness will see clearly that before I made

Another of the great religious establishments of ancient Dublin was the priory of the Holy Trinity, or Christ Church. The real origin or foundation of this great institution is lost in obscurity. Contradictory statements or traditions ascribe it to the piety of a converted Danish prince and to that of "divers Irishmen," to whom, indeed, the most accurate historians assent to the honor being given. But there is little certainly known except that for many a long year before the feet of English invaders desecrated Irish soil the bells of the cathedral dedicated to the Holy Trinity called a faithful people to prayer and praise, and earnest priests preached and taught within its consecrated walls. In 1163 the sainted Archbishop of Dublin, Laurence O'Tuathal (O'Toole), according to Archdall, had the clerics in possession of this priory "made canons regular of the order of Arras, a branch of the Augustinians." It was in this church that Richard, Earl Strongbow, was interred, after bequeathing "the lands of Kinsali to find lights" for it, and whose death, in their own quaint style, the Four Masters thus record in their *Annals:*

"The English earl died in Dublin of an ulcer which had broken out in his foot, through the miracles of SS. Bridget and Columcille, and all the other saints whose churches had been destroyed by him. He saw, as he thought, St. Bridget in the act of killing him"

—this when no doubt St. Bridget's best prayers were being prayed for the poor sinner whose doughty arm and proof armor alike were weak defences against that shaft whose keen point had stretched him on his pallet in Dublin Castle.

In this church, with other great relics, was preserved the miraculous crosier of St. Patrick, the staff of Jesus—that staff possession of which, according to St. Bernard, in popular estimation at least, almost carried right to the archiepiscopal see of Armagh. Dr. Lanigan supposes this staff to have been carried to Dublin in 1184, when Philip de Worcester with his Normans passed the gates of Armagh, and, as was the wont of the conquerors, "robbed Peter to pay Paul" by carrying off much treasure of various kinds to Dublin. Archdall tells us that—

"The history of this celebrated staff, as delivered by Joceline, is briefly

any stand he had by these same usages stopped the mouths of all who would appeal to your court; prohibited all ecclesiastical persons from crossing the sea till an oath had been exacted from them; suffocated the rights of elections; drawn all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil, before his own courts, and run his dagger into every liberty of the church." In Ireland, however, many things could be done even worse than those Henry worked in England, and assuredly no Becket was bidden to the Parliament of Kilkenny; while Henry's successors were but seldom better than himself.

this: St. Patrick, moved by divine instinct or angelic revelation, visited one Justus, an ascetic who inhabited an island in the Tyrrhene Sea, a man of exemplary virtue and most holy life. After mutual salutations and discourse he presented the Irish apostle with a staff which he averred he had received from the hands of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ himself. In this island were some men in the bloom of youth and others who appeared aged and decrepit. St. Patrick, conversing with them, found that those aged persons were sons of those seemingly young. Astonished at this miraculous appearance, he was told 'that from their infancy they had served God; that they were constantly employed in works of charity, and their doors ever open to the traveller and distressed; that one night a stranger, with a staff in his hand, came to them, whom they accommodated to the best of their power; that in the morning he blessed them, and said, "I am Jesus Christ, whom you have always faithfully served, but last night you received me in my proper person"; he then gave his staff to their spiritual father, with directions to deliver it to a stranger named Patrick who would shortly visit them; on saying this he ascended into heaven, and left us in that state of juvenility in which you behold us, and our sons, then young, are the old, decrepit persons you now see.' Joceline goes on to relate that with this staff our apostle collected every venomous creature in the island to the top of the mountain of Cruagh Phadruigh, in the county of Mayo, and from thence precipitated them into the sea."

Be this account of the crosier of St. Patrick correct or not, there is at all events an overwhelming weight of tradition to prove that it was the identical one borne by the apostle, that it was that wherewith he worked some of his most wondrous miracles; and even if, like us, one is almost content to believe that the Sovereign Pontiff blessed and gave it to him, and that it contained some portion of the true and holy cross, we are not less inclined to style it, as the olden chronicles do, "the staff of Jesus."

When Henry VIII. developed his designs upon the property of the church, and embraced those convenient and schismatical doctrines which commended themselves so well to him, his chief object was to place in possession of church property and temporalities creatures and followers of his own, men of debased and lax morals, who, like Cromwell and Cranmer, were well content to act the part of Judas, if so be a bribe were offered them. Therefore it was that within less than twelve months after the murder of Archbishop Allen by the followers of "Silken Thomas" Fitzgerald there was despatched to Dublin as archbishop, consecrated with such consecration as the hands of Cranmer could bestow, one George Browne. Browne had that apparently indispensable adjunct of a *reformed* bishop, a wife, and until the reign of Queen Mary, when he was removed

from the place he desecrated, he enjoyed possession of so much of the revenues of the see as the king left him. This Browne seems to have taken a special pleasure in plundering Christ Church, and to have rioted in the destruction of the sacred relics preserved therein. The Four Masters tell us:

A.D. 1558—"And the staff of Jesus, which was in Dublin, and which wrought many wonders and miracles in Ireland since the time of Patrick down to that time, and which was in the hand of Christ himself, was burned by the Saxons in like manner. And not only that, but there was not a holy cross, nor an image of Mary, nor other celebrated image in Ireland, *over which their power had reached,* that they did not burn."

"Over which their power had reached!" Just so. The foul heresy was none of Ireland's. Saxon invasion alone made the polluting footsteps of heresy possible on Irish soil.

It was in this cathedral church of the Holy Trinity, this very Christ Church, at the meeting of the packed Parliament of the Pale, that Browne dared to broach the doctrine of the king's supremacy in these words:

"My Lords and Gentry of this His Majesties Realm of Ireland: Behold your obedience to your King is the observing of your God and Saviour Christ, for He, that High Priest of our Souls, paid Tribute to Cesar (though no Christian); greater Honour then surely is due to your Prince His Highness the King, and a Christian one. Rome and her Bishops in the Father's days acknowledged Emperors, Kings and Princes to be Supream over their Dominions, nay, Christs own Vicars. And it is much to the Bishops of Romes shame to deny what their precedent Bishops owned; therefore His Highness claims but what he can justifie: The Bishop Elutherius gave to St. Lucius the first Christian King of the Britains; so that I shall without scrupling vote His Highness King Henry my Supream over Ecclesiastick matters as well as Temporal, and Head thereof, even of both Isles, England and Ireland, and that without Guilt of Conscience or Sin to God; and he who will not pass this Act, as I do, is no true Subject to His Highness."

Thus does Ware report Browne, and thus, no doubt, he spoke. At any rate, packed and terrorized, this Anglo-Irish Parliament voted "His Majestie" Head of the Church and King of Ireland; for up to this time never had monarch of England claimed this title. Therefore, passing strange as it may appear to some readers, the statutable right of the rulers of England to the title of temporal governors of Ireland is just as much, and no more, as theirs to be the same in things spiritual. Ireland has never quite owned to one any more than to the other, and we must be allowed to doubt that it ever will.

Some time afterwards Browne wrote Cromwell that—

"The Romish Reliques and Images of both my Cathedrals in Dublin, of the Holy Trinity and St. Patricks, took off the common people from the true Worship. . . . The Prior and Dean have written to Rome to be encouraged; and if it be not hindered before they have a Mandate from the Bishop of Rome, the people will be bold, and then tugg long before His Highness can submit them to His Graces Orders."

Amongst the other religious houses mentioned by Ware and Archdall was the nunnery of St. Mary de Hoggis, or Hogges, a name derived by the antiquarian Lhuyd from the Irish word *oigh*, signifying virgin, and by Bishop Moran from the Teutonic designation for a small hill, the convent having stood in the vicinity of the present College Green, which at one time, having been a place of pagan interment, was probably the situation of numerous tumuli, or burial mounds. This nunnery belonged to an order following the rule of St. Augustine, and, existing long anterior to the coming of the English, was only finally suppressed in the reign of Edward VI. The Knights Templars, according to Archdall, had a house, styled St. Sepulchre's, at a place called Casgot, on the southern side of the city. The great priory of All-Hallowes, or All-Saints, stood in Hoggen, or Hoges, Green, as well as the convent of St. Mary, and is said to have been founded by Diarmid, son of Murchadh (Dermot MacMurrough), King of Leinster, the munificent and pious prince who endowed the latter. The property of this priory was, on its suppression, granted to the city of Dublin, the corporation of which surrendered it, through the influence of Henry Usher, for the foundation of Trinity College in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The abbey of St. Thomas, in Thomas Court, was another ecclesiastical institution of great importance, and was founded in Norman days by the lord-deputy, William FitzAdelm de Burgo, a kinsman of King Henry II. The priory of St. John the Baptist stood in St. Thomas Street, nearly on the very spot where now, at the corner of St. John Street, stands the magnificent new church and handsome convent of the Augustinian friars. To this religious house, which also was founded in Norman days, was attached an extensive hospital, where were maintained, in the reign of Edward III., "one hundred and fifty-five sick and poor persons, besides chaplains and converts." Archdall says:

"In this hospital were both friars and nuns; the vestments for the friars of Thomas Court, for the Franciscans in Francis Street, and for the University of St. Patrick were wrought here; for their labor they had the tenth of the wool or flax which they spun assigned them when the work

was finished. The different orders for whom they wrought did visit this house on St. John's day, when they presented their offerings before the image of the saint which stood in the great hall; and on the saint's eve the mayor and Commons were also wont to visit them, on which a great bonfire was made before the hospital, and many others throughout the city."

When the time of "Reformation" came, as a matter of course the image, the hospital, the priory and all its possessions were "reformed" out of existence; though as to what became of the sick, the poor, and the old tended within its holy walls no thought was given.

The Dominican friary, St. Saviour's, stood on the north side of the city, as does in these days the beautiful Gothic church of the same order. In olden as in modern times the eloquent Preaching Friars were dearly beloved by the people of Dublin, and we read that in 1308—

"John le Decer was this year mayor of Dublin; he was remarkably liberal to this monastery: he erected a large stone pillar in the church, and laid the great stone upon the high altar, with all its ornaments. On the sixth day in every week he entertained the brethren of this house at his own table, and in a time of general scarcity imported from France three ships laden with corn, one of which he presented to the lord-justice and militia, another to the Dominican and Augustinian seminaries, and the third he reserved for the more liberal exercise of his own hospitality and bounty. These beneficent actions moved the Dominicans to insert a particular prayer in their litany for the prosperity of the city of Dublin."

This John le Decer was buried during the course of the year 1332 in the church attached to the convent of St. Francis. St. Francis', which also was established after the invasion, existed until the time of Henry VIII., when, like the other Dublin religious houses, the iconoclasm of the period, in its destroying zeal for "reformation," came to its doors with such warrant as it could show. In the library of Benet College, Cambridge, is preserved the manuscript journal of a pilgrimage made by two friars of this order and house to the Holy Places in 1322. They are styled Simon Fitzsimon and Hugh the Illuminator. Hugh died at Cairo.

MONTE VERGINE.

MONTE VERGINE is one of the highest peaks of the Apennine range, that forms the eastern boundary of ancient Campania Felix, and stands about half-way between Nola and Benevento. On the top is a large Benedictine abbey famous for its chapel of the Madonna, one of the most popular places of pilgrimage in the kingdom of Naples. This monastery is out of the highway of travel, and therefore seldom visited by the mere tourist, though the country around is remarkable for the grandeur and romantic character of its scenery, and the mountain itself has its classical as well as religious associations. It was known even in the time of the Romans as Mount Parthenius, or the Virgin Mount, and was likewise called Mons Sacra on account of its consecration to Cybele, mother of the gods, who had a vast temple on the summit, where she was honored with mysterious rites amid the dense shade of its oaks, and the fir specially sacred to her, and the pine which recalled her beloved Atys, and where all the surrounding country sent tributary and votive offerings as to a protecting divinity. Virgil himself, struck by the prophecies of the Sibyls concerning the advent of our Saviour, is said to have come here to consult the oracle of Cybele as to their truth. An old mediæval chronicle preserved in the archives of the monastery, written on parchment in Lombard characters, by John of Monte Vergine, says that Virgil lived on the mountain a long time. At all events his memory became so associated with it that in time it took his glorious name, and for centuries was known as Mons Virgilianus. The priests of Cybele refusing to enlighten him as to his researches, or being unable to do so, the legend goes on to say that he had direct recourse to the goddess herself, invoking her by means of plants of magic power he had brought from the East and planted in a garden contiguous to his dwelling —plants doubtless culled full-bloom by night with a brazen sickle while still wet with dew distilled from the moon, as Virgil himself tells us was the custom. Here, doubtless, grew the box of which to make the pipes used in the service of Cybele, Lethæan poppies that could appease the very Manes of the dead, herb-marjoram which Virgil tells us was baneful to serpents, and the magic vervain,

> "The sovereignest thing on earth
> To heal an inward bruise."

The knowledge of magic plants and medicinal herbs some say Virgil derived from Chiron, the teacher of Æneas, whose *Book of Might* he found under the centaur's head where he lay entombed in a grotto on Monte Barbaro in Sicily. An old German poem, however, says that, hearing of a Babylonian prince famous for his knowledge of astrology and the hidden arts, who foresaw the coming of Christ long before it took place, Virgil set sail for the magnetic mountain where he lived and got possession of his magic scrolls. By some such means the garden he cultivated on Monte Partenio, to propitiate the Bona Dea, he placed under enchantment by way of protecting it, and its magic character seems to have continued almost to modern times. Alexander Neckham, foster-brother of Richard the Lion-Hearted, says it was surrounded by an impenetrable wall of air. After the Benedictines took possession of the mountain the monks are said to have sometimes come upon it by chance in their rambles, though they could never discover by what path they entered or how they got out, nor did they succeed in carrying away any of the plants still growing therein. One monk is spoken of who got within the enclosure and found himself, as it were, in a labyrinth from which there was no issue. Such stories were current as early as the twelfth century. Perhaps they were a way of expressing the metaphysical mazes in which some of the monks became involved by excessive study of the ancient authors. More than one in those times, we know, sought truth under the fabulous creations of classical writers, like Abbot Theodolphus, who says:

"Plurima sub falso tegmine vera latent."

Bartolommeo Caracciolo, in his *Cronica di Partenope* (1382), says Virgil's enchanted garden could be easily found by those who sought it for medicinal purposes, but concealed itself from those who wished to pillage or destroy. At all events the herbs once cultivated for mysterious rites in the temple of Cybele were still potent, it appears, through the medical learning and skill of the monks, and were regarded by the peasants they healed as still of magic virtue. All that savored of superior knowledge was in those days ascribed by the unlettered to some occult art. This caused Horace to be spoken of as a wizard around Palestrina, and Boccaccio to be called a magician by the peasantry of Cerbaldo. So the ideal Virgil of the middle ages was a necromancer, for he was regarded as the embodiment of all knowledge,

even by Dante himself, who, addressing his guide and master, says:

"O tu ch'onori ogni scienza ed arti," *

though had he looked upon him as a magician he would have consigned him to the fourth Bolgia of the Inferno with the sorceress Manto, the mythic foundress of Virgil's own city.

In an old life of San Guglielmo, written by Giovanni Nusco in 1168, this mountain is still called by the name of Virgil, and Pope Celestin III., in a bull of 1197, calls the abbey already established here the *Monasterium Sacro-Sanctæ Virginis de Monte Virgilii*, but the mountain had long before begun to acquire the more Christian appellation by which it is now known. It was St. Vitalianus, Bishop of Capua, who first dedicated the temple of Cybele to the holy Mother of God, from which time a higher worship entirely superseded the dark rites of the heathen goddess.

"Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui."

Here took refuge from persecution several of the early apostles of the surrounding country—St. Modestinus and his two companions, Florentinus and Flavianus; likewise St. Felix, Bishop of Nola, and another Felix, as well as Maximus, of the same place, who were afterwards martyred for the faith. And here died in the Lord St. Vitalianus himself, who had consecrated the mount to Mary Most Pure.

But Monte Vergine received a new consecration, as it were, when San Guglielmo da Vercelli came here in 1119 and established himself in a hermitage. St. William was a nobleman, who at an early age left home to enter upon a penitential life. He visited the tomb of the Holy Apostles at Rome, went on a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, and was on the point of going to the Holy Sepulchre when he was stripped, among the mountains of Calabria, of all he possessed, and, taking refuge with St. John of Matera, he conceived such a love for the solitary life that he resolved, in obedience to an *apparizione del Redentore*, to take up his abode on Monte Vergine. He ascended the mountain with bare feet, pale with fasting and clad in coarse raiment. White doves flew before him, leading the way, as it were, but, when they came to a spring of pure water that gushed out beneath the snow, disappeared. Here St. William built a small

* O thou who every art and science valuest.

eremo, or hermitage, for himself and a few disciples who joined him, and the fountain became known as the *aqua columbarum.* They also constructed a *chiesetta*, or small church, out of the ruins of the temple of Cybele, which was consecrated by John, Bishop of Avellino. St. William, by divine ordinance, forbade the use of meat, eggs, and milk on the sacred mount, at least within a certain radius around the hermitage. Only fish and vegetables were allowed, and these in limited quantities—a severe regimen kept up to this day. And his followers were obliged to fast on bread and water from All-Saints to Christmas, and from Septuagesima till Easter.

St. William became famous for his miracles, but still more so for his liberality to the poor, which seemed excessive to some of his brethren, who counselled him to take thought of the morrow and reserve a part of the offerings they received for future contingencies. St. William, not wishing to be a rock of offence, appointed the Beato Alberto, one of his first companions, to rule over them, and betook himself to a new solitude. Alberto, however, carried out the wishes of the holy founder, and so increased the fame of the sacred mount that the *piccolo eremo* grew into a spacious monastery, and the *chiesetta* into a large church, which was solemnly consecrated November 11, 1182, by the archbishops of Benevento and Salerno, attended by thirteen bishops and six abbots. The abbey was, almost from the first, exempted from the jurisdiction of the local ordinary. John, Bishop of Avellino, with the consent of his clergy, renounced all rights over it. This was approved by the Holy See, particularly by Pope Lucius III., who, struck by the sanctity of the monks when he visited the holy mount, exclaimed: "*Iudico hos homines angelorum potius quam hominum vitam agere.*" Gravina in similar terms says: "These men emulate the angels in their lives, living in the flesh without flesh, frequent in fasts, sedulous in prayer, and obedient to their chief." Their sanctity, in fact, was proverbial. Urban IV., by a bull of 1264, declared the abbey immediately subject to the Holy See, and conferred on the abbot the rights and privileges of a bishop. The immortal Sixtus V., who received hospitality here when a mere friar, showed special interest in the house and maintained its rights.

St. William seems to have acquired the special confidence of Roger, King of Sicily, over whom he exercised great influence, and more than once mediated between him and the powerful Count of Avellino. King Roger called the saint to his court at Palermo and endowed several houses of his institute—one for

women at Guleto called San Salvadore, where his daughter, the Princess Catherine, took the veil. Through St. William's influence the king also extended his protection to the abbey of Monte Vergine and its vassals. In those days the power of the barons often weighed heavily on the people, and many sought refuge under the paternal rule of the monks. The abbot of Monte Vergine assigned two houses and a garden to such fugitives under the very shadow of the mountain. This place of shelter grew into a village and still bears the name of Ospedaletto, or Little Hospice, the people of which continue to regard with reverence the monastery that showed so much humanity to their forefathers. The abbey itself became an inviolate asylum.

Documents from King Roger conferring benefits on the abbey of Monte Vergine are still preserved, bearing his seal with the legend: *Benedictvs Devs et Pater Domini Nostri Iesv Christi*—Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

St. William revisited the holy mount before his death and spent some time here; then went to die at Guleto (1142). He left no written rule, but Roberto, the third abbot, by the wish of Pope Alexander III., who canonized St. William, placed the monastery under the rule of St. Benedict. The monks, however, retained the white habit given them by their founder in honor of the *Vergine Immacolata*, and the rule of abstinence from all animal food.

Pontiffs and kings seemed to vie with each other in benefactions to the abbey. The Emperor Henry VI. gave it the castle and territory of Mercogliano. Frederick II., though he declared void in general all donations not made with the imperial sanction, formally excepted those to Monte Vergine, and ordered that the vassals of the abbey should be free from imposts. Alfonso I. of Aragon made the abbot sole judge over his vassals in civil and criminal cases. King Roger II. gave the abbey the fief of Mezzioiuso in Sicily, and of Cillano in Barletta. William II., surnamed the Good, gave those of Sambuco and Querci in Naples. King Robert the Wise, the friend of Petrarch, gave three fiefs. Queen Joanna and Louis of Anjou gave nine. Charles of Anjou assured to the abbey the possession of the whole mountain, as well as the villages at the foot that had grown up, or increased in size under the protection of the monks. And infinite was the number of gifts from other princes and nobles. A curious privilege, called *il dritto di prelazione*, was conferred on the abbot by Charles Martel, King of Hungary, with the consent of his father, Charles II. of Naples, to the effect that no kind of salt

fish should be exposed for sale at the great fair of Salerno without tithes thereof being sent to the abbey of Monte Vergine. This *dritto*, or right, lasted till the abolition of monastic institutions in the kingdom.

Besides castles, lands, and villages, the abbot of Monte Vergine had more than two hundred religious houses under his control, including those of the two Sicilies, besides convents of nuns filled with ladies of illustrious birth.

The abbey was likewise richly endowed with the more precious treasures of countless relics, including several bodies of saints and other holy objects that rendered Monte Vergine one of the most sacred spots in the Christian world. Many of these were first brought here for safety in calamitous times, chief among which was the venerated body of the glorious St. Januarius, patron of Naples, which was brought here from Benevento in 1156, and remained till 1497, when, at the petition of King Ferdinand I. as well as the people of Naples, the pope authorized the transportation of these sacred remains to that city, then suffering from the plague. This translation was made with solemn pomp, January 13, 1497, by Archbishop Alessandro Carafa amid demonstrations of great joy on the part of the populace. Only a portion of the skull was preserved at the abbey.

But the great glory of Monte Vergine is the miraculous Madonna brought from the East by Baldwin II., the last Latin Emperor of Constantinople, when obliged to flee from his capital in 1261. His grandniece Catherine de Valois, titular Empress of Constantinople, was his heiress. She came to the sacred mount in 1310, bringing with her the sacred inheritance of the Madonna, which she placed in the church, where for nearly six hundred years it has been held in great veneration.

The first blow to the prosperity of the abbey of Monte Vergine was the appointment of abbots *in commendam* in the fifteenth century—a practice strongly censured by the fifth Council of the Lateran. The consequences were so disastrous that in 1601 only eighteen houses remained subject to the abbey, which was soon left with the bare titles to ancient fiefs and hardly any means. But one pope after another asserted its rights till its yoke was thrown off, and the house had begun to prosper again when in 1807 came the suppression of the monastic orders. Twenty-five monks, however, were allowed to remain as custodians of the abbey and of the archives of the abbot's palace of Loreto, but they were obliged to lay aside their white habit.

After the restoration of Ferdinand I. to the throne of Naples

an appropriation was made for the maintenance of the abbey, and the monks were allowed to put on again their white garments. Pope Pius VII. restored its spiritual rights and privileges, appointed Cardinal Pacca its protector, and in reorganizing the dioceses of the kingdom in 1818 left that of Monte Vergine intact, saying it ought to remain for ever unchanged with its little see of seven villages spiritually subject to the abbot.

Within the last few years the congregation of Monte Vergine has been affiliated to the Cassinese Benedictines, but the monks retain certain customs peculiar to themselves.

When the monastery founded by St. William at Guleto was suppressed the monks of Monte Vergine, by dint of persistent efforts, were at length permitted to take possession of his sacred remains, which were brought here to the great joy of the whole region.

In spite of the vicissitudes of the abbey the concourse of pilgrims to the sanctuary of the Madonna has always been extraordinary, especially at Whitsuntide and Our Lady's Nativity, coming from Naples in immense numbers and from all parts of southern Italy. Sometimes they arrive at Mercogliano at night and ascend the sacred mount in the purple darkness or by the light of torches, which, as they ascend, may be seen like a galaxy of stars gleaming along the edge of precipices, amid the oaks and chestnuts, forming a grand and imposing spectacle. And all day long they are ascending and descending in continuous streams with picturesque effect, affording admirable studies of costumes, physiognomy, and manners. They generally go up on foot, sometimes even barefoot, carrying tapers and offerings to the sanctuary, and bringing back colored pictures of the Virgin, boughs of "the Madonna's tree," rosaries of hazel-nuts, etc. At the abbey they are welcomed with the ringing of bells, and they enter the massive *portone* with child-like joy. It is then the season of flowers, and the whole country is clothed with inconceivable beauty quite in harmony with the cheerful piety of the pilgrims. The mountain is resonant with their songs and loud greetings, and gay with the brilliant colors they love to wear.

Our pilgrimage to Monte Vergine was in mid-winter, when the sanctuary is almost deserted. The country, too, has lost part of its beauty, but the wildness of the mountain is increased, the awfulness of its precipices, and the tender gloom of the deep, luxuriant valleys. We started from Naples and left the railway at Avellino, noted for its hazel-nuts, called in ancient times *nuces Avellanæ*, and then took a private carriage to Mercogliano (*Mer-*

curii ara), a rude, straggling village with red-tiled houses, at the very foot of the mountain, and under the spiritual jurisdiction of the abbey. A mile or so from this village is the abbot's palace of Loreto, in a sunny plain, built on the site of an ancient temple of Apollo. It is a large octagonal building, with an interior cloister bright with flowers and the southern sun. Here the greater part of the monks of Monte Vergine now reside in winter—at least the aged and infirm, the temperature being milder and the regimen less severe. At the gates several hundred poor people are daily fed, and medical advice and remedies freely given to all who apply for them. We were received with the politeness and hospitality that characterize the Benedictines everywhere. They gave us refreshments and showed us the house and garden. In the archives are preserved twenty-four thousand documents relating to the history of the abbey—cartularies, deeds, diplomas, and privileges both spiritual and temporal—among them three hundred papal bulls and two hundred historical manuscripts of mediæval times. These have been bound in volumes to prevent their loss.

The monks gave us directions as to ascending the mountain, advising us, however, not to attempt it that day, as it was already late in the afternoon and ominous clouds hung about the summit. But our time was limited, and, returning to Mercogliano, we took horses and a guide, and set off up the steep, zigzag path hewn out of the rock. The whole village seemed to take an interest in our departure, and a fine cavalcade we formed, following our guide, one by one, up the rough, arduous way like that which Dante describes:

"*Che sarebbe alle capre duro varco.*"*

Ferdinand II. allowed alms to be collected throughout the kingdom of Naples to construct this road from Mercogliano to the abbey, and contributed to it himself. The task was completed in 1856, after five years' labor. In ancient times the path must have been only fit indeed for goats to climb.

The view grew more and more admirable in proportion to our ascent. After a certain height we could look down into the beautiful valley, the rich winter browns and ambers of which were lit up by the declining sun. There lay the realm that so long has owned Mary's golden reign, with its wide stretches of

* Rugged and steep, a path
Not easy for the clambering goat to mount.

purple and gold, surrounded by hills crowned with castles and churches amid which peeped numerous villages from vines, and olives, and orange groves. Around circled the lofty Apennines. In the course of an hour the wind began to rise and long, trailing clouds swiftly descended, through the rifts of which we could still see the sun-lit valley; but we were soon enveloped in mists that before long deepened into rain, completely hiding the landscape. The cold began to increase and the darkness to gather. Our way lay along a frightful precipice that seemed more dangerous as the rocks grew slippery, and the horses could no longer make sure their footing. They began to stumble, and we to sway under the force of the increasing blasts. It was a relief when the horses at last refused to go on and we were obliged to dismount. We then set off courageously on foot through the blinding snow that recalled the winter storms of New Hampshire. It was pitch-dark when, chilled to the very marrow and exhausted from wading upward through the drifts, we arrived at the portal of the monastery. The two French abbés in our party joyfully struck up the *Magnificat*, the effect of which, on this wild mountain summit, amid the darkness, and pelting storm, and howling wind, as we stood waiting at the Virgin's gate for the monks to answer our summons, was very grand indeed.

A lay brother at length appeared, who led us across a court filled with snow, through dark, chilly corridors, into a large room where a huge brasier of live coals was at once brought, which we were glad to gather closely around. Several monks hastened to welcome us, and in due time came smoking dishes of their Lenten fare—*magro stretto* indeed. That night stands out in my memory as the coldest I ever experienced. An immense chamber was assigned me which for chilliness never had a parallel, unless in the famous ice-palace of Russia. The bed was a frozen lake, and the coverings were certainly taken from a glacier. I heard some of our party in the next room executing a kind of war-dance (the Madonna and St. William forgive them! for it was with no irreverent spirit, I am sure) to get up some warmth before venturing on the awful plunge. I pitied the poor monks who had to encounter a whole winter like this in such a profound solitude, but afterwards learned that they go down to the *palazzo* from time to time to be replaced.

The next morning was bright and clear, and we were in the church at an early hour. It is a large edifice in proportion to the immense number of pilgrims in the season. It is only in the Catholic Church we find such vast temples on wild, solitary

mountains where peak indeed calls to peak, and ice, snow, and hail, and hoar-frost, and all the elements join in the Benedicite of the Three Holy Children, as well as all green things that grow in the valleys beneath.

At the right side as you enter the church is the chapel of Our Lady of Monte Vergine, paved and lined with marbles, built by Philip of Anjou. Over the altar hangs the celebrated Madonna given by his wife, the Empress Catherine. Only the head of this Madonna was brought to Italy by Baldwin II., it being of course impossible to transport a large painting on wood when fleeing from his capital. Catherine de Valois had the rest of the Madonna's figure and the Infant Jesus painted by Montano of Arezzo, a celebrated painter of the time, whom King Robert knighted. The head is painted on cedar, and the remainder on another kind of wood, so, while the Madonna's face remains fresh, the colors of the rest are greatly sunken.

The Virgin, slender and graceful, is seated on an inlaid throne, with her right hand calling attention to the Child on her knee, who is too small in proportion to her large figure. He is clothed in a red tunic mixed with gold. Two angels swing censers around the Madonna's head, and six support her throne. Three golden crowns are fastened to her head after the Italian fashion, one of which was given by the chapter of the Vatican in 1712, and she wears a profusion of necklaces, the gifts of her votaries.

In this chapel are the tombs of Catherine de Valois and her children, Mary and Louis, with their effigies lying on them. Prayers are still said for them in this chapel by the monks, after more than five hundred years. There is a votive picture on the wall of Marguerite, wife of Louis III. of Anjou, who, on the point of being shipwrecked, invokes the Madonna and is saved.

In another part of the church is the chapel built by King Manfred, son of Frederick II., for his burial-place; he, as well as his father, holding Monte Vergine in special favor. And here is an ancient sarcophagus, popularly called Manfred's tomb, of veined white marble with great lions' heads carved on one side, and two winged heads of Medusa on the other. When Manfred was slain in battle with Charles of Anjou he was first buried near the bridge at Benevento, and every soldier of the victorious army threw a stone upon his grave, forming a great mound. Dante makes Manfred relate this in the *Purgatorio:*

> "Yet at the bridge's headway my bones had lain
> Near Benevento, by the heavy mole
> Protected."

But as he died excommunicated, he was afterwards removed from the lands of the church and borne with unlighted torches to the banks of the river Verde, on the borders of Campania, where "the rain beat on his grave, and the winds swept pitilessly over it." It is pleasant to think that the monks of Monte Vergine, according to their traditions, secretly carried off the body of their benefactor by night and buried him in his own chapel, charitably hoping with Dante that

> "By the curse he was not so destroyed
> But that eternal love might turn,"

and his punishment be

> "By prayers of good men shorter made."

In this chapel is an immense crucifix carved out of wood, with a colossal Christ nailed to it, pale, bleeding, and terrible—a work of the thirteenth century, if no older—and against the wall are the marble effigies of two knights in their coats of mail.

In another chapel is the rich marble tomb of Caterina della Lionessa, of the old Provençal family of Lagonesse, which followed the Anjou princes into Italy. She lies curiously coifed, her hands joined, on her cold bed, which is supported by six colonnettes. There are other interesting tombs of dames and knights, among them those of Count Bertrade de Lautrec and his son. And every one devoutly visits that of Fra Giulio di Nardo, a holy monk well skilled in music, who, though of noble birth, refused the priestly office and served as a lay brother in this house. He wished, out of humility, to be buried under the pavement of the Madonna's chapel,

> "That every foot might fall with heavier tread
> Trampling upon his vileness."

His body was found incorrupt two centuries after his death, and placed in an urn.

The beautiful *ciborio* of Parian marble, inlaid with mosaic and supported by columns resting on lions, was given by Charles Martel—the Charles whom Dante finds circling in the third heavens, his saintly light turned to the sun that feeds it,

> "As to the good, whose plenitude of bliss
> Sufficeth all."

The chapel of relics is curious, reminding one of a columbarium with its niches for different saints.

We looked with interest at a column of porta-santa marble from the old temple of Cybele. And in one gallery of the cloister are curious *simulacra* and votive offerings, and fragments of sculpture, from the same source, forming quite a museum. Among them is part of a rich sarcophagus on which is carved the battle of the Amazons.

At the entrance of the *foresteria*, or guest-house, is an inscription stating that only Lenten fare is permitted in the monastery, according to the injunction of St. William. The prohibition as to meat extends half a mile around; but without the bounds, lower down the mount, is a small building where it is permitted. The violation of this rule is said to have often been followed by condign punishment. It was once popularly believed that forbidden food brought within the sacred enclosure became at once corrupt and unfit to eat. And when the hospice was burned down in 1611, causing the death of four hundred pilgrims, it was attributed to the impiety of some who brought meat with them, as no fire had been lighted on the premises.

The abbey stands on a shelf of the mountain near the summit, and is somewhat imposing from its very size. From the terrace is a magnificent view extending on one side over fertile Campania, and on the other to the plain of Benevento, where Manfred fell, and the famous defile of Caudi, or Caudium, at the foot of Mount Taburno, where the Roman army was obliged to surrender to the Samnites and pass under the yoke at a place still called Giogo (or Yoke) di Santa Maria. From the highest point of the mountain you can see five provinces, and the view extends from the towers of Gaëta to the Bay of Salerno, embracing Naples and its enchanting waters, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Capri, Procida, and Ischia—perhaps the fairest lands on earth.

We could not look without some emotion at the spot nearer at hand where stood the ancient temple before whose altar Virgil once expectant waited, thirsting for the true Divinity. Afar off could be seen the cliffs that conceal his tomb and the Sibyl's cave; but here, on the mount overlooking them, is enthroned Mary uplifting the divine Child whom they foretold, and before whom the oracle of Cybele is for ever dumb.

CARDINAL WOLSEY AND HIS TIMES.

There is still preserved at the Vatican a letter from Henry VIII. seeking the long-desired honor of the cardinalate for his favorite minister. In this missive to the Roman Pontiff the English sovereign begs His Holiness to pay the same attention to whatever Wolsey says as if it proceeded from his own lips; he expresses his "extreme anxiety and fervent desire for the day when he shall see Thomas Wolsey advanced to the rank of Cardinal of York—a dignity he fully deserves for his genius, learning, and many admirable qualities." The courtly Leo hesitated to offend either the Emperor Maximilian or the French monarch, who required similar honors for their own favorites. At length the pope wrote to Henry, saying that he could no longer refuse the request of so faithful a son of the church as the King of England was then universally acknowledged to be. When King Henry received intelligence of Wolsey's promotion to be a prince of the church he was delighted, and, writing to the pope, he declared: "Nothing in all my life has given me greater pleasure than the brief announcing Thomas Wolsey's elevation to the College of Cardinals. I shall ever regard the distinction your Holiness has conferred upon my most worthy subject as a favor conferred upon myself."

The installation of Wolsey as a cardinal took place at Westminster Abbey with all the magnificence of the Roman ritual. Dean Collet preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion. William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, and John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, were the chief officiating prelates. The ceremony lasted several hours. Peers and Commoners flocked thither to do him honor; abbots, bishops, monks, friars, and seculars were present on the occasion; and the proceedings of the day concluded with a sumptuous banquet at the newly-created cardinal's palace, at which King Henry and Queen Katharine were present, surrounded by the flower of the English nobility. Nor were the crowd without forgotten; they were also regaled with a profuseness most pleasing to the multitude. Modern reflection despises lord-mayors' gilt coaches, splendidly-dressed footmen, or cardinals' hats, but the philosophy of the early part of the sixteenth century was very different. Men delighted in such shows without stopping to reason as to their utility. Even men who cannot eschew

honors, yet do not care for them, may in time not only accept but esteem them. Monarchs sometimes acquire honor from the repute of their trusted servants; and at this period of Henry's life the king and his illustrious subject might feel gratified with a concession in whose attainment mutual esteem seemed so largely to participate. It is not much in the heart of a man of a lofty nature to be insensible of honors on occasions like this. Wolsey soon loved the dignity, at first for his own and the king's sake, and then for its authority—perhaps for its splendor. The new Cardinal of York, recognizing the loftiness of his dignity, was resolved to invest his office with a magnificence rarely witnessed, even on the Continent. The king seconded the cardinal's plans for a large retinue and superb liveries—liveries which dazzled and astonished the multitude. Both monarch and minister were men of refined and elegant taste; and the people of London and the metropolitan counties unmistakably felt well pleased, in their insular pride, at gazing on the pageants issuing in stately splendor from Greenwich and old Whitehall. Even in that age of gorgeous ceremonial, when records were filled with elaborate recitals of cloth of gold, silks, and beautiful tapestries—even then, amidst jewelled mitres and copes, a cardinal in his scarlet robes formed a conspicuous object. But Wolsey was in no manner swayed by the vulgar vanity of appearing grand, in that light in which the ignorant or the superficial behold the surroundings of a great man. Magnificent in all his notions and in all his doings—in the selection of plate, dress, tapestry, pictures, buildings; the furniture of a chapel, a church, or a palace; the arranging of gardens, of flowers, of fountains; the setting of a ring or the arrangement of some exquisite jewel; the forms and etiquette of a congress; a procession in heraldic order; or at a sumptuous banquet—there was the same regal and classic taste prevailing, the same powerful grasp of little things and of great affairs; a mind, a soul as capacious as the sea, and as minute as the sand upon the shore when minuteness was required.

Such was the social and, in part, political bearing of the Cardinal of York. He went far to civilize the British nobles, to elevate the taste of the commercial classes, and to accustom the people to distinguish between the barbaric profusion of the past and the treasures of beauty which Science and Art, working with the same materials, now opened to their awakening discernment. On no occasion did the universality of Wolsey's genius for organization display itself more signally than at the meeting of the French and English monarchs on the "Field of the Cloth of

Gold." There Wolsey was studied by all, and to all seemed inexhaustible in the graces of his bearing and the aptitude of his arrangements. King Henry's retinue at the "Cloth of Gold" amounted to 3,997 persons and 2,248 horses; the queen's servants and guards reckoned 1,200, and 840 horses. Wolsey's attendants were very numerous and the appointments classic and gorgeous. Budæus, an eminent Greek scholar and traveller, who was a spectator of the royal meetings, describes the astonishment he felt on viewing such scenes of unparalleled magnificence.

Of the personal appearance and disposition of Wolsey about this time (1519), perhaps the despatches of Sebastian Giustiniani are the most correct.

"The cardinal is now about forty-six years of age, very handsome, learned, extremely eloquent, of vast ability, and indefatigable in carrying out his projects; he alone transacts the same business as that which occupies all the magisteries and councils of Venice, both civil and criminal; and all state affairs are managed by him likewise, let their nature be what it may. The cardinal is pensive and has the reputation of being extremely just; he is the councillor who rules both the king and the entire realm; his enemies accounted him haughty and imperious, yet much more humility and moderation than Wolsey possessed could scarcely have escaped the imputation. Such a sight as this English cardinal presented was not common to the eyes of Christendom. The great nobles could obtain no audience of him until after four or five applications—foreign ambassadors not even then."

"The Cardinal of York is omnipotent," says Erasmus, writing to Cardinal Grunoni. "All the power of the state is centred in him," is the observation of Giustiniani; "he is, in fact, *ipse rex*." The people declared he was "moved by witchcraft or something that no man could discover." Yet, undisputed as was the supremacy of this great minister, it was surely no more than might have been expected. In genius, in penetration, in aptitude for business and indefatigable labor, he had no equal. All despatches addressed to ambassadors abroad or at home passed through his hands; the entire political correspondence of the times was submitted to his perusal and waited for his decision. Before a single measure was submitted to the Privy Council it was first shaped by Wolsey's hands; he managed it, unaided and alone, when it had passed their approval.* Foxe (Bishop of Winchester), the only minister of any experience, seldom attended the royal council; the Duke of Suffolk dared not

* Brewer's State Papers.

offer him opposition, writes the Spanish ambassador; the Duke of Norfolk, who had endeavored to thwart the cardinal's authority, and once had partly succeeded, had been defeated, and yielded: Norfolk was too haughty to conceal a temper not less imperious than Wolsey's, and wanted the flexibility and courtesy of manner required in a successful courtier. Wolsey was unpopular with the landed interest, many of the representatives of which hated him cordially. He also incurred the enmity of the lawyers for sustaining the part of the poor client, and of the monopolists and commercial people for checking their dishonest deeds. It is, however, a pleasing fact to record that the cardinal was loved and respected by his clergy for the equity and kindness with which he governed the diocese of York. His enemies were numerous at home and abroad, but Polydore Vergil was the most malignant and persistent in falsehood. He was deputy-collector of the pope's annats for Cardinal Hadrian in England, and Wolsey, having discovered his misappropriation of papal moneys, and, further, his intriguing with foreign factions, imprisoned him in the Tower. Hence his virulent enmity.* Polydore Vergil's imprisonment and subsequent conduct throw fresh light on the general character of the man. He remained some nine months at the Tower, where he was well treated and made an exception to other prisoners. In his captivity he addressed the most abject letters to Wolsey for mercy. He told the cardinal, with blasphemous servility, that "he had heard with rapture of his elevation to the cardinal's high estate, and whenever his eminence would allow him an opportunity to present himself he would gaze and bow in adoration, and his spirit should rejoice *in him as in God his Saviour*"! In another letter Polydore prayeth that his "punishment might be wholly remitted, and Wolsey's gifts be perfected in him, even as he himself was perfect." A few months subsequent (1516) Polydore Vergil was liberated by the cardinal; he then retired to Hereford and characteristically began inditing a series of attacks on the character of Wolsey. He affected to sneer at his birth; charged him with ingratitude to his friends; described his buildings as those of a person possessed of no refined taste; imputed base or sordid motives to him as a judge; ridiculed his cardinal's hat and his gorgeous liveries; represented him as an ambitious priest, successful only because he was unscrupulous; distinguished merely for his underhand intrigues in banishing Dr. Foxe and Archbishop Warham from the council chamber; he was neither a scholar nor a gen-

* Brewer's State Papers of Henry's Reign.

tleman, but a respectable sort of *hedge-priest;* a blusterer in Chancery, whose administration of justice was a shadow; a vulgar upstart, intoxicated with dignities undeserved; a *parvenu*, whose brain was turned by his gilded chair, the gold fringes of his cushion and table-cloth; his cardinal's hat, which was carried before him by some tall man in his livery, and placed conspicuously on the high altar in the Chapel Royal when Mass was sung, was another proof of his vanity and hypocrisy.* In this strain Vergil writes of the man whom but a few months before he declared to be endowed with every virtue that could adorn the state or the church.

Many statements have been chronicled of the "low birth and presumption of the butcher's dog." Lampoons and caricatures were circulated by Wolsey's contemporaries, describing him as the son of a "petty butcher." But these stories had no foundation in fact; his father, Robert Wolci, was what would be styled nowadays "a grazier"; he fed on his own land some two hundred head of cattle, which were purchased by the butchers of the neighboring towns. In one year a number of his cows died of distemper, which for a time embarrassed the family. The Wolcis were never rich, but the family was always respectable and loyal to the Plantagenets and their successors. There is an entry of an "offering" extant which was made at St. Lawrence's Church, Ipswich, "to pray for the sowls of Robert Wolci and his wife Joan, the father and mother of the Dean of Lincoln," which shows that the family were far above the rank of a butcher—a class who were, in those days, considered "lowly and mean." Besides, the father of the future churchman made a will, in which there is no mention of the occupation of a butcher. Polydore Vergil reiterates the assertion of Skelton and others as to the "saucy son of the greasy butcher"; yet in a letter to Cardinal Hadrian Polydore declares that he "heard from an old inhabitant of Ipswich that the cardinal's father was a poor gentleman who sold cattle to butchers." Anthony Wood, an excellent authority on this disputed question, indignantly denies that Wolsey was a butcher's son. He says that the "family, however reduced in circumstances, made a shift to maintain at Oxford young Wolsey, where he became a Batchelor of Arts at fifteen years of age (1485), having made a wonderful progress in logic and phylosophy." Skelton, a friar, was one of the most persistent in traducing Wolsey's character. Skelton was the friend of the noted Simon Fish, which is sufficient to enable us to form an

* Brewer's State Papers on Wolsey's Times.

estimate of his merits. Giustiniani says that two brothers of Wolsey "were presented to lucrative livings in the English Church under discreditable circumstances." Mr. Brewer does not believe this allegation. "I have found," says he, "no notice of either brother or any other member of Wolsey's family, with one exception, receiving livings. There is a petition to the cardinal from one John Fayrechilde, son of Elizabeth Wolsey, the cardinal's sister, desiring some small place as comptroller of the works at Tournai; but the applicant's name does not occur again in connection with any office."

There seem to be mystery and inconsistency in the conduct of Wolsey regarding the divorce of Queen Katharine. It is quite impossible to defend his conduct in this case. If Wolsey held no political office under the crown the pontiff might have placed more confidence in him as a churchman; but both pope and cardinal were politicians of a high and intellectual school, and one cannot help reflecting how much the spiritual interests of the church were neglected, and the virtue, truth, and honor of her ecclesiastics injured, by intermingling in the turmoil and deceit of politics.

I cannot omit noticing, however briefly, a few of Wolsey's contemporaries. Another clerical diplomatist enters upon the scene in the person of Richard Pace. Dr. Pace was one of the remarkable men connected with the early government of Henry VIII., and was long employed in foreign diplomacy. Historians make little mention of the name of Pace, and he is seldom noticed, except to be described as "a knave or a fool." He was far from being either. He was faithful, honorable, and patriotic as an English diplomatic agent; yet several historians question his integrity and show little real knowledge of the man. Bergenroth, a very reputable authority, says that Pace was friendly to the Emperor Maximilian, and subsequently became the secret agent of the intriguing and restless Charles V. These declarations rest upon a memorandum, found at Corunna, of the emperor's council, in which it was proposed to offer Wolsey "a sop in the mouth," and, "if he accepts it, a pension to Dr. Richard Pace."* There is no evidence produced by Bergenroth to show that these offers were ever made, still less that they were accepted. A distinguished commentator upon the correspondence and secret foreign papers of those times presents an ably written memoir of the diplomacy, tact, and rare ability with which Pace and Wolsey maintained the interests and the honor of England

* Bergenroth's State Papers of England and Spain, vol. ii.

on the Continent. Notwithstanding the friendship which existed between the Cardinal of York and Dr. Pace, a failure in some diplomatic affair brought upon the latter from the strong hand of Wolsey a consignment to the Tower for two years—a proof that no skill, no previous accord, condoned mistakes made in certain kingdoms.

During the meeting of Henry, Francis, and their queens at the "Cloth of Gold" Dr. Pace, as the Dean of St. Paul's, preached before the allies the Latin sermon in the royal chapel. In his discourse he congratulated France and England on the meeting of their sovereigns, and made an eloquent oration on the blessings of peace. The religious ceremony on this occasion was grand and imposing. Two cardinals, two legates, four archbishops, and ten bishops were in attendance on Wolsey, who sang the High Mass. The air was perfumed with incense and flowers; the altars of the church were hung with cloth of gold tissue embroidered with pearls; cloth of gold covered the walls and desks; basins and censers, cruets, and other vessels of the same materials lent a lustre to its service. On the grand altar, shaded by a magnificent canopy of large proportions, stood twenty-four enormous candlesticks and other ornaments of solid gold. Twelve golden images of the apostles, as large as children of four years old, astonished the sight of the English visitors. The copes and vestments of the officiating prelates were cloth of tissue powdered with red roses, wrought in the looms of Florence and woven in one piece, thickly studded with gold, precious stones, and pearl-work. The seats and other appointments were of corresponding taste and splendor. A proud contemplation to the English onlooker to behold Thomas Wolsey, as the Cardinal of York, standing at the great altar of this regal chapel, pronouncing the benediction, surrounded by four archbishops, two legates, ten inferior prelates, two kings and their queens, with the nobles, grandees, and fair dames of England and France kneeling in the royal presence; then, as they rose, the sudden burst of enchanting music, the roar of artillery, and the acclamations of the multitude without.

On this memorable occasion there knelt behind the French queen a sweet-featured maiden, then in the early spring of life, whose mind seemed engrossed with pious influences; wrapped in devotion, she appeared all unconscious of her beautiful presence, her speaking hazel eyes turned heavenwards, and her rich black hair reaching in silken ringlets to her girdle. This, the fairest amongst the galaxy of beauty present, was Nan de Boulein, the

beloved maid of honor to Queen Claude of France, little dreaming *then* of her wayward fate.

A few words more as to that worthy priest and faithful diplomatic agent of England, Richard Pace. He was born in Hampshire in 1482; received his early education at Padua, and subsequently was graduated at Oxford; next he held the office of Latin secretary to Cardinal Bainbridge, and resided in Rome for some time; when recalled by his sovereign he entered on the diplomatic service. In this department of government he was eminently successful. At a later period he was appointed Dean of St. Paul's. Both in matters of church and state his administrative powers were considerable. He was a man of stern principles, courtly and elegant in his address, unostentatious, benevolent, affable, and condescending. He was an uncompromising enemy of the "Reformation" movement, and wrote a book on the *Lawfulness of Queen Katharine's Marriage*. Knowing what would be the consequences of such a publication, he resigned his livings in church and state and retired to Stepney, where he passed the remainder of his days "amidst books and flowers." He stood in the front rank of Queen Katharine's early friends. After a few days' illness he died in 1532, enjoying to the last the friendship and esteem of such men as Archbishop Warham, Fisher, Collet, and More.

Next in importance to Pace stood Sir Robert Wingfield, who had been a long time ambassador at the court of the Emperor Maximilian. He was more remarkable for fidelity to his country and for his own personal integrity than for diplomatic subtlety. He was no match for the wily and eccentric German monarch in the person of Maximilian, who was able to read the mind of the envoy and improve the knowledge to his own advantage. Sir Robert Wingfield belonged to a class of statesmen then rapidly disappearing before a younger, more versatile and expert generation, of whom Wolsey might be considered the leading spirit. Wingfield speaks of himself as living in the days of Henry VI., and of his long experience as a negotiator in Germany, and the many strange people he met with on the Continent, amongst whom was De Rossol, the celebrated Flemish chess-player, and story-teller to Louis XII. King Louis assured Carlo Logario "that the society of De Rossol drove away his pains and made him feel young again." De Rossol's anecdotes of Louis, Maximilian, and Wingfield would be a rich *mélange*, if preserved. If there were any creature in the world that Wingfield abhorred and detested it was a Frenchman. He devoutly

believed that the French had been at the bottom of all the evils that had happened in Christendom during the four hundred years preceding. Maximilian, though no genius himself, found little difficulty in managing such an envoy as Wingfield. Both were eccentric and attached friends. When Wingfield was recalled by Wolsey after his long services, he was appointed to the office of chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, which position he held up to his death in 1525, and was succeeded by Sir Thomas More. Like his friend Pace, Wingfield was devotedly attached to the olden creed, and wrote a little Latin book against Luther which is only traditionally known.

The personal friends and political agents of Wolsey were now disappearing from the scene. The divorce question in the case of Queen Katharine became a dreadful scandal to the state; and unfortunately the leading churchmen of the time were enlisted on the side of the king. A distinguished Protestant jurist is of opinion that, "according to the then existing canon law of Christendom—a law which was undisputed—the pope could not legitimately pronounce a divorce in the case of Katharine of Aragon." * Many of the most learned lawyers and theologians at home and abroad held similar views on the subject. I must here remark that no man could possibly be placed in a more embarrassing position than Wolsey was by the ventilation of the divorce question. He was at once the servant of the crown and of the church. He essayed to do justice to both, and he failed. He was certainly the enemy of the queen, and in her secret correspondence to Spain she speaks of Wolsey with great bitterness and describes him as a hypocrite in religion.

There has been immense misrepresentation as to the exact facts bearing upon the divorce litigation. Burnet, a very notable writer upon the Reformation epoch, presents a mass of well-arranged falsehoods, which have been "re-dressed by subsequent 'historians,'" so that it requires more than ordinary research to discover the real facts, which are only to be found in the State Papers and records of the times. Burnet, to whom I have just referred, contends that the king used "no menaces with the Oxford professors to send forward a favorable opinion upon the divorce question." It happens, however, that at the very time Gilbert Burnet made this deliberate assertion there were to be seen in the archives of the University of Oxford three letters, in the *handwriting of Henry Tudor himself*, to certain Oxford divines, demanding in very menacing language a decision in his favor.

* Lord Campbell's *English Chancellors*, vol. i.

Burnet boasted frequently that he was well acquainted with King Henry's writing, yet he did not, in his many searches amongst the MSS. at Oxford, discover those three letters. Honest Henry Wharton, Burnet's contemporary, saw the letters in question and *read them through.* He says: "*Considering the notions of the writer*, a tenth part of what he said would be enough to terrify his readers [the professors]." * Although the bishops visited the university to advocate the king's cause, nevertheless men of high principle still remained firm; but the timid wavered and gave an assent, and those who could be purchased were quickly tempted. Gold from the royal treasury was liberally supplied to the relatives of some; and in many cases the professors received the "golden angels" themselves. Yet there were a few honest men remaining, and their lot was a hard one; for they were marked out for persecution, and when the supremacy agitation began they were the first to feel the royal vengeance. A reign of terrorism prevailed in Oxford and Cambridge, and it became impossible to know what were the opinions of those seats of learning. The government spies were to be found in every nook of the universities.

The divorce litigation was protracted for several years and was the subject for discussion in all the courts of Europe. Queens and noble ladies denounced King Henry as "a licentious and abominable person," who was setting the worst of examples to his subjects. At last it was agreed that the question should be tried in London before the papal legate, Cardinal Campeggio, and Wolsey—Wolsey, of course, representing the king. Dr. Gardyner was the leading counsel for the king, and Bishop Fisher for the queen.

The advent of Campeggio was the occasion of the last national reception given to a papal legate in England; for, although Cardinal Pole was royally received by Queen Mary and Philip, he found a divided nation, and the glories of his outward reception were confined to the demonstrations at Southampton, Winchester, and London. The progress of Campeggio was a continued ovation from his first step on English ground. He landed at Deal on the 23d of July, 1528, and was received by Richard Foxe, Bishop of Winchester, Lord Cobham, and several other notable men, who escorted him to Sandwich. On the following day he made his public entry into Canterbury, where the corporation, clergy, Archbishop Warham, Fisher, Bishop of

* Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry VIII.*; Collier's *Ecclesiastical History*, vol. iv.; Hallam's *Constitutional History*, vol. i. p. 61; Anthony Wood; Dodd, vol. i.

Rochester, and three lord-abbots in full pontificals received him at the gates of the cathedral. The people expressed great reverence for the legate, especially the women, who brought forth their children along the route from Deal to London to receive the apostolic benediction. Stopping two days in Canterbury, he proceeded on his road to Rochester, accompanied by a guard of honor numbering five hundred and fifty horsemen. In Rochester the legate was entertained at a banquet given by Bishop Fisher. From Rochester he was escorted by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the head of one thousand horsemen in armor, all wearing gold chains. This body of English gentlemen, all devoted sons of the church, excited the admiration of the multitude. On the fourth day of the procession Cardinal Campeggio reached Blackheath, where he was received by the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, Lord Darcy, and the Bishops of Durham and Ely. Twenty-four trumpeters on horseback, dressed in buff jackets and crimson velvet caps, rode before the Bishop of Rochester and his clergy. At this point of the procession a lively scene took place. Some six thousand matrons and their daughters entered an appearance, and were most vehement in their acclamations for Queen Katharine. "No Nan Boleine for us!" was the indignant shout of the virtuous matrons and their fair daughters. "No —— for a queen" was on every Englishwoman's lip. The "divorce agents" of the king, who were present, felt disconcerted at the conduct of the women, and Lord Surrey waved his hand in disapproval of these manifestations, which were met with renewed cries of "No Nan for us!" About this time the women of the middle and lower classes took a lively interest in Queen Katharine's cause. They spoke with contempt and scorn of the granddaughter of "a London alderman aspiring to the position of a queen by such unworthy means. She was no better than themselves, and they would not respect her as a queen." Anna Boleyn was, however, the victim of her ambitious father and of those clerics and nobles who sustained the wicked king in all his proceedings. I refer the reader to vol. i. of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty* for a detailed account of the "rise and fall" of Anna Boleyn, who has been exceedingly misrepresented both by Catholics and Protestants. She was the victim of the ambition of a base father, who, under the mask of piety, brought ruin upon his family and his friends. Anna Boleyn's early youth was highly interesting, and her last days were truly grand. The whole case has been falsely represented to posterity. Anna Boleyn was no Lutheran. She detested and ab-

horred Protestantism. In fact, there was no Protestantism in England for many years after her death. It has been insinuated that Wolsey secretly promoted the Reformation, but the records of the times prove that he was an uncompromising enemy of the "German heresy," as he described Protestantism. The king and all his subjects professed to be Catholic at this period; but they were very indifferent in practice, and many of them who were loud in denouncing the "new heresy" would have had little scruple in plundering the church and the monastic houses which fostered and sheltered the poor and the unfortunate.

Despite all the evidence on record of popular hostility to the divorce of Queen Katharine, Mr. Froude contends that "the nation was thoroughly united on the divorce question." The conscientious and truthful Dean Hook judges of this case, not from the pages of Burnet or such notorious false witnesses, but from contemporary evidence. The dean eulogizes the conduct of the women of England on the occasion of the divorce of Queen Katharine. "The matrons of England," he observes, "rose up in chaste indignation at King Henry's treatment of his wife—an indignation imparted to their children, and handed on from generation to generation, until it has covered with everlasting infamy the name of a once popular king."

To return to the public procession of the legate. In a meadow some three miles from London a tent of cloth of gold had been erected for a kingly reception and the presentation of notable persons to the legate. After an hour's delay the procession was re-formed for London, where "excitement, religious enthusiasm, and perhaps curiosity had now become as boundless as they might have been in the days of Edward IV., when the people rejoiced in public processions and gloried in the honors offered to the Catholic Church and its illustrious dignitaries." The nobility rode in advance; then came Cardinal Campeggio in magnificent clerical costume, glittering with jewels and precious stones; his retinue numbered nearly three hundred; his liveries were superb. The procession is described as two miles long—an extraordinary number of people in those days. The number of women was immense. Logario says that five thousand young virgins walked six deep, all dressed in white; and there were at least twenty thousand matrons from the surrounding counties.

From St. George's Church to London Bridge the road was lined on both sides by monks and clerics, dressed in their various habits, with copes of cloth of gold, wearing gold and silver

crosses, etc. As the legate passed they threw up clouds of incense and sang hymns in a most effective chorus. At the foot of Old London Bridge four bishops received the cardinal, the people shouted with joy, whilst the roar of artillery from the Tower and the river forts rent the air, to use Wolsey's own words, "as if the very heavens would fall." "Hundreds of church and abbey bells," writes Thorndale, "poured forth their clangor with the deeper bass of Old St. Paul's." In Grace Church Street the London city companies joined the procession; at Cheapside the lord-mayor and corporation of London offered their congratulations to the illustrious representative of the Roman Pontiff. On this occasion Sir Thomas More—the greatest lay Catholic of the age—delivered a Latin oration of much eloquence. When the procession reached St. Paul's another grand spectacle was presented. The bishops of London and Lincoln, surrounded by some hundreds of priests, conducted the Roman legate to the high altar, which was magnificently decorated, the month of July having largely supplied the gifts of Nature.

Incense, delicious music, the ringing of silver bells inside the grand old cathedral, outside the thunder of artillery and the prolonged shouts of the multitude, closed the proceedings of the day.* This was one of the last great Catholic demonstrations which took place in England in connection with the occupant of St. Peter's Chair. The reception was magnificent beyond precedent. There had been nothing like it seen in England within the reach even of tradition. It must be gratifying to the many admirers of Wolsey to learn that the whole affair had been suggested, prepared, and finally carried out at the sole expense of the great master-mind of the Cardinal of York. But there was *one* presence wanting to complete the splendor of the ceremony—that was his own. Old state forms or political considerations might have accounted for the absence of the monarch and his minister. In the case of the coronation procession of Katharine of Aragon, and nearly twenty years later in that of Anna Boleyn, the king took no part in the public demonstration, but left it in the hands of the people, who always delighted in such pageants.

Five days later another imposing ceremony took place on the presentation of the legate to the king. All parties seemed pleased, the king and his advisers expressing their willingness to abide by the decision of the court of Rome. Wolsey was then at the pinnacle of his power, and the king esteemed him as a

* Brewer's State Papers.

great and equitable minister. All promised fair; but there were some who could, aware of the mutability of the king's temper, pierce the dark cloud which was gathering in the distance. In fact, the Cardinal of York was standing on a mine whose explosive elements were the fierce desires and the prodigality of the monarch, on whose honor it was perilous to rely.

Lingard says that the profound knowledge of canon and civil law evinced by Cardinal Campeggio proved him to be a match for all the acquirements of Wolsey, Gardyner, and the king. "In the legate's private interview with Queen Katharine he urged a compromise and advised her to retire to a convent. The queen was justly indignant at such a proposition. She contended that she had been a lawful and a faithful wife for twenty years, and there was no power on earth that could dissolve her marriage."*

Every day the web became more entangled; evidence, documents, and theological opinions were multiplied; but little faith could be placed in any of them. The long-expected trial at last took place (June, 1529) in the Parliament Chamber, Blackfriars. The character of the witnesses appealed to, the mode of proceeding, and the evidence—mysterious and unconnected as it was—would have been rejected at once by a common-sense jury of the present day. The king and queen appeared in court, the latter protesting against the form of the trial and those who were to be her judges. King Henry sat in state at the right hand of Cardinals Wolsey and Campeggio, the queen on the left. Dr. Gardyner was the leading counsel for the king. That honest and unbending prelate, Dr. Fisher, was the queen's principal advocate. At the conclusion of Dr. Gardyner's long and labored address in favor of the king's "serious conscientious scruples" the queen rose. All eyes were fixed upon the injured wife, the noble and dignified queen. A thrilling murmur ran through the Justice Hall, filled with the sobs and cries of the honest wives of London. The queen advanced towards her husband's chair, and, throwing herself upon her knees, addressed him in a most eloquent and pathetic speech, and concluded her address by an appeal to the good feeling and equity of the court. "*If there be any offence which can be alleged against me*," she concluded, "*I consent to depart in infamy; if not, then I pray you, in the name of the Holy Trinity and the high court of heaven, to do me justice!*" In Dodd's

*Carlo Logario's Notes on the Divorce Litigation. Logario was the Spanish physician to Wolsey, and resided many years in London. He was an admirable story-teller and chess-player, and had access to the best society in England.

Church History the reader will find the addresses of both Katharine and Henry at full length, and somewhat modernized in language. The Latin speech of Dr. Gardyner has not been preserved in a correct form. Logario says that all the speeches were in Latin, whilst Polydore Vergil's account is different. Campeggio could not speak English, and I question if he knew French. Fisher and Gardyner must have addressed the court in Latin, or else the legate could not discover the arguments put forward at both sides. Gardyner was, perhaps, the greatest linguist of all concerned in this odious mockery of a judicial inquiry.

The queen retired amid the applause of the spectators; whilst the populace, who crowded the streets, were vehement in cheering the queen, and the words, "Down with old Hal!" were upon the lips of thousands. The crowds of women were especially indignant against the king.

King Henry could at once perceive that the queen had made a powerful impression both "within and without" the Justice Hall, so he at once attempted a plausible explanation. "The queen," he said, "has always been a dutiful and a good wife, and that his present suit did not proceed from any dislike of her but from the *tenderness of his own conscience;* that his scruples had not been suggested, but on the contrary *discouraged*, by the Cardinal of York; and that they were confirmed by the Bishop of Tarbes; that he had consulted his confessors and several other bishops, who advised him to apply to the pontiff, and that in consequence the present court had been appointed, in the decision of which, be it what it might, he would cheerfully acquiesce."* When Henry made this apparently honest declaration he had the most assured confidence in the secret tactics of his unscrupulous agents. Whatever he might at that time be deficient in devising, those about him were marvellous in suggestion; for, with them, conscience never hesitated.

The queen, protesting against further proceedings, would not appear in court, and was pronounced "contumacious." The "trial" was still protracted amid the general indignation of the country. Yet we are informed by Puritan writers that the nation were desirous of setting the queen aside because she was a papist. It is lamentable to see the amount of falsehood printed as "historical facts" with regard to the reigns of Henry VIII. and his children.

*Cavendish, Hall, Herbert, and Burnet. Cavendish was present at the trial, and in attendance on Wolsey; it is possible that Edward Hall was there as a judge. He was one of a court clique in whom Henry had immense confidence.

On the 23d of July (1529) the king's counsel demanded the judgment of the court in this long-litigated scandal.

Cardinal Campeggio would not be dictated to by the court party. He informed the crown lawyers, almost in the king's presence, that the judgment must be deferred until the whole of the proceedings had been laid before the pontiff; that he had come there to do justice, and no consideration should divert him from his duty. He was too old, weak, and infirm to seek the favor or fear the resentment of any man living. The royal defendant had challenged him and his learned brother, the Cardinal of York, as judges, because they were the subjects of her opponent.* To avoid any error they had therefore determined to consult the Apostolic See, and for that purpose did then adjourn the court until October.†

The Duke of Suffolk, evidently at the suggestion of his royal brother-in-law (Henry), striking the table, exclaimed in a vehement tone that the old saw was now verified: "Never did cardinal bring good to England." Campeggio looked with withering scorn at Suffolk. In a few minutes Wolsey rose; a breathless silence ensued; all eyes were now turned on the Cardinal of York, when in that well-known deep and solemn voice he addressed the Duke of Suffolk.

"My Lord of Suffolk," said he, "of all men living you have the least reason to dispraise cardinals; for if I, an humble cardinal, had not been, at a certain critical period of your life, you would not at this present moment have had a head upon your shoulders wherewith to make such a brag in disrepute of us who have meant you no harm and have given you no cause of offence. If you, my lord, were the king's ambassador in foreign parts, would you venture to decide on important matters without the knowledge of him from whom our authority proceeds? Therefore do we neither more nor less than our commission alloweth; and if any man will be offended with us he is an unwise man. Pacify yourself, then, my lord of Suffolk and speak not reproachfully of your best friend. You know what friendship I have shown you; but this is the first time I ever revealed it, either to my own praise or your dishonor." ‡

Cavendish, who was present at this scene, relates that the Duke of Suffolk was struck speechless, and by his silence acknowledged the justice of Wolsey's rebuke for his ingratitude. There is now in the archives of the British Museum a letter in

* Campeggio, although an Italian cardinal, filled the office of Bishop of Salisbury, and was therefore in the position of being a subject of the English monarch and at the same time owing temporal as well as spiritual fealty to the Roman Pontiff. Henry did not directly attempt to coerce Campeggio; but the fate of Wolsey was in the "scales."

† State Papers (Domestic) of Henry's Reign.

‡ Brewer's State Papers.

the handwriting of the Princess Mary—the beloved Mary, as she was styled in England—declaring that her husband owed his life to the friendly offices of Wolsey ; and in one of the cardinal's private letters he declares that the king was strongly inclined to dissolve his sister's marriage by cutting off her lover's head. At the time of Suffolk's denunciation of the Cardinal of York the letter in question was in Wolsey's possession. The cardinal was not the only man to whom Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, proved most ungrateful.

The trial fell through; but the litigation assumed another form, and one far more expensive and corrupt. Thomas Cranmer had not yet come upon the scene.

CHRISTIAN JERUSALEM.

PART VI.—A.D. 456–1882.

ILLUSTRIOUS MEN OF THE FIFTH AND SIXTH CENTURIES—SUCCESSORS OF JUVENAL—PERSIAN AND MOHAMMEDAN CONQUESTS—ST. SOPHRONIUS—VICISSITUDES BEFORE THE CRUSADES—THE LATIN KINGDOM—VICISSITUDES FROM THE RECONQUEST UNTIL THE PRESENT—WORK OF THE CONGREGATION OF OUR LADY OF SION—FUTURE PROSPECTS OF CHRISTIAN JERUSALEM.

THE successor of Juvenal of Jerusalem was Anastasius. During the times of the patriarchs who ruled between John and Anastasius several remarkable scholars and saints flourished in Judæa. Hesychius, a native of Jerusalem, after passing some time in the desert, was ordained priest by Bishop John, who appointed him to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and made him custodian of the archives. He was very renowned in his own day as a theologian and preacher, and passed his whole life in prayer, study, writing commentaries on the Holy Scripture, and instructing the faithful. He died in 438. Palladius, a native of Galatia, was for a long time a recluse on the banks of the Jordan, and later bishop of Helenopolis in Bithynia. His *Lausiac History*, dedicated to Lausus, a magistrate under Theodosius the Younger, is a collection of lives of anchorites, many of whom had been his companions.

Euthymius, a native of Melitene in Asia Minor, came to Jerusalem in 406, being then twenty-nine years old. He lived for five years in the Laura of Pharan, which was founded by St.

Macarius on the road to Jericho, a few miles from Jerusalem. In 410 he retired to a solitary cavern near by, where a monastery and church were afterwards erected. Withdrawing from this place also, he founded a new Laura and church in the desert of Ziph. Great numbers were converted to Christianity by his preaching and example, and very many were induced by his influence to embrace the religious state. He died during the reign of Anastasius, in 474, at the age of ninety-six.

Two of his disciples, Martyrius and Elias, were taken from the Laura by Anastasius to be made priests of Jerusalem, and they both succeeded him on the patriarchal throne. The Patriarch Elias was one of the great stays of the orthodox faith against the Eutychian heresy, which was ravaging the East. Disorder, relaxation, and heresy had crept in among the cenobites and anchorites of Palestine, many of whom became violent partisans of Eutyches. The great reformer and restorer of orthodoxy and discipline among the monks of Palestine was St. Sabbas, the second founder and father of the monastic institute in the Holy Land. He was a native of Cæsarea in Cappadocia and a disciple of St. Euthymius, and he lived almost a century, dying in the year 531. His colleague was St. Theodosius, likewise a Cappadocian and a disciple of St. Euthymius, and one of his most famous disciples was St. John the Silent, who had been consecrated bishop, but concealed the fact and lived as a lay monk, attaining the age of one hundred and four years.

The last of the patriarchs of the fifth century was Elias, who lived eighteen years into the sixth, and was succeeded by Sallustius in 518. The rest of this century furnishes nothing new in regard to Jerusalem and Palestine of sufficient importance to detain our attention. We pass on, therefore, to the great and lamentable events of the seventh century, the era of the Persian and Moslem invasions, when the long period of twelve centuries of misery and desolation for Jerusalem began, which has not yet been finished, but is still running on toward the close of the thirteenth, and we hope the last, of these disastrous ages.

The three centuries of prosperity of the church of Jerusalem came to a close. In looking back upon its history during this period it presents a favorable contrast to that of any of the other Eastern patriarchal sees. Although the Thirty-nine Articles say that "the church of Hierusalem hath erred," we do not find the charge justified by facts, in such a sense that the episcopal chair of the church of Jerusalem ever became the seat of heresy. Heretics were sometimes violently intruded into the place of the

legitimate orthodox patriarch. But in the long line of the successors of St. James, although we find some who were involved in the measures of heretics, there is not one who is marked in history as a heretic. Heresies made ravages in Palestine, but the record of the church of Jerusalem is one of constant, unbroken steadfastness and fervor in the profession of the Catholic faith.

The disasters which fell upon the church of Jerusalem and Palestine do not appear to have been deserved in any notable way by relaxation and corruption in discipline and morals. Palestine was necessarily involved in the common misfortunes which overtook the Eastern empire. The Western had already crumbled to pieces. The Eastern empire was weak and on the way to dissolution. The Christianity of the Eastern patriarchates was generally degenerate, and the terrible chastisement which fell upon the empire was deserved. The innocent and the good were necessarily involved in the common ruin with the guilty.

But besides this reason for the inevitable downfall of Christian Jerusalem, we think there were others in the mysterious providence of God. The church of the Holy Land in the period of its prosperity was only a province of Gentile Christendom. Judæa and Galilee belong to the Jews, and the most probable interpretation of prophecy points to their eventual restoration. A permanent prosperity of the Holy Land in possession of Gentile Christians would not be in harmony with the grand designs of Him who came, first of all, as the Messiah of the Jews, though also as the Christ of all men and the expectation of all nations. Moreover, Jerusalem is the Holy City, EL KHÔDS, for all the Asiatic tribes who fell under the sway of Islam. Fidelity to their religious instincts necessarily impelled them to seize upon it. The chapter of its history between Constantine and Heraclius we have been narrating was but an episode. It had to come to an end, to make way for what was to follow—a series of unexampled events, whose outcome is not yet accomplished and is connected with the destinies and the consummation of the world.

Contemporary writers, quoted by Baronius, speak of portents, and heavenly warnings received by saints, which heralded the coming disasters. The Persian invasion was a part of the general war waged by Chosroes against the Roman Empire. In June, 614, the Persian army took Jerusalem by storm and slaughtered thousands, including many priests, monks, and consecrated virgins. There were twenty-six thousand Jews in the army, who were more furious than the Persians. The rich Jews of Galilee

ransomed ninety thousand prisoners and put them all to death. The churches at Gethsemani and the Mount of Olives, Constantine's basilica, and the chapels over Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre were destroyed. The Patriarch Zacharias with many others was carried into captivity, and the holy cross, with the other treasures of the sanctuaries, including many sacred things from the ancient Temple which Belisarius had brought back to Jerusalem, were carried away to the Persian capital. During the absence of Zacharias, Modestus, abbot of the monastery of St. Theodosius, governed the church. He travelled through Syria and Egypt, making collections for the rebuilding of the churches, which was effected during the years 616–626. In 628 Chosroes was murdered by his son, whom he had set aside from succession to the throne, and who, having become king, concluded a peace with the Emperor Heraclius, in virtue of which the true cross was restored. On the 14th of September, 629, the emperor, clad in sackcloth and walking barefooted, bore the cross on his shoulder in procession through the gate of the city to the Church of Golgotha. Zacharias was restored to his see when the treaty of peace was made, and was succeeded by the Abbot Modestus, at whose death St. Sophronius, an Alexandrian monk, was elected patriarch, A.D. 634, and he was in one sense the last of the patriarchs; Jerusalem, as well as Antioch and Alexandria, having sunk down after the Saracen conquest into the condition of mere provinces *in partibus infidelium* of the patriarchate of Constantinople, and become at last involved with it in the lamentable schism of Photius and Michael Cerularius. After Sophronius, Christian Jerusalem existed no more, except during the ninety years of the Latin kingdom of the Crusaders. He was worthy to close its glorious line of patriarchs and to sit on the Theadelphic throne of St. James, St. Macarius, and St. Cyril. Sophronius is one of the most illustrious ornaments of his age in the Catholic hierarchy. He was a man of high mental gifts, of great theological learning, of heroic Christian virtue and remarkable practical ability and prudence, which he manifested in times of great trial and disaster. The evils which threatened the church from the Byzantine emperors and patriarchs, and from the degeneracy in faith and morals which had infected all Eastern Christendom, were far worse than the temporal disasters of Persian and Saracenic invasions. In fact, we may regard the downfall of the Romaic empire in the East as a real blessing, in view of the far worse evils which would have followed had the ambitious designs of the emperors and of the patriarchs of Constantinople

been successful. The Emperor Heraclius was in many respects an estimable man, yet he was bitten with the common mania of Byzantine emperors for usurping the office of the pope by deciding the dogmas and regulating the discipline of the church. The patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, and Antioch were in league with him to effect a compromise between the Catholic faith and the Eutychian heresy, by means of the new Monothelite heresy, which was equally destructive of the mystery of the Incarnation. Pope Honorius, though an able, pious, and orthodox pontiff, in his haste and credulity suffered himself to be entrapped into conniving at this heresy by the subtlety and deceit of Sergius of Constantinople. At this juncture Sophronius of Jerusalem was the only great and firm pillar of Catholic faith among the chief prelates of the church. At his consecration and enthronization as patriarch of Jerusalem, in 634, he held a synod of the assembled bishops, in which he produced a luminous exposition of the faith, especially in respect to the Incarnation, against all heresies down to this new one which denied the distinct and human will co-existing with the divine will in the person of our Lord. Shortly before his own death and that of the Emperor Heraclius and Pope Honorius, which occurred about the same time with each other, he deputed Stephen, Bishop of Dora, after making him swear fidelity on the tomb of Christ, with written and verbal messages to the pope, intended to make known to him the true state of the case. Honorius was dead when Stephen reached Rome, but the next pope did what his predecessor had failed to do—condemned the new heresy, which was again condemned and the faith defined by the Sixth Œcumenical Council, where the authority and influence of St. Sophronius, through his writings, were predominant.

In 636 the generals of Omar, the third Moslem caliph, appeared before Jerusalem, which capitulated after an obstinate resistance of four months. Sophronius negotiated the capitulation with Omar in person. Omar, like Haroun-al-Raschid, Saladin, and several other great Mussulman chiefs, was a man of excellent and noble qualities. Mohammedanism as a whole is an essentially barbarous and immoral system, founded on falsehood, absurdity, and diabolical imposture. Yet it has elements from the ancient, patriarchal monotheism, and a tincture of Jewish and Christian belief, which partially counteract its debasing influence on the mind and character; and under this system human nature has been able to produce some good intellectual and moral fruits. The humanity of Omar preserved the Christians of Palestine from the

worst results which have often followed upon conquest, and rendered their condition somewhat tolerable. Sophronius did not long survive the lamentable event which made the religion of the false prophet dominant in Jerusalem, and caused the site of God's ancient Temple to be desecrated by the erection of the great mosque whose proud dome, surmounted by the crescent, still domineers over the Holy City. It is probable that a great number of Christians withdrew to the mountains of Libanus, and there helped to form that community of Maronite Catholics which has always remained in communion with the Holy See.

From the seventh until the twelfth century the condition of the Christians of the Holy Land exhibits alternations of a more or less supportable servitude and misery. The frequent changes of dynasties among the Mussulmans, and the different character of individual rulers, brought changes for better or worse into the condition of the Christians under Moslem rule. The influence of the Greek and Western sovereigns, and the liberality of the faithful in Christian countries, brought also relief and succor to these oppressed worshippers of Christ in the land of his enemies, which had once been the scene of his own life and of his triumph. They were the watchers over the holy places, and on this account, chiefly, an object of the Christian sympathy of their brethren in the faith. The Ommiades observed the terms of the treaty of Omar so long as they remained possessed of the caliphate. So also the Abbasides, who wrested from them the sovereignty. Embassies were exchanged and presents between Haroun-al-Raschid, who showed himself mild and tolerant towards Christians, and Charlemagne. The Patriarch Thomas sent, in 807 the keys of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to the latter, and Haroun formally confirmed his protectorate over the holy places. In 869 we find a procurator of the patriarch present in Constantinople at the Eighth Œcumenical Council, where Photius was condemned and St. Ignatius reinstated. The downfall of the Abbasides brought with it a disastrous change in the treatment of the Christians of Palestine. The Fatimite caliphs were fanatical and cruel. When Jerusalem was stormed by the Caliph Moez in 969 the churches were burned, and the patriarch, John IV., perished in the flames. A more complete and thorough destruction was accomplished under the cruel tyrant Hakem in 1010, incited by letters from the Saracens of Spain and the Jews of France, in which the Jews of Palestine took part with the Mohammedans, desiring to efface completely all the memorials of the life, death, and resurrection of Christ, and to take away all motive for pilgrimages. Ha-

kem's son, Daher, permitted the rebuilding of the sanctuaries, which was completed, by means of abundant gifts from all parts of Christendom, about 1055. In 1077 the Turks conquered Palestine and a new, bloody persecution of Christians took place. The Emir Iftikar called together a sort of Mohammedan congress in the court of the great mosque, in which it was proposed to destroy the Church of the Resurrection from its foundations, together with the Holy Sepulchre itself, and to effectually put a stop to all future pilgrimages of Christians to Jerusalem. These pilgrimages had continued ever since the capture of Jerusalem by Omar, and had greatly increased during the tenth and eleventh centuries. The Crusades were their natural outgrowth, and the immediate stimulating cause of the great crusading movement was in the new and more fierce onslaught of Islamism upon Christendom, both in the West and at the birthplace of Christianity.

On the 6th of June, 1099, the Crusaders beleaguered Jerusalem, and on the 15th of July they took it by storm. The Latin kingdom was founded, which lasted for ninety years. It fell because it had not the necessary elements in it of perpetual stability. Its brief history is full of a captivating interest. Under the Latin kings and patriarchs, the Church of the Resurrection, as well as many others in Jerusalem and Palestine, were rebuilt with greater magnificence, and gave the models and examples of the grand architectural achievements for which the later mediæval period is famous. The basilica of Constantine stood from 326–614, the church of Modestus until 1010, the new church of Constantine Monomachos until 1130; the great minster of the Crusaders remained almost uninjured until the great fire of 1808, and still constitutes the basis of the restored church which was immediately reconstructed in a far inferior style by the Greeks and Armenians, and remains until now.

The great mosque El Sachra, on the site of Solomon's Temple, was given by Godfrey de Bouillon to the Augustinians, and, after great and costly improvements, was solemnly consecrated by the papal legate. Long after the downfall of the Latin kingdom the Greeks, and even the Franks, were permitted to celebrate Mass within its precincts, and it was only in 1244 that Christians were definitively expelled from it, and even forbidden to enter it—a prohibition which even now remains in force. Particular persons can, however, of late, obtain permission to enter, and we have recently heard a friend describe a visit to this mosque and mention the great politeness of a Mohammedan official who ac-

companied him during his inspection of the building. The same friend confirms the judgment of Dr. Sepp that it is a jewel of architecture.

The Emperor Justinian in the year 530 built a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin on another part of the ground adjacent to the Temple. The costly vessels of the ancient Temple which Titus carried to Rome, and Genseric afterwards conveyed to Carthage, were recovered by Belisarius, and by him sent to the emperor at Constantinople, who placed them in this church, the richness and splendor of whose furniture is described in glowing language by contemporary writers. They were stolen by the Persians at their conquest, and from that time disappeared finally, having probably been melted up, as Heraclius recovered nothing but the holy cross. The Mohammedans changed this Justinian church into a mosque called ever since Medschid el Achsa. In the adjoining palatial buildings the Frankish kings established at first their own residence, but afterwards gave over the place to the Knights Templars, who derive their name from it, and the adjoining Church of the Temple where they resorted for the divine service, apparently in common with the Augustinians. How far the Church of the Blessed Virgin, turned by Omar into a mosque, remained as distinct from the buildings given by King Baldwin as a residence to the Templars is only obscurely indicated in the accounts we have read. The present mosque El Achsa dates from the time of Sultan Selim in 1517, and is wholly Saracenic in style, retaining no trace of the original structure of Justinian in its interior form.

The Crusaders restored also the Church of the *Cœnaculum*, which has at different times borne the names of the Holy Sion, the Church of the Apostles, and the Church of the Holy Spirit, and founded in connection with it an Augustinian monastery. It is situated on Mt. Sion over the tomb of David. St. Epiphanius testifies that this *Cœnaculum* where the Lord instituted the Blessed Eucharist was the first and mother church of the disciples after the Resurrection; that it remained undestroyed at the second destruction of Jerusalem under Adrian, and was reoccupied by the Christians when they returned from Pella. It is mentioned by St. Cyril, St. Jerome, Antoninus in the seventh century, Willibald in the eighth, and Bernard the Wise in the ninth. After the expulsion of the Crusaders it was occupied by the Franciscans, who were only finally dispossessed in 1561. The motive of the Mohammedan usurpation of the right of possession of this holy place was the existence of the tomb of

David under the church, which had been forgotten during the middle ages. The church has been turned into a mosque which, with the subterranean sepulchre, bears the name of En Neby Daûd.

We do not propose to follow the history of the Catholic Church in Jerusalem and Palestine through the vicissitudes of the last seven centuries, or to enter into the details of its present condition.

The question of absorbing interest now is, Will there be a resurrection of Christian Jerusalem and Palestine in the future, and what will it be? This is closely connected with the question of the future destiny of Constantinople and all those regions of which Constantine made it the capital city. The downfall of the barbarous and decayed Turkish Empire cannot be far distant. It is to be hoped that the disappearance of the religion of Islam from the world will follow in due time. We must ardently desire to see the cross restored to the dome of Justinian's basilica of St. Sophia, to the summit of his church on Mt. Moriah, to the desecrated hill of Sion, and to the superb Kubbet es Sachra, which from the central Rock of Solomon's Temple domineers over Jerusalem. But it would be even worse and more disastrous for this sacred sign to be made a symbol of the triumph of schism than for Islamism to continue to flaunt its crescent in the face of Christendom. The renovation of Jerusalem and Palestine through the dominant power of the Christian religion and civilization may be hoped for and anticipated in either one of two ways: colonization from western Europe, or the conversion and restoration of the Jews. Without pretending to interpret prophecy or make positive prognostication of future events from any kind of causes which are actually working, we may be allowed to express the sentiment that the latter way is most desirable and presents the most fitting consummation of the history of the Holy City and the Holy Land. They are in a special manner the royal domain of Christ. Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of David, is the King of the Jews. He has banished them from their glorious land and from Sion, the city of David, in punishment of their rebellion. But when their rebellion ceases their right to the land which God gave them in perpetuity will revive. The sentiment of animosity toward the race of Israel and of despair of their conversion is neither reasonable nor Christian. The truly Catholic spirit is that with which St. Paul and St. Bernard were filled—a spirit of good-will and of hope. Nor are there wanting signs which encourage us in the belief that a day of grace is

already beginning for this incredulous people. The little magazine entitled *Annales de la Mission de N. D. de Sion en Terre Sainte*, in its number for December, 1879, contains the following extract from the Jewish review *Archives Israelites:*

"What is the reason that almost all the rich Israelite families have been converted during the past fifty years? For instance, in Germany, the Arnsteins, Péreiras, Henriksteins, Löwenthals, Neuwalls, Liebenbergs, Kaaris, Karises, Eskélèses, Mayer-Rauschenbergs, Joelsons, have been converted *en bloc.* Of all the descendants of Moses Mendelssohn there are none who resort to the Jewish worship; likewise, the children of Meyerbeer are Christians, as well as the families of Bernay, Gumpel, Warsham, Loebreich, and Simon, of Königsberg; Ebers and Eberty, of Breslau; Oppenheim, of Cologne; Stieglitz, of Hanover; Haber, of Carlsruhe; Benedict, of Stuttgard; Normann, of Dantzic; and a crowd of others. Frankfort, which thirty years ago counted within its bosom a quantity of Jewish families very distinguished by their position in society and their education, has beheld these gradually changing their religion, so that this society has completely disappeared, and of that Pleiad of Speyers, Flersheims, Gersons, Creizenachs, Reisses, Schusters, Stiebels, Brauns, Hochstetters, and Getzes there scarcely remains an Israelite representative. In Poland and Russia, as soon as an Israelite acquires a fortune he changes his religion; and so it is that the Kronenbergs, the Lessers, the Fraenkels, the Rosens, the Laskis, of Warsaw; the Raffaloviches, of Odessa, no longer remember that they are Jews; just as, in England, the greater part of the families of Spanish origin—the Disraelis, the Ricardos, the Samudas, the Bernal Osbornes, the Manasses, the Lopezes—retain nothing except the name of Israelite; and likewise the great manufacturers, Salis Schwabe, Samuelson, Siltzer, and the principal merchants of wealth at Manchester, Bradford, and Leeds. In France who are left of the Foulds, the Worms de Romilly, the Ratisbonnes, the Halévys, and the Cremieux?"

"Has not this avowal," the writer in the *Annales* goes on to say, "in the mouth of a Jewish publicist a surprising value? He might have added to his list of *rich converts* thousands of other names besides those of opulent bankers and merchants, which he has collected out of all the countries of Europe. Why has he forgotten to inscribe in his catalogue so many physicians, painters, advocates, renowned writers, government officers, manufacturers, generals of division, officers of all arms, common soldiers, artisans of all kinds, even venerable and learned rabbins—such as a Drach whom Gregory XVI. made librarian of the Vatican and named *a well of learning;* a Siméon who was baptized at the age of eighty years; a Liebermann whom Pius IX. declared Venerable,* and who founded a congregation of apostolic workmen; a Father Hermann, restorer of the order of Carmel in France and England, who died in the odor of sanctity, a victim to his zeal and charity; a Father Gustave Lévy, Dominican missionary in Mesopotamia and martyr of the faith; an Abbé Olmer, well known in Paris, whose honorable family have all become Catholics, and whose two sisters are religious; the Abbés Lehmann, twin-brothers, whose writings and ser-

* And who will probably be canonized.—NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

mons are full of light and eloquence; the two Abbés Level, the elder of whom, the worthy and saintly Mgr. Jules Level, died at Rome, rector of S. Louis-des-Français; a Father Veith, a Dominican, and the most illustrious preacher in Austria, etc., etc.?

"The *Œuvre N. D. de Sion* alone, during the forty years since its foundation, has baptized more than seven hundred Israelites, from all classes of society, among whom are some entire families. Sometimes poor and yet respectable working-men, anxious for the future of their children, and preferring to have their daughters brought up Christians rather than to see them exposed to become opera-dancers, café-singers, or worse, have brought them to us, and these young girls have become the apostles of their families, gaining their parents, their grandparents, and all the rest to Jesus Christ.

"At the present time these conversions are multiplying indefinitely; in all parts of Europe Israelites living in the midst of Christian society reject the old, ridiculous cast-off garment of Judaism; but, since the offspring of the Father of the Faithful cannot live a long time without faith, religion, or worship, and far from God, they seek; and when upright hearts seek, they find."

The most remarkable of all these conversions was the miraculous conversion of Father Alphonse Ratisbonne himself; and of all the good works and religious establishments in Palestine for the preservation of what is left of its ancient Catholicity and the recovery of what has been lost by the invasion of infidelity and schism, the one which appears to have in it the germ of future growth most fitted to the sacred soil is the work of Father Ratisbonne. The first sum of money given for its foundation, a gift of six thousand francs, was contributed by a Jewess, Father Ratisbonne's sister Ernestine, just when his elder brother and superior had ordered him to give up the enterprise and return to France. A converted Israelite, going as a Catholic priest to Mt. Calvary, there to seek to expiate the crime of the Jewish priesthood and people by leading his brethren by race to Christ, seems to our mind as the precursor of a work of grace which shall eventually fulfil the prophecies of St. Paul.

There is a touching incident related by Father Ratisbonne which symbolizes beautifully what we hope will be this fulfilment of the prophecies concerning the ancient people of God:

"His Excellency the Patriarch had appointed me to preach at Calvary on Good Friday (of the year 1858). This great day having come, I went to the venerable basilica at the appointed hour, my heart filled with unutterable emotion. While I was following the solemn procession of the Franciscan Fathers which departs from the Magdalen Chapel for the different stations enclosed in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, through an immense

and dense crowd, I suddenly felt a little hand slide into mine; it was the hand of a young Israelite whose two sisters were educated by the Daughters of Sion. Frightened at finding himself alone in the midst of such a crowd, Abraham Mourad wanted to place himself under my protection. I was deeply touched by this rencontre in such a place and on such an occasion.

"I held the dear child by the hand as far as Calvary; but when I arrived there I was obliged to leave him, in order to place myself near the altar of the Crucifixion, which belongs to the Greeks. It is there, on the very spot where the Virgin Mary stood, with transpierced heart, at the foot of the cross, that on Good Friday of every year the priest must lift up his voice and speak of Jesus crucified, in the midst of the tumult and disorder of the crowd which remind him of the day of our Lord's final sufferings. Since that day for ever execrable when the Jews, my ancestors, uttered their deicidal imprecations on Calvary, they have never more troubled the silence of that terrible place; never has the voice of any Israelite there resounded. What could I say *there*, trembling and with a tearful heart? What, except: *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*

"My discourse was not long; and I soon came down to take my little Abraham again by the hand and go on with the procession."

We must here bring to a close this sketch of the history of Christian Jerusalem, leaving many things unsaid. The world waits for the completion of its history in the future. The end will disclose how far the prophecy will have a new and literal fulfilment: SURGE, ILLUMINARE JERUSALEM! QUIA VENIT LUMEN TUUM ET GLORIA DOMINI SUPER TE ORTA EST.

In a future number we propose to furnish a supplement to the early history of the church of Jerusalem in the form of an exhibition of the witness and tradition of this apostolic church in respect to certain Catholic doctrines, taken principally from the writings of the Patriarch St. Cyril.

THE END.

A JESUIT IN DISGUISE.*

II.

Father Gerard by no means confined his ministrations to the Wiseman family. He made frequent excursions even to distant parts of the kingdom, especially in the North. "On the way," he writes, "I had to pass through my native place and through the midst of my kindred and acquaintance; but I could not do much good there, though there were many who professed themselves great friends of mine." He travelled as a gentleman, attended by a confidential companion who passed for his servant, and for some years he used to carry with him a set of vestments and altar furniture: "In this way I used to say Mass in the morning in every place where I lodged, not, however, before I had looked into every corner around, that there might be no one peeping in through the chinks." After a while most of the Catholic families with whom he stopped procured whatever was necessary for the celebration of Mass, and he was able to dispense with this perilous sort of luggage. Part of his disguise seems to have been a frequent change of name. On the Continent, as we saw awhile ago, he called himself Thomson, and thus he was generally known during the latter part of his life. In Norfolk he was called Starkie; in Suffolk, Standish; and at various times he went by the pseudonyms of Tanfield, Brooke, Staunton, Lee, Harrison, Nelson, and Roberts. It was a custom of the hunted Jesuits to call themselves after persons for whom they had a particular respect. Thomson was the name of a martyred priest whose execution Gerard had witnessed at Tyburn before he entered the society. The two brothers of Sir William Wiseman, after they became Jesuits, called themselves respectively Starkie and Standish out of regard for Father Gerard, and at the same time they changed their Christian names, Thomas calling himself William after his eldest brother, and John taking the name of another brother, Robert, who, like the rest of the family, had been in prison for his religion. The nature of Father Gerard's missionary operations

* *The Life of Father John Gerard, of the Society of Jesus.* By John Morris, of the same Society. Third edition, rewritten and enlarged. 8vo, pp. xiv.–524. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company. 1881.

varied with the localities which he visited. In some places there was a large Catholic population, consisting chiefly of the common people, who dispersed under persecution, and reappeared in surprising numbers as soon as the fury of the storm was spent. In Lancashire, for instance, our missionary sometimes preached and said Mass before a congregation of as many as two hundred. In such places it was easy to make converts. Elsewhere there were hardly any Catholics, except among the gentry, and it was necessary to proceed with the utmost caution. "The way of managing in such places is first to gain the gentry, then the servants; for Catholic masters cannot do without Catholic servants." We have an anecdote of Father Gerard's adroit use of the opportunities offered by a hunting-field for the conversion of a gentleman who had married his cousin. The missionary, of course, was still acting his part as a man of the world:

> "The hounds being at fault from time to time and ceasing to give tongue, while we were awaiting the renewal of this hunter's music I took the opportunity of following my own chase, and gave tongue myself in good earnest. Thus, beginning to speak of the great pains we took over chasing a poor animal, I brought the conversation to the necessity of seeking an everlasting kingdom and the proper method of gaining it—to wit, by employing all manner of care and industry; as the devil, on his part, never sleeps, but hunts after our souls as hounds after their prey."

The venture begun in this original manner was successful: the gentleman became a very zealous Catholic.

Several times every year Father Gerard visited his superior, and twice a year all the Jesuits in England used to meet and renew their vows. Father Garnet's ordinary abode had been for some time at the house of a widow in Warwickshire; but Father Southwell had a house in London, which he was enabled to support by the liberality of the Countess of Arundel, and here the superior used to lodge when he had occasion to go up to town. When Father Southwell was arrested in 1592 it was necessary to find another place of meeting, and opportunely about this time a considerable sum of money was put at the disposal of the Jesuits by the Mr. Drury and Thomas Wiseman already mentioned. Father Garnet was thus supplied with means to hire two or three houses, flitting from one to another as the pursuit waxed hot. On one occasion there gathered at the Warwickshire resort no fewer than nine or ten Jesuits, several other priests, and some fugitive lay people. It was agreed that so many ought not to be together, and as soon as the ceremony of renewing the vows was

over several of the party hurried away. There remained Garnet, Gerard, Southwell, Oldcorne, one other Jesuit, two secular priests, and two or three laymen, when at five in the morning, just as Father Southwell was beginning Mass, the pursuivants came thundering at the door. The servants managed to delay admitting the officers for a few moments, and meanwhile the house was made ready for the search. The altar was stripped, beds still warm were turned over, and the priests ran to their hole, which was a hiding-place under ground where they must stand with their feet in water. The pursuivants spent four hours ransacking the house, but they failed to find what they were after, and "at last they took themselves off, after getting paid forsooth for their trouble." By an ingenious refinement of injustice the victims of these domiciliary visits were obliged to pay the fees of the searchers, even when nothing compromising was discovered. The government spies made frequent report of Gerard's movements. There is a letter in the Public Record Office from an unfortunate priest named Young, who, having been lodged in jail, tried to buy his liberty by betraying his brethren, and offered to be the means of capturing Garnet and "some other of the chief of them" when they next assembled in London. The principal danger threatening Father Gerard at this time was from a source which he could hardly have suspected. Thomas Wiseman, before he left England to become a Jesuit, had a confidential servant named John Frank, whom on his departure he recommended to his father and mother. Frank had often been at Braddocks; he had seen enough of Father Gerard to suspect that he was a priest; the missionary had lodged with him in London; and he was aware that a house had recently been hired in Golding Lane for the use of Gerard and William Wiseman. He went to the magistrates and offered to sell his information, and they instructed him to find out all he could about the practices of the family. To appreciate the extent of his infamy we must remember that for the crime of harboring priests, of which he proposed to convict his good friends the Wisemans, the penalty was death. The first result of his treachery was the fruitless raid upon the widow Wiseman's house at Northend, of which we have already given some account. Next a descent was made upon the house in Golding Lane on a night when, as Frank ascertained, the missionary had appointed to be there; but Father Gerard had been detained elsewhere, and the officers only got his servant, Fulwood, and three other laymen. The next day, however, William Wiseman came to the house, in ignorance of

what had happened, and was at once arrested. Father Gerard went to Braddocks to console the Wiseman family in their trouble and settle with them what was to be done. The traitor Frank, whose crime was still unsuspected, presented himself there after a few days with letters from the prisoners. His object was to see whether Father Gerard was in the house. Close upon his heels came the pursuivants; and the priest had barely time to hide when the door was broken down and the officers "spread through the house with great noise and racket." First the mistress and her daughters were locked into a room; the Catholic servants were similarly imprisoned in various apartments; and then the search began. Father Gerard's place of concealment was a small recess built into the wall of a chimney, just behind a carved and inlaid mantelpiece. It was entered from the chapel in one of the upper stories by removing a number of bricks under the fire-place, where the apparently firm hearth covered a sort of trap-door. Wood was always kept in the fire-place, but it was never lighted for fear of burning through the false hearth. The pursuivants spent two days in their search, sounding and measuring the walls, breaking down places that they suspected, lifting the tiles of the roof, and even hammering at the very chimney in which the priest lay hid. They concluded at last that the Jesuit had got away, and the chief officers departed, leaving instructions to their subordinates to put a guard over the premises and convey the ladies to London. This order filled Mrs. Wiseman with dismay. Father Gerard had already been two days shut up in a narrow slit in the wall with nothing to eat but a biscuit or two and a little jelly which she had thrust into his hand at the last moment, and there was danger of his starving. But John Frank was to remain with the guard, and, as he had made a great show of opposition to the search, she resolved to trust the secret to him. He was to go into a certain room as soon as the coast was clear, and call the priest by his wonted name, and he would be answered from behind the lath and plaster. If Frank had followed these instructions Father Gerard would doubtless have been taken. But instead of doing that he informed the guard; the magistrates were called back; and the search was renewed with more fury than before. It lasted another two days. Wainscots were ripped off, especially in the room to which Frank was directed; but, strange to say, the hiding-place was still not found. At night the guard kindled a fire in the chapel to warm themselves; the bricks were loosened; burning

embers fell almost upon the priest's head; and if the officers had looked into the fire-place the next morning they would have seen Father Gerard through a hole in the hearth. But they were thrown off the scent by discovering another hiding-place with a good store of provisions in it, and, supposing that the priest had been there and escaped, they released the ladies of the house and went away. When Mrs. Wiseman liberated the "four-days-buried Lazarus" he was emaciated with hunger and want of sleep, and she, who had fasted during the whole time, was so changed that one would not have known her except by her voice.

Father Gerard remained concealed for a fortnight in another country-house. "Then," he says, "knowing that I had left my friends in great distress, I proceeded to London to aid and comfort them." He was kindly entertained by Father Southwell's friend, the Countess of Arundel; but it was necessary that he should have a lodging of his own, where people might come to him. A house was hired with the aid of a pious attendant of Father Garnet's named Nicholas Owen, commonly called "Little John," famous for his skill in constructing hiding-places, and the builder, indeed, of the one which served Father Gerard so well at Braddocks. This stanch and heroic companion often appears in the course of the Narrative. He bore imprisonment with invincible constancy, and died at last under the torture. Before Father Gerard was fairly settled in his new lodging the priest-hunters, directed by Frank, were upon him again. This time he was caught. The officers found him and "Little John" in bed, and dragged them off to prison. After lying one night in irons Father Gerard was taken before the commissioners, the chief of whom, afterwards Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, was a renegade Catholic. Determining to be open in all that affected himself, but to say nothing that could implicate others, he answered readily that he was a priest and a Jesuit, that he had been in England six years, and that his superiors had sent him into the realm to make converts to the faith:

"'No, no,' said they, 'you were sent for matters of state, and to lure people from the obedience of the queen to the obedience of the pope.'

"'As for matters of state,' I replied, 'we are forbidden to have anything to say to them, as they do not belong to our institute. This prohibition, indeed, extends to all the members of the society; but on us missioners it is particularly enjoined in a special instruction. As for the obedience due to the queen and the pope, each is to be obeyed in that wherein they have jurisdiction; and one obedience does not clash with the other, as England and all Christian realms have hitherto experienced.'

"'How and where did you land, and where have you lived since your landing?'

"'I cannot in conscience answer any of these questions,' I replied, 'especially the last, as it would bring mischief on others; so I crave pardon for not satisfying your wishes.'

"'Nay,' said they, 'it is just on these heads that we chiefly desire you to satisfy us, and we bid you in the queen's name to do so.'

"'I honor the queen,' said I, 'and will obey her and you in all that is lawful, but here you must hold me excused; for were I to mention any person or place where I have been lodged, the innocent would have to suffer, according to your laws, for the kind service they have done me. Such behavior on my part would be against all justice and charity, and therefore I never will be guilty of it.'"

Persisting in this refusal, Father Gerard was committed to a prison called the Counter, and thrust into a little den just under the roof, the door of which was so low that he had to enter on his knees. There he remained in fetters for three months. Several times he was re-examined before the magistrates. He was confronted also with the notorious Topcliffe, who tried to terrify him into signing a false declaration, and once sought to shake his constancy by pretending that Father Southwell had yielded and was going to recant—a lie to which the wretch even made solemn oath. But all was in vain. Richard Fulwood and "Little John" were put to the torture, but nothing could be extracted from them; and Father Gerard records with great satisfaction that of all the servants whom he employed from time to time—for his assumed position and mode of life made it necessary that he should always have an attendant—not one proved unfaithful. Neither was evidence obtained from the servants at Braddocks; and as for the spy Frank, it was perhaps thought best not to spoil him for other uses by putting him forward as a witness. In the course of time some of our missionary's friends bribed the magistrate, Young, to transfer him to more decent quarters in the Clink prison, where a great number of Catholics were confined for their religion. "It seemed," writes Father Gerard, "like a change from Purgatory to Paradise. Instead of lewd songs and blasphemies the prayers of some Catholic neighbors in the next room met my ear." The chains were removed from his limbs (we learn by a letter of Garnet's that he suffered for a long time afterward from the injuries caused by the irons), and by giving money to the keepers he secured many religious privileges, as in the days of his confinement in the Marshalsea.

The account of his life in prison is a curious illustration of the manner of administering the penal laws, when the rigor of pur-

suit outside the jail was not more remarkable than the laxity of discipline within. Priests and harborers of priests were hunted with savage eagerness; recusants were arrested and unmercifully fined; magistrates were not ashamed to resort to the most discreditable tricks (such as the fabrication of false confessions) to entrap the accused into criminating their supposed accomplices; and the torture was freely applied to wring from these unfortunate victims the names of those who had befriended them. Yet inside the prisons the most extraordinary indulgences were sometimes purchased. Priests who had been arrested for saying Mass continued to say Mass in their cells. The government, which was putting forth all its strength to suppress Catholic worship throughout the realm, could not prevent the celebration of Catholic worship inside its own jails. The explanation of this anomaly is to be found in the abuses which then distinguished the whole prison system. There was little restraint upon the power of the keepers. When the ruling passion of these men was cruelty the lot of the prisoners was dreadful indeed. But in many cases their principal desire was to plunder the persons committed to their custody, and then they cared little what was done, so that they were well paid and that nobody escaped. Thus Father Gerard found that in the Clink the Catholic prisoners had the means of communicating pretty freely with one another and with their outside friends. Some of them came to his door—he was locked up in a cell—and let him know that through a hole in the wall, covered by a picture, he could talk with his next neighbor, Ralph Emerson, an excellent lay brother of the society, who had already been about six years in prison, and was destined to remain six or seven more. Emerson was allowed to have visitors in his cell, and thus Father Gerard was enabled to confess and receive communion through the hole in the wall, as well as to confer with his own friends, who came as if to see Brother Emerson. Before long a key was fashioned which would open Father Gerard's cell; "and then," he says, "every morning, before the jailer got up, they brought me to another part of the prison, where I said Mass and administered the sacraments to the prisoners lodged in that quarter; for all of them had got keys of their cells." On Good Friday (1595) the imprisoned confessors even ventured to celebrate the solemn office of the day, and to admit a number of Catholics from without to join in their devotions. They were all assembled in a room over Father Gerard's cell, and the priest had gone through all the service up to the adoration of the cross, when they were interrupted by the head jailer

knocking at the door below. Father Gerard removed his vestments and went down to the officer; and "as I knew the nature of the man," he says, "I pretended to be angry that one who professed to be a friend should have come at such a time as that, when, if ever, we were bound to be busy at our prayers."

Brother Emerson's cell continued to be the resort of Catholics from outside who wished to consult with our missionary or to make their confessions to him; and "there were often," he says, "six or eight persons at once waiting to see me." He reconciled a great number of "schismatics" to the church; he converted eight or ten heretics, including one of his jailers, who straightway gave up his office and afterwards became a prisoner for religion in the same jail; he sent several young men abroad to join the Jesuits, and boys to be educated at Catholic seminaries; and he even found means to provide for priests of his acquaintance who had occasion to come up to London, and for newly-ordained missionaries who arrived from the Continent with instructions to seek him out. With the help of his friends he hired and furnished a house for the accommodation of these clergymen, and placed in it, as the ostensible tenant, a devout widow of good family named Line, who had already suffered a great deal for the faith. A few years afterwards (1601) Mrs. Line was arrested just as Mass was about beginning in her house, and, although the celebrant was not found, she was hanged for harboring a priest.

The expenses of the establishment maintained under the charge of this good lady, as well as the cost of supplying the new-comers with suitable clothing, horses, and other necessaries, were defrayed from the alms bestowed upon Father Gerard by rich Catholics. "I did not receive alms from many persons," he writes, "still less from all that came to see me; indeed, both out of prison and in prison I often refused such offers. I was afraid that if I always accepted what was offered I might scare from me souls that wished to treat with me on the business of their salvation, or receive gifts from those that could either ill afford it or would afterwards repent of it. I made it a rule, therefore, never to take alms except from a small number of persons whom I knew well. Most of what I got was from those devoted friends who offered me not only their money but themselves, and looked upon it as a favor when I took their offer." When Father Gerard was removed from the Clink to the Tower he had about £130 in money, besides papers, etc., put away "in some holes made to hide things." Brother Emerson secured this store and sent it to Garnet, who continued to supply Mrs. Line until Ger-

ard was at liberty. Mr. Wiseman, for several months after his arrest in Golding Lane, had been kept in close confinement, neither his family nor any of his friends being allowed to see him, but finally he obtained his freedom on the payment of a large sum of money. His devoted wife, in the meantime, had taken a house near the Clink prison, in order that she might communicate freely with Father Gerard and supply his wants, and there the husband joined her on his release.

The fresh troubles shortly brought upon the good Jesuit were occasioned by one of his fellow-prisoners, a priest named Atkinson, of whom the revelations of the State Paper Office inform us that, having apostatized, he subsequently had the almost incredible wickedness to offer to poison the Earl of Tyrone in a consecrated Host. This Judas reported to the magistrates that Gerard had received letters from Rome and Brussels, and had given them to "Little John," who, having obtained his liberty, was then acting as a servant of Garnet. Gerard was immediately conveyed to the Tower, and thither after two days came the lords commissioners, one of whom was Sir Francis Bacon, and the attorney-general, Sir Edward Coke, to examine him touching the persons for whom the letters were intended, and especially concerning the whereabouts of Garnet. He admitted receiving letters from over sea many times, some for himself relating to the maintenance of scholars on the Continent, and some for other persons, but he stoutly refused to tell who these other persons were or to give any information about Garnet. "I do not know where he is," was his answer, "and if I did know I would not tell you." Hereupon a warrant was produced for putting him to the torture, and the whole party marched in a solemn procession, led by attendants with lighted candles, to a dark chamber underground, a place of great extent with "divers sorts of racks and other instruments of torture ranged about it." Again the Jesuit was urged to answer the questions, but he refused as before and fell upon his knees in prayer.

"Then they led me to a great upright beam or pillar of wood which was one of the supports of this vast crypt. At the summit of this column were fixed certain iron staples for supporting weights. Here they placed on my wrists gauntlets of iron, and ordered me to mount upon two or three wicker steps; then, raising my arms, they inserted an iron bar through the rings of the gauntlets and then through the staples in the pillar, putting a pin through the bar so that it could not slip. My arms being thus fixed above my head, they withdrew those wicker steps I spoke of, one by one, from beneath my feet, so that I hung by my hands and arms. The tips of my toes, however, still touched the ground, so they dug away the ground be-

neath; for they could not raise me higher, as they had suspended me from the topmost staples in the pillar.

"Thus hanging by my wrists, I began to pray, while those gentlemen standing round asked me again if I was willing to confess. I replied, 'I neither can nor will,' but so terrible a pain began to oppress me that I was scarce able to speak the words. The worst pain was in my breast and belly, my arms and hands. It seemed to me that all the blood in my body rushed up my arms into my hands; and I was under the impression at the time that the blood actually burst forth from my fingers and at the back of my hands. This was, however, a mistake; the sensation was caused by the swelling of the flesh over the iron that bound it.

"I felt now such intense pain (and the effect was probably heightened by an interior temptation) that it seemed to me impossible to continue enduring it. It did not, however, go so far as to make me feel any inclination or real disposition to give the information they wanted. For as the eyes of our merciful Lord had seen my imperfection, he did 'not suffer me to be tempted above what I was able, but with the temptation made also a way of escape.' Seeing me, therefore, in this agony of pain and this interior distress, his infinite mercy sent me this thought: 'The very furthest and utmost they can do is to take away thy life; and often hast thou desired to give thy life for God: thou art in God's hands, who knoweth well what thou sufferest, and is all-powerful to sustain thee.' With this thought our good God gave me also out of his immense bounty the grace to resign myself and offer myself utterly to his good pleasure, together with some hope and desire of dying for his sake. From that moment I felt no more trouble in my soul, and even the bodily pain seemed to be more bearable than before, although I doubt not that it really increased from the continued strain that was exercised on every part of my body.

"Hereupon those gentlemen, seeing that I gave them no further answer, departed to the lieutenant's house, and there they waited, sending now and then to know how things were going on in the crypt. There were left with me three or four strong men to superintend my torture. My jailer also remained, I fully believe out of kindness to me, and kept wiping away with a handkerchief the sweat that ran down from my face the whole time, as indeed it did from my whole body. So far, indeed, he did me a service; but by his words he rather added to my distress, for he never stopped entreating and beseeching me to have pity on myself and tell these gentlemen what they wanted to know; and so many human reasons did he allege that I verily believed he was either instigated directly by the devil under pretence of affection for me, or had been left there purposely by the persecutors to influence me by his show of sympathy. In any case, these shafts of the enemy seemed to be spent before they reached me, for, though annoying, they did me no real hurt, nor did they seem to touch my soul or move it in the least. I said, therefore, to him: 'I pray you to say no more on that point, for I am not minded to lose my soul for the sake of my body.' Yet I could not prevail with him to be silent. The others also who stood by said: 'He will be a cripple all his life, if he lives through it; but he will have to be tortured daily till he confesses.' But I kept praying in a low voice, and continually uttered the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

"I had hung in this way till after one of the clock, as I think, when I

fainted. How long I was in the faint I know not—perhaps not long; for the men who stood by lifted me up, or replaced those wicker steps under my feet, until I came to myself; and immediately they heard me praying they let me down again. This they did over and over again when the faint came on, eight or nine times before five of the clock. Somewhat before five came Wade again, and, drawing near, said: 'Will you yet obey the commands of the queen and the council?'

"'No,' said I; 'what you ask is unlawful, therefore I will never do it.'

"'At least, then,' said Wade, 'say that you would like to speak to Secretary Cecil.'

"'I have nothing to say to him,' I replied, 'more than I have said already; and if I were to ask to speak to him, scandal would be caused, for people would imagine that I was yielding at length, and was willing to give information.'

"Upon this Wade suddenly turned his back in a rage and departed, saying in a loud and angry tone: 'Hang there, then, till you rot!'

"So he went away, and I think all the commissioners then left the Tower; for at five of the clock the great bell of the Tower sounds, as a signal for all to leave who do not wish to be locked in all night. Soon after this they took me down from my cross, and though neither foot nor leg was injured, yet I could hardly stand."

The torture was repeated twice the next day in the same manner, and when Father Gerard was carried back to his cell the very jailer was in tears. It was three weeks before he could move his fingers, and five months before he recovered the sense of touch. Meanwhile he received notice from Garnet that the government meant to enforce against him the full penalty of the law. The attorney-general examined him in preparation for the trial, and in his replies the prisoner acknowledged that he had come to England as a priest and Jesuit, that he had reconciled persons to the pope, and had "drawn them away from the faith and religious profession which was approved in England." All these were capital crimes; but for some reason not explained the trial was deferred, and the confessor lay in his cell, in what was known as the Salt Tower, in the southeastern part of the fortress, for more than three months. The keeper who had charge of him was a well-disposed fellow, not unwilling to grant a few indulgences, especially when he was paid for them; and so the prisoner established communication with friends outside, writing and receiving letters apparently quite harmless, but with a hidden text penned in orange-juice, which showed when the paper was held to the fire. Father Gerard says that orange-juice was the best medium for certain kinds of writing, because when it had once been made legible by heat it could not be hidden again; those who received the letter could always tell, therefore, if it had been intercepted and read on the way, and could govern them-

selves accordingly. Lemon-juice was used for circular letters to be passed from hand to hand; the writing became visible upon dipping the sheet in water, and vanished again when the paper was dry.

In a small structure called the Cradle Tower, separated from the Jesuit's place of confinement by a garden, and overhanging the moat, was a Catholic gentleman named Arden, who had been there ten years on a charge of treason. After much persuasion Father Gerard got the keeper to consent to his surreptitiously visiting this gentleman—a privilege of which he availed himself in order to say Mass, the necessary vessels being smuggled in by Mr. Arden's wife. He had no other purpose than saying Mass when he planned the visit; but a slight inspection of Mr. Arden's quarters satisfied him that from this spot it might be possible to effect an escape. There was access from the prisoner's chamber to the roof of the Cradle Tower. Below, as we have said, was the moat, here only thirty feet wide; beyond that, and separated from it by a wall nearly as high as the Cradle Tower itself, was the open quay known as the Tower Wharf; and beyond that again was the river Thames. The prisoners soon arranged their plans, and Father Gerard undertook to communicate with the outside friends upon whose aid they depended. It was through Mr. William Wiseman that all the arrangements were made, and it was agreed that on a certain night a boat should be at the Tower Wharf with a stout rope long enough to reach from the quay to the top of the Cradle Tower. Our Jesuit obtained leave to lodge with Mr. Arden that night, as he had done before, and at evening the two prisoners were locked up together, the jailer taking the precaution, however, to fasten the door that led to the roof. This difficulty they overcame by loosening with their knives the stone that held the bolt of the lock, and at last they crept upon the roof, not daring to speak above a whisper, for there was a sentinel in the garden behind them. About midnight the boat appeared. There were three men in it. One was Father Gerard's faithful servant, Richard Fulwood. The second, John Lilly, had been Gerard's fellow-prisoner in the Clink; his liberty was purchased after eight or nine years' confinement, and he became Father Gerard's most trusty attendant, risking his life for him more than once, and finally entering the Society of Jesus as a lay brother. The third confederate was no other than one of the keepers of the Clink, a "schismatic" who had conceived a great affection for the Jesuit, and who often proved his fidelity by sheltering him and his friends in his own house. Before the

boat reached the appointed place it was hailed by some one on the Tower Wharf who took it for a fishing-boat, and the party were obliged to keep off until the coast was clear, whereby so much time was lost that the venture became impossible of accomplishment before daylight, and they turned back. In passing under London Bridge the rushing tide swept them upon some piles, and they were with difficulty rescued from drowning. Not discouraged, John Lilly sent word that a second attempt would be made the following night, and with great ado Gerard obtained leave to remain again with Mr. Arden, the jailer fortunately not discovering that they had tampered with the fastenings of the roof-door. This time all went well. The boat reached the wharf without being observed; the ends of the rope were made fast to a stake, and the bight, being drawn up to the top of the Cradle Tower by means of a cord attached to a leaden ball which the prisoners threw from the roof over the moat and wall, was there secured to a gun. Here, however, occurred an unexpected trouble. The prisoners had counted upon sliding down; but the wall was so high that the rope hung almost horizontal, and after Mr. Arden had worked his way across it sagged so much that Father Gerard, who was a very tall and heavy man, stuck fast in the middle of the slack and nearly lost his hold. With several pauses and much struggling he reached the wall at last, feet foremost, and John Lilly, having somehow got on top, pulled him over, so much exhausted that he was unable to stand until some restoratives with which the party had fortunately provided themselves were applied. Then they hastened to the boat and pulled away. Arden and Lilly went to the house of Father Gerard's kept, as we have seen, by Mrs. Line. Gerard and Fulwood proceeded to a certain house in the suburbs, where horses were in waiting, and thence Gerard rode with "Little John" to a place in the country occupied at that time by Father Garnet. Fulwood remained behind to provide for the safety of the obliging jailer in the Tower; for Father Gerard took care that this man, to whose complaisance he owed so much, should be warned of the escape in time to make off before the matter was discovered by his superior officers, and also provided a place of refuge for him. He was supported by Gerard for the rest of his life, and after a while he became a Catholic. Lilly was taken some time later, having sacrificed himself in order to promote the escape of Father Gerard from a search-party, and was cruelly tortured in the Tower, being hung up by the hands as his master had been.

Father Garnet would have sent Gerard abroad after this; but the gallant priest begged to be retained in England, and for nine years longer he labored on his dangerous mission, moving from place to place, sometimes lodging in London, almost in the shadow of the Clink prison, and for a brief period taking up his quarters with his old friends the Wisemans. His last refuge was with a devout widow, Elizabeth Vaux, mother of the fourth baron of that name (then a child), and a near connection of a lady who had been Father Gerard's hostess at an earlier period of his career. In her country-house he had a commodious apartment, a chapel, rich vestments and altar furniture, a good store of books, and the company of another Jesuit; and, what was still more important than these things, "Little John" built for him an ingenious hiding-place, as he had done elsewhere. We should be glad, if space allowed, to rehearse a few of the incidents of these last nine years, some of them thrilling and some of them droll. In one family he carries off his worldly disguise so well (though known as a Catholic) that he is suggested as an eligible match for a marriageable young lady. In another house he plays cards with a heretic doctor of divinity who has recently published a book against the Jesuits Gerard and Southwell, and so pesters the unsuspecting man with his sharp remarks on religious topics that the hostess, who is in the secret, can hardly keep her countenance. Meanwhile he travels far and wide on his apostolic errand, and numerous conversions reward his zeal. We should be glad also, if space allowed, to review at some length a question which was much discussed in Gerard's own time, à propos of his judicial examinations, and is much discussed still—to wit, how far it is lawful to go in baffling an unjust inquirer by equivocal replies. In all that concerned themselves the Jesuits spoke frankly. Asked if they were priests, if they had celebrated Mass, if they had received converts, they readily answered yes, although the penalty was death. The difficulty occurred when they were interrogated about others. The question, Were you ever harbored at the house of So-and-so? was usually put, and could not be evaded. To refuse to answer would be equivalent to saying yes and would condemn an innocent person to the gallows. Was it the priest's duty to inflict such grave injury upon his benefactor by giving the persecutors, either tacitly or expressly, information which they had no moral right to demand? Father Gerard's mode of proceeding in such cases is shown in the account of his examination before the Dean of Westminster, Topcliffe, and others, when he was confronted with Mrs. Wiseman, the

elder, and asked if he did not recognize her, the object being to convict that lady of the capital offence of harboring: "I answered, 'I do not recognize her. At the same time, you know this is my usual way of answering, and I will never mention any places, or give the names of any persons that are known to me (which this lady, however, is not), because to do so, as I have told you before, would be contrary both to justice and charity.'" In other parts of the examination he insists earnestly in impressing upon his examiners, over and over again, that when he says he does not know So-and-so they must remember that he would make the same reply even if he did know that person; and he argues with his examiners that such a denial is not a falsehood, the questioners being fairly warned that they are not to trust it. For the further consideration of this subject, however, we must refer the reader to Father Morris' book, or, better still, perhaps, to the *Apologia* of Cardinal Newman.

The history of the Gunpowder Plot belongs to another work than the one before us. There never was any ground for suspecting Father Gerard of complicity in it; but as some of the conspirators were known to be his friends, a proclamation was issued against him and a general search was set on foot. Some information was obtained as to his haunts, and a party was sent to Mrs. Vaux's with orders, if they did not find their man, to stay in the house until recalled, to post guards all around, and to watch every road for a distance of three miles. "Little John," however, had done his work so well that all this was futile, and after remaining nine days the officers went away. Father Gerard was in the house all the time, "shut up in a hiding-hole where he could sit, but not stand upright." Food was regularly brought to him after dark, and occasionally, when the vigilance of the guards began to relax, he was taken out at night to warm himself at a fire, for it was wintry weather. He continued to live in London for some time longer, and even wrote a public letter in his own justification, which he put in circulation by causing numerous copies to be dropped in the street before daylight. Several times he narrowly escaped capture. Most of his friends were in prison, or dead, or so sharply watched that they could do little to aid him; his mission was arrested; it was useless to remain in England; and he fled to the Continent, making his escape across the Channel in the suite of the ambassadors of Spain and Flanders, on the very day that Father Garnet was put to death in St. Paul's churchyard.

IMPRESSIONS OF QUEBEC.

IT was on an evening in early summer when first through the gathering darkness we saw from beyond the river the gleaming lights bespeaking the approach to Quebec. Presently the lights grew more distinct, the noise and hubbub increased, and we were whirling through the suburbs of St. Roch's into the ancient, historical city. Gradually, and in dim glimpses at first, Quebec was unfolded to our view—its narrow, hilly streets, its time-worn walls, its broad Esplanade, its grass-grown glacis, its gates beneath which had passed many a stately band, alternately flushed with victory or wan and worn with defeat. A bare, uninteresting piece of ground was pointed out as the site of what are known as the Jesuits' barracks—dwellings once the property and possession of the Society of Jesus, but having been since converted into military lodgings and stores. A little farther and we were upon the Place d'Armes, hard by which had once stood the famous Château or Fort St. Louis. One glimpse of the adjacent river, the shaded little garden in the centre of the square, the two cathedrals, Catholic and Anglican, closely adjoining, and we were housed for the night in our quarters upon the Place d'Armes.

But while fancy was busy with us, and our minds were full of all the divers thoughts awakened there by this our first sight of the fortress city, an awful reality dispelled all other thoughts. An alarm was heard, too familiar, alas! to the hapless denizens of Quebec. It portended the worst of all their foes—fire. There is no need to tell again the tale of the fearful progress of the conflagration. All night long the fire raged, and by morning the suburbs of St. John's were a heap of smoking ruins. Something the aspect they had of a deserted town or village. Whole blocks up and down, as far as the eye could reach, in street after street, were rows of ghastly, blackened walls, surrounded by piles of dust and rubbish, while above on the Plains of Abraham was encamped the most mournful army, of many mournful ones, that had ever pitched tents there. Women, children, old men and young sought shelter within sight of what was so lately their home. Truly a sad and pitiable spectacle—homeless, foodless, in all things destitute and needy! Innumerable were the tales of

misery told in Quebec, in connection with that fatal night, heart-rending and most melancholy. Nor was sympathy wanting; for, from the highest in the land to the poorest, all showed their kindness in a practical manner by remaining during the night, rendering all the assistance in their power, and, when the danger was past, largely subscribing for the relief of the sufferers. Alarm and regret reached a climax when it was found that the Church of St. John, a noble structure, must share the common fate. At two o'clock A.M. on that memorable and eventful 8th–9th of June the curé of the parish celebrated Mass for the last time within that building which it had been his pride and joy to erect and beautify. It was a solemn and impressive ceremony, that more than midnight Mass, with the red glare of the conflagration shining in at the windows and upon the haggard, care-worn faces of the assistants. Thither—touching sight!—many homeless ones had brought their rescued goods, believing them safe in the shadow of the sanctuary. Scarcely was Mass concluded when it became evident that there was no farther hope for St. John's. The curé waited no longer. Already the flames played around the doomed building, darting in and out at the windows. The priest came forth, bearing aloft in the eyes of the multitude the Blessed Sacrament. There was a sudden, deathlike hush, and every head, Catholic and Protestant, was uncovered, every knee bent. At the same moment the bells overhead, silent awhile, tolled for the last time and fell crashing from the belfry.

Has any one ever forgotten the gray old enclosure of the Ursulines, dim with many memories, redolent of quiet, cloister-life amid the havoc and din of war?—the burial-place of Montcalm, the theatre of Mme. de la Peltrie's toils, of Marie de l'Incarnation's virtues, of many strange episodes and incidents; the refuge of the wounded, the temporary place of confinement for prisoners of war, the winter-quarters of Fraser's gallant Highlanders—peaceful now, as if war and peril had never lurked about its walls, as if dusky savages or British or French combatants had never brought their fierce and stormy dissensions to its very doors. The chapel is most beautiful; the massive gilt altars and ornaments strike one with their look of antiquity, their memorials of a past that has not been unalloyed peace. On either side of the choir arise gratings to remind one of the cloister-life that had grown and flourished while the solemn years stilled the fiery hearts of the foemen and swept from the scene the trappings and pageant of war. Within the gratings we caught glimpses of the nuns, in their picturesque garb, reciting the afternoon office.

The walls are adorned by pictures, many of which are admirable, especially that of "The Saviour at Meat in Simon's House." It is a most pleasing and powerful representation of this familiar subject, by Champagne, the Flemish artist, afterwards painter to the Queen of France. The figure of the Saviour is life-like, full of dignity and sweetness; around him are the apostles and other sharers in the festivity, while dark-skinned, oriental fruit-bearers stand here and there in the apartment with their vessels of tempting ware, and attendants pour water into huge earthen jars. Amid the group the eye seeks out the tender, graceful figure of Magdalen, in complete abandonment, pouring out her woman's full-hearted tenderness at the feet of Christ. There is a "Mater Dolorosa" by Vandyke; a full-length portrait of the Saviour by Champagne; the "Redemption of Algerine Captives," by Restout, the famous historical court-painter; "St. Nonus admitting the virgin, St. Pelagia, to penance," by Prud'homme. This last is a pleasing conception, with its sombre, neutral coloring and the graceful attitudes of the group. It is referred to 1730. There are many others of the Spanish, Florentine, and French schools of art, all of which date back a hundred years at least, and some to remoter times. In a word, the pictures in the Ursuline chapel are of uncommon merit, and harmonize well with the temper and character of their surroundings. Upon the right wall is the monument to the heroic and magnanimous Louis de St. Véran, Marquis de Montcalm, erected A.D. 1859. It bears the simple yet eloquent inscription, composed by the French Academy:

"Honneur à Montcalm,
Le Destin, en lui dérobant
La Victoire
L'a recompensé par
Une mort glorieuse."

There is a memorial slab also to the illustrious Frenchman, placed therein by Lord Aylmer in 1831; for within those calm and hallowed precincts, in their hush and their dimness, the great Montcalm sleeps, awaiting the resurrection. The chapel likewise contains some precious relics, such as the body of St. Clement from the Catacombs in Rome, sent thither in 1687; the head of St. Ursula, sent to the Ursulines in 1675; and the head of St. Just, in 1662. For the coming of the Ursulines to Quebec, and their first foundation there, was as far back as 1641.

Leaving the sacred edifice, we paid a visit to the chaplain,

who raised a drapery from a glass case standing in his room and showed, O ghastly trophy! the skull of the chivalrous Montcalm. Appalled we gazed upon it. Was this, indeed, the sole remains of the noble, the gifted, the daring, the generous Louis de St. Véran, the fame of whom, even in childhood, was wont to fill our eyes with tears and our hearts with admiration? As we turned silently away the chaplain called our attention to a species of map or colored drawing of the old convent of the Ursulines. This sketch being a famous one, and, no doubt, the oldest in existence of old Quebec, we examined it with interest. St. Louis Street, which becomes St. Louis Road after the gate is passed, is now one of the most populous and popular thoroughfares of Quebec. How strange, then, to find it in the picture but a simple forest path, winding through masses of foliage and meeting in its course a little brook meandering between this road, now St. Louis Street, then known as the Grande Allée, and a smaller and more devious path called Le Petit Chemin, and running straight through what is now the choir of the present church! There were no dwellings nor other signs of civilization upon this Grande Allée, but between it and its lesser neighbor stood, as in the picture, the first convent of the Ursulines in Quebec, a square, massive building two stories only in height. Hard by the little stream is the home of Mme. de la Peltrie. Beside her very door are the wigwams of the Indians, the smoke of which rises into the green arches of the overhanging boughs. Nor is the picture all still-life, for we have the figure of the illustrious foundress herself coming forth to confer with the governor and his attendant cavaliers. Mme. de la Peltrie is of noble, erect, and stately carriage, in contrast to a savage who seems offering some tribute to the white chief. The figures of the cavaliers as they come riding through the parted foliage of this western forest are careless, gay, and graceful, as beseemed those gallant knights of France, as ready to die for a woman's smile as for a soldier's ribbon of honor. In the shadow of an ancient tree is Marie de l'Incarnation instructing savages. Further on is Mère St. Joseph teaching catechism to the Hurons, and Mère Ste. Croix, accompanied by a young Canadian girl, going to visit the wigwams.

Tourists, sight-seers, "chance acquaintances" have all exhausted themselves in their descriptions and impressions of the cathedral of Quebec. Built in 1647, consecrated in 1666, it is one of the oldest churches in North America. Without, it is a curious and somewhat inelegant structure; within, its altar and choir

are massive and richly decorated in solid gilt, with an indescribable quaintness and an old-time air about them that transport us out of ourselves and back to the days of its pristine worshippers. Over the altar, and thrown into strong relief by the white-washed walls, are pictures, many of them masterpieces of art. Conspicuously so is the Crucifixion, by Vandyke, which is considered one of the finest works on this continent. At the foot of the cross kneels a tiny, weeping angel, and angels hover in the ambient air, celestial witnesses of the great atonement. But the sacred expiring figure, with its warm and vivid flesh-tints, strikes the imagination, holding it fast. "The Immaculate Conception," by Le Brun; "The Saviour tended by Angels after the Resurrection," by Restout; "The Birth of Christ," a copy of Annibal Carracci; "The Flight of Joseph," a copy of Vanloo, which forms the altar-piece; "The Baptism of Christ," by Claude Gui Hallé; "The Annunciation," by Restout; "The Miracles of St. Anne," by Plamondon, a Canadian artist, are a few only of the many before which we paused, eager to observe them all. In the sacristy we were shown the celebrated vestments, of which the most interesting is that set presented by Louis XIV. to the illustrious Laval. Thus it is two hundred and five years old and is most curiously wrought, in gold that has become tarnished and colors that have become dim.

The Seminary naturally followed the cathedral, and here, too, were hosts of memories and dim shades obscuring, as it were, the broad nineteenth-century light. It is a plain, unpretentious building, but large and of fine proportions. The chapel is in much the same style as the cathedral, with gilt altars and reliquaries, carved doors, and the like. But it is rich in its works of art as well as many sacred relics, of which we may mention the body of the martyr St. Laureatus, of St. Zeno's Military Legion in Rome, lying under the altar of the right lateral chapel in all the splendor of warlike accoutrements. Here, too, are relics of St. Clement and St. Modestus, martyrs, and two wooden busts on either side, the one of St. Francis de Sales, containing a portion of his rib; the other of St. Paul, containing a link of his chain. Here, likewise, is a wonderful picture of the Crucifixion, by Monet; we say wonderful, for it struck us with a peculiar force. The intense gloom over it; the awful darkness visible, shrouding the dim hills of Judea; the absence of all figures save that One divine; its excruciating agony, its terrible reality, seemed to cast a hush upon the very air around. Above the main altar is Vanloo's celebrated picture of the "Flight of Joseph," a copy of

which is in the cathedral. Champagne is represented by the "Day of Pentecost," an Ascension, and "St. Jerome Writing." "The Saviour's Interment" is by Hutin, "St. Peter's Deliverance" by De la Fosse, "Hermits of the Thebaid" by Guillot, and there are many others well worthy of attention. This chapel with solemn, old-time look is a hundred years in existence. The Seminary itself was liberally endowed by the great Laval, one of the earliest and most celebrated bishops of Quebec. Like all the monuments in Quebec telling of its day of glories past, this institution has historic interest. There the gallant American officers were imprisoned while Arnold and Montgomery were thundering outside the city's walls, making valiant but unavailing efforts to carry the place by assault.

The Ladies of the Congregation, daughters of the saintly and heroic Marguerite Bourgeoys, have recently erected a new and splendid convent, Notre Dame de Bellevue, situated on a most charming spot some two miles outside the city. It is a branch of the ancient establishment of Marguerite Bourgeoys in 1659. The new building is large, imposing, and stately, while the old stands in a densely-wooded nook, both having charming views on all sides of them.

On the St. Louis Road is the Convent of Jésus et Marie, more familiar to Quebeckers as that of Sillery. It is likewise a fine and extensive establishment, and most delightfully situated. Recalling Quebec and our sojourn there, we positively fly from the host of institutions that arise to our minds—the Hôtel-Dieu, oldest and most venerable of all; the General Hospital, under Nuns of the Sacred Heart, where Arnold was carried when wounded at the siege of Quebec; St. Bridget's Asylum, of much more recent date, a refuge for the infirm and destitute, in connection with St. Patrick's Church; the Convent of the Good Shepherd, which strikes the eye gazing from the bastion at the Citadel down into the valley of the St. Charles. Jails, workhouses, hospitals, orphanages, Catholic and Protestant, seem to multiply as we proceed: the famous Beauport Asylum for the Insane, with its beautiful situation and faultless surroundings; the new jail, replacing the old, which, by the way, bore a singular Latin inscription signifying, "May this serve to separate the evil from the good"; and, last but not least, the far-famed University of Laval. This institution has become more than ever renowned by having been for so long the subject of a most curious discussion. Laval would give Montreal a branch to supply the want of a Catholic university there, none of her colleges having power

to confer degrees; Montreal declines to receive the branch, declaring that when necessary she can supply herself with an independent establishment of the kind. So runs the dispute before the Provincial Parliament, before the Legislative Assembly, before the civil courts, before the ecclesiastical authorities, before the court of Rome itself. Each side has many and devoted partisans, many and apparently unanswerable arguments, and how it will end is the common topic of the day. Meantime Laval itself—the Quebec Laval—is a magnificent building. Its picture-gallery is most interesting. Among its treasures of art are five or six Teniers, some two or three of Salvator Rosa, one of Vandyke, Nicolas Poussin, Tintoretto, Lanfranc, and others of lesser note. The picture of an aged monk studying by candle-light is a most pleasing one, leaving an impression upon the mind long after, though the name of the artist is not given, or, if given, escapes our memory. In the library, a splendid and spacious apartment, we found, among all the countless volumes representing the literature of every country, an ancient, richly-decorated missal of the hapless and beautiful Mary Stuart. It was embroidered in myriad colors upon silk, the borderings of each page highly and exquisitely illuminated.

A word here of the new Parliament buildings which, under the régime of the present government, have been added to Quebec. They stand upon the St. Louis Road, and, though not yet completed, are already imposing. They will front upon the Esplanade—a circumstance which will make their situation the finer and more commanding. They are of the solid gray stone observable in most of the public edifices in Canada, being best suited to withstand the fierce inclemency of the winter.

It was with something like disappointment that, on inquiring for the Jesuit church, we were shown the unpretentious structure fronting the Esplanade. Strange instance of the vicissitudes of time: they, the dauntless missionaries, the early pioneers, the first pastors of Quebec, the spiritual fathers of countless Indian tribes—they who sailed in the war-canoe far up the mighty St. Lawrence, who roamed the trackless Canadian forests and perished at burning stakes in the deep wild-woods of the westland, the friends and companions of Champlain—are, as regards the size and appearance of their chapel, least known, most obscure, in the city with which their deeds are entwined, by their martyred sons made illustrious.

St. Patrick's Church, built in 1831 by the Irish residents of Quebec, is a fine, substantial building of stone, handsome and

richly adorned both within and without. Last, but not least, of the churches there is a small and curious edifice, dating back to the years 1690–1711, which confronts the visitor in the square of Lower Town. It is known now, as it was to generations past, as Notre Dame de Victoire, so called to commemorate victories obtained by the French. It is a plain, somewhat rough building without, having queer little windows containing jardinières of flowers, and in each corner of the wall a small recess or alcove which, to our astonishment, we saw was occupied as a shop wherein various wares were exhibited. The unpretentious square upon which the chapel stands is thronged with busy people, and quite filled up by odd little booths or stalls where merchandise is displayed. Interiorly the church boasts an altar at once unique and beautiful. The base of the altar seems of precious marbles—jasper, porphyry, and the like; the superstructure is three rows of towers of a rich brown color, profusely gilded, and these, diminishing in size upwards, are surmounted by a single tower upon which stands the image of Mary with the invocation, "Turris Davidica"—Tower of David.

Going forth from the little temple, we traversed some of the curious, narrow streets of Lower Town. The smoke-blackened wharves stretch out and around in all directions, with the blue water playing in and out among them, and the summer sunshine softening them into something like beauty. And such wharves, after all, have their own beauty about them, and poetry too; for there are many quaint histories among them—simple stories of those who have lived and died among them, and of the great ships that have gone thence over the main, and of their cargoes, animate or inanimate. But there are dilapidated, tumble-down dwellings beside them and in the shadow of the lofty eminence above and the walls of the city proper, or Upper Town, as it is called; and there are custom-houses, and banks, and warehouses down there amid the poverty and squalor of the place; and it all seems very old and unlike anything else whatsoever on this continent. For there is a peculiarity in two cities, as it were, lying thus side by side, skirting both the solemn river, hurrying past to swell the mighty Gulf Stream. Above, at a giant height it seems, looking up from Lower Town, is a fair, placid place, environed by its gray, ancient walls, with its towering Citadel, its broad, handsome Terrace or promenade, and below is the dusky, dingy place we have described. There is an elevator—a curious enough machine, bringing one up an almost perpendicular slope—which, it appears, is never used in winter, so that the visitor has then no option but

the long, never-ending flights of steps leading first to Mountain Hill, and next to Upper or Lower Town, as the traveller is ascending or descending. On either side of the steps, up and down, are rows of indescribable little shops sharing the air of antiquity which is everywhere around, and which we do not leave behind us in Lower Town. All this time we were still looking forward to climbing the loftiest height of all, and finding ourselves within the gray and warlike enclosure of what is world-famous as the Citadel of Quebec. Its first beginning dates back to the time of the founder of the city, Samuel de Champlain, and its subsequent history and process of erection include the régime of many governors, French and British. We passed up the winding path that gradually brought us between the walls, in the broad ditch cut from the glacis, and before long found ourselves at the Dalhousie Gate, where we were joined by a soldier, who led us everywhere, pointing out walls and fortifications, and, with a grim sort of satisfaction, the cannon taken from the Americans at Bunker Hill. From every point of the bastion we looked down upon the city, and we stood for some time upon the King's Bastion, where rests a giant gun which cannot be fired without breaking every window in the vicinity. The view thence is indescribable, and on a clear day a distance of nearly thirty miles is discernible by the naked eye. Innumerable sails glided down the St. Lawrence as we watched; the water rippled on, majestic and unruffled. Beyond us was Point Lévis, spire and roof aglow with the afternoon's gold; below us was the broad plateau, with long flights of steps leading thither, and far down in black and dingy depths the everlasting smoke and din of Lower Town; above us the flag upon the highest point of the Citadel proper.

Meanwhile our eyes, like our thoughts, went down to the ever-memorable, the historic, the fatal Plains of Abraham, with their tales of war and of deadly suffering, of numbing cold, of merciless inclemency. Many a noble heart perished there; many an eye was closed in sight of the fortress so often assailed and never taken; many a proud cavalier of France, many a gentleman of England, many a plaided hunter from the Highland hills, many an Irish exile, engaged on either side, found the hour of reckoning there. What muster of gallant regiments they have seen, what waving of plumes, what flashing of swords, what bravery of Highland tartans, English scarlet, or Indian war-blankets! A stirring and a melancholy history have these mournful Plains. There amid their verdure a rock is pointed out as

being the identical one upon which Wolfe expired, and a well as being that whence water was brought to him. Upon a slight eminence stands now the monument which bears his name with the simple but glorious inscription:

"Here Wolfe died victorious."

Montcalm, his magnanimous foe, was carried from the field and subsequently buried in the Ursuline precincts. Whether his death took place at the little house in St. Louis Street which is still pointed out as being that to which he was conveyed, or at the convent, is not positively known.

And as we have spoken of monuments, and of that endless theme of war which Quebec furnishes, we must not omit brief mention of the beautiful monument which stands at some distance out upon the Ste. Foye Road and in one of the most charming spots imaginable. The monument is in bronze, surmounted by the martial goddess, Bellona. It was erected by the St. Jean Baptiste Society of Quebec, and commemorates a thrilling episode of the ancient wars. Upon this site was fought the battle of Ste. Foye, a splendid and daring attempt upon the part of Lévis, the French general, to recover possession of the town. After a series of brilliant charges and a long and desperate conflict the British, under General Murray, were completely routed, leaving arms and ammunition upon the field. But the French, unable to pursue their advantage, gave the British time to recover themselves, and the chance of retaking the city was lost. The legend upon the monument tells its own story:

'Aux Braves de 1760, érigé
par la
Société St. Jean Baptiste
de Quebec, 1860."

On either side are the names "Murray," "Lévis," surmounted each by the insignia of the sovereign he served. A windmill also figures upon the monument, in allusion to an incident of the war which recalls the old legends of the Scottish Border. The mill was the scene of a hand-to-hand encounter between a portion of Fraser's Highlanders and some French grenadiers, who were, more's the pity, cut to pieces. Three alternate times was the mill taken and retaken by the conflicting parties, the sons of the heather, hardy and agile as the red deer of their native Highlands, yielding nothing to the brilliant grenadiers of France. All at once through the valley of the St. Charles below them echoed rude,

harsh, but not unmusical sounds, full of a wild and soul-thrilling inspiration. It was the pipes—the old pipes of Celtic Scotland, heralds of a hundred wars, minstrels of a hundred tunes, now wild, now wayward, now tender and mournful. An old pipe-major, who had been confined near by for some breach of discipline, thus encouraged his compatriots with the strains to which a Highland—or an Irish—heart is never closed. There is another monument in the small square known as the Governor's Garden, and it is sacred to the memory of the immortal twain whose names, inseparable, live in the very air that surrounds this city. Upon the side fronting the river is the name of Wolfe with an appropriate Latin inscription; and on the reverse side is that of Montcalm, facing the town which he vainly gave his life to win, and beneath it likewise some Latin memorial.

The old Château St. Louis, or its site, is still pointed out to the curious. There tribute was paid, a curious feudal ceremony, and there, too, balls were given. And the post-office has its history—not, indeed, the present building, but that which it replaced—having been the dwelling once of the Philiberts, who were rich and powerful burghers of the bygone. And one of these Philiberts in some way—his reason is neither how nor where, for it is only a snatch of the old legend that has reached us—had a mighty quarrel with the Intendant Bigot, the same whose great doings are for ever on the old people's tongue. But as might was right, poor Philibert had the losing side, and, revenge being impossible, he placed above his door the figure of a golden dog with the appropriate inscription, but in old French characters:

"Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongeant, je prends mon repos.
Un temps viendra, qui n'est pas venu,
Quand je mordrai ceux qui m'auront mordu." *

This ancient inscription is now replaced over the door of the new post-office—curious memorial of strife and hatred long perished in the quiet of nearly two centuries.

The gates of Quebec, some of which had been destroyed, or were at least in a dilapidated condition, have recently been rebuilt, improved to meet present requirements, and embellished with Norman turrets. St. John's, St. Louis, the Kent and Dal-

* "I am a dog who gnaws a bone,
And, gnawing it, I take my rest.
A time is coming, though not yet come,
When I shall bite all who have bitten me."

housie Gates, leading to the Citadel, are already repaired and add much to the appearance of the city. Of the ancient entrances Palace Gate was the most remarkable, dating back even to the French days of the old cavalier régime. Mention is made in some contemporary accounts of Quebec of an old shield sent thence to the borough of Hastings in England. It is described as being of oak, bearing a crown in precious stones, the fleur-de lis and Order of the Saint-Esprit in green and gold upon a dark background. It had probably been taken by the English at the final surrender of the city, and placed thus as the spoils of victory.

During our stay we did not neglect visiting the House of Parliament, where debates of much interest were in progress. We left the heated Parliament House and walked upon the Terrace, where it was silent and moonlight. And this leads us to another feature in the new, prosperous, and peaceful life that has replaced the old. This is the Dufferin Terrace, a broad and delightful platform, going round a considerable portion of the walls beneath the Citadel. It is, of course, upon the river, giving a broad and extended view in all directions up and down the great St. Lawrence, and a nearer and almost bewildering insight into Lower Town, which lies at a great depth below. It is a wonderful place ; perhaps no such promenade is to be found in any other city in the world. For, with the natural advantages offered by the scenery, the distance-empurpled view of the Laurentian mountains, the calm, peaceful nearness of the great river, and the majesty of the solemn Citadel towering overhead, Quebeckers can enjoy delightful and informal meetings with "auld acquaintance" or with the stranger newly come amongst them. For young and old, grave and gay alike seek this beautiful promenade in the calmness of the early summer evening, and there loiter away the dreamy hours till the gun from the bastion overhead warns them of half-past nine. It is a curious sight to a stranger, seeing grave politicians, staid men of business, learned judges mingling with the frivolous stream of fashion and the hum of endless chatter which breaks upon the stillness of the hour. Occasionally the band of the battery from the fortress above comes down to charm the multitude, sending snatches of familiar old airs, strains of the loved and the lost, echoing over the plain of waters to the dwellings of Pont Lévis on the farther shore.

And thus we see history and legend, poetry and romance are not the only charms Quebec can boast, especially when spring and the early summer-time come gently over the hills, besieging

their old enemies, frost and snow, and capturing from their grasp the invincible city. Then the breath of these sweet neighbors and allies is gently blown over the mighty fortress, lofty hill and deep valley, and ice-bound river alike, and they start into a life rich in loveliness, so that at every street, in every nook and corner of the city, passers-by catch wonderful glimpses of scenery that is a surprise and delight. The drives upon the Ste. Foye and St. Louis Road are simply charming—broad views of deep, luxuriant valleys full of golden rifts of sunshine, and a warm, mellow haze tempering the glare of noonday; the valley of the St. Charles, with villages, giving it life and animation, with mountains in the shadow of which seems to dwell a perpetual gloaming, and rivers, like the pale, silvery streams of fairyland, brightening the masses of dark foliage. Along these roads are many handsome and elegant dwellings; in fact, their number and beauty strike the beholder with astonishment. Among all these princely homes of luxury and affluence occasionally we came upon an ancient-looking farm-house or cottage where generations of hardy tillers of the soil had made their home. In one instance we observed—not an unfrequent sight in Lower Canada—four generations of a family represented upon the porch or gallery fronting the road. There was the ancient grandam, her son, daughter, and daughter's daughter, with wee, toddling bairns who formed the fourth generation. It was a Sunday afternoon, and there was wonderful peace and quiet in that little picture of humble, rustic life. Great shade-trees arose about the porch—trees which had, perhaps, shaded remoter generations, who had stolen away one by one from their home in that pleasant solitude; flowers, simple and rustic as their owners, bloomed around in the soft grass; flagrant lilacs filled the air with balm. Sunbeams played in and out untroubled in the long grass and trees, and even the merry voices of the children seemed hushed as they stood silent awhile with the sudden, transient pensiveness of childhood, leaving birds in the trees around to break the Sunday stillness. Such fair scenes meet the eye frequently along the route, only that, perchance, in some instances, neighbors or rustic acquaintance swell the group upon the hearthstone, and we are reminded of Benedict Bellefontaine, and Basil the blacksmith, and the lovely maiden in Norman cap and kirtle, and Gabriel, whose coming, foretold by the beating of the maiden's heart, completed the simple and kindly company.

It was evening when we passed through the toll-gate upon the Ste. Foye Road and were within the walls. Truly the luxu-

rious homes, the fashionable promenade—all this is of the new life that has come to shadowy old Quebec, and in it there is neither the stern austerity of the primitive, warlike days of Champlain nor the gorgeous and all but oriental splendor of the Intendant Bigot, whose doings and sayings, power and magnificence, tyranny and crimes are still told in whispers among the people or chronicled in the pages of historian and romancer, more particularly in that celebrated novel which gives so true an insight into early Quebec life—namely, the *Chien d'Or*, so called in allusion to that figure transported from the ancient Philibert mansion to the new post-office.

And still the streets and squares of the fortress city are peopled, to the mental eye, in solemn moonlights with hosts of gay cavaliers and ladies bright. There the powdered locks and plumed hats of the French cavaliers, the bonnets of the Highlanders, the triple cocked hat of the British officer of long ago are intermingled with newer uniforms—newer, and yet old to us; and the *beaux yeux* of the Canadian lasses, and the smiles of the *grandes dames* of the ancien régime of Louis the Magnificent, seem in the pale ray of the moon to blend half sadly, half blithely, and to disappear as the roar of cannon and the stormy voice of war shake the city to its foundations, while without the walls Huron and Algonquin, the dusky children of the soil, linger yet in the outlying forests, the spoil and the prey of the more powerful Iroquois. But long ago their wigwams vanished from the hunting-grounds of their fathers, their red watch-fires were quenched in the light of the new day, and the great prophecy of their wise men, their powows, that pointed to homes in the land of the setting sun has been literally fulfilled. Few, peaceful, and inoffensive, a handful of their descendants still dwell in the little Indian village of Loretto, lying near the celebrated Falls of Montmorency. Our visit ended, the old gates are closed upon us, the old walls, like a city of the mist, have vanished from our sight. But its old-world memories, its varied store of mingled legendary and historical reminiscences, of which the stranger catches only the disjointed fragments, will fill many a twilight or moonlight reverie, giving scope for the imagination and material for thought.

PURGATORIO.

CANTO TWENTY-FIRST.

TRANSLATED BY T. W. PARSONS.

IN the preceding Canto, Dante has been startled and astounded by a phenomenon thus described:

"When suddenly—as some great thing were falling,
I felt the mountain tremble! Such cold chained
My limbs as takes a man going forth to die.
Sure Delos was not with such violence riven
Before Latona found, wherein to lie,
A nest for nursing those twin eyes of heaven.
Then forth from every side went up the cry
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO!" . . .

This earthquake and this burst of exultation were inexplicable to Dante, and he comes into this present Canto thirsting to know the reason of the trembling, and the meaning of that great shout, which just arose from the rejoicing spirits. His eagerness for this information makes him lament the haste with which they were obliged to traverse the cornice among the crowd of souls prostrate in their penance. Statius explains to him that the trembling of the mountain is not due to such natural causes as affect the earth; but solely to that joy which is felt, not only in heaven, but in this realm of penance also, "over one sinner that repenteth."

The natural thirst which never is allayed
Save by that water grace whereof to taste
The lowly woman of Samaria prayed
Troubled me now; and vexed me too the haste
Wherewith o'er that packed shelf my way I made
Behind my Leader, pitying that just doom:
And lo! as Luke describes how Christ once showed,
When freshly risen from the sepulchral gloom,
Unto those two disciples on the road,
So, coming after us appeared a shade,
Eyeing the crowd amid whose forms he trod;
Nor took we note of him until he said
"My brothers, be with you the peace of God!"

Virgil and I turned suddenly, and he
Returned the greeting with response benign,
Then added this: 'May peace *thy* portion be
In the blest council of Truth's Court Divine
Whose doom to endless exile bindeth me.'
He answered, matching Virgil's pace and mine,
'If ye are souls whom God disdains on high,
'Who led you thus far up his heavenly stairs?'
'If thou regard,' my Teacher made reply,

'What sword-marks from that Angel's hand he bears
Well mayst thou note he with good souls must reign.
But since that maid who spinneth day and night
Had not yet drawn for him the distaff's pile
Which Clotho portions for each living wight,
His spirit (thy sister and mine own), the while
He came above, could not ascend alone
By reason that it sees not in our style.
Hence from the ample gullet I was drawn
Of Hell to show unto this living man
The things of this place, and shall guide him on
To show him more things, far as *my* school can.
But if thou know'st, give us the reason why
The mountain trembled so just now, and all
Even to its watery base raised such a cry?'
Mine own desire his question did recall,
Threading it so that hope of the reply
Stayed my thirst somewhat. He thus broke the pause:

''Twas naught irregular: this holy Hill
Moved not from the religion of its laws
In way unusual; It remaineth still
Free, subject ne'er to any altering cause;
No reason else then why it trembled so
Save that *Heaven's will some soul to heaven* doth call:
Since never tempest, rain or hail or snow,
Dew nor hoar-frost upon this Mount doth fall
Above that short flight of three steps below.
No clouds come there, nor any wandering mist;
No meteor's gleam, nor lightning, nor the bow,
Daughter of Thaumas (oft from East to West
Changing position). Vapors dry with heat
Pass not those steps whereof before I spake,
And on which Peter's Vicar plants his feet.
Lower down it haply more or less may shake;
But from wind pent—how, I could not declare—
Within the earth, this part did never quake.
With us this mountain trembleth whensoe'er
Any soul riseth, feeling purified,
Or moves towards heaven, to enter heavenly fair!
The sole sign of a spirit's purity
Is when a will, all free to change abode,
Seizes the soul, assisting it to fly.

Justice Divine its first desire for good
Restraineth by the same propensity
For penance here that erst for sin it showed.
And I, who in this misery have lain
Five hundred years and more, felt only now
Free will that better threshold to obtain.
Hence was this earthquake: for this reason thou
Heardst thro' the mount the spirits in this glad strain
Glorify God: soon may he *them* invite!'
These things he told us; and as thirst's excess
Gives to the sense of drinking more delight
What good he gave me ne'er could I express.
'Then,' said the sapient guide, 'I fathom quite
The nature of the net which holds you here;
How you escape it, whence this trembling rose,
And you exult so, plainly doth appear.
Now may it please thee unto me disclose
Who thou wast once? And tell the reason why
So many a century thou hast lain with those?'

STATIUS.

'When the good Titus, helped by the Most High,
Avenged those wounds from which the life-drops came
Which Judas sold;' the Spirit thus made reply,
'Famous I was, by that most honored name *
And most enduring; yet no faith had I.
So sweet my vocal genius was that Rome
To herself called me, meriting to wear
My temples myrtled, from Toulouse, my home:
Statius the people call me still down there.
Of Thebes, then great Achilles, did I sing;
But on the way fell with my second load!

The sparks that kindled me, and were the spring
Of all the heat wherewith my genius glowed,
From the divine flame rose whence many more,
More than a thousand, have received their light!
I speak of that Ænèid which of yore
A mother was, and nursed my gift to write:
I, without that, had scarce a drachma weighed;

* Of Poet.

And to have lived on earth when Maro lived
Here, under ban, I willingly had stayed
Beyond my term, one sun more, unreceived.'

These words made Virgil turn towards me his head,
With silent look, that seemed to whisper, 'Hush!'
But power to do, and will, are not one thing;
For tears and laughter oft so fleetly rush
After emotions from whose force they spring,
In men most true they least obey the will:
I slightly smiled, as one who winketh might;
Wherefore the Shadow ceased from speech; but still
Gazed in mine eyes, where most one reads men right,
Then spake: 'Say, wherefore on thy face erewhile
(So may thy great work to good end be brought!)
Did I perceive the lightning of a smile?'

Equally thus on both sides I am caught:
'Silence!' my Guide bade: 'Speak!' implores the Shade;
Therefore I sigh—which Virgil understands.
"Answer then freely; be thou not afraid
To speak," he said, "but all that he demands
With so much earnestness at once avow."
Then I: "Perchance thy wonder it did wake
To note my smiling: ancient Spirit! now
Thine admiration I would greater make.
He who thus guides mine eyes on high, know thou
Is Virgil's self—the source whence thou didst take
Thy strength of old for singing those famed lays
Of men and gods. If other cause thou dream
The smile had, drop that error! 'twas the praise
Implied in those words thou didst speak of him."

Already kneeling, he had fain embraced
My Teacher's feet, but he said: 'Brother, no!
Thou art a shadow, and a shadow see'st.'
Then the Shade rising: 'Now behold what glow
Of love towards thee my nature still doth warm!
When I forget our emptiness, to throw
Mine arms round thee as round a living form.'

END OF THE CANTO.

WAS THE APOSTLE ST. THOMAS IN MEXICO?

When the Spaniards made the conquest of Mexico they found among the Aztec population many religious practices which resemble greatly our Christian rites. The same practices have been found in Lower California and in a great measure in Cozumel, about Yucatan. Great was the respect for the cross; honor and worship were given to it in the whole Mexican empire. A temple, called the "Temple of the Holy Cross," was considered as the oldest place of worship in the country. The fact is related by Veytia in his *Ancient History of Mexico.*

Clavigero and Acosta relate that at the time of the conquest were found monastic establishments for men and women equally worthy of consideration for their purity and austerity of life. The principal among those religious orders seems to have been that of the god Quetzalcohuatl, of which we will speak more afterwards, and that of the goddess Ceutcotl, or "Our Mother." All the religious lived under the obedience of their respective superiors, were occupied in serving the temple of their god, praying, singing hymns, maintaining the perpetual fire, and other functions of that kind. Their vows were either perpetual or only for a certain time. The women were obliged to cut their hair at their entrance into religion.

These religious held many and long fasts. One of them, which lasted *forty days*, coincided with our Lent. But among all the remarkable religious ceremonies there was a kind of baptism which differed exceedingly little from the one practised in the Catholic Church. Veytia, whose exactitude as a historian is well known, expresses himself in the following manner on this point: "It is known that through all the country was established a kind of baptism which changed, as to the ceremonies, in various places, yet remained the same everywhere in all essentials—a bath of natural water, reciting over the baptized some formulas, such as prayers and orations, imposing a name; and all this was considered as a rite of religion." All professed for this baptism such a devotion and reverence that no one neglected to receive it. It was considered as a new disposition to become good, the means of escaping damnation and of gaining an imperishable glory.

In Yucatan was commonly practised a sacred ablution, called by the people 'the new birth," by the means of which they hoped

to gain the kingdom of heaven. This rite was administered sometimes by infusion, at other times by immersion. In the prayers which accompanied it let us note these expressions: "This bath cleanses the faults which thou hast carried since the womb of thy mother. . . . I pray that these heavenly waters may destroy and separate from thee all the evil and sin which has been given to thee before the commencement of the world, since we are all under its power, being all the sons of Chalchivitlycuc."

We know also that at the time of the conquest, in Mexico as well as in Nicaragua and Peru, auricular confession was in practice. "No less worthy of remark," says Veytia, "was the custom they had established (in the Mexican dominions) of confessing their sins to the priests, relating all that they considered as faults, and accepting the penance which was imposed. . . ." "It is worthy of notice," observes Prescott, "that the priests administered the rites of confession and absolution. The secrets of the confessional were looked upon as inviolable."

Among all the religious ceremonies of the Aztecs, the one which called most for attention was the consecration of *bread and wine*, which resembled in a singular manner the holy sacrifice of the Mass and Holy Communion as they are practised in the Catholic Church. The ceremony was performed at the feast of the god Huitzlipochtli, which coincided with our Easter. Hear Father Sahagun: "Exactly and at the same time in which we celebrate the Pasch the Mexicans celebrated theirs, after a fast of forty days, during which they abstained from flesh-meat and from the use of matrimony. A public penance preceded the celebration of the feast. . . . The water was blessed solemnly, as we Catholics are accustomed to do on Holy Saturday."

Veytia, whose historical exactitude we have already mentioned, says: "Nothing is better known than that the offerings are made of bread and wine—that is, bread from flour without fermentation, and that what was drunk was wine." He relates, besides, that the Mexicans celebrated a solemn feast in honor of the god of wheat, and that they celebrated it by forming the body of that god into the shape of the human countenance, with a pedestal made of flour unleavened mixed with certain herbs. After having baked it, on the day of the feast they carried it in procession. Around the statue of the god they placed a great quantity of particles of the same composition, which being blessed by all the priests with certain formulas and ceremonies, they believed that it was changed into the flesh of that god. At

the end of the ceremony the bread was distributed to the people. All, children and adults, men and women, rich and poor, came to it, receiving with great veneration, humility, and tears, saying that they were eating the flesh of their god.

As to the state of souls in the other world, Torquemada says that their ideas were in a great measure in harmony with the true doctrine of the church. The same thing is related by Prescott in his *History of Mexico*, and by Father Gleason in his *History of the Catholic Church in California.*

After reading the preceding statements, made by authors of undoubted veracity, no good thinker can fail to find in those religious practices a singular resemblance with those practised in the Catholic Church, and naturally he will be desirous of knowing what can be their origin. Were they Christians from the commencement, or were these simply the effect of hearts inclined to religion? Both opinions have had their adherents. In our humble opinion, nothing can explain satisfactorily such religious practices except the opinion that true faith was implanted among the old Mexicans. The learned Father Gleason examines the various explanations given on the subject, and arrives at this conclusion, that "one of the apostles of our Redeemer, in his zeal to fulfil the obligation of teaching the nations, visited these countries."

The arguments with which he proves his thesis are worthy of consideration, and our intention is simply to copy them. He amply demonstrates that the apostles, by themselves, fulfilled the command of our Lord, "Go and teach all nations."

It is the opinion of the most learned doctors of the church that this precept of our Lord was understood in a general and not in a particular sense, as concerned their ministry. See these words of Jesus Christ: "You shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth" (Acts i. 8); and these other words of St. Paul: "Verily, their sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the whole world" (Rom. x. 18). "Continue in the faith, grounded and settled, and immovable from the hope of the gospel which you have heard, which is preached in all the creation that is under heaven" (Coloss. i. 23).

Among the Mexican hieroglyphs we find the record of a great solar eclipse and of a terrific earthquake, which, after making the difference which exists between the various systems of

chronology, seem to coincide with the wonders which happened at the death of our Saviour.

From the same source we find that some years after these events a renowned personage came into the country from the north, represented as a *white man*, with a flowing beard, a large mantle adorned with crosses spread over his shoulders, with his head uncovered, his feet bare, and carrying a staff in his hand. This was Quetzalcohuatl, the most notable personage of the Mexican mythology. According to the universal tradition of the country, he was a holy and venerable man, who taught the people an admirable doctrine—the abolition of incontinence and the love of virtue, the worship of an only God, the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, the incarnation of the Son of God, his birth of a virgin and his death upon a cross, the practice of confession, the annual fast of forty days, religious continence, with all the religious observances mentioned above. Some Catholic historians have pronounced Quetzalcohuatl an impostor, because the Spaniards found in Mexico his name mixed with some idolatrous customs. But this judgment, in our opinion, is too severe. There is nothing strange that in the lapse of many centuries his doctrine might have been adulterated and confounded amidst idolatrous practices. It is rather to be wondered at that so many true dogmas have been preserved. We must remark also that these traditions were not confined to Mexico alone, but were greatly spread over all that part of the two American continents where his name became known, and which it is probable he visited, in which places both the man and the doctrine which he taught preserved a most admirable sameness.

In the national histories of Mexico it was affirmed that Quetzalcohuatl had promised that his followers, also *white men*, would come to that country and would venerate the cross. Shortly before the arrival of Cortez there existed throughout the empire of Mexico a common belief that the time had come when the followers of Quetzalcohuatl should arrive in the country.

It remains now to be demonstrated that this Quetzalcohuatl was no other than the apostle St. Thomas. We shall simply expose the reasons which render this opinion most probable, if not absolutely certain.

1. In the Mexican and Peruvian annals the names of all renowned personages were allegorical. Now, the name Quetzalcohuatl signifies the *serpent, royal peacock*. The feathers of the royal peacock were in great demand and of much use as head orna-

ments, and the serpent, in all ages, has been considered as the symbol of wisdom. So with the two words they made one which signifies eminent merit and wisdom, as Chrysostom and Chrysologus signify the golden eloquence of both the saints who received such names.

2. Moreover, Louis Bercero Tanco says that the word *cohuatl* in the Nahuatl dialect signified by allegory a *twin*—in Spanish *mellizo* or *gemello*—supposing that the serpent hatches always two eggs at a time. Therefore, according to Bercero Tanco, the name Quetzalcohuatl would signify the *illustrious* or *glorious Twin*. Now, it is well known from the Gospel that St. Thomas was called Didymus—that is, the Twin.

The historians of the country tell us that after Quetzalcohuatl had for some time preached the faith in that territory he was persecuted by Huemac, king of that place, who, after having embraced the faith, had again apostatized and put to death many of his disciples. On account of this persecution Quetzalcohuatl fled to Cholula, and thence passed into Yucatan, where he left four of his disciples in order to preach his doctrine. He travelled afterwards through the neighboring islands, which from that time have been known by the name of the islands *where the Twin hid himself*.

The religious who formed the monastic establishments found by the Spaniards at the time of the conquest were called in the Aztec dialect the *Twins*, because they had been founded by the *illustrious Twin*, in the same manner that the disciples of St. Francis are called Franciscans, and those of St. Dominic, Dominicans.

3. In confirmation of this opinion Dr. Sigüenza wrote a book, which is now lost, but from all we know of it from those who saw it it was a most learned work, and in it he proved in the most satisfactory manner that Quetzalcohuatl was the apostle St. Thomas.

4. Father Kircher, in his *Illustrated China*, says that upon the tomb of the apostle at Meliapore, in the Indies, was represented a peacock carrying the cross in its bill. Also, Calanche and Obalde assert positively that in various phonetic Mexican writings the true name of St. Thomas has been preserved.

5. Lastly, the character of Quetzalcohuatl, as we find it in the legends of the country, corresponds perfectly with that of St. Thomas. As we have seen above, they picture him as a venerable man, carrying the cross on his garments, barefooted, with a staff in his hand. He travelled through that country in the year 63 of

our Lord, and was accompanied by many disciples. He was for a time the high-priest of Tula, or Tollan, a city situated north of the Mexican valley, and at one time the capital of the empire of the Toltecs. From that city he sent his disciples through all the neighboring provinces, in order to preach a new and admirable law, whose principal points seem to have been the prohibition of idolatry and of human sacrifices, the knowledge of the Holy Trinity—a God in three divine persons, named in the Mexican language Tzeutcatl, Huitzlipochtli, and Tonacoyohua—baptism, confession, penance, fasting, etc. He suffered persecutions for his religion; some of his disciples were put to death. Banished from the country, he went preaching the Gospel about the coasts of the Pacific Ocean as far as Peru, as monuments show. The Peruvian Virachoco and the Mexican Quetzalcohuatl are evidently the same person, and both the Mexican hieroglyphs and the Peruvian *guipas* attribute to him the same ideas and practices of religion.

After some time he returned to Mexico; but finding that his followers, pressed by the persecution, had more or less forgotten his institutions, he directed his steps towards other lands, prophesying before leaving that his brethren in religion, white men, would come one day into that country to rule the people and preach the faith. Boturini assures us that the time announced by the apostle, and mentioned in the Mexican hieroglyphs, was the one in which the Christians arrived. We have already remarked that in Montezuma's time, on all the confines of Anahuac, prevailed a general feeling which accorded with the journey of Quetzalcohuatl and the full accomplishment of his promise.

Sahagun, who wrote at the time of the conquest, speaks of that event, and assures us that at the arrival of the Spaniards on the coast the natives went to meet them in canoes and prostrated themselves before them, believing that the god Quetzalcohuatl, along with his followers, whom they expected every day, had come to visit them. Boturini says that the year *ceacatl* was the one announced by Quetzalcohuatl, and that in that very year the Spaniards landed in Mexico.

Such are the arguments which tend to prove that St. Thomas was in Mexico and announced the faith in those American countries. It might be asked by what route he left this continent. Was it through Sumatra and the Philippine Islands, where it is said he preached, or by some other route? We will only say that there are good reasons to believe that before the fifth cen-

tury there existed relations of commerce between China and Mexico, and also between India and this part of the world. The testimonies of Plato, Theopompus, Aristotle, Diodorus of Sicily, and others, show plainly that before the establishment of Christianity America was known in Europe as an island covered with forests and navigable rivers, more extensive than Libya and Asia, from which it was easy to pass over to other islands, and from these to the *continent situated north of these islands.*

We do not pretend that the arguments here given are incontrovertible. But it cannot be denied that they give to this opinion such a degree of probability that, until stronger arguments are produced against it, it cannot justly be underrated.

It is just also to mention that several of the arguments here produced were some years ago published in Spanish by the *Revista Catolica* of Las Vegas, New Mexico, in a learned dissertation on the subject. We have not been able to examine the quotations of a few authors mentioned in this little work, such as Clavigero, Acosta, and Boturini; we quote them on the authority of the *Revista Catolica.* Torquemada is cited by several writers, but we have not been able to procure his book. Prescott and Gleason can be consulted with fruit in this study.

TO THE BLESSED GIUSEPPE LABRÉ.

Poor wanderer, I have loved thee from the first
When in Rome's countless churches everywhere
I saw thee painted, wan and pale but fair,
Worn with the long-endured hunger and thirst.
I loved thee ere I heard thy woes rehearsed—
Woes, but thou didst make of them a gain,
Coining eternal treasure from the pain
Of loath and wrong and all the world thinks worst.
They set no glory-halo round thy brow,
Only the paleness on the sore-stained cheek,
Only the ragged coat to show that thou
Wouldst put aside thy glory and be meek
Even in thy saintdom, if the ray
Of such gained glory could be put away.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH; or, Her Festivals and her Rites and Ceremonies Popularly Explained. Translated and adapted from the German of the Rev. H. Himioben, by the Rev. F. J. Shadler. With an introduction by the Rt. Rev. P. N. Lynch, D.D., Bishop of Charleston, S. C. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1881.

The condition of the Catholic Church in English-speaking countries for more than two centuries was such that the splendor of Catholic worship had become almost unknown to many devout souls. Very often the most that could be looked for was a Low Mass in a poor and humble edifice and the administration of the sacraments. The great body of Catholics, though carefully trained in the faith and zealous in professing it—all the more zealous from the risks and sacrifices they were obliged to undergo for that faith—had in the course of a few generations lost the ready intelligence of the grand functions of the church that is to be found in the countries where Catholicity still remained the prevailing religion. But the church, for English-speaking Catholics, has once more come out from the catacombs, and her beautiful and instructive ceremonies are therefore an important object of curiosity and study, as well as of veneration. Something has been done of late years by writers in this country and in Ireland and England towards a popular exposition of Catholic ceremonies. A most successful and satisfactory effort in this way was a recent publication, *A History of the Mass and its Ceremonies in the Eastern and Western Church*, by the Rev. John O'Brien, A.M., which deals with the liturgy of the Mass from an historical point of view and with regard to its variations in the different Christian rites, orthodox and schismatic.

In *The Beauties of the Catholic Church* Father Shadler has translated and adapted an old and excellent German book to the needs of American readers. This book had scarcely made its first appearance in Germany when it became a favorite with all German Catholics, and it has so well maintained its position that quite recently it appeared in its eighteenth edition. A book that has for so long a time enjoyed the favor of the reading public must possess peculiar superiority. Ample matter, thorough instruction, clear, popular, and warm-hearted language—these constitute the charm which so rapidly and so permanently gained for it the favor of Catholic Germany. Canon Manzi, of Rome, recognized its worth, and made it available for his countrymen by translating it into Italian. The Abbé Goschler rendered a similar service to France.

It is written in the alluring form of familiar conversations between a village parish priest and some members of his flock, one of whom, a veritable doubting Thomas, by the way, who has travelled much and read much, jauntily prances out now and then with the strongest of the usual objections heard against the Catholic ceremonial. The worthy and learned priest in simple and straightforward language meets these objections. Still,

this book is not controversial, though convincing enough. In the thirteen conversations, which are distinguished as chapters, the ceremonies connected with the feasts of the church and with the administration of the sacraments are treated in an admirably clear and interesting manner, and are accompanied by doctrinal exposition. The fourth chapter—that on Good Friday and Holy Saturday—is one of the most beautiful expositions of its subject to be found in the language. The book is made all the more convenient for use by an alphabetical index.

INSTITUTIONES THEOLOGICÆ IN USUM SCHOLARUM. Auctore J. Kleutgen, S.J. P. I. De Ipso Deo. Ratisb., Neo-Ebor., Cincinn.: Fr. Pustet. 1881. Vol. i. pp. 751.

Why has Father Kleutgen undertaken a new theological text-book when we have such a number already? Is it merely to do the same work over again in another but similar form? It appears not. What specific object, then, does the author propose to himself? He explains this in the preface. The encyclical *Æterni Patris* caused him to reflect on and examine into the practical feasibility of making the *Summa* of St. Thomas the text-book for classes in theology. Having arrived at the conclusion that, taken just as it stands, it is not adapted for such a purpose, he was led to the further conclusion that it is desirable to prepare a *Summa* or compendium according to the plan and mind of St. Thomas, similar to the famous work of Billuart. We have now in convenient shape and excellently printed the first of the four parts of the compendium he has undertaken to compose.

We are well acquainted with Father Kleutgen's *Philosophie der Vorzeit* and his most able tract on Ontologism. His *Theologie der Vorzeit* we have not read, but come in contact with him as a theologian now for the first time. As a philosopher he is remarkable for originality of thought and a thorough knowledge of modern systems. In this new work we find him distinguished from the general run of authors by his metaphysical way of handling his topics, and his abundant use of that special knowledge which he has shown in his *Philosophie der Vorzeit.* The utility of this new compendium as a text-book in the ordinary course of theology will, after it has been completed, be subjected to practical tests, and time will show what degree of favor and success it will secure. Our first impression is that it is too difficult for beginners, but is likely to prove extremely well fitted for students in a more advanced course, and for all who, having been through an elementary curriculum of study, desire to review their theology.

LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY. In three volumes: I. Ireland; II. England, Scotland, and the Colonies; III. America. Volume I., Ireland: containing Sketches of the Convents established by the Holy Foundress and their earlier Developments. By a Member of the Order of Mercy, authoress of the *Life of Catherine McAuley*, *Life of St. Alphonsus*, etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1881.

December 12, 1831, Catherine McAuley, the foundress of the Sisters of Mercy, made her religious profession. The fiftieth anniversary of that interesting event is celebrated by the publication of this first volume of the

Annals of the sisterhood, and a most interesting volume it is. Somewhere in the earlier pages the author speaks of the work being intended especially for the Sisters themselves, but certainly it is pleasant as well as instructive reading for any one. This first volume opens with a rapid sketch of Mother McAuley's early life—her later life is found through all the pages of the volume in the work of establishing and perfecting the new sisterhood—and then details the progress which the new order made in Ireland, the obstacles it met with, and its final complete success. The pages are full of anecdote, of sage reflections, and occasionally most amusing incidents are recorded—as, for example, the reception which the "movin' nuns," as the Sisters of Mercy were popularly called, met with from the poor people of Charleville, in the County Cork: "'Johnny, avic,' said a venerable matron, whose comely countenance was caressed by snow-white ruffles of enormous dimensions, 'get up an' go near the blessed nuns. Sure if ye only stand in their shadow, alanna, ye'll never get the sickness that's goin'—the Lord betune us an' all harm, praises to his holy name.'" And excellent grounds had the poor for loving and venerating these angelic women who brought spiritual and physical comfort to them in their great distress.

Within the fifty years since the beginning of the Order at Dublin the Sisters of Mercy have spread out into Ireland, Great Britain, New Zealand, and other British colonies, while in the United States they count their establishments by the hundred—convents, hospitals, boarding-schools, parish schools, reformatories, and industrial schools: one more telling evidence that the Catholic Church is able to provide most useful employment for the charity of Christian women.

The Poets and Poetry of Ireland. With Historical and Critical Essays and Notes. By Alfred M. Williams. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

It is often forgotten that until the last century English was a foreign and almost unknown tongue to the greater part of the Irish people, and that even the later really Irish poetry—developed, it is true, during a period of almost constant wars, disasters, and consequent poverty—was very different from anything English. What this poetry, and Irish literature in general, might have become under a happier political condition it is, of course, useless to discuss. The Gaelic, though a language of masculine and majestic phraseology, is also, with true Keltic inconsistency, as some critics might be tempted to say, very agile, and it is apt for rhyme and alliteration. And, by the way, it has been maintained, and with plausible enough arguments, too, that rhyme is of Gaelic origin, and that it was introduced by Irish monks into the mediæval Latin hymnology, and from that was naturalized in the vernacular languages of Europe.

The more important, because less known, poems in this new anthology of Irish poetry are those which Mr. Williams has classed under the heads of "The Bards," "The Hedge-Poets," and "The Street Ballads." Following these come poems, among others, of Moore, Callanan, Banim, Gerald Griffin, Frances Browne, Thomas Davis, James Clarence Mangan, Allingham, Aubrey de Vere, Irwin, Ferguson, Kickham, Denis Florence MacCarthy, and Mr. Graves—the last well known for his remarkable contributions of late to

the London *Spectator.* The essays on the bards and their lineal literary descendants—like their country, fallen in fame and fortune—the story-tellers, hedge-poets, and street-singers, are extremely interesting and form one of the most valuable parts of this excellent volume. Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will recognize in these essays much of what Mr. Williams has contributed to its pages in a series of articles extending over the last two years. The translations of the bardic poetry are from Sir Samuel Ferguson, W. M. Hennessy, Mangan, Hector MacNeill, Edward Walshe, and others.

Mr. Williams has well appreciated the Gaelic spirit and method, though of course he has had to give in an English dress the Gaelic poems with which his volume opens. Mr. Williams is not an Irishman, but a busy New England journalist who was in Ireland during the Fenian outbreak as correspondent of the New York *Tribune,* and has since given a good deal of his leisure to the study of Irish poetry. In making his selection his aim has been, he says, "to make it as completely national as possible, excluding everything not distinctively Irish in theme or dialect"; and, acting on this idea, he has omitted Swift, Goldsmith, and many later poets whom every one will miss, and has, as we think, with excellent judgment, given but little of Moore. Why, then, find space for Ferguson's poem, "The Widow's Cloak," which certainly is not Irish in any sense, though by an Irishman who has done much to illustrate the literature of his country? It is a fulsome and, on the part of the distinguished Irish poet, an uncalled-for tribute to the reigning British sovereign—a woman whose stolid and hateful attitude towards the Irish people has been sharply criticised by Englishmen even.

Mr. Williams is to be congratulated on the general excellence of his collection. His essays and his division of matter will no doubt be the suggestion of still further, though perhaps hardly more successful, efforts in the same direction. In this handy volume is contained enough to furnish any one a correct idea of the spirit of the Irish poetry of the last three or four centuries.

MAIDENS OF HALLOWED NAMES. College of the Sacred Heart (Jesuit House of Studies), Woodstock, Md. 1881.

There is nothing so attractive in the life of St. Jerome as the kind and affectionate manner in which he undertook the education of his spiritual daughter, the illustrious young Roman maiden, Eustochium. It is after his example that the authors of the neat little volume before us have found time amid their severe studies in science and theology to prepare and send it forth, intended, as the preface says, "almost exclusively for young ladies," meaning evidently by this term all young girls old enough and sensible enough to enjoy such a book, as well as those who are more strictly entitled to the appellation. It contains thirteen lives of well-known female saints, with some introductory and concluding remarks and a few practices of devotion. The fact that eight thousand copies have been already sold indicates that it finds favor with the youthful feminine readers to whom it is addressed; and this is really the only sure test of success in such an attempt.

"Young ladies" are a class of auditors difficult to please, especially in

the matter of religious instruction, whether oral or written, given formally or in the shape of stories, historical or fictitious. It is well worth the trouble of endeavoring to please, and by pleasing to benefit their minds and hearts. The treasures of learning, of intellect, of eloquence, and of the rhetorical and poetic art are well employed in a work such as St. Jerome did not disdain to undertake for the incomparable virgin Eustochium. And they are well appreciated by the young people, in proportion to their adaptation to various ages and grades of intelligence and culture among them, of which the almost idolatry of Chateaubriand by the youth of France is one instance in proof.

Unfortunately, the majority of young people and children, of both sexes, though fastidious in respect of a more wholesome juvenile literature, are greedy of romantic fiction and not generally discriminating in their taste. Consequently they are exposed to incur great intellectual and moral damage from indulgence in this dangerous luxury. The best preventive of this mischief is to furnish them with the romantic realities of history and biography, and with other palatable and yet wholesome food, not for the intellect alone, but for the imagination and the heart also.

What is more romantic and captivating than certain portions of Catholic history and biography, when narrated, not drily or with prosy didactic comments, like an intellectual Scotch porridge with milk which is frequently skimmed and sometimes sour, but in the charming style of which some writers possess the secret? What can compare with the life of St. Agnes, St. Genevieve, Joan of Arc, St. Teresa, or John Sobieski? What historic pictures surpass those of Montalembert and Cardinal Newman? These latter are, indeed, only suitable for those who are already grown, or nearly so, out of their juvenile age. But the same or similar subjects can be adapted to younger readers. If we restrict our attention to feminine characters alone, there are many, unknown as yet to any but close readers of history, and these not all nuns or unmarried women, some of whom have figured in great events, waiting for the limners of their portraits and the narrators of their lives. The mine from which some specimens have been taken in *Maidens of Hallowed Names* is an extensive one with many rich shafts unworked, inviting further labor from the same workmen and others also.

THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE MOTHER MARY OF THE INCARNATION, JOINT FOUNDRESS AND FIRST SUPERIOR OF THE URSULINES OF QUEBEC. By a Religious of the Ursuline Community, Blackrock, Cork. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This is, apart from its religious atmosphere, one of the most interesting and well-written biographies of late years. Of course, to the Ursulines and the thousands of persons who have especial love for this admirable order the book has a particular value. But, as throwing side-lights on early Canadian history, it has all the interest of those charming memoirs which have so recently made many of us revise our impressions of French history. The usual religious biographer often falls into the temptation of adopting a goody-goody style which sometimes savors of cant, but the religious who gives us this excellent biography has evidently more qualifications for the post of biographer than those merely of love and reverence

for the subject of her biography. There are some minor inaccuracies—principally verbal slips which would pass unnoticed by anybody not to the "manner born" on American soil. The letters of Mother Mary are full of interest and of a naïve charm which the biographer at times very appropriately reproduces in the narrative.

TUTTI-FRUTTI. A Book of Child Songs. By Laura Ledyard and W. T. Peters. Designs by D. Clinton Peters. Cover and title-page by A. Brennan. New York: George W. Harlan. 1881.

A very daintily illustrated quarto of thirty-four pages of baby poetry, each page having a quaint illustration. The design of the cover is particularly striking, though delicate and tasteful. If only the youngsters should appreciate all this art as well as some of their elders do, the work would be a successful book with children.

SUNDAY EVENINGS AT LORETTO. By M. G. R. Dublin: M. & S. Eaton. 1881.

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S SOLITUDE. Take and read. Read and reflect. Baltimore: John B. Piet. 1881.

LIFE OF ST. FREDERICK, BISHOP AND MARTYR. By Frederick G. Maples, Missionary-apostolic. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

THE EXPLANATORY CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, for the use of children in Catholic schools of the United States. Boston: 1881.

ANGLICAN JURISDICTION: IS IT VALID? A letter to a friend. By J. D. Breen, O.S.B., author of *Anglican Orders: are they Valid?* London: Burns & Oates. 1880.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STATE BOARD OF CHARITIES. Transmitted to the Legislature January 20, 1881. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Company, Printers.

MANUAL FOR COMMUNION, containing Meditations and Prayers in the form of a retreat before First Communion, adapted to the use of all classes of persons. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1881.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, MOTHER OF GOD. By Sister Mary Francis Clare. London: Burns & Oates, 17 Portman Street; Dublin: Gill & Son, 50 Upper Sackville Street. 1881.

PROVE ALL THINGS, HOLD FAST TO THAT WHICH IS GOOD. A letter to the parishioners of Great Yarmouth on his reception into the Catholic Church. By J. G. Sutcliffe, M.A. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

ORIGINAL, SHORT, AND PRACTICAL SERMONS, for every Sunday of the Ecclesiastical Year. Three Sermons for every Sunday. By F. X. Weninger, S.J., Doctor of Theology. Cincinnati: C. J. H. Lowen. 1881.

THE THEORY OF OUR NATIONAL EXISTENCE, AS SHOWN BY THE ACTION OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE 1861. John C. Hurd, LL D., Author of the Law of Freedom and Bondage in the United States. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1881.

FOR IRELAND. Discourse pronounced in the Church of the Madeleine, in Paris, on the 18th of April, 1880. By the Rev. P. Monsabré, of the Order of Preachers. Translated from the French by J. P. Leonard, by special permission. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1881.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AND POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Dr. H. von Holst, professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor and Paul Shorey. 1846–1850. Annexation of Texas–Compromise of 1850. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1881.

OUR PRIMATES. Sermon preached in St. Peter's Church, Drogheda, by the Rt. Rev. Patrick F. Moran, D.D., Bishop of Ossory, on the Second Centenary of the Primate Oliver Plunket's Death for the Faith at Tyburn, the 11th July, 1881. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper Sackville Street. 1881.

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THE ENGLISH PRISONS OF DUBLIN.

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago—the 30th day of May, 1844—Ireland saw her idolized Liberator incarcerated in the city prison of Dublin, officially known as Richmond Bridewell, situated on the South Circular Road within five minutes' walk of Mount Jerome (Protestant) Cemetery—wherein repose the remains of Thomas Davis, the first of Ireland's poets during the last half-century. O'Connell was sentenced to an imprisonment of twelve months and to pay a heavy fine. His offence was a misdemeanor. The misdemeanor was that he proposed to hold a great meeting on the plain of Clontarf—the field from which "Brien drove the Dane" in the year 1014—and there protest against English misrule. The whole country was aroused. The people came from the north and south; but the authorities took possession of the historic field, and therefore no meeting was held. On the 6th of September, 1844, O'Connell was liberated on reversal of judgment on appeal to the House of Lords. It was on this occasion that the eminent jurist, Lord Denman, characterized O'Connell's conviction as "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." The august prisoner was allowed to see his friends almost daily, and enjoyed the privileges of the governor's apartments.* To the day of his death he bitterly referred to "his hundred days," as he called the time he was in prison.

During the late summer of 1848 John Martin, now dead, and Kevin Izod O'Doherty, now an esteemed member of the medical

* Mr. Parnell, on the contrary, is shut up in a common cell, No. 3.

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profession in Australia and the husband of the famed poetess of the Dublin *Nation*, "Eva"—*née* Kelly—were prisoners in Richmond Bridewell, each under sentence of ten years for "felonious publications." At the end of the same year, pending their appeal from the sentence pronounced upon them at Clonmel assizes in October, William Smith O'Brien, T. F. Meagher, T. B. McManus, and Patrick O'Donoghue were prisoners there.* On the 5th of July, 1849, Messrs. O'Brien, Meagher, McManus, and O'Donoghue were informed that their sentences had been commuted to transportation to Van Diemen's Land, whither they were conveyed from the Richmond Bridewell on board of H.M.S. *Swift*, then lying at Dunleary, the place which Dublin flunkies had in 1821 named *Kingstown* in honor of George IV.'s visit in that year.

The next state prisoner of importance confined in Richmond Bridewell was the Fenian "Head Centre," James Stephens, who, however, escaped from his jail on the morning of the 24th of November, 1865.

This now famous prison was built in 1813, and stands in one of the most healthful parts of the city. It is a circular building, with small yards within attached to each of the wings. These wings are divided into adults' and boys' departments for felonies and for misdemeanors. It has a large garden attached to it on the west. Outside of the jail proper there is an open space twenty feet wide, which is surrounded by a wall twenty-five feet high. In point of security, before the Model Prison† of Mountjoy was erected it was considered the first in Ireland. A small tower and weathervane crowns the centre of the front building, under the cornice of which is cut in the stone the words, "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." The entrance is through the outer wall and a double-doored porch or lodge, which is exteriorly a massive door of iron and wood, interiorly a barred door, each bar about six inches thick. Over the entrance, upon a broad, oval shield, are the arms of the city—three towers. The motto is: "Obedientia Civum; Urbis Felicitas." This was the prison of Daniel O'Connell thirty-seven years ago.

About two miles due west from the general post-office of

* Their sentence is here reproduced for remembrance: "The sentence of the court is that you and each of you be brought back to the place from whence you came, and from thence be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution, and there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, AND YOUR BODY TO BE DIVIDED INTO FOUR PARTS, to be disposed of as her majesty may think fit; and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul" (State Trials, Clonmel, Tipperary, Commission, October, 1848).

† Prisons for persons sentenced to seven years and over.

Dublin, at the extreme limit of the city, is the small village of Kilmainham, which modern improvements have placed partly in the city and partly in the county. The part in the city is known as Old Kilmainham, the other as New Kilmainham. There are few places in the vicinity of the ancient city so conspicuous in its annals, especially in those relating to religion. As early as 1174 Strongbow founded the priory of Knights Templars a few hundred yards east of the present jail, and upon the site of which was built in 1680 the present Royal Hospital for disabled soldiers—a small imitation of the hospital at Chelsea, England. The priory passed through many trials from its foundation to its translation to the Knights Hospitallers in the year 1314; nor was its subsequent career up to its suppression in 1541 by Henry VIII. any less stormy.

For three hundred and sixty-seven years—from 1174 to 1541—the prior of Kilmainham exercised an influence over religious and lay matters that at this day appears phenomenal. We find the Archbishop of Armagh, on "an invitation given by King Edward, 'promulgating' the privileges of his see in the presence of the lord chief-justice, the prior of Kilmainham, and the other peers who were in attendance." The two former, however, opposed him. Arriving at Drogheda, the archbishop excommunicated all who resisted him. Prior Keating, falling sick the same year, sent messengers to the Archbishop of Armagh to obtain absolution. In the meantime the prior died. Until it was known that Keating had died penitent, and until his friends had promised that they would never question his primacy, the Archbishop of Armagh refused him Christian burial. The friends of the prior made the required promise, the prior was absolved, and his body was then interred with the rites of religion. This is an episode of the controversy between the sees of Armagh and Dublin as to the right of precedence.

The Templars of Kilmainham, like their brothers on the Continent, became the objects of suspicion, as well as, perhaps, of envy for the wealth which they possessed. The prior had lands not only in Dublin, but in Galway and Meath. According to a special decree, he was elected with the consent of the king, and, after 1314, of the grand master of Rhodes also, and it was required that he should be an Englishman.* This ordinance was confirmed by a more solemn enactment in the following year, 1495, in the famous Poynings' law. Poynings' law, by the way, also decreed

* Archdall, *Monasticon Hibernicum.*

that twenty-six shillings and eightpence should be paid as a tax on every one hundred and twenty acres of ecclesiastical land.*

The King of England, like his cousin of France, was active against the Templars, and he accordingly issued orders to his justiciary at Dublin to have them seized in Ireland on the same day as in England. They were kept in honorable custody for three years, and at last had a trial at Dublin, where, whether guilty or not, they soon found their condemnation. Their annihilation as a religious body was resolved on, and they were thrust into monasteries. In the year 1314 the Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, acquired possession, and retained it until the time of that august "Reformer," Henry VIII.†

In 1446 Thomas Fitzgerald, prior of Kilmainham, having accused James Butler, Earl of Ormond, of treason, offered a trial by combat at Smithfield, about a mile northeast of the priory, on the north bank of the Liffey. The king took up the quarrel, and consequently the bellicose prior and the proud earl did not fight.

Perhaps the most prominent, as he certainly was the most audacious and pugnacious, of all who held the office of prior was Sir James Keating, who, as early as 1482, was accused of stealing property of the priory. He was excommunicated by the grand master of Rhodes. He had heard, however, of his degradation before his successor appeared. He had him apprehended, and took the deeds confirmatory of the appointment from him and sent him a prisoner to a priory at Kilsaran, County Louth, where the commandery took charge of the unfortunate man, whose name was Lomley. The king—Henry VII.—and the grand master fell into a towering rage as soon as they heard of this. But Keating gave not the least attention to them. They issued orders to degrade him from his office, but for answer he clapped irons on the person of Lomley, who was held a prisoner in spite of all the Archbishop of Armagh could do. During the reign of Henry VII. a large body of the Irish Pale were in favor of the House of York, and among them the restless Keating. Perhaps the king had an inkling of the prior's unfriendliness, when with the grand master of Rhodes he deposed him. The leader of the York faction was the redoubtable Earl of Kildare.‡ The king, suspecting the earl's loyalty, sent for him, as if to consult on business. The Geraldine was not so easily caught.

* Leland. † Dowling's *Annals*.

‡ This is one of the titles of the present Duke of Leinster, and dates from 1316. The first and oldest dignity of this respected Irish family is Baron of Offaly, 1205.

The Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, the Bishop of Meath, four abbots, and a prior drew up a memorial representing that the earl's presence was necessary to the well-being of the state. In the meantime Prior Keating and others were busily engaged in hatching the Lambert Simnel conspiracy. When Lambert Simnel landed in Ireland the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishops of Kildare and Meath, as well as Prior Keating, favored the rebellion. On the reconciliation of the Earl of Kildare, all the lords, spiritual and temporal, who had taken part in this movement were pardoned, even Thomas Plunket, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, with the exception of the unfortunate prior of Kilmainham. The earl used all efforts to accomplish the pardon of Keating, but he failed. Stripped of his possessions, Keating died in poverty; but he has left behind as romantic a history as ever such an officer did leave, and he gave the priory of which he was so long ruler, during the latter part of the fifteenth century, a notoriety that neither the priories at Conal, Corbally, or Newtown envied; but they were, of course, inferior in rank to that of Kilmainham, which was, in age, wealth, and dignity, the first in Ireland.

The valley of the Liffey is on the north, that of the Cammock on the south, side of Kilmainham Jail. The bridge connecting the south side with the ridge upon which Kilmainham stands, and under which the Cammock runs brawling from its birth-place* to the Liffey, was built in 1578 by Sir Henry Sidney. Upon the southwest corner of the ridge, facing this bridge, stands the County Sessions Court; and west of this latter building, and connected with it, is the gloomy granite jail itself. It is built upon the southern side of the declivity, where its foundation-walls can be seen as one passes to the west along the low ground, in the centre of which runs the Cammock, and which serves as a sort of kitchen-garden and orchard. It is damp and old-fashioned, and looked upon with awe by the people on account of its solemn, massive exterior. From its second story projects a funereal iron balcony, in the centre of which is an iron grating known to the initiated as the *trap*, for hanging criminals.† The huge prison has so harrowing an appearance that it used to be nothing uncommon to see men and women, boys and girls, make the sign of the cross, inaudibly repeating the words: "May

* This river is called the Slade at Glen Saggard, some seven to nine miles from Kilmainham. It flows through the rich plain of Clondalkin, and, after turning several large mills in the southern vicinity of the city, falls into the Liffey, under the name of the Cammock River, near the Royal Hospital.

† It is remarkable, though true, that in neither the county nor city of Dublin has there been an execution for murder since the execution of Delahunt in 1841.

God in his mercy keep me and all belonging to me from all harm! Amen," as they passed in view of the "black trap" upon which the victims—deserving or not—of English law had met their fate.

O'Connell's labors abolished the infamous imposition of tithes to uphold a worthless Protestant oligarchy. He did more than any one person or a dozen to carry Catholic Emancipation in 1829. He sowed the seed for a repeal of the Union—"the union of the shark with its prey"—and spent one hundred days in Richmond Bridewell for so doing. Parnell, when the loud cry of hungry tenants in Western Ireland arose to heaven for bread,

> "was the thunder, his the avenging rod,
> The wrath, the delegated voice of God,
> Which shook"

the greedy, grasping system of Irish landlordism, and branded it, in the face of the Christian world, as the curse of the fair and fruitful land; and for so doing and saying he was immured in Kilmainham Jail. And this under a minister whose eloquence some years ago drew tears of pity for the political prisoners of Naples, whose admiration for Garibaldi was unbounded, and who was very ardent in declaring his sympathy with what were supposed to be the aspirations of our own people of the South during the Civil War!

A CHRISTMAS PLAY IN THE PYRENEES.

Christmas dramas are said to owe their origin to St. Francis of Assisi. Before his death he celebrated the sacred Birth-night in the woods, where a stable had been prepared with an ox and an ass, and a crib for an altar. A great number of people came down from the mountains, singing joyful hymns and bearing torches in their hands; for it was not fitting that a night that had given light to the whole world should be shrouded in darkness. St. Francis, who loved to associate all nature with his ministry, was filled with joy. He officiated at the Mass as deacon. He sang the Gospel, and then preached in a dramatic manner on the birth of Christ. When he spoke of the Lamb of God he was filled with a kind of divine frenzy and imitated the plaintive cry of the sacrificial lamb; and when he pronounced the sweet name of Jesus it was as if the taste of honey were on his lips. One soul before the rural altar that night, with purer eyes than the rest, saw the Divine Babe, radiant with eternal beauty, lying in the manger.

The order of St. Francis has always been noted for its devotion to the Holy Infancy. St. Anthony of Padua, the favorite saint of the Italians and Spanish, is usually represented with the Holy Child in his arms. It was Fra Jacopone di Todi who wrote the *Stabat Mater speciosa*—the Stabat of the Manger:

> "By the humble manger standing,
> Joy her tender breast expanding,
> The fair Mother watched her Child."

And the touching practice of erecting a manger at Christmas time has been perpetuated by the Franciscans, particularly in Italy. You see the Infant on the straw between the two beasts of burden, Mary and Joseph bending near, the shepherds kneeling in adoration, angels hovering above singing the *Gloria in excelsis*, and in the distance the Magi with their long caravan winding through the defiles of the mountains. Those who have visited the Ara Cœli at Rome at this season will remember the beautiful Presepio entirely occupying one of the side chapels. This church stands on the spot where the Emperor Augustus had the celebrated vision of the Virgin standing in a luminous circle in the

heavens with the Child Jesus in her arms, and heard a voice exclaim: "*Hæc ara Filii Dei*"—This is the altar of the Son of God. The devotion of St. Francis to the Holy Infancy made it particularly appropriate that this edifice should be given to his order, which was done by Pope Innocent IV. in 1252, twenty-six years after the saint's death. In this picturesque old church you see a little temple on the spot where the emperor had the vision of the Incarnate Word. At Christmas time crowds come to see the Presepio and hear the children make their speeches (for it is the feast of Holy Childhood) at the end of one of the aisles, just as Hans Christian Andersen makes little Antonio do in *The Improvisatore*, standing on a carpeted table to repeat what he had learned about the beauty of the Child Jesus and the Bleeding Heart of the Madonna. In this church is kept the holy Bambino, carved from a tree that once grew on Mt. Olivet

"Among the sad gray olives where our Lord was sold."

At Christmas time this miraculous image is placed in the scenic recess of the Presepio, and before the Flight into Egypt takes place the superior of the Franciscans comes forth at the head of his friars, bearing the holy Bambino, and, standing in front of the church at the top of the one hundred and twenty-four marble steps, gives his blessing to the immense crowd that covers the sides of the Capitoline Hill.

The custom of erecting the manger was carried to other lands. The Crèche became common in France. The Nativity used to be represented by figures of colored wax at one end of the bridge of the Hôtel Dieu at Paris on the 25th of December, as well as in other cities. In Flanders it was called the Bétliem. In Spain, to this day, every household has its manger, and booths are erected on the public squares for the sale of shepherds, Magi, angels, the Holy Family, and all the accessories.

Christmas dramas, too, were everywhere popularized by the Franciscans. Sometimes they merely depicted the Scriptural account of the Nativity. Others embodied ancient traditions, and even the legends and pious imaginings of those who tried to picture to themselves all the discomforts and supernatural occurrences at Bethlehem. One of these old mediæval plays makes St. Joseph go to a blacksmith's to beg a little fire, but he is regarded with suspicion and ordered away:

"Fuïez d'icy, sire vilains,
De mal talant estez touz plains.
Je croy que vous estez espic"

—"Away from here, sirrah, full of evil designs as you are! I believe you are a thief," cries the smith. St. Joseph tries to appease him. He makes known their destitute condition, and says they have not even a light. "For poor enough we are, and fatigued, and in trouble":

"Assez avons de povreté,
Et de paine, et de travaill."

The blacksmith threatens him, and says none of his fire shall he have unless he will carry it away in his mantle. St. Joseph accepts the offer:

"Je le veult bien certaynement,
Sy vous plaist icy m'en donnez."

The blacksmith throws the fire into his mantle, and, seeing the old man carry it away without burning his garments, feels he is under the divine protection. He hurries to overtake him and beg his pardon.

St. Joseph having returned to the cave with the fire, Mary asks him to go in search of Dame Honestasse. He obeys. Dame Honestasse is a poor old woman who has two stumps only for hands. She holds them up to show that she can be of no use. St. Joseph, beside himself with anxiety, insists, and the dame follows him, saying to herself:

"C'est charité à Dieu plaisans
Aidier auls povres passans"

—"It is charity pleasing to God to aid poor passers-by." When they arrive they find the Child Jesus born. Dame Honestasse hastens to take him, and as she extends her arms they lengthen, hands grow out, and fingers are formed. She recognizes the promised Messias, and falls down to adore him. While aiding to wrap the Child in swaddling-clothes the angels above sing the *Veni Creator*, and statues of the false gods are seen to fall down along the highways and in the towns. This mystery begins with a sermon and ends with the *Te Deum*.

Sometimes a Franciscan is made to sing the *Magnificat* in the stable of Bethlehem—another amusing anachronism, probably a reminiscence of the Franciscan origin of these plays, and similar to that of the old painters who represent the mediæval saints as figuring in Bible scenes, perhaps to show that these scenes belong not to the past alone, but to all time, at least in their

effects. We find this custom referred to in an amusing old Christmas carol of Gascony:

"Un Capucin scarrabillat
Bo canta lou *Magnificat.*
Penden qu'es coumposo la nóto
Jousèp lou prend per la caloto:
'Chut! chut! chut! chut!
L'anfan dort, pas tant de brut!'"*

Sometimes the animal world takes part in these dramas, and is made to hold a curious dialogue similar to that to be seen painted on the walls of an old church in Sussex, England, where the animals have scrolls issuing from their mouths concerning the Nativity. A cock† crows: "*Christus natus hodie!*" An ox lows: "*Ubi? ubi?*" A sheep bleats reply: "*In Bethlehem.*" A drake quacks: "*Quando? quando?*" A raven croaks: "*In hac nocte.*"

This may appear somewhat grotesque to modern eyes, but the people took all kinds of liberties at the divine manger without any idea of irreverence. Holy Mother Church does not frown on the naïve extravagances of her children—"enfants soumis qui se permettent toute espèce de niches sur les genoux de leur Mere," as M. Sainte-Beuve says.

Christmas plays, composed by the peasants of Bigorre and Béarn, are still represented here and there in the Pyrenees, though by no means frequently. They used to be sometimes performed on the village square, but are now confined to rural churches, and take place at, or after, the midnight Mass. Those in the Gascon tongue are of inimitable religious simplicity, quite lost in a translation. They have, however, some touches of poetry, and are always expressive of fervent piety. And the solemnity of the hour and place, the religious earnestness of the rustic actors, and the rude music of the mountains, all combine to produce a certain effect, even on the cultivated spectator, if one there happens to be. But neither the dramas

* "A Capuchin quite wide awake
Prepares to sing *Magnificat.*
While loud he hums to pitch the note,
St. Joseph grasps him by the coat:
'Hush! hush! The Holy Child 's asleep.
Wake him not lest he should weep!'"

† "Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long."
—Shakspere.

themselves, nor the acting, nor the costumes, nor the scenery have any artistic merit, as in the Passion Play of the Tyrol. They are merely the peasant's conception of the Nativity, but, such as they are, they speak forcibly to a pastoral people, many of whom are shepherds and herdsmen who live on the rough mountain sides, familiar with winds and tempests, and accustomed to lone night-watches beneath the stars that look down on the Cave of the Incarnation at Bethlehem.

One of the most complete of these dramas has been described by M. Cénac-Moncaut, who supposes it to have come down from the middle ages, though it has evidently undergone from age to age many changes in the words and music. The performance takes place in the church, which is crowded with peasants in the garb of these mountains. The men wear their *capes Bigorraises*—the *hirsuta Bigerrica palla* of the time of Venantius Fortunatus. The women have on white or scarlet capulets, otherwise called *sags*—a word evidently derived from the Latin *sagum;* but some are veiled in the long black capuchon which falls gracefully around the entire form like an Oriental garment. Many have candles in their hands, which twinkle with fine effect along the dim aisles, and you hear the constant clink of their rosaries as they drop bead after bead of the Joyful Mysteries.

The bells cease ringing the moment the clock strikes twelve, and the vested priest, standing at the foot of the altar, immediately begins the midnight Mass. He stops at the Gospel. At that instant a young matron dressed in a white robe, representing the Holy Virgin, appears at the end of the nave. She is accompanied by St. Joseph, who wears the dress of a mountaineer and has a leather apron on and a hatchet in his hand. The *suisse*, or beadle, opens a passage for them through the crowd by means of his halberd, and as they make their way towards Bethlehem—that is to say, towards the chancel—the Virgin recites a plaintive couplet or two, the naïveté of which is faultless in the eyes of the peasantry

"Joseph, my faithful guide,
The night is coming on;
Let us some shelter seek
Before my strength is gone.
The time foretold by seers
I feel is drawing near;
The Dayspring from on high
Will soon to us appear."

St. Joseph replies in a tone of encouragement, and, after looking

about, leads her to an arch of foliage in the sanctuary representing a stable wherein is a manger. Here she reposes from her fatigue, and a little crib adorned with ribbons and lace is brought from the sacristy, and the image of the Babe therein is taken out and placed on the straw at her feet. At that moment an angel, represented by a little boy in a surplice with wings of crimped lawn attached to his shoulders, is raised on a chair, by means of a cord and pulley, to the very arch of the sanctuary, where he sings in a clear, loud voice:

"Shepherds, hasten all
With flying feet from your retreat;
On rustic pipes now play
Your sweetest, sweetest lay;
Together sing this happy night.
Behold!—O wondrous, wondrous sight!—
In yonder cave is Mary, the Virgin Mother meek and mild,
And the mighty King of Heaven, who has just been born a child."

The angel is right in saying "rustic pipes," for the orchestra concealed behind the high altar is composed merely of a flute, a violin, and a bagpipe, all of which unite in giving sonorous effect to this pastoral drama.

The summons of the angel from the clouds resounds among the mountains—that is to say, in the gallery, where a group of shepherds and herdsmen have betaken themselves for repose. At the sound of the angel's voice they awake and rise partly up. Their first astonishment is marked with a certain incredulity; but one of them springs up, exclaiming in the patois of this region:

"What heavenly voice is this I hear?
It is, I think, an angel singing.
Get up, my friends, and lend an ear;
Who can tell what news he's bringing?
Quick! I hear it louder ringing;
It fills me both with joy and fear."

One of his companions, of a more indifferent nature, turns over on his pillow of turf and replies:

"Lechom' droumi!—
Let me sleep!
Your racket splits my head,
Your noise and heavy tread.
Let me sleep!

About your business go,
Your news I would not know;
For all you have to tell
To-morrow 'll do as well.
Let me sleep!"

The angel once more sings, not in patois, but in pure French:

"At news like mine awake,
Your joyful part to take.
Your pipes and voices raise
In loudest notes of praise.
Christ the Lord make haste to sing
Till the very mountains ring."

Another shepherd, of a sceptical turn, pretends he does not understand a language so different from that of his valley, and begs the angel to express himself more intelligibly. The angel feels the justice of the observation. He is wrong to speak French to poor herdsmen who have never learned the language, and hastens to say in their own idiom:

"Come, ye shepherds from the wild,
There's nothing to affright;
Come and see the wondrous Child,
Lord of glory, power, and might,
Who, the world to bless and save,
This night is born in yonder cave;
Born to be poor sinners' friend,
Them when weak his strength to lend.
Come, ye shepherds, hasten all,
Listen to the angel's call."

At this more comprehensible language the greater part of the shepherds hesitate no longer. Enlightened as to the grandeur of the event that has occurred, they joyfully cry in a loud voice:

"This blessed summons from afar,
It seems to come from yon bright star;
The tones are wondrous strange and sweet.
We must obey: it is but meet.
We'll haste this new-born Child to see,
And worship, angel bright, with thee."

But there are *des esprits forts* in every condition of life, even among shepherds. They are guided by reason and common

sense only, and never allow themselves to be influenced by what is marvellous. Hardly is the Nativity announced before one of this class suggests that it would be more prudent to give no heed to so improbable a statement, but attend, rather, to their own business:

> "No, Guilhem, rather let us keep
> Good watch this night around our sheep.
> Hungry wolves are prowling round;
> They're howling with a threatening sound.
> If we're away they would devour
> Our choicest lambs before an hour."

But he encounters an adversary. Three loud raps from a crook shakes the floor of the gallery, and an old man with stentorian voice cries shame on those who would regard the safety of their flocks when a heavenly messenger assures them the Divine Being himself has come down to be the shepherd of the human race. The man of prudence is silenced. Another cries in animated tones:

> "Quick! our best garments let us find.
> About our flocks why do you mind?
> We'll drive them into a safe fold
> Where they'll be sheltered from the cold,
> And go to Bethlehem this night,
> Of this fair Babe to get a sight."

An angel now appears to guide the shepherds to the manger. They descend from the gallery to the outer porch, where the door closes on them, the church thus becoming the inn at Bethlehem. They knock loudly at the door and say to the innkeeper:

> "Pray, good master of the inn,
> Open the door and let us in.
> We've come the royal Babe to see,
> If his blest Mother's will it be."

This is the most striking part of the drama. The voices of the shepherds, who are twenty in number, though uncultivated, are manly and sonorous, and come ringing through the nave with religious effect, causing every breath to be suspended in the church. But such a number of strangers alarms the vigilant St. Joseph. He feels the responsibility of his mission, and, wishing to shield the Child Jesus from all danger, hastens to say, in a tone of naïveté that cannot be rendered:

"Tell whence you come and who you are:
You may be brigands from afar.
Dare not disturb the Infant's rest,
If through his birth you would be blest."

The shepherds reply:

"Good master, open the wicket and see
The letter an angel good gave me
As a sure passport to the manger.
Take and read it; fear no danger."

St. Joseph in return says:

"What's that you say? A letter, indeed,
To one who knows not how to read!
Only a carpenter poor am I.
Begone, my friend, you are a spy!"

The case becomes critical, and an angel now interposes in the guise of a tall young acolyte in a surplice, with long white wings, who leaves the sanctuary, followed by two little angelic choristers. He addresses St. Joseph somewhat as follows:

"Fear not the door to open wide;
I myself will be their guide.
Shepherds are they. No harm they'll do.
Jesus they wish to worship too."

St. Joseph's fears being allayed, he follows the angel to the porch, the *suisse* preceding them to clear the way, and says as he opens the door:

"Enter: the Babe Divine behold!
See in what royal state he lies!
His palace is a stable cold,
The cattle's crib a throne supplies.
The only hangings on the wall
Are golden straw out of their stall."

As the shepherds enter, flourishing their long crooks adorned with festive ribbons, they exclaim:

"Could no better place be found,
In the country all around,
Than a stable and cold ground
For a Babe Divine like this,
Over whom angels sing with bliss
The *Gloria in excelsis?*"

St. Joseph replies:

"No other house would us receive,
No one our sore distress relieve.
This stable rude we found at last
To shield us from the winter blast."

After several other couplets, in which amazement is mingled with moral teachings, the shepherds proceed towards the sanctuary. Among them is a huge, awkward mountaineer, coarsely clad, with a woollen cap on his head, and wooden shoes, out of which straw protrudes, on his feet. He bears a sheep on his shoulder, which he thrusts right and left against the people who obstruct the way. His companions look at him and nudge him, as if addressing him in the words of the old French carol:

"Hush! he is sleeping.
Mind how you thump.
Take care of the nails,
You awkward lump—
The nails, the nails, the nails
Of your coarse shoes—
Lest the nails of your shoes
Awake the Child Jesus
And rouse all the Jews."

The shepherd deposits his sheep before the manger as an offering, and then joins the others, who, kneeling around, begin to sing the hymn intoned by the angel:

"Gloria in excelsis!
O Domine, te laudamus.
O Deus Pater, Rex cœlestis!
In terra pax hominibus!"

After paying their homage to the Child Jesus and the Lady Mary the shepherds exchange several other verses with St. Joseph on the coming of the Messias, and then retire to the other end of the church, singing as they go some lines evidently French, but very much disguised by their uncouth pronunciation:

"Let us praise God for such a grace,
For having seen his dear Son's face;
That to us the angels bright
Came, surrounded by great light,
To proclaim this wondrous Birth
First to us in all the earth."

They continue to sing in this joyful strain till they arrive beneath the gallery. It is now the turn of the shepherdesses to adore the Infant Saviour; for the sexes are separated in this pastorale, as they are always in some of these mountain churches, particularly among the Basques.

Three young girls dressed in their gayest holiday attire, and carrying distaffs streaming with bright ribbons, now come forward to pay homage to the Messias, and as they leave the manger a band of maidens appears beneath the gallery opposite the shepherds, singing a graceful air:

"Dear little shepherd maids,
In your best plaids,
Where have you been?
What have you seen?"

The three girls, as they advance a step or two in the nave, reply:

"We've come from a stable
Where, this very morn,
Among the cattle lowly
Christ Jesus was born."

The others, again making an advance towards the sanctuary, resume:

"Dear little shepherd maids,
In your best plaids,
What more have you seen
Where you have just been?"

The three, advancing another step, reply:

"On the wheat straw dry,
In the middle of the cave,
The little Child doth lie,
Sinners come to save."

The others, slowly advancing:

"Dear little shepherd maids,
In your best plaids,
This new-born Child, is He
Fair and beautiful to see?"

The three, with another step:

"His golden hair lights up the place,
Streaming around his lovely face;
His eyes, with tender, radiant light,
Are dazzling to the very sight."

The others again ask:

"Dear little shepherd maids,
In your best plaids,
With eyes so keen
What more 've you seen?"

The three:

"St. Joseph guards him, bending low
As he passes to and fro.
With virgin lips to his brow pressed,
His Mother takes him to her breast."

The others:

"Dear little shepherd maids,
In your best plaids,
You make us more keen
To hear all you've seen."

The three:

"In the stalls on either hand
Two dumb beasts of burden stand;
As if to warm the Babe, they bend,
Their fragrant breath round Him to send."

The others:

"Dear little shepherd maids,
In your best plaids,
What more have you seen
Where you have just been?"

The three:

"Shepherds on the mountains cold
Leave their flocks at once in fold,
Come swiftly down the arduous way
Their homage to the Child to pay."

The others:

"Dear little shepherd maids,
In your best plaids,
Tell, tell what more you've seen
In the wondrous place you've been?"

The three:

"Thousands of angels from on high
Fill the air with songs of bliss.
Glory to God they ever cry—
Gloria in excelsis!"

The two groups, having advanced a step or two at each stanza, now meet, and they all go to the manger together, singing the same air the shepherds had previously sung:

"Shepherd girls, to your infant King
All your choicest offerings bring:
Sweetest fruits with generous measure,
Your hearts, too—a greater treasure.
Lowly bending, him adore
As you offer your best store."

Arrived at the stable, they make their offering, setting up a *pavillon*, or tent, prettily ornamented with flowers and ribbons, gay as the German Christmas tree, in which blackbirds, thrushes, turtle-doves, and partridges flutter about at the end of the cords to which they are fastened. There are also bunches of purple grapes, rows of yellow apples, chaplets of dried prunes, and heaps of walnuts and chestnuts. Having tastefully arranged these rustic offerings, the shepherdesses return, singing as they go:

"In Bethlehem at midnight
The Virgin Mother bore her Child
This world contains no fairer sight
Than this fair Babe and Mary mild.
Well may we sing at sight like this
Gloria in excelsis!

"Hanging o'er the gloomy cave,
A dazzling star points out the way
To all pure eyes that would behold
The spot where our blest Saviour lay.
Come join the angels' song of bliss:
Gloria in excelsis!"

The scene now changes from the stable of Bethlehem to the palace of King Herod, who is seated in an arm-chair behind the baptismal font. Two ministers stand beside the throne, and three doctors of the law are seated around a large table. The star in the east is represented by a taper that slides along a cord extending from the gallery to the arch of the sanctuary. The Three Kings are approaching. In a few moments three loud

knocks are heard at the outer door. The *suisse*, who has been enticed into the service of King Herod, opens the door and finds the three illustrious pilgrims on the steps, clothed in garments of somewhat Oriental style, with turbans of gay foulard silk, and wide pantaloons with shawls for girdles. To the "*Qui va là?*" of the *suisse* they reply:

"We come from the bounds of Aurora afar,
Lit up by her earliest rays,
To see the young Child. Of yon radiant star
We have followed the luminous blaze."

The object of their journey is communicated to Herod, who admits them to a special audience. One of them makes him an address quite Oriental in its imagery, and asks leave to pay their homage to the Messias with an offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Herod, who is evidently not enlightened as to the mystery of the Nativity, prudently answers that he will consult the prophets as to the part of his kingdom in which it should take place. The doctors of the law search their rolls, they discuss and argue, and at last find a passage on which they found their reply:

"According to the prediction of the prophet Michea(s)
The Messias should be born in Bethlehem of Judea."

"You hear," says Herod to the Magi. "Go, therefore, to Bethlehem, but fail not to return and tell me as to the truth of this miraculous Child." The Three Kings make a profound inclination and proceed towards the sanctuary, joyfully singing as they follow the moving taper.

While they are adoring the Messias the priest continues the sacrifice of the Mass. The actors, who have manifested such touching piety in the performance of the drama, all receive Holy Communion, as well as the greater part of the spectators. After the Mass the following scene takes place—the closing one in the play:

The angel, still seated in the chair up in the arch, warns the Magi not to return to the palace of King Herod, and they prudently hasten away under the guidance of the star. One of Herod's spies informs him that, notwithstanding his injunction, they have gone home by another route. Herod cannot restrain his anger. He makes a loud crash as he rises, and, pointing to-

wards the sanctuary, orders his guards to go to Bethlehem and there

> "Massacre at once the children small
> Of two years and under, one and all."

The sergeant draws his sword and sets out at the head of the soldiers. The angel now warns Mary and Joseph of the king's barbarous design, and counsels them to make their escape into Egypt with the Child. They obey and take refuge in the sacristy. Herod's soldiers arrive too late. Their search is in vain, and the play ends with the massacre of the Innocents—the first to shed their blood for Christ.

WHO SHALL SAY?

> "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind." —William Habington.

The haunting harmony of thy sweet verse
Breathes not the music of the heavenly spheres!
The lesson thou essay'st to teach is good,
Yet its perfection thou dost sadly flaw.
If one should so live that, when he has died,
Those whom he knew shall say, with one accord,
"The world is better that this man has lived,"
Then who may truly speak thy words of him:
He does not "leave a rack behind"? Be sure
That as the long years add themselves to that
Which we are pleased to call eternity,
Such life shall be as seed which multiplies,
And shall bring forth a glorious meed of good
Through all the years this nether world shall last.
And if, in God's own time, its end shall come,
Who then shall say that, in another sphere,
We may not reap the fruit of Christ-like deeds
With which this world by faithful souls was blest?
Though good thy purpose, no less false thy words.
For all the good our lives in this world show,
Ourselves, and those we love, shall count the gain
In realms where there is no oblivion nor loss.

BISHOP JOHN DUBOIS.

The church in the United States is deep in debt to France. From the year 1612, when two Jesuit fathers founded the mission of St. Sauveur on Mount Desert Island, off the coast of Maine, down to the close of the first half of this century, it attracted thence an army of holy men and women who came to these shores to bring the blessings of civilization and the graces of the Gospel to its inhabitants. Nothing could keep them away; nothing could daunt them here. They broke every tie that attached them to home; they faced every hardship that ever confronted missionaries of the cross. They prayed, and suffered, and labored, and triumphed, and in the work which they accomplished they builded for themselves an imperishable monument. They left no part of the country unexplored. They trod the snows and braved the storms of the far North; they penetrated the savannas of the South; they traversed the prairies and crossed the mountains of the West. They discovered rivers, and hills, and valleys. Everywhere they were the pioneers. They were not content to remain in the white settlements; while some of them stayed, others pushed out into the trackless regions where roamed the nomadic and barbarous aborigines. They went from tribe to tribe. Where one of them fell tomahawked or tortured to death another proceeded, until the war-dance gave way to the Corpus Christi procession and the chant of blood was abandoned for the *Ave Maris Stella*. They sought the most distant lodges, and there smoked the pipe of peace as a preliminary to preaching the Prince of Peace. Armed only with a crucifix, they conquered the savages, and their victories were completed by the sisters who followed their course, and with their beads and their books gave a Christian education to the dusky papooses who thronged about their knees and learned to love them second only to the cherished Blackgown. When the savages outnumbered the immigrants they often protected the latter from the wrath of the natives, and when the scales turned they were the stanch friends of the wronged Indians. Side by side these saintly men and women toiled. Whether in the forests primeval, or in the log-cabins of the hamlets, or, later, in the magnificent institutions which they themselves had raised, they lived and died for God. Everywhere they erected churches,

and schools, and hospitals, and asylums for all classes of suffering humanity. Most of them are resting in the sleep of peace. A few still survive. These are called on many times a year to welcome from their native land coadjutors and successors, who, true to the traditions of their race and charmed with the example of those who have preceded them in these fields, come to share in the pains of harvest, in order that they may also partake of the reward of the faithful laborers.

Among the host of heroes who in the last century left France to evangelize this country was John Dubois. He was born at Paris on the 24th of August, 1764. He was the son of respectable parents, who belonged to the middle class and were in comfortable circumstances. When he reached a suitable age he entered the College of Louis le Grand, in which the illustrious Charles Carroll of Carrollton had received his education. Among his schoolmates he had Robespierre and Camille Desmoulins. After completing his course there he went to the Seminary of St. Magloire, conducted by the Oratorians, where he studied theology. In his twenty-third year he was ordained priest and appointed assistant pastor of the parish church of St. Sulpice.

Full of zeal, he set to work. But he was not destined to spend his days in his native land. The Revolution which had broken out in 1789 aimed its blows at the altar as well as the throne. Its leaders framed sacrilegious constitutional oaths and proposed them to the clergy. To their everlasting honor one hundred and thirty-one out of one hundred and thirty-five bishops remained steadfast in their duty and peremptorily refused the unlawful pledge. In this constancy they were imitated by nearly all the priests, and among these by the Abbé Dubois, who was forced to exile himself to save his head from the guillotine. Having made his preparations for flight, he sought out his friend, the immortal Lafayette, and from him obtained not only a passport, but also letters of introduction to some of the prominent citizens of the United States. In disguise he quit his native city, journeyed to Havre, and embarked for America.

When the sun of July, 1791, was making the Southland a field of gold the Abbé Dubois first saw the shores of the New World, and shortly afterwards landed at Norfolk, Virginia. He soon made known his presence to Bishop Carroll, who received him with open arms and authorized him to exercise his ministry first in the city of his arrival, and afterwards in Richmond and the surrounding country.

So strongly worded were the letters which he brought to James Monroe, Patrick Henry, the Lees, the Randolphs, the Beverleys, and other families that he was hospitably welcomed in the most refined circles, and won the esteem and affection of his entertainers by his virtues, his profound learning, his courtly manners, and his intense devotion to his duties. So very far, indeed, did the cordiality of his reception go that, as there was then no church in the place, he was allowed to say Mass in the very capitol, and thus consecrated a State which was one day to be ruled over by a bishop of his training, and was to produce the hero who broke the backbone of "the damnable heresy of Know-Nothingism." The graciousness of this act is amazing, considering the intolerant spirit of the age and the previous doings in the commonwealth, which had persecuted dissenters of all kinds, and in the name of the God of peace and charity had put some of them to death. It is all the more surprising in view of the fact that Father Frambach, the predecessor of the abbé in the pastorate of Frederick, had to conceal his identity when he visited the faithful in Virginia, risked his life every hour that he stayed among them, was several times all but caught, usually slept in the stable, and once was so closely followed that but for the fleetness of his horse he would not have lived to tell the story of his hairbreadth escape.

For three years Father Dubois attended to the spiritual wants of the few Catholics in Richmond, and supported himself by teaching French, while he himself was learning English. In this study he received several lessons from Patrick Henry and made rapid progress. In 1794 he was called to Montgomery County, Maryland, and took up his residence in Frederick. That town was his headquarters, but he made frequent excursions over a wide stretch of country, hunting up strayed sheep, visiting the sick, teaching children the catechism, adjudicating difficulties among neighbors, keeping alive the fire of faith in lonely cabins, and kindling it in others in which it had gone out or had never burned. For long he was pastor of Western Maryland and all Virginia, and for some time was the only priest between Baltimore and St. Louis. His labors were herculean. Every day was rich in good works. His health was robust and he taxed it unsparingly. Summer's sun beat down upon him toiling over the mountain passes, but neither it nor winter's snows and bitter blasts could prevent him from his journeys. He was indefatigable. The days were not long enough for him. The midnight stars often shone upon him bearing the Viaticum to the depart-

ing. He was a faithful shepherd, tender and true, and prepared at all times to spend himself in order not to lose one of the souls entrusted to his care.

"On one occasion," says his panegyrist, the late Very Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, "he had just arrived at Emmittsburg, much fatigued, on a Saturday afternoon, and was going to the confessional, when a distant sick-call came. Before leaving Emmittsburg he directed the usual preparations to be made for the celebration of Mass on Sunday, saying that he would be back in time. He returned to Frederick, and thence proceeded to Montgomery County, administered the consolations of religion to the dying person, and, after a journey of nearly fifty miles, after twice swimming his horse across the Monocacy—the last time at the risk of his life, for wearied nature caught a nap of sleep while the noble animal was breasting the angry stream—he was again in the confessional at nine o'clock on Sunday, without having broken his fast, and sang Mass and preached as usual at a late hour in the forenoon, and with so little appearance of fatigue that the majority of the congregation never even suspected that he had stirred abroad in the interval."

But, sturdy worker as he was, he could not do the impossible, and sometimes his heart grew heavy as he surveyed the immense harvests and the lack of laborers. The country then drew its missionaries from France and Italy, but the supply was neither regular nor adequate. If ever the needs of the people were to be met a native priesthood must be formed. A seminary was indispensable, and, as a feeder to it, an academic school had to be started. For long years he cherished the idea of being the father of a host of Levites. But he kept the thought hidden in his breast. It was his companion by day, his dream by night. After much deliberation the project took shape.

While he was pastor of Frederick he was wont to visit Emmittsburg once a month to say Mass alternately in the church in the village and in a room in the Elder homestead, about a mile from the site of Mount St. Mary's College. Here in a bare lumber-room, on a rude table, he offered the Holy Sacrifice and broke the Bread and spoke the word of life. In August, 1776, the Bill of Rights had been adopted, which, among the other benefits it conferred, abrogated the law of William and Mary passed after the Protestant Revolution of 1690, and which forbade the erection of a Catholic church in the province of Maryland. Taking advantage of the Declaration, Father Dubois—who when in the neighborhood on his missionary tours frequently ascended the hill on which the college now stands, and from that elevation enjoyed the beauty of the wide prospect spread out before him—resolved to build a church on the mountain-side which should dominate the

whole valley and be a constant reminder of heaven to the inhabitants. They, however, were startled by the boldness of the plan. They dreaded failure. But they furnished the means to begin the work, and continued their contributions until it was completed. He himself chose the site. The spot was then a wildwood, abounding in trees, swamps, underbrush, and rocks, pathless, rugged, and forbidding. He superintended operations, and with his own hands helped to clear the way, lay the foundation, and raise the structure. Soon the noble building crowned the hill and stood a beacon of the better world to all the country round.

In 1808 he quit Frederick and took up his residence in the Elder place. He at once opened school, which he held in a brick building in the vicinity. In a few months he bought a farm-house with some twenty-five acres about the site of the college, and removed to it with his pupils. Among his first scholars were James McSherry, Charles Carroll, father of the ex-governor of Maryland, John Lilly, John Hickey, who became a priest, James A. Shorb, Charles White, Francis, Henry and Frederick Chatard, William and Richard Seton, James D. Mitchell, Jerome Bonaparte, and Charles Harper. His quarters soon became too scant, and another log-house was put up for his accommodation. The school at once began to prosper, and as the number of boys increased additional huts were built. In the year following the opening he received sixteen students who had been pursuing their classical course in an academy at Pigeon Hill, near Abbotstown, in Pennsylvania, started by the Baltimore Sulpicians to prepare youths for their seminary. In two years he had forty pupils; in three, sixty; and in five, eighty.

The project was a success. Father Dubois was no longer looked on as a visionary. The Lord had made him to rejoice, the father of children. Log-house after log-house was put up until there were two long rows of them running up and down the hillside along where the Junior Department is now located. Children were sent from all parts, and the fame of the rising institute was in the mouths of the people.

In June, 1809, Mrs. Eliza A. Seton, the foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, left Baltimore with her children and first two associates, and went to Emmittsburg to take possession of St. Joseph's. While the frame house which was to be their home, and which still stands, was building, she and her companions accepted the hospitality of Mount St. Mary's, and for some weeks dwelt in the second log-house on the hill, which Father Dubois vacated for the seminary that stood below it. The

same lowly roof was, therefore, the first shelter of the two founders when beginning their great mission, and from that day to this the histories of their institutions are linked together at many points. The esteem and kindly feelings mutually entertained by the two servants of God have continued with their successors, and the two houses have gone on fulfilling side by side the grand work of education.

The forest had been felled, the tangled underbrush cleared, the swamp drained, the rocks pulled up and carted away. The wilderness had been turned into a garden of fruits and flowers. The secluded situation, the bracing air, the growing reputation of the school filled its classes with promising youths. The seminary began to furnish laborers for the Lord's vineyard. Prosperity smiled on the place. The rows of cabins did not afford sufficient room, and the time had come for a more enduring nursery of scholars and saints. Father Dubois, with his usual magnificence, drew up the plan for a large three-story building. He laid off the site. It was located just above where the present college stands. The work was commenced. The seminarians and the pupils all lent a helping hand. It was a pleasure for them to aid in the construction of their future home. At the beginning of June, 1824, it was nearly finished. On the night of the 6th of that month it was beautiful in the moonlight. In the early morning it was wrapped in flames. By noon of the 7th it was a black and shapeless mass of ruins. While students, professors, and neighbors were rushing about the burning pile, excited by the sudden, startling, and overwhelming calamity, one person was cool and collected. Father Dubois calmly contemplated the destruction of his labors. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord," he said. While there was hope of saving the building he gave orders in a low but firm tone. When that hope was gone he stood with pale face and set lips regarding the conflagration. Dense volumes of smoke rose and spread in the air, and the heavens were lighted with a lurid glow. As the walls fell in with a mighty crash he turned from the spot and proceeded to the chapel, remarking as he went: "There were defects in this; I will remedy them in the next." O great heart, now at rest for ever, strong in the thick of disaster, cheery in tribulation, peaceful in storms, trustful in God, bitter was thy trial in that hour, and like refined gold didst thou come forth from the crucible!

The loss of the stately college was sufficient to crush any man situated as was Father Dubois. For he was very poor, and,

worse still, he had had to go into debt to pay for the building just destroyed. Besides, the faithful in the province were few and not burdened with this world's gear. But the stones were scarcely cold before the work of reconstruction began. The site was chosen a little further down, and the uninjured materials of the burnt edifice were used in the structure of its successor. A more commodious design was adopted. The foundations were laid, and rapidly the sides rose until they were crowned with the roof. Well-wishers from far and near helped on the undertaking with sympathy and money. Anonymous gifts were received, and friends unknown till the hour of distress came forward with substantial tokens of regard. The neighbors, too, were most kind. Regardless of creed, they contributed what they could, and those who could give no cash, or not enough to suit their wishes, assisted with labor and goods. In 1826 the new college was completed. It stood in all its grandeur, one of the finest buildings in the State, and even now rears itself aloft, a solid monument of the heroism of its founder and the generosity of his co-operators.

Father Dubois was now sixty years old when a new trial was sent to him. A shepherd had to be supplied for the growing metropolis of the republic, and the ruler of the Mountain was deemed most worthy. He was too old to begin to learn how to disobey, too inured to self-sacrifice to entertain regrets. The episcopacy was then no bed of roses, and the diocese of New York was singularly in need of a prelate patient, prudent, strong. Giving up his office to his associate, Father Bruté, he left his beloved hillside. On Sunday, October 29, 1826, in the cathedral of Baltimore, he was consecrated bishop by Archbishop Maréchal in the presence of an immense concourse of the clergy and laity. He was presented with his cross and ring by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and received his robes and crosier from other friends. Three days later he took up his residence in his cathedral city.

As soon as Bishop Dubois had taken possession of his see his troubles began. They had their sources in five quarters—his nationality, the lack of priests, the want of a college and seminary, the fanatic opposition of the "Native American" Protestants, and the trustee system under which the temporal affairs of the church were mismanaged.

As the vast majority of the Catholics in New York were of Irish and English descent, and as quite a number of them were natives or had resided there for many years, they were dis-

pleased at having a Frenchman to rule over them as bishop; nor did they hesitate to murmur their dissatisfaction where it would be heard. When the bishop learned of the prevalence of this sentiment he issued a pastoral in which he maintained that, as he was a naturalized citizen who had lived here for some thirty-five years, no one could charge him with being a foreigner; and then, turning the tables, he referred to the abuses which had grown up in the diocese, and mentioned the reforms which he proposed to institute. This document made a favorable impression, and this was deepened by his subsequent actions, which speedily won for him the respect and esteem of all the well-disposed persons in his flock.

His second cause of anxiety was the scarcity of priests. He estimated the number of the faithful in the city at that time at thirty-five thousand, and in the rest of the diocese at one hundred and fifteen thousand. To minister to them he had only eighteen priests. He had four churches in the city, and nine other buildings used as churches in other localities throughout the vast territory under his care, which comprised the whole State of New York and a portion of the State of New Jersey. So urgent and numerous were the calls on his clergy that he himself had "to fulfil at the same time the duties of a bishop, parish priest, and catechist," as he wrote to a friend. He first made a visitation of his diocese to become acquainted with its wants, and then he went in 1829 to France and Rome to procure aid. He returned in the following year, bringing home with him gifts from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Congregation of the Propaganda. He worked night and day to cultivate his part of the vineyard, and succeeded so well that when he transferred its care to his successor he could count twenty-two churches, twelve stations, fifty priests—of whom he had himself ordained sixteen—several schools, conducted by Sisters of Charity, in New York and Albany, and four orphan asylums.

His third occasion for worry was the absence of a training-school for priests. He tried, therefore, to found an academy and seminary. He first made the attempt at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, where he laid the corner-stone on May 29, 1833; but before the building was quite ready for occupancy it was burned to the ground by an incendiary, prompted to the commission of the crime by religious animosity. His next venture was at Brooklyn. When all the preliminaries had been arranged, and some of the materials brought to the spot selected, the gentleman who had offered the ground for the site proposed conditions which were

too onerous, and the bishop abandoned the project then and there. The third trial was made at Lafargeville, in Jefferson County, where the domain known as Grovemont was purchased and a school begun. But the location was too remote and the access to it too laborious. So the institution soon collapsed. These failures had one good result: they paved the way for the success of St. John's College at Fordham, which was opened June 24, 1841, with Father—now Cardinal—McCloskey for its first president.

The anti-Catholic feeling was rampant fifty years ago. The pulpit, the press, and the platform were used to defame the Catholics. The most bitter attacks were made by clergymen, who, in the persecution they carried on, stopped neither at calumny nor forgery, but counselled violence to individuals, and social ostracism and political disfranchisement to the mass of their opponents. They concocted filthy stories about monasteries and convents, and put into circulation the villanous book by Maria Monk. They succeeded in several places in exciting riots. On one occasion they stirred up a mob to wreck the cathedral. The Catholics heard of the threatened danger; they prepared to give their assailants a warm reception. The paving-stones in the street before the sacred edifice were taken up for missiles, to be hurled from the windows of the adjacent houses. The cathedral itself was placed in a state of defence, with its doors barred and its windows bolted, and a picked guard of men with muskets was stationed within the churchyard to protect at all costs the sanctuary of the Lord. These arrangements disconcerted the wretches who had assembled to commit the sacrilege, and, without risking a conflict with the Catholics, they slunk away from the scene of the contemplated disorder. Their leaders who contended with intellectual weapons met doughty antagonists in Dr. Varela, Dr. Power, Father Schneller, Dr. Pise, and Dr. Hughes, who by their controversial writings and sermons made many converts and confirmed the faith of the weaker brethren.

But the most harassing vexation that fretted the bishop was the trustee system. By it the finances of the churches were in the hands of a set of laymen chosen by the congregations. These laymen acted as if they were monarchs of all they surveyed. By their incompetence, their carelessness, and their extravagance they bankrupted nearly all the churches they controlled, and by their disrespect and disregard of authority they gave grave scandal on more than one occasion. They assumed to act without any accountability to the bishop; they pretended

to hire the priests who ministered to them; they drove away pastors who did not please them; they forced upon the bishop such clergymen as they became attached to; they selected as educators of their children teachers who would do their bidding; they bought what they liked for the sanctuary; and in a general way they conducted the temporal concerns of the churches to suit themselves. Once, when the bishop had silenced the rector of the cathedral for disobedience, they sided with the delinquent, continued to support him, and declined to pay any salary to his successor. Still further, they made him manager of the school, and when he ordered out a teacher appointed by the bishop they upheld him and got a police officer to eject the teacher. The bishop, exasperated by this outrage, addressed a letter to the members of the congregation, in which he said:

"The trustees seem to think that they are at liberty to employ whatever power they can extract from the charter, or obtain from the civil laws as a corporation, in a kind of perennial conflict with and against the ecclesiastical authority and the discipline of the church, which they should be the firmest and foremost to uphold, as Catholics first, and as trustees afterwards. It is possible that the civil law gives them power to send a constable to the Sunday-school and eject even the bishop himself. But if it does, it gives them, we have no doubt, the same right to send him into the sanctuary and remove any of these gentlemen from before the altar. And is it your intention that such power be exercised by your trustees? If so, then it is almost time for the ministers of the Lord to forsake your temple and erect an altar to their God, around which religion shall be free, the Council of Trent fully recognized, and the laws of the church applied to the government and regulation of the church. . . . Do not suppose that the church of God, because she has no civil support for her laws and discipline, is therefore obliged to see them trampled on by her own children, without any means for their preservation. She has means; and it is necessary that her discipline be restored and the abuses on the part of your trustees, to which we have alluded, be disavowed and removed."

The trustees, however, were not conquered. They persisted in their demand for the restoration of the suspended rector, and they waited on the bishop in a body to enforce their wishes. They made known the object of their visit, and then informed the venerable prelate that, as the representatives of the people out of whose pockets the money to support the church came, they could not conscientiously vote his salary unless he gave them such pastors as were agreeable to them. He listened to them patiently, and then showed them the door, saying in memorable words: "Gentlemen, you can vote the salary or not, just as seems good

to you. I need little. I can live in the basement or the garret. But whether I come up from the basement or down from the garret, I shall still be your bishop." At length the priest at fault yielded so far as to retire from the unseemly contest, and a year or two afterwards was relieved from ecclesiastical censure. But the system which had encouraged his insubordination outlived the bishop who had tested his obedience and found it wanting. It remained a thorn in his side during his whole episcopal career, and was only despatched when the vigorous arm of his successor came to the rescue of his tottering frame.

Bishop Dubois was always a hard worker, and he did not change his ways when he took up the pastoral staff in New York. He made several visitations of his vast diocese, and administered the sacraments to tens of thousands. At home he labored like the youngest of his curates. He kept at his tasks till his growing infirmities admonished him to seek rest to make final preparations for the grave. Worn out with toil, he solicited a coadjutor, and obtained his request in 1837 in the person of the Rev. John Hughes, a former pupil of his at Mount St. Mary's College, and then pastor of a church in Philadelphia. He himself consecrated his successor January 9, 1838. In a fortnight he was stricken with paralysis, from which he never completely recovered. He lingered on for four years, with an unclouded mind and a cheery heart. On December 20, 1842, he calmly expired, and his beautiful soul is with God. His remains were interred at his own request under the pavement immediately in front of the main entrance to his cathedral.

A portrait of him, done in oil by the artist Paolino Pizzala in Italy in 1830, is in the parlor of the college which he founded, and another one is in the possession of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of New York.

THE FALL OF WOLSEY.

IN 1529 the political enemies of Wolsey had nearly completed their organization. It was rumored in Paris, Venice, and Rome that some trouble was in store for the English Church, but, with that fatal confidence in their "inner strength" which so often characterized English churchmen, they paid no heed to the "signs of the times."

The crowd of unprincipled nobles and "fast-living squires" who were ready to join in any movement to obtain a confiscation of the monastic property beheld the great barrier to their proceedings in the person of Thomas Wolsey. This combination was composed of strange materials, for they personally hated one another: jealous prelates and abbots, disappointed placemen, ignorant nobles, treacherous courtiers, and suspended priests were the most persistent in bringing about the fall of the great minister. They were jealous of his genius and the results of his brilliant statesmanship; they envied him the greatness to which he had been elevated in the estimation of princes and diplomatists; yet not one amongst them possessed in any measure his administrative talent.

The Boleyns performed a subordinate part at this time, but were energetic in fabricating slanders against the Cardinal of York and conveying them to the king, who still hesitated as to what course he should pursue. Le Grand considers the plots against Wolsey to have originated with the Boleyn family. Anna Boleyn, however, was in France during the greater part of those proceedings, and had nothing to do with the movement; but her father (Sir Thomas Boleyn) was one of the conspirators against Wolsey, and acted with the Suffolks, the Russells, the Clintons, the Grays, and the Cobhams—all unprincipled and needy men. For some time the general topic of conversation amongst the nobles and squires was the confiscation of monastic and church property, and many creditors' claims were postponed until the much-desired object was achieved.* It was feared that the king would never consent to such measures whilst Wolsey was his councillor, and in this opinion they were partly correct.† "These noble lords imagine," writes the French envoy, "that,

* Thorndale's Memorials.

† Le Grand's Secret Despatches to the French Government.

the Cardinal of York once dead or ruined, they will incontinently plunder the church and strip it of its property." Yet those enemies of Wolsey were all opposed to the Reformation, and at this period cast ridicule upon its German founders; they still professedly adhered to the olden religion of England, and their hostility to the pope was purely of a political character, and if the pontiff had granted Henry a divorce the Reformation would have been crushed by the very men who subsequently promoted it. The nobles and many of the laity quarrelled, as they often did before, with the monks and secular clergy; nevertheless, they responded to the Vesper bell; they heard the Latin Mass, as their fathers had of yore; they dined at the abbeys and "made merrie in the bishop's banquet-hall"; but at the same time they hungered for the well-cultivated manors, the inviting gardens, the orchards, the shady groves, the murmuring streams, the cattle, the gold and silver of the abbeys and convents, and they were determined to possess them by any means, even by misrepresentation, perjury, fraud, or violence. Their religious belief was, as already stated, wholly unchanged, and no casuistry can set aside that fact. An absorbing desire of possessing their neighbors' goods led to the revolution in property, which ultimately resulted in the Reformation movement as the surest mode of retaining the lands which had just been taken from the lawful owners. In fact, the subsequent change of religion was made to confirm, if not sanctify, the previous confiscation of the property of the church and of the poor. The Rev. J. H. Blunt, in his work upon the Reformation, puts the question as to the "motives" of the Reformers with direct and simple force. "Few," he writes, "*cared for reformation; many cared for destruction.*" This is the result of the long researches of a learned and truthful Protestant clergyman; he has furnished the world with the "motives" of those who imposed the "new order of things" upon England. But I must remark that to plunder the church was an old besetting sin in that nation; and we find in the days of the Venerable Bede there were "church-robbers just as unscrupulous as the Russells or Brandons of the days of the eighth Henry," * of "blessed memory."

The first turning-point in Wolsey's fortunes occurred about the period of the departure of Cardinal Campeggio. The king took leave of the legate at Grafton, where Wolsey was also pre-

* I refer the reader to vol. ii. p. 80 in the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty* for a series of well-authenticated facts bearing upon the mode by which the monastic confiscations had been accomplished.

sent; and it was then bruited that the cardinal had nearly lost the royal confidence. Those reports came from the Brandons, the Grays, the Howards, and the Boleyns—all implacable enemies of Wolsey. So marked was the ill-feeling exhibited towards him by the courtiers that the king checked it by speaking in a friendly tone to his old favorite; nevertheless, Wolsey was not invited to the king's table that day (September 19). In the evening he had another interview with his sovereign in the royal closet, which lasted three hours; and having bid Wolsey "a friendly good-night," Henry requested his attendance at nine of the clock on the following morning. This long conference alarmed the enemies of the cardinal, and that night several communications passed between the courtiers. The Boleyn family were, as usual, malicious in fabricating falsehoods. Anna Boleyn's father reminded her of the deception practised by the cardinal, "wishing to make her a mistress, but not a queen."* It did not require much incentive to excite the enmity of Anna in this case; and it was difficult to expect that she could forget Wolsey's conduct in relation to her lover, Lord Percy, whose story is one of the darkest pages in the cardinal's life.

The enemies of the fallen statesman turned every incident to account. The morning came, and with it a fresh storm of disasters ready to burst upon the cardinal. He waited on the king, as arranged the night previous, but was surprised and mortified to find his highness on horseback and surrounded by a crowd of courtiers, amongst whom were Anna Boleyn, her father and brother. The king spoke in a friendly manner to Wolsey and bade him "good-morning." The Boleyn family coldly saluted him, "which," observes Thorndale, "evidently displeased the king, who, on riding off from the courtyard, waved his hand twice to Wolsey." The scene was altogether remarkable. The king and his great minister never met again.

In a few days subsequent to this unexpected "leave-taking"—on Wolsey's part, at least—the attorney-general filed two bills against the cardinal in the Court of King's Bench, charging him with having, as legate, offended against the statute of the 16th of Richard II. known as the statute of *Præmunire*. This proceeding caused a sensation in London; and even the time-serving lawyers became outspoken, and several of them declared that this mode of action was at once "arbitrary, despotic, and illegal." One of the judges told the attorney-general that the Legatine Court could not be brought within the operation of the law.

* Brewer's State Papers,

"The cardinal," writes the learned judge, "had on former occasions obtained the king's license, and was, therefore, authorized to hold the court." Wolsey offered no opposition and made no defence; he resigned the great seal, and placed the whole of his personal property, estimated at five hundred thousand crowns, at the king's disposal. "All I possess," said he, "I have received from the king's highness, and I now return all with pleasure to my benefactor." But the "benefactor," or his prompters, were not satisfied; a demand was made "*for everything he possessed.*" He now surrendered all, "keeping not even *a blanket or a shirt.*" He was commanded to retire to Esher, a country-house attached to the see of Winchester. But his fallen condition did not yet satisfy the malice of his enemies. From the courtiers down to the turbulent *canaille* all classes attended in vast numbers to witness his departure from London, to "hoot and insult the fallen minister." * But as Wolsey had the forethought to take a different route from the one expected, his feelings were spared humiliation, and the fickleness of human favor another shameful display of its traditional worthlessness. The Bishop of Bayonne, who visited Wolsey before his departure from the metropolis, draws a melancholy picture of his forlorn condition. "I have," he says, "been to visit the cardinal in his distress, and have witnessed the most striking change of his fortune. He explained to me his hard case in the worst rhetoric that was ever heard. Both his tongue and his heart failed him. He recommended himself to the pity of the king and madame (Francis I. and his mother) with sighs and tears, and at last left me without having said anything near so moving as his appearance. His face is dwindled to one-half its natural size. In truth, the cardinal's misery is such that his enemies, Englishmen as they are, cannot help pitying him; but their sympathy is only like the passing winds, for it is evident that the court party and others, who are still concealed beneath a mask, are determined to accomplish his ruin—yea, to send him to the scaffold, if possible. As for his legation, the seals, etc., he thinks no more of them. He is willing to give up everything, *even the very shirt from his back*, and to live in a hermitage, if the king would desist from his displeasure." †

Henry, strange to say, at this time sent secret messages to the fallen minister, assuring him of his friendship. The cardinal had the weakness to believe in those professions, but he was soon convinced of the motives which prompted them. Henry did not

* Brewer's State Papers on the Fall of Wolsey. † Le Grand, vol. iii. p. 37.

wish Wolsey to die until he had at least attempted to prove that he deserved death.

Lord Herbert, the king's panegyrist, does not believe the charges preferred against the cardinal, and Cavendish and Le Grand are of the same opinion. The articles of impeachment were forty-four, and were signed by fourteen peers, amongst whom were the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk. These articles were carried in the Lords; but the king, curious to relate, instructed Thomas Crumwell, then in the Commons, to have them rejected. Thorndale states that he was present at Crumwell's speech in favor of his old master. He spoke with deep sympathy; his voice faltered several times when he said "he should never meet his like again in this world."*

Wolsey's health was now giving way, and he was attacked with fever (about Christmas). Hearing of his illness, Henry exclaimed in the presence of his courtiers: "God forbid that he should die! I would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds." He ordered three of the court physicians to go immediately to Esher to attend him; he also sent a special messenger to "assure Wolsey of his love and esteem for him." In his anxiety about his old favorite the monarch induced Anna Boleyn to send a tablet of gold as a memorial of reconciliation and good feeling.† But the "night crow," as Wolsey styled Anna, had not yet forgotten the injury the cardinal inflicted on her future happiness in the case of Lord Percy.

With the fall of Wolsey the mainstay of the papal power in England was rudely shaken, but not destroyed. The priesthood, whom he had elevated to the highest positions in the state, and whose secular privileges he maintained with a high hand, were now about to share in his change of fortune. They envied him for his greatness, and disliked him because he told them of their neglect of the various flocks of which they had charge. They had not the foresight nor the wisdom to hearken to his advice; they did not "set their house in order, to meet the coming storm," but became in some instances defiant. And, again, high-placed ecclesiastics appeared as "forethoughtful sycophants," begging for mercy before they were impeached, indulging in the delusion that they could, with gold, conciliate Thomas Crumwell and his ecclesiastical inquisitors, who accepted their offerings and still pursued the "thoughtless givers," as Bishop Fisher called them. Lingard remarks that "instead of uniting in their

* Letters of Thorndale to Bishop Fisher.

† State Papers (Domestic) of Henry's Reign, Cavendish, and Le Grand.

common defence they seem to have awaited their fate with the apathy of despair." At a later period they lost all fitting courage. "The clergy and monks," observes Blunt, "fell into an utter panic, and the great body of the latter especially were ready to lie down like an unarmed peasantry before a troop of Cossacks." The terror-stricken nuns, who were cruelly treated, may be excused for adopting such a course. Although there were hundreds—perhaps thousands—amongst the monks and friars who would cheerfully have ascended the scaffold, there were few who had the vigor to speak at the "right time or in the right place"; and when the hour of trial came there were not many Forrests, Petos, or Elstons to confront their unscrupulous enemies. The bolder course was the safest. If the regulars had appealed to the love and religious feelings of the multitude, to whom their predecessors had acted in the spirit of faithful guardians for centuries, the country would have pronounced in their favor. They were a well-organized and a powerful body in the state. The mothers and daughters of England, too, stood up for the religious orders with a devotion and courage unprecedented in the history of nations. And good reason they had to regard with enduring gratitude the meek and humble occupants of the convents and abbeys. Judging from the many State Papers which I have consulted, both at home and abroad, there can be no doubt that nine-tenths of the English people would have successfully taken up their defence. Behold, for example, the heroic conduct of the never-to-be-forgotten Pilgrims of Grace, who, many years later, fought with such fearful odds against them. But the religious orders of men, at the unhappy juncture of which I write, became divided by local and petty jealousy, and the rivalry of precedent and quaint discipline caused long and bitter disputes; besides, they made few advances in the social progress which Time had brought within every man's purview. In the words of Thorndale, "they became obstinate and panic-stricken," and then the infamous Thomas Crumwell, and his more infamous monastic inquisitors, triumphed.

To return to the narrative of the fallen statesman. A dawn of hope appeared in the horizon, and the few remaining friends of Wolsey seemed to imagine that a reconciliation was at hand. He was allowed to exchange Esher for Richmond, where he spent much time with the fathers of the Charter-house. Here he "discoursed with great earnestness on the necessity there existed for frequent preaching and instruction to the people." Those "heretics," said he, "are smart, intelligent men, and they

may possibly find their way into England. We should be prepared for them." * Wolsey's visits to the Charter-house were not calculated to please men like Suffolk and Clinton, and in a few weeks a fresh conspiracy was organized, the result of which was that the cardinal was ordered to retire two hundred miles from London; but upon the intercession of the king's sister ("Mary the beloved") Henry wrote letters to several nobles and squires in the North, recommending them to visit his "old friend, and to be civil to him and ask him to make merrie at their homes."† Crumwell likewise sent words "of comfort to his good master of former days." All looked assuring; but the heart of the great man was crushed. His altered mien, his generosity and urbanity, won the esteem of the people of the northern districts. He did not appear at their banquets or make merry, as they expected. The hunting-parties to which he was invited, and once enjoyed so much, he now declined, stating that "such amusements were not suitable for a priest." He gave himself up almost wholly to spiritual matters, and on every Sunday and holyday he rode to some village church, where he celebrated Mass; he frequently preached twice a day to the peasantry, and heard the confessions of "outcasts and outlaws"; he enjoined the priests to preach sermons on holydays as well as on Sundays, and to explain to their flocks the history of the Catholic Church. He made minute inquiry as to the good or bad feeling that might prevail in rural districts; he went to the humblest cottage, the lowliest homestead, on his missions of charity, and reconciled those who had been long at enmity. One remarkable case has been recorded. Sir Richard Tempest and a squire named Hastings had been long in a state of deadly enmity, and, according to the custom of the times, the retainers and tenants of both parties adopted the "angry mood" of their respective masters. Many conflicts took place. The cardinal, however, undertook a reconciliation. He invited the chief combatants and their "men-at-arms," numbering in all eight hundred, to a banquet arranged in a field, where wine and beer preceded the dinner, and the cardinal caused all parties to shake hands. Three days later Tempest, Hastings, and many of their followers went to confession and received Holy Communion at the cardinal's hands.

The licentious and the dishonest became reformed through his admonitions; the unfaithful and harsh husband appeared altered in his domestic relations, and publicly confessed that "the

* Carlo Logario's Notes on his Master's religious Opinions.
† Brewer's State Papers on Wolsey's Fall.

cardinal had taught him to be what he should be to his family." Wolsey's labors at this time were unceasing, and he seemed almost to excel Bishop Fisher as a priest: he sent provisions and words of comfort to widows and orphans, and preached especially to "young maidens to preserve their chastity; that all beauty faded and perished when virtue fled." * He recommended early marriages to those who had sufficient means, and delivered special discourses to "young married people on the duty they owed to one another." In the few months he spent in the North he accomplished more for the practice of religion than perhaps he had ever before done during the twenty years of his busy political life. "In his domestic intercourse," writes Oldgate, "he became wonderfully changed; the proud cardinal had vanished from the scene." His hospitality about this time was large and kindly, but there was no manifestation of splendor or extravagance; every squire in the district was welcome to his dining-hall whenever they chose to visit him; "apartments were also set aside with right merrie cheer for the yeoman, and even the peasant," and a considerable number of women and children received food daily. The cardinal conversed in brief words and friendly tone with almost every one who approached his house and grounds, inquiring as to their mode of life, their families, etc.; he employed three hundred mechanics and laborers in repairing the churches of the diocese and the houses of the clergy, to whom he was kind and considerate. The more he was known the more he was loved; those to whom, in the days of his prosperity, he had been an object of hatred now spoke well of him.† Perhaps the most correct account of his conduct is to be found in Thomas Crumwell's letters, which present him in an amiable light, "performing so many good offices for the people with so little means." The king heard those accounts with apparent satisfaction, and sent Wolsey money, which was not expended on "luxuries," as has been alleged, "but in assisting the destitute and the unfortunate, especially poor widows and orphans, of whom there were many in those turbulent times."

A Puritan writer presents an interesting picture of Wolsey's retirement at Cawood when relieved from the burden of the state: "None was better beloved than the cardinal after he had been there awhile. He gave bishops a good example how they might win back the stray sheep. There were few holydays but

* Carlo Logario.

† See Grove's *Life and Times of Cardinal Wolsey*, vol. iv.; Strype's *Memorials*, vol. i.; *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, vol. i.

he would ride five or six miles from his house, now to this parish church, now to that, and thence cause one of his priests to make a goodly sermon unto the people. He sat among them for a while, and then celebrated Mass before all the parish. . . . He brought his dinner with him, and invited many of the people of the parish to partake of the same. He inquired if there was any grudge or ill-feeling between neighbors; and, if there were, after the dinner was over he sent for the parties to meet him at the church, where he made them all friends again." In the absence of the parish clergy the cardinal walked on foot, sometimes amidst snow or rain, to attend the death-bed of persons in fever and other infectious diseases.* He procured pardons from the king for outlaws who subsequently became good members of society.

Stephen Gardyner, then Secretary of State, was a member of the council which offered so many insults to the fallen cardinal, who had formerly been his kind benefactor. Never was any great man more abandoned by friends than Wolsey had been at the time of his overthrow.

The winter advancing, the council desired to hasten the cardinal's journey to York; therefore, leaving Scroby for Cawood Castle, he stopped two nights and a day at St. Oswald's Abbey, where he confirmed the children of the neighborhood in the church from eight in the morning until noon; and then, so intent was he on this holy labor that, after a short dinner, he again began a little after one of the clock. At length the cardinal became so fatigued as to find it necessary to call for a chair; yet he would not desist, but proceeded until six in the evening before he could complete the duty; so many applicants were for Confirmation. On the ensuing day, whilst travelling towards Cawood, he stopped at every church on his way, confirming nearly one hundred children on that day alone, even before he reached Ferrybridge, where, on an extensive plain about a quarter of a mile from Cawood, there assembled upwards of five hundred children round a great stone cross. The cardinal immediately alighted from his horse, and, having put on his vestments, aided by three priests, he confirmed all that were presented to him; and it was a late hour before he reached Cawood, quite exhausted. Some thousands of parents accompanied him to his residence on the night of this most edifying day. Logario says that Wolsey's sermons to the children were most affecting; and his appeals to the mothers on behalf of the olden religion were long remembered in the North.

* Carlo Logario's Narrative.

In his zeal for religion the cardinal entered into correspondence with the pope. Cavendish says that his letters to the pontiff were intended to promote a reconciliation between the king and the head of the church. But those who projected the monastic confiscations represented the matter in a different light to Henry, who suddenly issued a mandate for the apprehension of Wolsey. He was arrested at Cawood on the 4th of November (1530). He betrayed no appearance of having offended against the laws of the land, or the "king's mandates," which were more terrible still. "*The king's highness*," said the cardinal, "*has not a more loyal subject in his realm than I am. There is not living on earth a man who can look me in the face and charge me with untruth or dishonorable dealings. I seek no favor but to be at once confronted with my accusers.*" Logario, who was present at the above declaration of the cardinal, states that it was evidently the protest of an innocent and much-injured man. "Whilst I live," writes the faithful Logario, "I shall never forget the style in which my grand old master [the cardinal] addressed those who came to arrest him. '*Let me be at once confronted with my enemies*' was pronounced in words so simple yet so powerful that all present believed in his innocence, yet no one dared give public expression to his convictions." Wolsey was never confronted with his accusers. The iniquity of the Star-Chamber procedure, and the greater iniquity of the monarch and his advisers, would not permit this act of simple justice to take place. The policy of the crown in this case robbed "justice" of its majestic surroundings and enshrouded in darkness and mystery all that should have been light and open to the world.

Little is known of the real charges against Wolsey. They were set forth, and of course sworn to by the suborned witnesses of the crown. Lord Herbert's knowledge of the manner in which evidence was prepared for the Star Chamber and other courts brought him to the conclusion that there was no one circumstance on which to base the accusation of high treason against the cardinal. The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, too, gave no credit to the charge of treason against their former friend. These noblemen, be it remembered, were both enemies of Wolsey, and at that period in the exercise of vast power at court—a power which was rarely exercised in the cause of mercy.

The king kept up the delusion of "a reconciliation" to the last. A few days before the arrest he sent Sir Henry Norris with a ring as a token "of returning friendship." The scene between Wolsey and Norris was distressing. The cardinal's

hopes revived for a moment, but only to disappear. "Gentle Norris," said he, "if I were lord of a realm the one-half of it would be an insufficient reward to give you for your pains and words of comfort. But, alas! I have nothing left me but the clothes on my back; therefore take this small reward," giving him a little chain of gold with a cross. "When I was in prosperity I would not have parted with it for one thousand pounds; *wear it for my sake, and remember me when I am gone.*" The leave-taking between the cardinal and Sir Henry Norris was described by a spectator "as most affecting."

A tragic fate awaited Sir Henry Norris. He was one of the witnesses to the clandestine marriage between Henry VIII. and Anna Boleyn, and was known to the king from childhood. At the fall of Anna Boleyn he was one of the three gentlemen charged with the treason alleged against her. Those accusations were all concocted by the relatives of Jane Seymour. Norris, like his companions, perished on the scaffold. Sir Henry Norris was a blunt, brave, handsome young man, expert in all manly exercises, and possessing a vein of pleasantry and uncultured but ready wit peculiarly acceptable among the by no means fastidious *habitués* of a court like that presided over by King Henry. The beautiful little children of Norris were thrown in the monarch's way to beg their father's life; they held on by the royal robes; they cried, they sobbed—but all in vain: the brutal king dashed them aside with a fearful oath. Sir Henry Norris, like his companions, died bravely. He was true to the olden religion of England to the death.* Happily for Wolsey, he did not live to witness the terrible calamities that so quickly followed upon the track of the iniquitous judgments pronounced by Thomas Cranmer.

Wolsey made a present of his "court fool" (Patch) to the king. "I trust his highness will accept him well; for surely for a nobleman's pleasure he is worth one thousand pounds." The fool left his good master with great reluctance, for it took six yeomen to carry him away. The king treated Patch with kindness, often speaking to him of the cardinal with reverence and seeming affection. The fool's real name was Williams. In the reign of Edward VI. he became a preacher amongst the early Dissenters, but was not considered of much account. Daniel Dancer, himself a preacher, states that "the late fool" thought of little else but "good belly cheer"— the favorite phrase of those times.

* *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, vol. i. p. 419.

To few men is accorded the stoicism of confronting good and evil fortune with a mind unmoved. The histories of Greece and Rome, in the days of their heroes, present a few such noble examples, and amongst Christian martyrs have been found most edifying instances. But the temperament of the cardinal was not so loftily unyielding. When he became fully alive to his altered condition and the exaltation of his enemies he "sobbed like a child." Such is the description of Father Longland, who told him "to take comfort, and remember he was a priest of God, and could now labor to save souls for the King of kings; that he should cast away worldly pride and vanity, and become a missioner in the vineyard of the Lord Jesus; that his pride brought him to his present changed fortune." There was a time when no man, not even a Carthusian father, might have addressed the Cardinal of York in the words of Longland; but incurable misfortune is a strong aid to conviction, and the inevitable a potent support to philosophy. So Wolsey accepted the situation, and sought peace in the performance of duties whose importance he had never, even in the very zenith of his political power, seemed willing to ignore.

It was gratifying to the inhabitants of Southwell and the surrounding country to have their prelate amongst them. His house was soon frequented by a large number of the country squires, their wives and daughters, and the cardinal, who was always profuse in his hospitality—on this occasion with reduced means—provided the best cheer he could devise. His gentle and familiar manner caused him to be greatly beloved and esteemed throughout the country. He felt the value of those softening qualities and manners which impart a humanly gentle grace to the moral beauty of virtue. Other attributes are more sublime and distinguishing; but the kind and courteous voice, the benign amenity, the benevolent feelings, and the unassuming conduct never fail to awake our most ardent and endearing sympathies, to connect heart with heart, and soul with soul, in bonds of mutual gratification and genial regard, and to attest that inner loveliness of character which attracts the esteem of intellect and sensibility by a social magnetism that every age and rank feel and welcome.*

The cost of Wolsey's different establishments at a previous period had been upwards of thirty thousand pounds per annum —an enormous sum at the commencement of the sixteenth century. He had eight hundred servants in various stations, and

* *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, vol. i.

employed some two thousand artisans and laborers, all of whom, according to Thomas Crumwell, were treated in a liberal and kindly manner.

Wolsey's endowments at Oxford and Ipswich evidence his love of learning. He gave some three thousand pounds a year in gratuities to men of learning at home and abroad. "Whoever," writes Erasmus, "was distinguished by any art or science paid court to the cardinal, and none paid court in vain."

Giustiniani, who was no friend or admirer of Wolsey, has left his opinion on record of the cardinal's merits as a judge. "He has," observes that acute diplomatist, "the reputation of being extremely just; he favors the people exceedingly, especially the poor, hearing their cases and seeking to despatch them quickly. He also makes the lawyers plead gratis for very poor suitors who have no money." "In matters of judicature," writes Fuller, "he behaved himself commendably. No widow's sighs nor orphan's tears appear in our chronicles as caused by the Cardinal of York." Some English writers, amongst them the author of *The English Chancellors*, allege that Wolsey "neglected his duties as chancellor; that his decisions were whimsical, arbitrary, and in ignorance of law"; and "that he had no pity for the poor suitor." A distinguished legal commentator on the English judges makes the opposite statement, and points out the sectarian leaven that prevails throughout Lord Campbell's *Chancellors*. That able and discriminating prelate, Edward Fox, Bishop of Hereford, who was long acquainted with the Cardinal of York, declares that he had never known so painstaking a judge; that he was "*always on the side of the poor man when opposed by the rich or unscrupulous*"; and that when he decided against the claims of *a poor man, or of a widow, or of orphans, he invariably gave them assistance in money or employment.** Who can question the testimony of Sir Thomas More, who, like Dr. Fox, speaks of Wolsey from personal knowledge? "No chancellor of England," writes More, "*ever acted with greater impartiality, deeper penetration of judgment, or a more enlarged knowledge of law and of equity.*" This testimony is little less than sacred, coming from the pen of the stainless and martyred chancellor. It seems strange that Lord Campbell, who reverences and extols the character of More, should have passed over that great and good man's evidence as to the merits of his predecessor in the Great Seal. The evidence of a contemporary, and one, too, who practised as an advocate in Wolsey's court, should have more weight

* Thorndale's *Anecdotes of Edward Fox, Bishop of Hereford.*

with posterity than that of a biographer who wrote three centuries later and in part derived his knowledge from the "smoke of sectarian fires."

"Ambition leaves an odious mark upon history only when it has been accompanied by wrong and bloodshed; but not a single public act of Wolsey as a judge or a statesman can be proved to have been unjust" *—so writes an eminent Anglican cleric. Brewer traces the slanders on Wolsey's character to Polydore Vergil. "My only surprise," he says, "is that every historian in succession should have accepted Polydore Vergil's statements as a true picture of the Cardinal of York. Each has added a little to the original story or caricature. Edward Hall took his portrait from Polydore Vergil; Foxe [the mendacious martyrologist] from Hall; Burnet and Strype from Foxe; Hume from his countryman, Burnet, and so on to the end of the series."

I could not desire to have a higher authority on the question raised than Mr. Brewer. Although Hume quotes Polydore Vergil, he has still the candor to inform his readers that "Polydore's narratives of Wolsey are very suspicious." In fact, he raises the question as to Vergil's "motives" in this case. It seems, however, to be the fate of most public men to be more or less misrepresented for a time. Many statements have been made as to the envy and jealousy of Wolsey towards some of his eminent contemporaries. The fact is, the cardinal might have said with Petrarch: "Of all vices envy is the last of which I could be guilty."

No great soul has ever envied in another the possession of genius or virtue.

I now approach the closing scenes in the great minister's career. The cardinal's health had been declining for some time. He was laboring under dropsy, a weakness of the limbs, and a general prostration; but the vigor of his mind was still unimpaired. He was not, however, in a condition to travel with expedition in the cold, damp days of November. Upwards of three thousand persons assembled at Cawood to see him a prisoner—not, as in London, to exult, but to pity and to bless him for all the good offices he had rendered them. His spirits became quite fallen, yet he seemed soothed by the good nature of the people—the men, the women, and the children. "They cried with a loud voice," writes Cavendish, "'God save your grace! The foul evil take them that hath taken you from us; and we pray God that a vengeance may light upon them all.' Thus they ran crying after

* J. H. Blunt's *Reformation of the Church of England*, vol. i.

him through the town of Cawood, they loved him so well." Such is the description of the scene by an eye-witness. When Wolsey reached Sheffield Park he manifested a change for the worse. On the following morning, at an early hour, Cavendish found him seated on a chest with his beads in hands. The news of Kingston's arrival from London caused him to shudder. He dropped the beads from his hands. Logario handed them to him in a moment, when, in gentle accents, he said: "'God bless and preserve you, my son, from the snares of this wicked world!' He spoke something kindly to Cavendish, remarking, 'You will not have your poor old master long.'" * He was next informed that the constable of the Tower desired to have an interview with him. The excitement returned. He cried and sobbed, then in a mournful accent exclaimed: "Well, as God willeth, so be it. I am quite prepared to accept such ordinances as God hath provided for me." Shortly after a distressing scene occurred on the entrance of Sir William Kingston and the Earl of Northumberland—once known as Lord Harry Percy, the quondam lover of Anna Boleyn and the deadly enemy of the fallen Wolsey. The conduct of Northumberland on this occasion indicated the intensity of his hatred to the cardinal.† It was bruited that the earl was sent, at the suggestion of the Marchioness of Pembroke (Anna Boleyn), to arrest the cardinal, in order to add to his anguish of mind. If she did so it is a mere question whether Anna or her old lover displayed the greater amount of implacability. What a strange meeting! Cavendish relates that when Northumberland entered the room he trembled and stepped back; then, advancing, he laid his hand on the right shoulder of the cardinal and said: "My Lord Cardinal, I arrest thee, in the king's name, for high treason." Next the Earl of Shrewsbury (afterwards so infamous as the unmanly jailer of Mary, Queen of Scots) entered, and placed his hand on the cardinal's left shoulder, repeating the words of Northumberland. The cardinal, smiling, silently bowed to both. Some minutes elapsed before either party spoke. All the dignity and courage of the cardinal returned; and, as far as Kingston was concerned, no jailer could perform his unwelcome office with more delicacy, thus presenting a striking contrast with the bearing of Northumberland, who treated his prisoner with every indignity and desired to have him *tied on horseback*

* Carlo Logario's Narrative.

† In Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, vol. i. p. 638, the scene between Wolsey and Northumberland is printed. See Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry VIII.*, p. 342; likewise Lloyd's *State Worthies*.

with heavy ropes! Kingston expressed his indignation at such a proposal, and desired that there should be no interference on the part of any one present.

A few days before his death Wolsey received a message from the king, stating that his highness was informed by a "trusty agent" that the cardinal had a large sum of money buried in a garden, and the king demanded the said money. The story was the pure invention of some courtier.

"Maister Kingston," said Wolsey, "my disease is such that I cannot live. I have a flux with a continual fever, and if you see no alteration in me soon there is no remedy but death."

The court party became impatient at the time consumed in conveying the object of their hatred to London, and as soon as he was able to get on horseback the cardinal was compelled to proceed. Along the road the yeomen and peasantry came forth to meet him, expressing in their simple sincerity their heartfelt sympathy. The harsh, cold days did not prevent the wives and daughters from "appearing on the highways to wave their hands and give looks of sorrow." To all the cardinal said: "May God preserve ye in his holy religion, my good people!" He did not proceed far until his strength began rapidly to decline.

Arriving at the Abbey of Leicester, about four of the clock on Saturday evening, he was met at the gate by the abbot and the brotherhood, when he exclaimed: "*Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones amongst you.*" Logario and Thorndale were both in attendance, and the courtesy and kindness of the abbot and the monks were worthy of their virtuous and hospitable home.

And here, as we are at the gates of this once celebrated home of piety and learning, let me digress to mention a few facts but little known concerning it. The records of Leicester Abbey contained many most interesting facts as to the history of the old monastic times, its hospitality, and the rank of its many visitors, ranging over centuries. The abbey was rich in endowments bestowed by the pious and the humane of many generations in the bygone. For a long period Leicester Abbey supported a large number of the poor of that locality, and orphans were specially succored. The revenue of the abbey amounted to one thousand and sixty-two pounds per annum; and I may add that the tenants had the "most kind-hearted landlords in England." One of the rules of this monastic house was hospitality to travellers, who were both fed and lodged there on their journeys. Many English kings during their northern visits resided at Leicester Abbey. The records of the abbey presented a long account of

the visit of King Richard II., his young queen, and a numerous retinue of courtiers, amongst whom were the Duke of *Ireland*, the Earl of Suffolk, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many other great personages. The abbey was subsequently granted to William Cavendish, Wolsey's friend, who became the recipient of monastic plunder in the latter days of Henry VIII. During the civil wars of the reign of Charles I. this once magnificent abbey was burned down by the Puritan vandals of the rebel Parliament.

The cardinal was immediately carried to bed, from which he rose no more. On Sunday he seemed to be fast sinking, but rallied for a time. His beads were constantly in his hands. "He prayed with great fervor," observes Dr. Logario, "making the sign of the cross many times." He described himself as "a most lowly creature and a wretched sinner; that his vanity and pride were now justly punished. He spoke frequently of his firm belief in, and adherence to, the Catholic Church, and warned his attendants against the new heresy which was secretly creeping into the land."*

The last days were now approaching. Sunday and Monday passed in suffering resignation. On the latter day the cardinal told his attendants that he would live "till eight of the clock on the following morning," which proved prophetic. At six on Tuesday morning (November 29, 1530) he made a declaration of his religious belief in the presence of the abbot and twelve monks. "I shall never forget this scene," writes Thorndale to Bishop Fisher. Then, with becoming solemnity, the cardinal received the last rites of the church. At its conclusion he remained silent for some time. In one hour later his memorable address to Sir William Kingston was delivered with unusual emotion. Thorndale assured Sir Anthony Brown "that if the king could have heard that last farewell speech from the cardinal all his enmity would have vanished, and the load of reproach which the king's subsequent actions cast upon his memory might, perhaps, never have been deserved."†

The end was now rapidly approaching. The cardinal's voice suddenly faltered, but his eyes still retained their intelligent

* Thorndale's Notes on the last days of Wolsey. Thorndale was one of the cardinal's personal friends, like Logario, the Spanish physician.

† Wolsey's address to Kingston has not been preserved, and the versions published are not correct. Kingston took down his words most accurately, but it is highly probable that the courtiers never permitted the king to see it; for Henry was deceived by almost every one around him. Shakespeare's version, however good, is but imaginary. It is also incorrectly given as addressed to Crumwell, who had deserted his good master at the first frown of adversity.

brightness. John Longland, a Carthusian confessor, stood beside the death-couch whilst Mass was being celebrated at the high altar in the church; and just as the bell of the abbey tolled for the raising of the Host the Cardinal of York closed his eyes upon all the fleeting honors and transitory splendors of the state, as well as upon the deceit and wickedness of human ambition.

And now *in memoriam*. When the interests and the honor of England were concerned this remarkable man was energetic and fearless; yet he waged no war of blood or plunder. His wars were the contests of diplomacy; his fortresses the labyrinths of dominant astuteness; his triumphs the victories of intellectual supremacy. As a politician of the period in which he lived he played his part with a degree of proud frankness and honor seldom to be found in diplomatists of any time. In his fall he evinced more magnanimity than at the zenith of his greatness. It is at length time that the truth should be vindicated; that the ignorant or malignant narratives so often presented to posterity as biographies of Thomas Wolsey should be controverted, and the real character elicited of a man who, in ideas as well as actions, was the greatest minister that Europe had produced up to his epoch. Those who are not well acquainted with the Home and Foreign State Papers of the reign of Henry VIII. can form no accurate opinion of the greatness of the Cardinal of York as a minister of the crown. Those students of history who have had the privilege of examining the voluminous State Papers bearing upon the long career of Wolsey as a minister of the crown must look upon the closing scene of his life with mournful emotion. Sharon Turner observes that our "moral taste" must regret that "one who had, for nearly twenty years, been acting so grand a part in the sight of all Europe did not fall, like the setting sun, with a majesty correspondent to the character he had been representing." Far more comforting to the Christian heart than the idea of "moral taste" that the illustrious cardinal humbly and fervently recurred, in the decline of his earthly magnificence, to the overruling Arbiter of all greatness.

An interesting question has been raised several times by students of history as to whether Wolsey ever used the memorable words attributed to him by William Cavendish: "Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served my king He would not have given me over in my gray hairs." The saying is traceable to an earlier date than that of Wolsey. "If," said De Berghes to Lady Margaret, "I and Kenner had served God as we have served

the king we might have hoped for a place in Paradise."* Similar words are attributed to the wealthy Duke of Buckingham at the scaffold in 1521: "If he had offended no more unto God Almighty than he had done to the king's highness, he should die as true a man as ever was in the world."† Buckingham was not a man of fine or delicate sentiment or of much education. As to Wolsey, when misfortune struck him down he was still too proud to descend in his last memorable saying to take his text from De Berghes or from the Duke of Buckingham, whom he had despised and ruined. It is very possible that William Cavendish, who delighted in sensational gossip, imported a flourish of sentiment into his narrative in this instance, as he has in other matters indulged in imagination on matters concerning the Cardinal of York. Cavendish could not induce the constable of the Tower to corroborate his statement, because Sir William Kingston was quite deaf; his evidence is, therefore, unsupported. Besides, Dr. Logario is silent as to this remarkable "speech of Wolsey," so often declaimed by youths at school, having been made at all.

In forty-eight hours subsequent to the moment of dissolution the remains of the cardinal were placed in an humble deal coffin and consigned to an obscure grave, unwept and unlamented, except by the few tried friends who, to the honor of human nature, amidst so much of baseness, greed, ingratitude, and cruelty, remained loving and faithful to the last.

No memorial marks the spot where the dust of Thomas Wolsey lies buried. Even tradition can scarcely trace the whereabouts of his sepulture. Such has been the case with the mortal frames of many of the "immortals" of antiquity. But the greatest and the noblest monument that can be erected to Genius and Virtue is that which the truth and equity of History, in its stern and impartial judgment, award to the actions and the motives of those who have done the "state some service."

* Brewer's State Papers, vol. iii. p. 21.

† The Duke of Buckingham's "last words" on the scaffold at the Tower Hill.

THE LATE WAR BETWEEN CHILE AND PERU.

IT has been repeatedly declared that America sooner or later is destined by its example to revolutionize Europe and effect such a change in its affairs as will convert the Old World into a new United States. This may be true as to forms of government and social arrangements. In a political sense Europe may approximate to America; but in the physical sphere there will always be a wide difference.

The mountain ranges of the Old World, for instance, run east and west. The Alps, the Pyrenees, the Himalayas stretch right across that world. The mountain ranges of America, on the other hand, extend north and south along the length of the earth. There will be no alteration here. The revolutions which America is destined to work in Europe will not extend to its mountain ranges. The Alps and the Himalayas, we may rest assured, will never wheel round, shift their position, and stretch their ponderous magnitude from north to south in imitation of the Rocky Mountains. In this respect America must prove *inimitable.*

As every one knows, the Rocky Mountains are the backbone of North America. These mountains swell up to an enormous magnitude and lord it over the surrounding country in the north. But when they reach the south they seem to fall prostrate before the sun and shrink into a huddle of dwarf hills. But they start up once more into prodigious magnitude after passing the Isthmus of Darien and reaching South America, where, under the name of Andes, they tower to a great elevation which was regarded during centuries as unequalled on earth.

The Andes may be described as a gigantic wall which rises to the height of twelve thousand feet; it is from forty to four hundred miles thick and upwards of forty thousand miles long. Crowned here and there with enormous towers and pinnacles that stand like ruined castles, it is the most compact mountain system on earth.

Between this majestic wall and the Pacific Ocean lies Chile, a territorial selvage or strip of coast fifteen hundred miles long. It may be described as an immense vale, hemmed in between the mountains and the sea, which is streaked here and there by longitudinal valleys, and thus rises into platforms and terraces like

steps of stairs until it reaches and rests upon the immense wall of the Andes. On the summit of that wall, wrapt in clouds, storms, and darkness, Winter sits enthroned in all its terrors,

> "While Summer in a vale of flowers
> Is sleeping rosy at its feet."

Advancing towards the south, the Andes bend westward, and thus compress the vale into a narrower compass. In that region, beyond the frontier of Chile, the wintry ocean assumes a terrible aspect, and the mountains, crumbling away under the vehement lashing of the impetuous storms, dispart their rocks and come tumbling in stony avalanches to the plain. Lowering their elevation and spreading out into Patagonia, the Andes reach the Straits of Magellan, which may be regarded as the end of the world. Nature on the northern frontier of Chile assumes an entirely different aspect, but one no less dreary, repulsive, and disheartening. In toiling over this dismal waste the traveller might well be pardoned if he fancied himself penetrating into the borderland of the infernal regions. Parched, sunburnt, barren, and dismal, it presents such a heart-breaking appearance of monotony that it may well be termed, in biblical language, "a howling wilderness." The chirp of an insect, the twitter of a bird, a single blade of grass, the slightest trace of vegetation, is never encountered. But the sandy waste is broken occasionally by heavy flats of lava, spreading like petrified rivers, black and ponderous, in the lifeless solitude. The plain at first sight seems to be perfectly level, but it is really broken into waves of sand, as if it had been once a billowy ocean, converted, in archaic times, by the wand of an enchanter into dry land. The scene is interrupted here and there by colossal rocks towering in the plain to an immense height. They resemble huge castles, scarred by lightning and blasted by tempests, but still massive, lofty, and formidable.

There is no country in Europe which Chile resembles so much as Italy. Chile, however, is once and a half as large as that peninsula. But, equally beautiful, equally fertile, in productions and climate it may be regarded as the sister, or at least the cousin, of that

> "Parent of our religion, whom the wide
> Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven."

There is a difference, however, in point of population. Every square mile in Italy contains two hundred and forty-eight in-

habitants. Not so in Chile, which has but ten inhabitants to the square mile. But if Chile is deficient in population it abounds in all the raw elements of future multiplicity. "Its teeming furrows float with yellow corn," and it may be termed "the fruitful mother of flocks and herds." Its fields swarm with lowing oxen and are mantled with golden grain. Nor is this all. Its mineral treasures surpass its superficial opulence. Its rocks produce iron, lead, coal, copper, and silver. Its long seaboard is indented with deep, capacious, and well-sheltered harbors. From every point of the compass merchantmen come crowding in and cast anchor in Valparaiso, Concepcion, Coquimbo, Talcahuana, and Valdivia, etc.

Owing to the gifts which Providence has bestowed on Chile it is at once an agricultural, commercial, and maritime country; but only one-quarter of its surface is cultivated, and its population is barely two millions and a half. The ocean which washes its long extent of sea-coast may be regarded as an immense highway that Nature has thrown open for the convenience of the inhabitants when desirous of passing from one district to another. Backed as Chile is by the Andes, and flanked by deserts on the north and south, an enemy can attack it by sea only.

The ocean enables Chile to import the productions of foreign countries and export its own. It gives it an introduction to every maritime nation on earth. Accordingly all the industry of the inhabitants has taken a maritime direction. Their darling object is the multiplication of their shipping and the augmentation of their maritime power. They believe that the trident of Neptune is at once the sceptre of the world and the birthright of the people of Chile.

It has been often remarked that the physical geography of a country—its mountains, rivers, harbors, and mineral resources, its climate and configuration—determine the manners and mould the moral character of the inhabitants. They resemble more or less the mother that gave them birth. If a country abound in coal the inhabitants have smutted faces and black hands; they love to bury themselves in the bowels of the earth and grope in the black depths of the under-world. If a sea-coast, lashed with storms and beaten with billows, form the selvage of their fatherland, it swarms with boatmen having tarry hands, weather-beaten faces, and waddling gait. If mountains tower above it the inhabitants follow cattle like the Swiss or pursue game like the Tyrolese, while rich plains, undulating in luxuriant verdure, convert them into prosperous farmers. The natives of

Wicklow, in Ireland, differ as much from the inhabitants of Meath as does the soil of their respective counties. It is true that man exerts a powerful influence on external nature. He modifies its features to suit his industrial purposes, tames it to subjection and compels it to comply, ransacks its centre and makes war on the wilderness. But nature in its turn exerts a tyrannical influence on man, makes him its slave, and forces him into fellowship with itself. This fact is in Chile more obvious, perhaps, than in most other countries.

The English have repeatedly informed the French that they are bad colonizers. The colonies which France has given birth to, they politely assure their neighbors, have always proved miserable abortions. But if this be true of France (and we beg leave to deny it) it is certainly false of Spain. Of all the nations on earth Spain has been the most successful colonizer. On her colonial empire the sun for ages found it impossible to set. Patient, brave, sober, and long-suffering, emigration to the New World has not stripped the Spaniard of the virtues which honor and distinguish him at home. Into the soil which the heroic courage of his victorious ancestors three hundred years ago ploughed with the sword and watered with their blood he seems to have shot an eternal root. He has grasped the ground with a tenacity which no human strength can eradicate. With all its power the United States could not wrench Florida from his clutch without counting down the price of it. The houseless wilds of Texas and California cost this great republic a long and arduous struggle. The Spanish race in Mexico hold a magnificent empire with a firmness of grasp which nothing can loosen, neither foreign war nor civil tumult, neither financial disorder nor governmental confusion. Nothing can dispossess those legitimate heirs of their magnificent inheritance. In Central America, under the burning ardors of a tropical sun, the Spanish colonist retains the conquests of his ancestors; South America belongs exclusively to his race; and from the plains of Missouri to the snows of Cape Horn his language alone is heard; and, despite the mistakes of the mother-country, Cuba still continues Spanish.

It is upwards of fifty years since Chile flung off the yoke of Spain and national independence became the reward of military victory. Then the fierce and savage factions which the terrors of revolutionary conflict had cowed and silenced during the struggle came out, lifted their heads, and barked, and roared, and rent one another, and filled Chile with confusion and disorder. This is a

species of political disease which every nation that obtains liberty by war must suffer from. Each faction would fain be first. All would command, none obey. Many a nation, in passing through this agitated period of storm and disaster, has been shipwrecked and gone down into a gloomy abyss of ruin and destruction "deeper than plummet ever sounded." Not so Chile. She emerged from this interval of chaos and distraction beautiful and terrible. She succeeded in establishing a regular government which was acceptable to all, and which introduced order into the finances and security into the administration. She organized an army, and sent it out to lend aid to Peru; and in the bloody battle of Ayacucho this auxiliary army was mainly instrumental in crowning South America with independence.

At peace with her neighbors, from whom she was separated by natural barriers, Chile was able to apply herself to labor, to cultivate her soil and develop her resources, and enjoy as the fruit of her industry a degree of tranquillity and prosperity wholly unknown to the other Spanish-American states.

The discovery of gold in California had a cheering and animating effect on the commerce of Chile. The living torrent of emigration which rushed breathless from Europe round Cape Horn, and sought in any way, at any cost, to reach the gold-fields, gave an impulse to the traffic of Chile and poured such life into all its industries as was entirely unprecedented. Every vessel that rounded the Cape on its way to the "diggings" was obliged to put into Valparaiso to effect repairs, take in provisions, consult the doctors, or obtain a hand or two. In that long, perilous, and stormy voyage not one escaped without the loss of spars, rigging, hands, or stores. From 1848 to 1852 money seemed to rain upon Valparaiso. Its commerce increased a hundred-fold. There was a demand for everything in Chile, and Chile supplied everything—not merely to the shipping, but to California itself, which produced nothing but gold; and, beautiful as it is, men cannot eat that precious metal. Ships crowded the harbors of Chile; emigrants arrived in thousands, all eager to buy. There was a continual fair in every port, full of hurry, bustle, and distraction. Chile enjoyed a complete monopoly of this roaring trade. All the bakers were busy, all the butchers employed, all the sail-makers at work. There was any price for cordage. Fruit, corn, food of every kind, provisions of every description, were in constant and eager demand. Chile grew rich. Much of the gold which was dug in California was spent in Chile. The miners who worked like horses to exhume the gold spent it like

asses after it was exhumed. The population was increased by crowds of discouraged emigrants who visited the diggings in search of a golden fleece and returned shorn and naked. Many who sought treasures in California were glad on their return to find employment in Valparaiso.

This flourishing condition of affairs was not doomed to be eternal. A day came when appalling news reached Chile. A railroad was being constructed at Panama. Lines of steamers were plying between Europe and the United States, and between New York and Aspinwall. The tide of emigration would now be diverted into a new channel and visit Chile no more. This was melancholy news, but it was not the worst. A railroad was being constructed across the entire continent which would carry the whole army of emigrants overland to California.

But Chile was not long disheartened. Prosperity had introduced audacity. The gold which for years had been showered upon her people had fructified in her soil and mantled her territory with the wide bloom of cultivation. Every flag in the known world had ruffled for years in her harbors, and she could not give way to despair. A glorious future burst in all its splendor on her ambitious hopes. She had profited by her brilliant but ephemeral prosperity—"had made hay while the sun shone." She had built or bought whole fleets of merchant vessels. Her naval armament was well appointed. Her numerous mines were worked with handsome profits. Her finances were in a sound condition, and all her circumstances justified vast expectations. Her army was well disciplined and her public credit unimpaired. She had little to fear, much to hope, in the future.

Still, she was not satisfied. She felt "cabined, cribbed, confined" within her present frontiers. She panted for more room —a wider range of territory. On the east she was compressed by the Andes, on the west by the ocean, on the south by the dismal wastes and howling wildernesses of Patagonia. She burned for expansion. The north alone lay open to her. As the Yankees went west with the axe, she would go northward with the spade. In moving northward she must approach the great tide of emigration which rushed like a torrent across the isthmus. She must contemplate, if not enter, that great maelstrom of European life. This was her darling object.

At this time a wonderful change took place in the houseless wilds and barren deserts of Atacama. Instead of being an object of dread and abhorrence they became an object of devouring avarice and greedy speculation. They were teeming, it was said,

with the raw materials of fabulous riches. Under a thin layer of sand and gravel immense accumulations of saltpetre were discovered—enough to make all Chile wealthy. The salts of soda intermixed with sand, and forming hard incrustations, were found dotting the wilderness in every direction. A spade, it was alleged, was all that was necessary in order to accumulate a fortune. The discovery of gold in California did not agitate New England with a greater fever of mining enterprise than was produced in Chile by the wonderful discovery of the beds of Antofogasta. They seemed to be equally lucrative and inexhaustible.

Antofogasta is situated in the desert of Atacama, which separates the northern frontier of Chile from the southern frontier of Peru. When the republics of Chile and Bolivia established their independence this "pathless desert dusked with horrid shade" was despised by both. Neither set any value on the unprofitable sands. It served as a boundary to separate them, not as a prize to awaken their avarice and anger. How much of it belonged to Bolivia, and how much to Chile, and how much to Peru was never clearly determined. It never dawned upon their minds that so worthless a territory could ever become a subject of dispute. In 1866, however, Chile and Bolivia came to an understanding, made mutual concessions, and signed a treaty which fixed the boundary of the two states at the twenty-fourth degree of southern latitude. This was owing to the discovery of saltpetre.

This was not all. They agreed to act as partners, and go share and share alike in the receipt of the duties exacted from the miners who should work in the territory lying between the twenty-first and twenty-fifth degrees of southern latitude. Now, Antofogasta lies between these parallels. It stands twelve leagues north of the twenty-fourth degree, and, consequently, on Bolivian territory, and it was the Bolivian government which conceded to that of Chile the right to levy an impost on the produce of the mines of Antofogasta.

In consequence of this treaty the inhabitants of Chile began to traverse the desert and to explore it in every direction. They soon discovered new deposits of saltpetre, which they worked with their accustomed energy, and which proved eminently profitable. As a consequence new settlements arose in the wilderness, new centres of commercial life sprang into active existence, especially on the coast. Little creeks and insignificant inlets which were wholly unheard of yesterday became on a sudden famous harbors. The facilities of transport which these estuaries

furnished rendered them precious in the eyes of the companies. Indeed, it was only in proximity to the coast that the works could be carried on with profit.

The jealousy of Bolivia was excited by the profitable industry of Chile. She looked as black as midnight on the prosperity and progress of her rival. Nothing could reconcile her to such untiring energy. She found fault with her rival, started objections and difficulties without number, and was for ever grumbling and complaining. It was to no purpose that Chile labored to soothe her anger and appease her exasperation, appealed to the treaty and proved that she had complied with all its conditions, and conformed to all the rules which Bolivia had laid down to regulate the working of the mines. Bolivia would not be satisfied. Antofogasta was becoming daily more prosperous and daily more Chilian. Twenty thousand hands were busily working her mines. The authority of Bolivia was fading away and vanishing, while that of Chile was rising upward and onward to a degree that maddened the Bolivians. This was the trouble.

In short, Bolivia was somewhat like the dog in the manger. She could not or would not work the mines herself, but she turned livid with envy when she saw others working them. She could not gratify her feelings by marching an army into the desert and arresting the works. The country was too barren, waste, and unproductive. Water could be procured by distillation only. All the other necessaries of life must be imported, and the only fuel was the secretions of quadrupeds dried in the sun. Her only resource was to remonstrate with Chile and snarl at a progress which she could not hope to approach.

Bolivia was not the only republic that took umbrage at the progress of Chile. Peru was likewise mortally offended. The reason of this was very obvious: the latter was poor; Chile was wealthy. The financial condition of Peru had long been deplorable. Her pecuniary necessities compelled her to borrow, and she was brought to the verge of bankruptcy by the terms of the loans. A queen in natural productiveness, she was a beggar in monetary arrangements. Her resources were magnificent, but her extravagance was boundless. The enormous beds of guano which filled the Chincha Islands were to Peru what Peru itself had been to Spain. With her rich mines of silver and immense deposits of guano the condition of Peru seemed the most enviable in the world. But her boundless opulence begot boundless indolence, sloth, neglect, misery, and final ruin. She squandered money without reckoning it, and mortgaged the future

without calculating the consequences. The guano-beds sanctioned every folly, satisfied all demands, and excused every extravagance. But these deposits themselves finally became exhausted and ruin was the result.

It was perfectly natural that the prosperity of Chile should prove intolerable to Peru. She had no patience with such a busy republic. But after some expostulations she determined herself to grow rich. For this purpose she levied high dues on the exportation of saltpetre from her own ports. This proceeding, however, had not the desired effect. It had an opposite tendency. It caused buyers to quit her markets and flock to those of Chile. It gave a new impulse to Chilean exportation and paralyzed her own. European vessels avoided the ports of Peru and cast anchor in those of Chile. They shipped their cargoes in Mexillones and Antofogasta, where saltpetre was cheaper because lighter dues were imposed by the authorities. In this way Peru was killing the goose which laid the golden eggs.

In the capital of Bolivia meantime society was sadly disturbed, alarmed, and perplexed. The worst anticipations crowded on the public mind. In the horoscope of Bolivia there was nothing but disaster, according to her soothsayers. The president himself, they were persuaded, was false to the public interests, in league with the enemy to ruin his native land. Chile would reduce Bolivia to vassalage, shut her out from the ocean, and compel her to frequent Chilean harbors for the exportation of Bolivian produce. The latter would not be able to wash her hands in the sea without the permission of Chile.

Artfully availing herself of this public dissatisfaction, Peru went to work to make a cat's-paw of Bolivia. As the territory on which Antofogasta stood really belonged to Bolivia, Peru clandestinely persuaded her to compel Chile (who might be considered as her tenant) to raise the dues on the exportation of saltpetre. This was contrary to treaty. But, in the exasperated state of Bolivian opinion, Peru found little difficulty in rendering Bolivia subservient to her purposes. She entered into a secret treaty with Peru, persuaded that Chile would not dare to go to war with two such formidable republics.

This outrageous violation of international obligation on the part of Bolivia excited no little exasperation in Chile. The whole republic was in a ferment. Scorn excited by perfidy was blended with anger aroused by the suspension of industry and diminution of profit. The Chilean ambassador in the capital of Bolivia protested in the most vehement manner against this shame-

less breach of public faith. But all to no purpose. Bolivia had recourse to procrastination. The consumption of time became the darling object of the perfidious republic. "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow." But while Chile was publicly protesting the confederates were secretly arming, manning their war-steamers and augmenting their land forces, and making secret preparations for the supreme moment.

Finally war, between Peru and Bolivia on one side and Chile on the other, was publicly proclaimed—war which ended, as all the world is well aware, in the overwhelming defeat of the allies and the triumphant success of Chile.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE year through which we have just passed has, if we may judge from newspaper paragraphs and popular rumor, been regarded with a certain amount of superstitious dread as the one in which the world was to come to an end; and in some minds this vague apprehension was perhaps increased by the extraordinary character of its seasons, and by the visit to our system during it of two comets of considerable magnitude, the first of which was specially startling, not only by its size and sudden appearance in this hemisphere, but also by its arrival at about the time which had been commonly assigned for the final consummation.

Of course no one could really have given any solid reason, even to himself, for this fear which has been more or less prevailing; and yet we doubt not that there are some, and perhaps many, who in their secret hearts will give a sigh of relief as this ominous year comes to its close; and though for a time their belief in the final destruction of this world may be weakened when this cry of wolf proves a false one, yet the readiness with which it was listened to shows how strong and permanent is the expectation, even among those who have no real Christian faith, that what was feared this year will at some time actually come.

That it will come at some time is no doubt evident from the teachings of faith, and is held by most Protestants as well as Catholics, since Scripture is quite clear on this point, notably in the third chapter of St. Peter's second epistle. But we do not propose to treat the subject from a theological point of view, but rather to show that science itself must allow the possibility, nay, even what we may call the probability, of a catastrophe to this earth at some future period, and of the kind described by St.

Peter; so that we are not obliged to resort to a miraculous interposition of divine power to bring about the end of the world, since it may well result from the forces now in action in the universe, and from the movements which these forces are constantly producing and modifying.

We say a catastrophe of the kind described by St. Peter; that is, a destruction of the earth by heat. To bring about this result, for example, it only would be necessary to stop its motion in space. It is well known that the energy of a mass of water moving at the velocity of two hundred and twenty-three feet a second will, if converted into heat by the stoppage of the motion, raise the temperature of the water by one degree Fahrenheit; also that as the velocity increases the energy and the amount of heat equivalent to it increase as the square of the velocity; and, furthermore, that any other substance would be more heated than water. Now, the motion of the earth in its orbit is about ninety-seven thousand feet a second, or four hundred and thirty-five times two hundred and twenty-three; hence the heat developed by its stoppage would be more than the square of four hundred and thirty-five times enough to raise it one degree in temperature. But the square of four hundred and thirty-five is about one hundred and ninety thousand; hence, speaking roughly, we may say that the earth would be heated more than one hundred and ninety thousand degrees by being stopped—that is, it would at once become more than sixty times as hot as melted iron.*

It may, however, be said that there is very little probability, even in the case of a collision with some other body, of the earth's absolutely stopping. That it should do so would require great cohesion of its parts and peculiar conditions of impact. But, granting this, still it is plain that we have ample margin. A diminution of its velocity by one-hundredth part of its present amount would diminish its energy of visible motion by one-fiftieth; and if this should be converted into heat, as it probably would be for the most part, there would still be enough to melt iron, and of course sufficient to set all substances commonly regarded as combustible on fire.

But how about collision? For in no other way is it likely that the earth's motion will be arrested or diminished, except with an accompanying increase of potential energy, as it is called (or, as we may term it, mechanical advantage of position, such as occurs when our planet, with gradually diminishing velocity,

* We leave out of this calculation, as being somewhat uncertain, the probable motion of the solar system as a whole. This, if the usual estimate of it is correct, would add about one-fifteenth part to the average actual energy of the earth.

moves to the point of its orbit most remote from the sun), which potential energy stands in the place of the actual energy of motion or of temperature. Is, then, a collision with any heavenly body probable, or even possible?

To this we may answer that no collision between the planets properly so called (except of one asteroid with another) can occur under the sole influence of the law of gravitation, which is, as far as the nicest observation indicates, the only cause of their present orbital movements. There is no certainty, however, that the enormous forces potentially lodged in them, and especially in the sun, may not at some future time develop so as materially to increase or diminish the results of gravity alone, and in this way to produce collision of the planets with each other or with the sun. It is not, however, necessary to suppose this. For there are bodies which, though not planets strictly so called, are continually entering our planetary system, and of which some are even permanently attached to it. Of course we mean the comets. Now, it is not probable, we grant, for any particular comet, that it will collide with the earth; we may feel confident, even before its path has been calculated, that the chance of collision with it is next to infinitesimal. Still, there have been some comets, even in historic times, which have given us rather a narrow berth, astronomically speaking. And it must be remembered that when we say that the chance against an event happening is a million to one it by no means follows that we shall have to wait a million times before it does actually happen.

But, supposing that a collision does actually occur, is the mass of comets sufficient to seriously interfere with the motion of the earth? To this it must be said that there are strong indications that in many instances it is sufficient. The great comet of this year, for example, had a nucleus the diameter of which was estimated at about fifteen hundred miles; and the character of the light of this nucleus, as seen in the spectroscope, showed it not to be gaseous, but to be composed of solid or liquid matter. It is true that the nuclei of this and other similar comets may not have been coherent—that is, they may have been composed of particles separated by distances great compared with their own size, like the flakes of snow in a storm; so that their total mass would be small compared with the space which they occupy. But there is no conclusive reason to believe this; and if the mass of these comets is as great as it would seem, it is evident upon reflection, and from what has been said, that collision with them would, under almost all conditions of impact, be dangerous.

So it will be seen that we are by no means insured against collisions which would be destructive simply from the conversion of mechanical energy into heat. But that is not the only source of danger in a meeting with, or even a near approach to, one of these immense wandering bodies. For everything about them indicates that they are in a state of great internal activity, at least as they approach that region near the sun in which we must, if at all, meet them. Forces and movements of unusual violence are developed in them by the action of the great luminary, and it is reasonable to suppose that their production is accompanied by a considerable rise in temperature, as it is a general rule that actual energy in any mass of matter tends to turn itself partly into heat. Hence it would not seem to be necessary that a comet should actually strike the earth in order to produce a considerable thermal effect upon it; a near approach of a large one would appear to be likely to produce disastrous results.

And this might happen not only directly by the action of heat radiating from the comet itself, but also from the action of the mysterious forces at work in it disturbing the equilibrium of those acting on our own planet, and thus causing the production of heat here.

Another consideration also should be brought into our calculation. The interior parts of this globe are, at least to some extent, at a very high temperature. If not in a state of fusion throughout, they evidently are so in parts, as is plain from the melted matter ejected by volcanoes; and that tremendous forces are at work under our feet is equally clear from the earthquakes which are so frequently felt in various places. It needs but a slight disturbance (slight, that is, compared with the shock of a full collision) to liberate these pent-up forces, and thus spread ruin and devastation over the whole surface of the earth. It is not known how the moon reached its present state of barrenness and desolation; but it is morally certain that the vast craters which pit its entire face are those of extinct volcanoes, and it seems at least possible that the eruptions of these, perhaps occurring simultaneously, actually caused, as they no doubt might have caused, the destruction of animal and vegetable life once existing upon our satellite. If so, what has happened to the moon may happen to the earth also in due time, and that even without any very abnormal outside influence being brought to bear upon it.

But let us now turn from the consideration of forces acting within the earth, or from bodies casually approaching it, to that

of the immense influence exercised upon it by the great source of energy in the planetary system—the sun. It may be said that all the changes and movements occurring here, if we except the tidal flow of the sea, are produced by the immense energy continually poured upon this globe from the central orb, so slight a part in comparison have other sources of power to do with them. Put out the sun, and the earth would soon die, not a violent death, but one of inanition. This energy is sent to us regularly, with but slight variations, and we live; the operations, that is, both of animate and inanimate nature go on in a normal way. But let the solar energy sent to us be notably changed and everything would be put out of order.

We do not say that the earth would be actually burnt up by the direct increase of solar radiation. That result might indeed be produced by the collision of the sun with a body approaching its own dimensions; and such a collision is at any time possible, for it is pretty well ascertained by direct observation that the sun is moving through space, and it is beyond doubt that it has a relative motion with regard to the other stars. But it may be said such an event could not occur for countless ages; for there is no star near enough to us. This, however, is not conclusive; for it is highly probable that there are burnt-out and invisible suns in space, such as the companion of Procyon, noticeable by its disturbance of the movements of that great star, but never as yet seen by man. Such a dark and dead sun we may meet at any time.

It is not a matter of actual observation that such collisions of stars, possible as they evidently are, have ever in fact occurred. But it is a matter of observation that an enormous development of light has suddenly occurred in various stars. Such phenomena have been observed in past times, specially in the temporary stars which appeared in the times of Tycho and Kepler respectively (the last of which Helmholtz ascribes to a collision); and they are noticed, now that the heavens are watched more carefully, with apparently increasing frequency. In the last fifteen years two such outbursts of light have occurred in the heavens, in May, 1866, and November, 1876, respectively. The light of the star in the first case was at least fifteen times what it had been twenty-four hours previously; in the other the increase was probably quite as great. Now, whatever may be said to account for the change in brilliancy of the class of stars which are known as "variable" by ascribing their changes to the interposition of other bodies, to their rotation combined with a variously lighted

surface, etc., it is plain that in such cases as these there was a real and sudden increase of light—and undoubtedly also of heat—in them. Whether this increase was caused by collision with another sun, or by passing into a dark, gaseous nebula at a high temperature, as nebulæ are believed to be, or in some other way, is immaterial; it has occurred, that is enough. And what has happened—whatever it may be—to other suns may happen to our own.

In the case, then, of the blazing up of our sun in this extraordinary way from collision or from any other cause the earth would no doubt be entirely destroyed, at least as far as life and organism of any kind is concerned, by the increased radiant heat. But we do not say, as has been before remarked, that the earth would be actually burnt up in this way. For its devastation by fire a smaller increase of energy or one of a different kind might suffice. A considerable disturbance of its electrical equilibrium, for instance, might bring about that result.

Disturbances of this kind by the sun's action are probably of frequent, perhaps almost of continual, occurrence, though generally they are slight and hardly noticed. The aurora borealis or australis, which appears to have a connection with increased solar activity, is, however, an indication of them; and sometimes they force themselves still more strongly on our attention. Such was specially the case on September 1, 1859.

It so happened that on that day two astronomers who were independently observing the sun's surface noticed a sudden burst of light upon it of a splendor far exceeding its ordinary brilliancy. The appearance was as if a mass from outside had fallen into the sun, ploughing up its surface and exciting it to unusual intensity of action. The effect of this solar excitement was immediately felt on the earth. On that night, as many of our readers may remember, a most magnificent aurora overspread the heavens and was seen even in the tropics. It was a spectacle which those who saw it will hardly forget. It is as fresh in the memory of the writer as if it had occurred only yesterday. The whole sky was of a crimson hue, and gave enough light to read print easily. With it came great magnetic disturbances. In many places the telegraph lines refused to work. The magnetic currents of the earth themselves took charge of them, giving electric shocks in some cases to the regular officials who ventured to interfere, and producing heat enough in one case, at least, to set fire to the apparatus.

The similar aurora which occurred four days before this had

probably a like cause. There appears to have been at this time, as most likely at most times when auroras are frequent, a stream of meteoric bodies of greater or less size pouring into the sun. Let a sufficient stream of such bodies continue the battery for a few days; let the excitement of the sun be not merely momentary but continuous for some time; and it is quite possible that, even if the increase of direct radiant heat from our luminary be insufficient to devastate the surface of the earth, the same effect may be produced indirectly by the additional upheaval of its electrical energies.

It is the opinion of Prof. Proctor that the recent phenomena of 1866 and 1876 above mentioned came from a rush of meteors upon the stars which blazed up so suddenly, and it is evident, as he says, that our sun, if it were excited as they were, would simply by its increased heat destroy all living things on the earth; and there is reason to believe that not only would living things be destroyed, but inanimate nature also would be reduced to chaos.

But have we any special reason to fear the attack of such a meteoric stream upon the sun? To this it must be answered that we have. And here is where what would otherwise be a mere possibility rises into what may be called the region of probability.

It has lately been found that such meteoric streams travel in the wake of at least some comets. The November showers of meteors, which were to many appalling in 1833, and certainly magnificent in 1866, 1867, and 1868, follow a small comet known as Tempel's, first discovered in 1866. Those of August follow the second comet of 1862. Now, let a large comet pass near or fall into the sun, continuing its bombardment of it for some time by its following train of meteors, and we have conditions which justify grave apprehension of serious consequences to the earth and the nearer members of the solar system generally.

Is there such a comet? There have been several; but it is one specially which it would seem we have to fear. It is the great comet which appeared in March, 1843, and which, according to the general belief of astronomers, reappeared in February, 1880. At its last appearance it was not seen in these latitudes, the part of the heavens in which it was being unfavorably situated for us. But its general characteristics, as well as the precise resemblance of its orbit, which is quite well determined, to that of the comet of 1843, justifies confidence in the identity of the two. It is thought to have been seen a number of times before, but this is not yet beyond dispute. The distance from the sun's

surface at which this comet passes in its nearest approach is only one-tenth of the sun's diameter; and it is quite possible that at some future return, as in 1917 or 1954, it may be thrown even nearer, or actually upon, the sun itself. It is not at all certain that such a diminution of its distance has not already occurred.

Of course we are not sure that this comet is followed by any train of meteors; but analogy leads us to suspect it, and comets seem to have a tendency to break up into meteoric streams. That of Biela, after separating first into two distinct comets and appearing twice in this condition, was a few years later resolved into a mere shower of meteors. But it is not absolutely necessary that there should be any such train to a comet—let not the train here spoken of be confounded with the tail, an entirely different affair—in order for it to produce disastrous effects if falling into the sun. Let its own mass be large enough, and of course the consequences of the arrest of its movement in the photosphere would be sufficiently serious.

We have now said enough, it would seem, to show that we are not at all secured by the laws discovered by modern science from danger; on the contrary, it may be said that science has shown us dangers which before we did not know to exist. Let it not, however, be supposed that it is our object to show that science is sufficient of itself to prove the destruction of the world by fire. The mass of the comet of 1843–1880 may not be great enough to do serious damage to us; and it may never reach the sun; and no one may ever appear of an equally threatening character. And the chances of the other accidents of which we have spoken are of course very small. Still, these chances exist; and even of themselves they would suffice to show that St. Peter's prophecy, and the Christian faith corresponding with it, are very far from being scientific absurdities, and that even those who deny the existence of God, or his direct action in the universe, can only say that we have no right to maintain as a certainty what is only a possibility.

But we do not maintain it as a certainty on scientific grounds; what we have wished to show is that the revelation in which we believe may not be a prophecy of an entirely supernatural event, but rather a knowledge given to us beforehand of a result which is to be produced by the forces now at work, and which is, therefore, in one sense a scientific one, though one which science itself is at present, and probably always will be, unable to place beyond doubt.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

V. Ignem veni mittere in terram.
R. Et quid volo, nisi ut accendatur ?

A CHILDISH figure, all in white arrayed,
Stands waiting at closed gate—our hearts—to knock
Till every inmost fastening shall unlock—
God's Christmas gift within our hearts be laid:
A childish face, with innocent blue eyes
Wherein sad wonder mingleth with glad love
And that pure peace He bringeth from above—
Twin planets brightening darkest Christmas skies,
The yearning child-heart wondering love should wait
So long to win the opening of closed gate.

A little, childish mouth, lips red as love,
In the soft shadow of whose happy smile
Twin dimples play, glad loving to beguile
And weeping hearts to sunnier thoughts to move.
Soft, rippling waves of unbound yellow hair
Fringe with their gold the width of thoughtful brow—
Whose veins' blue shadows track a field of snow—
Mingling the gold with halo trembling there
That 'gainst the dark of earthly skies doth shine—
The Father's glory crowning Child Divine.

The gate-posts hang with icicles, half-barred
The gate where knocks the dimpled little hand.
We cannot see the unshod feet that stand
And prove how bitter are earth's ways, and hard.
Perched on his shoulders, nestling 'gainst his sleeve,
Red-breasted robin and brown sparrow sit,
Or in and out the iron portal flit,
As they would bid us dreams too earthly leave;
While, folded close, he holds against his breast
The Dove of Peace that giveth all hearts rest.

Behind the brightness of the Child Divine
The sky is dark with depth of midnight blue,
Its azure darkness seen the branches through
That, leafless and snow-laden, intertwine
And hide the twinkling stars, save only one
That shineth bravely in a broader space,
Its rays spread softly in the sign of grace—
The blazon of the great King's holiest Son:
The hope fulfilled of proud Jerusalem
Blent with the promise of fair Bethlehem.

This in a circle edged with golden rim—
Oft-spoken token of eternity,
Symbol of that pure light, beyond death's sea,
No fading twilight ever maketh dim;
True symbol of that never-ending love
That yet had no beginning, was God's thought
Before in fire the stony hills were wrought,
Or set the firmament the earth above.
Strong love the Christ-Child comes to-day to bring,
Heaven's joy of life, on earth, foreshadowing.

This circle set in oblong, upright frame
Where, on a background of dull, cloudy gray—
The chilling shadow of unbroken day—
Burns the black-alder's winter-undimmed flame,
The scarlet berries nestling to the bough—
As love clings closest in the darkest skies—
Where yet, full-leaved, the summer greenness lies,
As if love wrought above the barren snow
A miracle of life so, well to prove
The more abiding miracle of love.

Glow the red berries as the light that came
And shinèd in the darkness, and none knew,
Save chanting angels and poor men a few,
When first on earth was lit the holy flame.
And fair white stars are shining through the gray
Of winter dawn—the brave arbutus bloom
That blossoms whitest in the deepest gloom—
Spring's trusting child, herald of fuller day,
Hearer of songs that winter's silence break
Ere field and wood to earth's wide chorus wake.

Sweet-scented censer of devotion swung
  In lonely woods as type of lands unknown
  One day to seek the little, lowly throne
Chosen by God earth's lordlier gifts among,
Sweet type of Israel's Maid hiding fair face
  In holy sanctuary till God's good will
  Should cull a grander purpose to fulfil
And virgin chaste be mother made of grace:
Pure, snow-white blossom flushing into rose
As in its wider life it doth unclose.

Next, writ the legend of my Christmas thought
  In curious text learned from an older age
  When loving scribe wrote slowly-lettered page,
The glad evangel in strange pictures wrought.
So, handed down to us, from year to year,
  From century to century, this tale
  Of love divine in whose light burneth pale
All lesser flame our hearts can kindle here—
"To earth I come to light love's living fire;
What will I but its flames to me aspire?"

Then still, set 'mid the blossoms of the spring,
  A winter landscape: wide, rejoicing skies,
  Blue vault and fleecy clouds' soft harmonies,
Warm, sunlit boughs with purple shadowing,
Snow not too deep to let the withered grass
  Rise golden-speared its azure shade to throw
  Across the sparkling sunshine. Heaven so
And earth be glad as Christmas angels pass.
Last, life and love bound with broad band of gold—
Worthless all gift heart's love doth not enfold.

THE STORY OF A PORTIONLESS GIRL.

From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, by Mary H. A. Allies.

PART II.—YOUTH STEALS ON.

CHAPTER IV.

À LA MARIE STUART.

THE latter end of summer was a gay time at Grünerode. Although the baroness and Isidora enjoyed excellent health, or perhaps from the very fact that they did, they spent six weeks at Baden-Baden and six weeks at Trouville, and, after having bored themselves in the most fashionable way for the space of three months, they met Sylvia at Valentine's house and proceeded together to Grünerode, where a pleasant change had taken place. The nearest neighbor, Count Weldensperg, a paralyzed old bachelor, had died, and his nephew, Countess Xaveria's husband, had come in to the fine property. Countess Xaveria had long and earnestly wished for this consummation. Her husband, it is true, had extensive and valuable estates, but none of them had the sort of commodious house which formed the object of her desires, and she had never been able to induce her husband to build, because Weldensperg, the object of his expectations, united every advantage; the house, grounds, park, and neighborhood were all charming. Xaveria had been devoting herself conscientiously all the spring and summer to settling in at Weldensperg, and steadfastly resisted watering-places and outings. She got through unconscionable sums of money, only half-realizing what she spent, and not being particularly anxious to enlighten herself on the subject. When the bills came in she looked to the figures at the bottom, and, thinking half a dozen such sums might disturb her husband, she kept back two or three, not to let them all fall upon him at once, and determined to produce them by degrees and at favorable moments. He was, for instance, all smiles and good-humor after a pleasant day's hunting, or a race where one of his own horses had been the winner, or a steeple-chase in which he himself had carried off the prize. At these important hours of his existence, especially after the

triumphant steeple-chase, his wife might present herself with a portfolio full of unpaid bills, and he made no single observation. Alas that such blissful moments were not frequent occurrences! Xaveria was often obliged to wait for so long that she sometimes forgot the very existence of the bills, or tore them up as old letters for her waste-paper basket. Nevertheless, thanks to her efforts and planning, Weldensperg was transformed into an ideal country-house on a large scale, and it was her intention to enjoy its good things till far on in the winter with the proper complement of from thirty to forty guests.

Both at Weldensperg and at Grünerode the house was on the confines of the property, the high-road being the wall of separation between the two parks, so that, if desired, there was every facility for fostering neighborly intercourse. And Gräfin Xaveria did desire it. She thought of Baron Grünerode's first-rate hounds and of his excellent dinners, and, wise woman of the world that she was, she knew that sport and good cheer act like magnets on the masculine portion of society, and that change of scene is wont to freshen up and invigorate people who may be staying in one's house.

The baroness had scarcely arrived at Grünerode before Xaveria had the pony saddled which she used for riding about the park, and went over there unaccompanied, much to the astonishment of the baroness, who was very nervous and hardly ventured to walk in *her* park without a servant at her back.

"Here I am already, baroness, you see, to tell you how pleased I am that you are come. I have been looking out for you and your young people for some time. How are you? Didn't you see a good deal of demi-monde at Baden-Baden? It's better at Trouville, isn't it? Well, we'll have the very best society here and enjoy ourselves tremendously. We'll have acting, dancing, music, riding, hunting, and croquet. Croquet is the newest entertainment, and it's delightful! You'll learn it and see if I'm not right. My brother is such a croquet-player that he has to get leave of absence for country air here in order to play it." So Countess Xaveria ran on. Sylvia and Isidora agreed with what she said, whilst the baroness listened in bewilderment; for the enjoyment proposed by the countess was laborious, and she cared for those social pleasures only which were compatible with peace and quiet—such, for instance, as doing the honors of a dinner or ball, or sitting in a box at the theatre, or leaving cards by the dozen. This was her department, and in it she left nothing undone. "O children! what a horrible prospect," she sighed

when Xaveria had gone. "The countess means to set up a mad chase after pleasure, and we are to be dragged into it."

"It will be lively and make the wearisome country life bearable," said Isidora.

"We will at least shorten the time as much as we can, Isi," said the baroness.

"No, mamma, we won't," exclaimed Isidora; "one isn't dull when there's so much going on."

"Don't you think my uncle will like it?" asked Sylvia.

"Do you think so, love? Well, that would make all the difference."

"And then Edgar and Harry are to be considered, poor boys! They must have two or three months' rest in the country."

"Yes, love, you are quite right. I am and shall always remain a victim to my husband and children. And now I will myself go and see that everything is right, so that they may find their rooms as they like them to-morrow; and after that, Sylvia, I will dictate one or two letters."

The countess' projected campaign was fully carried out at Weldensperg, and a close friendship sprang up between her and Sylvia.

"Don't go and fancy that I am making up to Sylvia Neheim on your account," she said to her brother, Lieutenant von Tieffenstein. "I am doing it on my own and on her account, as she may become a leader of tone and fashion some day or other. She has it in her, and that's what makes me take to her. She can learn the best company manners of me."

"She is an enchanting creature," said the lieutenant.

"It's easy enough to see you think so, Wilderich. All the same, what will her charms lead you to? To holy matrimony? But she has nothing, and you have less than nothing, for you have debts. So you can't think of it for a moment."

"But I *am* thinking of it, Xaveria."

"My dear Wilderich! The farce *une chaumière et son cœur* is quite gone by nowadays, and can only be acted when social requirements are less exacting, or in circumstances where there is no need to take them into consideration, or by people who choose not to attach any importance to them. Is this your case or Sylvia's?"

"It is my opinion that old Grünerode ought to do something handsome to get a brilliant match for his niece. Marriages are scarce nowadays."

"Particularly marriages which one may also call brilliant matches," replied Xaveria, laughing; "and as we are alone, I will give you my mind on the subject. As far as you are concerned personally, Sylvia Neheim has made a splendid conquest; but you are no brilliant match. If you were there would be nothing against your marriage."

"Couldn't you try, Xaveria, to get the old fellow to make her a good allowance, if he won't put down capital?"

"A good allowance is a vague term which varies according to circumstances, Wilderich. Some people call a thousand guilders a good income, and some think nothing of ten. I am very much afraid this is how it will be with you and old Grünerode."

"You crush all my hopes, and yet I can't give them quite up. Sylvia and my happiness are one and the same thing. I felt it in an indefinite kind of way at that ball at the Grünerodes', when she looked to me like a forest nymph in her pale blue gown, and the feeling grows upon me."

"I am sorry for Sylvia, as I fear—she shares your feelings."

"You *fear* it, Xaveria!" he called out excitedly.

"Yes, Wilderich, I fear it, for a marriage between you is not to be thought of; yet you have paid her such very marked attentions that she would be quite justified in expecting it. Now, if you draw back she will be pained and wounded, and when she is mentioned the world will say spitefully that Baron Tieffenstein jilted her. All that is extremely disagreeable for a girl, and I could at least wish that she might get off without suffering."

"If the matter did not concern Sylvia I should be offended with you for your very small sisterly sympathy."

"You would be unjust, Wilderich. In an affair like this of yours, where, for instance, the girl is perfectly in earnest, she deserves all the more sympathy."

"But I am in earnest, too, and have got a heart, and am suffering from adverse circumstances."

"I dare say you are, Wilderich," interrupted Xaveria coldly, "but that won't prevent you from breaking gently with Sylvia and making a good match. The man who can console himself in this way, my good brother, is not much to be pitied. Sometimes I wonder whether I ought not to enlighten Sylvia out of friendship."

"You would be wronging your brother," exclaimed Wilderich with warmth. "You have no right to do it. Something

may happen to alter my position. Perhaps I shall take up diplomacy."

"Perhaps; but even then you would not be able to marry Sylvia, and that is what I am talking about at this moment," said Xaveria carelessly. "Supposing you had a rich uncle, a nabob, who were to die and leave you all his property—this would be the only way to attain your ends. But calm yourself. I am not heroic enough to disturb our pleasant relations. Sylvia would be sure to avoid us, and that would be very annoying. Her very appearance apart from her talents creates a stir in society. I cannot possibly let such a treasure go, which is a little selfish of me, to be sure; but selfishness is the order of the day in the world, and, as I cannot make it better, I may as well be like my neighbors."

True to these sentiments, Countess Xaveria continued to treat Sylvia as her most intimate friend, so that it was only natural for people to suppose that she was favorable to her brother's suit and welcomed Sylvia as her future sister-in-law, whereas in reality she was paying court to her drawing room's ornament.

Sylvia drank in the attentions which all the world, and especially Baron Tieffenstein, paid to her. She had arrived at a full consciousness of her beauty, her charms, and her gifts, and of the power which they placed at her command. She did not wish to misuse her power, but only to employ it in gaining happiness. Like a powerful magnet it was to charm and attract sympathetic elements out of the human crowd, to gain her the love of a heart. Why should it not? What point or end had her fair gifts, if not to make her loved, and, being loved, to make her happy? Formerly the results of her pious bringing-up and her peaceful love for Aurel had diverted her mind from her own gifts; in those days she had been wont to think rather of the virtues which she lacked, and of her weakness. Or she looked at Aurel, whom she had clothed in her secret heart with ideal qualities, and, whether she considered him or herself, self-love took no hold of her. Now it was different. Little by little the barriers which protected her from the surging sea of worldliness had given way, and she was exposed to its waves. At times she still had pious feelings, and moments in which Catholic memories awoke; but, banished as it was from her life and her surroundings, religion could have neither influence nor practical working upon that life.

No one was better pleased at Sylvia's success in society than Baron Grünerode; no one was less so than Isidora. He was a

great admirer of feminine beauty, and from the first moment Sylvia had thereby captivated him. It flattered him that so showy a flower had blossomed forth in his house, and that Sylvia owed to him her education, and cultivated talents, and that finish peculiar to luxury and elegance which is to feminine beauty in society what the golden frame is to a fine picture. Admiration at a picture hanging frameless to a cold chalk wall is apt to be diverted by the miserable surrounding. But in an appropriate gold frame, on a ground of crimson or green damask, every stroke of the brush and all effects of light and shadow and color blend harmoniously together.

"Sylvia! Sylph, you fairy! what are you about now?" exclaimed the baron one morning as she came into the small study where he was reading the *Indépendance Belge* and other papers and periodicals of the same hue over a pile of costly cigars, whilst the baroness, seated on a sofa near the fire, was engaged upon some wool work which had been lying about for years.

"Do you like my Mary Stuart costume, dear uncle? I am so glad! But I came to ask you, Aunt Teresa, if you don't think the lace collar is too stiff and the sleeves too bulging. Although Xaveria has had our costumes done from prints sent to her from town, it seems to me they ought to be made as dressy as possible.

"Quite right, little witch—as 'dressy as possible.' And what are you after as Mary Stuart?" said the baron, as the baroness arranged the lace collar and sleeves.

"It is to be a surprise, dear uncle, but I will let you into the secret," replied Sylvia. "We think tableaux vivants are very tiresome and stupid things, for any one can put on a pretty costume and show herself in it. We are going to act some scenes, and I am to be Mary Stuart talking with Mortimer after his return from Rome. Xaveria, as Princess Eboli, has a scene with Don Carlos, and Countess Nérine, as Theckla, with Max Piccolomini. We are deep in tragedy, you see; for comedy requires real actresses to be anything, and of course we can't put ourselves on a par with them."

"An exceedingly wise plan, Sylvia. You are three enchantresses, but I must say 'feathers make birds.' When I compare the Sylvia in black merino of four years ago to the Sylvia who stands before me now in black velvet, they are two different beings."

"And which do you like best, dear uncle?"

"How can you ask me? Why, Sylvia à la Marie Stuart."

"Oh! I'm so glad," she exclaimed cheerfully, and left the room with some good wrinkles from the baroness.

After a little the baroness said to her husband: "Tieffenstein's marked attentions to Sylvia are really very awkward; don't you think so?"

"He is in love with her; and who can wonder at him, my dear? Any man with two eyes in his head can't help being enchanted with her."

"I know, love. But I am thinking what provision is there for Sylvia in case of her marriage?"

"Provision? Nonsense! We provide for her. Marriage? Let her marry when she's thirty-six. I have told you that already, and now I repeat it. I am not going to give her up."

"I fancy, love, that she would very much like to marry Tieffenstein."

"I dare say. He is a wonderfully handsome fellow, has the reputation of having been very wild and of having sobered down, and now he is madly in love with her. She would be as insensible as a statue if she weren't affected by it."

"And what is to be done if she is affected by it? He can't marry her, for there is no living on air and love."

"They will both find that out in time, my dear, and calm down. So you calm yourself, and just listen to the progress of the *parti prêtre* in Belgium. The very word *parti prêtre* makes my blood boil, for how can comfort, education, industry, and intelligence make progress if these unsavory leeches, not content with themselves, have enough influence to secure a secular party at their back?"

"Priests want to live as well as other people, love."

"A wholly unjustifiable claim in these enlightened days. The spirit of the time is quite against their existence."

"But, love, you worship liberty. Why not let priests enjoy theirs?"

"They are Rome's slaves. Their very existence is opposed to liberty. If they weren't slaves they would gladly marry like men. They could still play their tricks at the altar, if the people *must* have them. Wife and children need not interfere."

"I should like to know how Rome manages to force celibacy on so many, many thousand priests," said the baroness musingly; "our young people wouldn't submit to anything of the kind."

"Rome's atrocious and mysterious tyranny over minds will alone explain it. Nobody knows what kind of means she uses, but everybody is convinced that they must be diabolical, for human resources won't go so far."

As there was nobody in the room to suggest to the baron that

perchance divine and supernatural resources might be at work, and whereas the baroness was no lover of lengthy discussions, deep silence began to reign, and the baron fed his anger and thirst for vengeance on the invectives, lies, and calumnies with which the press is so lavish where Catholic interests are concerned.

CHAPTER V.

HOPES AT CROSS PURPOSES.

Sylvia stood before the large glass in her room. She had taken off her Mary Stuart costume and put on her riding-habit, and was just tying on her bow as Isidora came in, also in her riding-habit, and said: "Aren't you ready yet? It is wonderful what trouble you take to make yourself look nice."

"Trouble wouldn't make me pretty—perhaps the contrary," said Sylvia, not hurrying herself.

"How can you fancy that this is the way to entrap a knowing man like Tieffenstein?"

"What way?" asked Sylvia sharply, set off her guard by the unexpected attack.

"Why, by such wretched means as dress, tableaux, or acting. That's not the way to take any man, for he can get it all better and more comfortably at the theatre."

"But it amuses us without thinking at all about enchanting any one," replied Sylvia, who had regained her composure. "If you would take part in it you would soon see what fun it is."

"It is much more fun to criticise than to be criticised," said Isidora; "and criticisms are never wanting—you may be sure of that."

"I don't in the least doubt it," said Sylvia disdainfully.

"Yes, everything is criticised, let people make you all the pretty speeches they like. For instance, they make their comments upon Tieffenstein's acting Mortimer."

"I didn't ask him to do it."

"Oh! no; of course it comes quite naturally, doesn't it? But that's just the thing. Mortimer commits suicide out of love for Mary Stuart. Don't flatter yourself that Tieffenstein's passion for Sylvia Neheim is deep."

Sylvia's laugh was somewhat forced as she pulled her locks into shape so as to put on her riding-hat, and said: "You are talking tragically or enigmatically."

"I am talking the truth. Tieffenstein adores you, as people

say. But he worships riches more than you, and he will never marry a girl without money."

Sylvia turned hastily from the looking-glass to Isidora, and exclaimed angrily: "What right have you to judge him so harshly?"

"My observation is my right. It is my delight to watch different people in society. It keeps me cool and quiet. The daughter of a rich father can't allow herself to be taken in, or she may fall a prey to a hungry lieutenant, or a nobleman with debts, or a money-seeking banker. I have not lived twenty years without being able to distinguish between the three, simply because I watch people. That is why I am not married yet, for I'm disgusted with that sort of thing."

"I pity you if these are the only sort of people you get hold of," said Sylvia scornfully.

"You poor little goose!" exclaimed Isidora, "don't you see that Tieffenstein is one of these very people?"

"I know neither how nor whom he will marry," exclaimed Sylvia excitedly, "but one thing is certain: he won't condescend to a mere money match."

"The Countess Weldensperg is at the door on horseback, and the horses are waiting," said a servant.

The girls hurried down. Sylvia was depressed and constrained in spite of her calm words. A thousand malicious thoughts were at work in Isidora's heart, though outwardly she was cool and collected as usual, which possibly made her appear reflective.

Wilderich von Tieffenstein was the first man who had ever made an impression upon her, although he had shown her nothing more than the ordinary politeness due to a daughter of the house. To see Sylvia the object of his attentions was, therefore, the more wounding to her; but she concealed her feelings under the mask of indifference towards the world in general, setting herself to criticise society, as if she meant thus to show that something quite out of the way would be necessary to produce any effect upon her. A peculiarity of this kind might have been attractive if it had been inspired by that inward nobility of character which has a high standard of excellence, or if it had been accompanied by physical beauty or charm of manner. But this was not Isidora's case. Nature had been stingy with her. By Sylvia's side she could not help being conscious of it, and, as she had to bear the brunt of the contrast, Sylvia became an object of deep resentment and secret envy. Nobody was better pleased at

Aurel's marriage than Isidora, and nobody was more prepared to like Phœbe. It would have been intolerable to her to see Sylvia in Phœbe's place as the wife of so rich and handsome a man as Aurel was; yet Aurel was only a brother. Was she now to stand by and let Sylvia become Baroness Tieffenstein, and see the cream of society open its arms to her because she had carried off the man who had done nothing all his life but make conquests of others—the one man whom she, Isidora, liked? It was well known that the brilliant lieutenant was a spendthrift and not inclined to learn better ways. A rich marriage, nay, a very rich marriage, was therefore a rigorous necessity, and this excluded Sylvia. Possibly he might not marry, but it was an unlikely possibility. From year to year his pecuniary affairs grew worse and worse, and this would, no doubt, make him inclined to get all he could out of his marriage. Thus reasoned Isidora. She carefully avoided putting herself on a par with Sylvia, kept entirely in the background, and always chose passive in preference to active enjoyment, so that their rival claims should not clash together. But for all that she never lost sight of Tieffenstein, and after the conversation above recorded Sylvia began to notice it with the greatest dismay. "Supposing Isidora loves him," suggested her fluttering heart. "But no; she has a very poor opinion of him, or perhaps she talks so out of spite because he doesn't care for her. Heaven preserve me from Isidora as a rival!" The consciousness, however, that Tieffenstein loved her, not Isidora, was stronger, on the whole, than her anxiety of mind, and love's confidence made her look unhesitatingly for that favorable turn in circumstances which would bring about the desires of her heart.

Tieffenstein had told her, too, that he was thinking of entering diplomacy, as offering a better position for the future than an officer's wandering life. At the same time he had begged her to keep it to herself, as it was only a scheme. Initiated as she thus was into his plans, how could she doubt that she and they were closely bound up together? The illusion was excusable in Sylvia, but not in Tieffenstein. Sometimes he tried to flatter himself that in the end he would be able to marry Sylvia, though if he had only listened to the voice of conscience he would have heard a distinct reproach on the score of his false and cruel behavior. He turned a deaf ear to it, alleging his passion as an excuse, and his readiness to marry Sylvia there and then, should he come into a property or win a good sum at a lottery. But this was quite a chance, and when he considered the matter in

cold blood it was perfectly clear to him that his position as secretary to an ambassador would not be a bit better than his lieutenancy, as far as becoming a family man was concerned. But why think of these things? That which is disagreeable and painful is apt to make itself felt fast enough without so much reflection. In the meantime he would give himself up to the sweet delights of daily intercourse with the charming, loved, and loving Sylvia.

"Mortimer commits suicide for the sake of Mary Stuart, but I hope, Sylvia, you don't think he means to die for Sylvia Neheim?" said the baron once.

"Dear uncle, I should hate such silly thoughts," exclaimed she.

"This sort of exaggeration makes the men of our days only suitable for women of doubtful reputation, so you are safe from them, little fairy."

"There is a fearful degeneracy amongst men," remarked the baroness.

"There is a certain laxity, no doubt," replied the baron; "the course of things and circumstances make it inevitable. A high state of civilization is synonymous with sovereign money. Some want to buy unlimited enjoyment with their money, and others are ready to make themselves slaves to get it. So they meet each other half way, and morality comes off sometimes with short commons. Proper-minded women have to look after what still remains. Mind, Isidora and Sylvia, you are to develop into the most proper women, to become models, *des dragons de vertu.*"

The baron laughed heartily, though whether it was about his first-rate advice or the world's corruption did not transpire. Isidora thought to herself: "How glad I am that I can command money! I shall gain my point"; and Sylvia said to herself: "Oh! what would I give to be rich. Then I should be happy myself and I could make him happy." Neither paid any attention to the baron's spasmodic exhortation to virtue. It is a tender plant which grows apart from the crowd on a well-prepared soil and under a watchful hand. Where was the soil and who was the gardener?

Three months went by in the country and brought no change in Sylvia's intercourse with Tieffenstein. The winter and then the carnival passed in the same way, and still there was neither proposal nor engagement. But a bridegroom for Isidora appeared in the person of a very wealthy young Scotchman who was spending the winter for his own amusement in the capital. It

was not easy to understand why it was she attracted him. Perhaps for the simple reason that she attracted nobody else, and gave herself no trouble to make herself pleasant to him. He had been anything but assiduous when suddenly he presented himself to the baron as an aspiring son-in-law. The baron was highly gratified, and did not for an instant doubt of Isidora's consent. Words could not express his anger when she refused point-blank. The baroness, too, was much perturbed. They both insisted that Isidora should assign a reasonable cause to her negative.

"Well, then," she said with determination, "I love another man, and if I don't marry him I'll marry nobody."

"And who may this other man be?" asked the baron angrily.

"Baron Tieffenstein."

"Stuff! for he doesn't care for you; and folly! because he is a poor beggar," exclaimed the baron, quite exasperated.

"What put such a thing into your head, child?" asked the baroness, dazed.

"I love him," replied Isidora coldly, "consequently I am not going to marry any one else, and that's as certain as that I am the daughter of my parents."

Highly irate, the baron walked to and fro, giving vent to broken sentences, such as "You have lost your senses. . . . I should like to have you locked up. . . . The baronet is a party whom fifty girls would have liked to catch this winter. You didn't even try, and you are the object of his choice."

"And I decline it," said Isidora, nothing daunted. "A girl must have this much liberty. I don't mean to marry for convenience, like Valentine. I mean to love the man I marry, and I don't love the carroty Scotchman, for all his money, but Tieffenstein, be he poor or rich."

"But you must have seen, child, that it is Sylvia he likes," remarked the baroness.

"The whole town knows that he is paying her attentions, mamma, but, as it has been going on for more than a year, it is quite clear that he has no intention of marrying her. It's time the silly business came to an end, and when it does—well, what's the use of having a worldly-wise father and mother, if they can't get their daughter the husband she would like?"

So exalted an interpretation of parental duty by no means disturbed the baron, who replied:

"It would be easy enough, if the father and mother wished it too; but a son-in-law with more debts than he has hairs on his head is not to my taste."

"And the baronet is not to mine," said Isidora; and thereupon she left the room with cool indifference.

"You must give the subject your thorough consideration, love," said the baroness, with some constraint, to her irate husband. "This awkward intercourse between Tieffenstein and Sylvia must be brought to a stop. She will fret over it, but it can't be helped. When Tieffenstein has once made up his mind to break with her he will easily be brought to marry Isidora."

"Perhaps so, but *I* won't make up my mind to it," went on the baron.

"That is just the point to be well considered, for of two evils you must choose the least. Isi has set her cap at him."

"So has Sylvia. If one has to give him up why shouldn't the other?"

"With this difference only: that Sylvia will keep her trouble to herself; whereas Isidora, poor child, not being so very good-tempered, will get most fearfully bitter and torment our lives out, and perhaps after a series of years we shall have to consent to some foolish marriage or other just to prevent her from being an old maid and becoming more unbearable. If for a few thousand thalers you can escape having your poor daughter's cross face always before you and hearing her sharp tongue—for Isidora will not be sparing with *that*—you would do well to spend them. She would be happily settled, and we should have only dear Sylvia at home. We would treat her as our only daughter, and comfort her about her little trouble, which we could never do in the case of our stubborn Isidora."

"Perhaps you are right, Teresa," said the baron, somewhat pacified; "the prospect of having Isidora an old maid at home is dreadful. But I am too vexed not to have the baronet for a son-in-law. Daughters of rich fathers are the most wayward people in the world."

"I am thinking of telling Countess Xaveria plainly about Sylvia first, and then time will prove what is next to be done," said the baroness.

The baron quite agreed. Poor Sylvia's heart beat violently when, on the same day, her aunt dictated a note, inviting Countess Xaveria to a confidential talk on a matter which nearly affected them both.

The answer was not long on the road, and the next day at ten o'clock Baroness Grünerode drove over to Countess Weldensperg. The latter was perfectly aware of the sort of disclosure she was going to hear, and the baroness had

scarcely mentioned Sylvia's name when she exclaimed with animation: "Dear baroness, if you only knew how vexed I am about my brother's senseless behavior! If he had only followed my advice there would have been no need of this talk."

"Last autumn, countess, you seemed to favor his inclination," said the baroness coldly; "otherwise, perhaps, things would never have been carried so far."

"Really, I am so extremely fond of Sylvia that her society is an intense pleasure to me. This is why I have made so much of her—quite a selfish business," said Xaveria, laughing.

"Anyhow, it has come to this: that we think it would be for the best if Baron Tieffenstein would leave town for a bit, and afterwards he could marry Sylvia."

"He can only do that if Sylvia's uncle comes forward as her father to provide for her."

"Couldn't you take up your brother's interests in a kind of motherly way, countess?"

"Oh! dear, no; that is the business of fathers," exclaimed Xaveria, laughing. "I couldn't think of suggesting such a thing to my husband. He would point to our children."

"This is my husband's case."

"With this great difference: that two of his children are already in brilliant positions, and that every day he is increasing his fortune."

"We can't expect all our children to do so well as my son and Valentine, and until my husband has provided for his three younger children he can't do anything out of the way for his niece."

Xaveria sighed and said: "You are right, baroness. It will be best if my brother can get sent as attaché to Constantinople or Rio Janeiro, and that we should lose sight of him."

"Yes, it will be best for us all," exclaimed the baroness excitedly.

"You mean to say best for Sylvia in particular?" asked Xaveria, surprised.

"Not only Sylvia—I will take you into my confidence, countess. I have another reason for being eager about your brother's departure, and I hope you will urge it all the more when you know what it is. Remember, this is the strictest confidence. My unfortunate Isidora has fallen in love with Baron Tieffenstein."

"Has she really? Isidora! Still waters run deep. This is why she is so quiet and retiring. Hearts are wonderful things."

"Unfortunately!" sighed the baroness. "So I have now got to struggle with two love-sick maidens—a very painful task, and I should be exceedingly grateful to you to lighten it for me."

Xaveria promised to do her part, not losing sight of her own interests in the matter, and the baroness went home highly satisfied at the pleasant turn the business had taken. Her husband looked pleased when she came in. He had a letter in his hand, and said:

"I was never so glad to hear of a death. Young Dambleton is dead. The father writes that his wife is plunged in melancholy, and begs that Sylvia will go and spend some time with her to try to cheer her up. I will take her myself, and see Aurel on my way back through Paris."

"This is really a most fortunate disposition of Providence," said the baroness, delighted.

"Stuff, my dear! Leave Providence alone. It is a combination of circumstances which happens to suit us—nothing more. I am sure Dambleton doesn't think his son's death a 'most fortunate disposition of Providence.'"

"Well, that is true, love."

"Lose no time in having Sylvia sent for."

She came with her heart in her mouth. The baron immediately began.

"Cheer up, little fairy! You have long been wishing to go and stay with Mrs. Dambleton in England. She has sent you a most pressing invitation, and, as she has just lost her youngest son, poor thing! we will give in to her wishes and spare you for a few months. As I have pressing business in Paris, I will put you down first in London. Set to work with your goods and traps, and be in readiness to start. I shall send a telegram saying she may expect us in a few days. I want to be off."

Sylvia stood and listened, pale and motionless as a statue, with eyes fixed on the ground. It seemed to her as if she were by an open grave in which all her love, happiness, and hope were coffined.

"Dead!" she ejaculated, not knowing what she said.

"Yes, dead. It is very sad for the poor mother," remarked the baroness.

"And very flattering to you, little fairy, that she appeals to you for consolation," added the baron impatiently. He was much put out to read misery on Sylvia's face, not out of any compassion for her, but only because he did not want any disturbing element to come and ruffle his high good-humor. "So it

is quite settled. Go and have your handmaid up, and see about your preparations at once."

Sylvia departed, feeling as if she must be wound up to go on at all, so miserable and paralyzed did she seem to be. When she got to her room she sank on a chair, leaned her head back on the wall, and remained in this position. What were her uncle's orders to her, what was Mrs. Dambleton, or England, or the whole world, if they parted her from Tieffenstein? For it was a separation, a real farewell, and she was perfectly conscious of it. Her aunt and Xaveria had talked over the possibility of her marriage and decided against it, her uncle had refused to help her, and Xaveria would not do anything for her brother, which both might have done with very little trouble. She had neither rights nor weapons, and nobody to look steadily after her interests; so the sword was broken over her future, and she was torn from the man in whom she had placed all her hopes of happiness.

There was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"C'est moi, mademoiselle," was the answer.

"Come in, Victoire. What is it?" said Sylvia, opening her weary eyes.

"Your aunt has sent me to see about the packing."

"Oh! very well, Victoire."

"Won't you give me some idea, miss, of what you would like packed?"

"Ask my aunt."

Victoire said nothing, but opened a cupboard in the little recess. Since Sylvia had been forbidden to go to Mass with her all intercourse not immediately relating to Victoire's avocations had stopped between them, and with Sylvia's increasing distaste for religion grew her indifference towards Victoire. Indeed, she was quite ready to laugh with the others over any trait of bigotry laid to the charge of the "Parisian saint," as the baron called her.

"If you are going to stay some time in England, miss," began Victoire after a while, "I shall very likely never see you again, for as soon as the spring dresses are finished her ladyship is parting with me and I am going back to Paris."

"To freedom! I congratulate you," said Sylvia sorrowfully.

"Yes, to freedom, which I value doubly because it will enable me to become an Ursuline."

"Are you mad, Victoire?" exclaimed Sylvia, raising herself quickly up. "Do you call *that* liberty?"

"Yes, I do," answered Victoire calmly.

"But in a convent you are not your own mistress."

"That is often the greatest slavery, for we poor creatures are so inclined to let our passions get the better of us. Certainly I shall have to obey in the convent and let others lead me, but in a direction which will make me lose sight of the world, whilst now it is always before my eyes."

"I thought you were saving your money to be married. So it is for the convent?"

"Yes. A convent isn't a hospital. A vocation must take us there, not neediness."

"Well, then, go and be an Ursuline, and pray for me sometimes," said Sylvia; and whilst Victoire did her business she sank back again into her apathy, not taking home the maid's pious observation. Suddenly she got up and went to her writing-desk, saying:

"I must write a few lines to Countess Weldensperg. Will you please post the note yourself at once at the nearest post, so that I may feel sure about it?"

"With pleasure, miss," answered Victoire.

Sylvia wrote hurriedly: "Dearest Xaveria, I have heard to-day that I am to be banished to England to-morrow, I don't know either why or for how long. I entreat of you to come and see me *in my room* either this evening or to-morrow morning, that I may wish you good-by, and be comforted, and cry out my troubles with you. I beg of you not to forsake me, and to come as soon as possible to your poor SYLVIA."

Xaveria duly received the note, and immediately wrote her answer as follows: "I should have gone to you before now, my sweet Sylvia, if it weren't for a heavy cold which keeps me a prisoner to my room. Don't distress yourself about the unexpected departure to England. It will do you good, and you will enjoy it, and come back to us nicer and prettier than ever, of which nobody will be better pleased than your faithful

"XAVERIA."

She sent a servant with this answer, so that Sylvia should not be kept waiting. Sylvia skimmed it through with feverish haste, squeezed it up in her hand, then, throwing it into the fire, she said angrily: "She is not true to me. She is false. I am sure that I am being sent away on purpose, and she is glad about it. They are all against me, and I am only something to them as long as I can do anything for them. Nobody cares for me—not even *he* himself. Love is enduring and stronger than all

obstacles, but this is not his line at all. What selfish people there are on earth!"

The baroness had lost no time in letting Xaveria know that Sylvia was going for six months at least to Mrs. Dambleton, adding that Baron Tieffenstein might now wait in peace and quiet for a suitable diplomatic post, as many things might happen in six months. The countess had taken the hint. The baroness was determined to bring about Isidora's marriage to Tieffenstein. One at least of her children should marry for love, and perhaps the marriage would turn out better than Valentine's and more happily than Aurel's.

CHAPTER VI.

LIA INSTEAD OF RACHEL.

Baron Tieffenstein was beside himself when his sister told him of Sylvia's departure and related part of her conversation with Baroness Grünerode.

"Calm yourself; it was bound to come to this," she said coldly. "It is to be hoped that Sylvia will make a good match in England."

"That's more than I can bear," he broke out. "I must go after her."

"What right have you to go after her?" asked Xaveria. "You are not engaged to her, and you don't wish to engage yourself. If you went after her you would be treating her badly, and so far you have been merely heedless."

"Sylvia will be miserable with any other man."

"That's by no means certain, Wilderich. She is shrewd, and consequently will know how to choose her husband; and after all it is not so easy to be unhappy. The first thing for you both to do is to part."

"You are joking, Xaveria," he exclaimed bitterly.

"By degrees you will see that you must have done with your violent manias, which lead to nothing but to some wretched catastrophe or other; that it isn't to be your lot to marry for love, and that you must grow used to the notion of marrying for convenience. I don't ask you to come and ask me to-day or to-morrow whether I know of a nice little wife for you with her thousands, but in two or three months' time we will think about it again. Now, we shall soon be having the race season. See what privileged people we are! Formerly there was a water season

and the winter season, to be sure. But our unfortunate grandfathers and grandmothers never dreamed of races. Think how many ways we have of killing our time; so we ought to be able to make light of a little bit of love-sickness, which, after all, is pure fancy."

"You are lightness personified, Xaveria, and I really don't know if I shall ever clamber up to you."

"I am not at all light, Wilderich. I love amusement, showing off, society, and the world, and I do all I can to enjoy it thoroughly; but I am an exemplary wife and a most loving mother, and there is scarcely anything which I deny my children."

"The last point is the truest thing you have said to-day," said Wilderich, laughing.

"And many other things will come true as well, O brother mine!" she added.

She cultivated Baroness Grünerode, having at once taken in the fact that the baroness was particularly desirous of bringing about Isidora's marriage to Tieffenstein, and concluding that her brother would be allowed to make his own terms. As a splendid position represented to her mind the height of happiness, and as, in her way, she really cared for her brother, she made the most strenuous efforts to procure it for him. She avoided facing the Grünerode pedigree and the green and red coat-of-arms which she had ridiculed three years before, or consoled herself by thinking, "That is Wilderich's business. These are matter-of-fact days. Money is the great leveller." It did not strike her that the times were matter-of-fact in virtue of popular opinion, and that she and many others of her kind did their best to strengthen that popular opinion. The reigning tendency of a time does not drop like rain from the clouds, or blow like the wind, nobody knows from what quarter. It is the result of an inward tendency which determines the outward course of the great majority. Time takes the coloring which man gives to it, according as he aims at low or high marks. The more he tarries in low-lying regions the more he is affected by the unwholesome miasma peculiar to such parts, and which has so demoralizing an influence upon character. He himself grows either weak or brutal, if not both, as it often happens. Tieffenstein was on his way to this consummation. He was not exactly a bad man. He would as willingly have been good, if only goodness had come easily to him. Unfortunately it was so very difficult. The world, and especially the feminine world, had spoilt him early in

the day. They had coaxed and petted all his morality out of him. That very man whom society called "the knight," on account of his chivalrous bearing, was powerless against momentary impressions which appeared to him in the light of wild passions, because he was weak and without firm principles. This was the kind of fancy he had conceived for Sylvia. For the space of a week he was quite beside himself, bemoaning the lot which tore him from so pretty and elegant a treasure. Then he comforted himself by the reflection that Sylvia was his last love, and that henceforward he would harden himself to the charms of women. Another week passed, and it occurred to him that, as he was now insensible to love and its happiness, he must begin to think of his future in sober earnestness and take his sister's advice. Not that he did it willingly; but Xaveria was quite right—the days of wild passions were for ever gone by, and, being in the flower of his years, it behooved him to assert his place in society and to keep it. A rich wife was the first thing necessary. In short, Sylvia had been gone one month only, and Xaveria was able to say to him:

"Wilderich, I know a little wife for you."

He tried to stop her.

"She is mad about you, and suffered dreadfully about you and Sylvia."

"She loves me without my knowing it?" asked Wilderich somewhat curiously.

"She was too proud not to hide her love away from sight as long as she saw you day after day at Sylvia's feet."

"Who is she?" he asked with interest.

"Isidora Grünerode."

"Never!" he exclaimed energetically—"never, never! Lia instead of Rachel—surely you can't be for it."

"Isidora isn't pretty, but for all we know she may be very nice when she chooses. She must have suffered so much! Think what it must have been to care for you, and yet be obliged to see that you cared for the girl who always stood in her way."

"Lia instead of Rachel—it is hard," said Wilderich sorrowfully.

"You must take the money into consideration, Wilderich, as it is a question of a matter-of-fact marriage."

"Is her father inclined to put down a good sum with her?" he asked, still in a very melancholy tone.

"The mother is, and that with a determination I should never

have expected from her. If she and Isidora worry the father a little, and you on your side make the most of your family and of yourself, I believe you may win him over. I always tell the baroness that you must have money, and a great deal too."

"You are something like a sister," he said with feeling.

"Strangely enough, or rather naturally enough, the baroness has never made the slightest allusion to your caring for Isidora. She leaves it quite out of the question, and seems to trust your liking her to time."

Wilderich shrugged his shoulders doubtfully.

"And she may well do this," said Xaveria, laughing. "The man who inspires a passion and remains indifferent has still to be born."

"So you have pretty nearly settled matters with the baroness, sister mine?"

"As far as I could. Now you must come forward as suitor."

"In short, there is nothing for it but for me to submit to fate. But it will be hard work on the very spot where I used to see Sylvia."

"Yes, and I think it might be feasible for you and the Grünerodes to go away somewhere, say to a Tyrolese valley, where nobody knows you or anything about your passion for Sylvia."

"That would indeed make it easier," exclaimed Wilderich, delighted.

"Then you would come back engaged, and be married shortly afterwards. People don't trouble themselves about a *fait accompli*."

"And what of Sylvia?"

"My dear Wilderich, be so good as to drop Sylvia. You may be quite sure that all girls go through a little smarting of this kind."

Sylvia had already been four weeks in Devonshire at Mrs. Dambleton's beautiful country-place at the time of the conversation above related. Baron Grünerode had said to Mrs. Dambleton: "I am bringing you our pearl, by which you may guess whether we sympathize with you in your sorrow. But you must take great care of her, for the little fairy has danced and sung so much that she is rather unstrung. The soft Devonshire air, combined with the sea and bathing in the height of the summer, will set her up again."

Mrs. Dambleton was duly grateful, promised to look after Sylvia as if she were a daughter, and the baron left for Paris.

Aurel and Phœbe received him very properly, so far as mere politeness went. But the icy coldness which reigned between them spread its atmosphere over everything which came in contact with them. The baron was not slow to discover the biting frost; for, albeit he was not particularly given to warm feelings, he did relish a certain amount of freedom in family life. He considered that his wife and daughters were bound to be brisk and good-tempered in his presence, and to make things pleasant for him, who worked so hard for them. Now, anything but cheerfulness and good temper, the spontaneous productions of a happy existence, reigned between Aurel and Phœbe. They gave the baron most excellent dinners, drove him in a very elegant turnout in the Bois de Boulogne, and went with him to the opera. The baron could not refuse his admiration at their household arrangements any more than he could fail to be pleased at the position occupied in the higher financial world by the firm of Grandison & Grünerode; but, in spite of this and their outwardly brilliant circumstances, he was not proof against a feeling of secret discomfort. Phœbe looked so pale and ill, and her face bore witness so evident to nervous exhaustion, that the baron said to her one day:

"If you were my wife, Phœbe, I would ride four hours a day with you. Young women ruin their health by sitting still and taking no exercise in the fresh air. There you loll on your chaise-longues, or causeuses, or whatever you call the things in your stuffy rooms pervaded with flowers and perfumes, and you never walk except on a carpet three inches deep; and, to make matters better, you dance furiously for six weeks in the winter. Of course your health must suffer. You used to ride; why don't you ride now in this lovely spring weather? You would make a capital horsewoman with your slender figure and your erect carriage."

"My state of health is against it," she replied in her snubbing way, and went out of the room.

"Her state of health?" said the baron to Aurel. "Does that mean—"

"Years ago, father, you spoke to me about the misery of rearing children who were weak either in body or in mind. You will approve, therefore, of my anxiety *not* to have them. Poor Phœbe is in a deplorable state of health. She is a victim to epilepsy, and I am a victim to my ignorance, or rather to my miserable weakness. Of course, I want to spare you the trial of epileptic grandchildren, and I hope you will be duly grateful."

Aurel's icy tone and his bitter words disturbed his father's presence of mind. The baron paused before he said: "You must not call nervous attacks by this dreadful word."

"But supposing doctors give them this name?"

"They are a parcel of humbugs, who call a thing by an ugly name when they don't understand it, and talk grandly about its being incurable when there are a hundred simple remedies which might be used."

"I should be very grateful to you if you could procure me any one of them, for I am very sorry for poor Phœbe. I proposed to her that she should go back to her parents. As I cannot love her, I would far rather she did not take up a wife's place in my house."

"What! would you break with Grandison?"

"Why shouldn't I? I don't owe him the least consideration. But Phœbe did not agree to my proposal, and, as she seems able to put up with our way of getting on together, let her stay."

"Then there can't be much question of domestic comfort," muttered the baron.

"And you are the last person who ought to look for it, father, for you knew all about Phœbe's malady."

"This is a lie!"

"I say you did know it, for Mme. Daragon wrote and told my mother about it; and she surely did not keep it from you."

"Oh! I saw Mme. Daragon's letter, to be sure; but what man in his senses dreams of swallowing hearsay?"

"Very well, father, we had better say no more on the subject. I only thought I was bound to tell you what a miserable marriage you have got me into, and also what small prospect of domestic happiness I have before me. Now, I think, it is time to dress for dinner."

Aurel went out of the drawing-room, and the baron muttered impatiently to himself: "A nice piece of work! What a creature this Phœbe is not to have energy enough to get the better of nervous attacks, at any rate before her husband, poor wretch! For the matter of that, my pretty Sylvia would have been a different kind of a wife. But things are as they are, and there is no altering them now. Besides, he will find some fair comforter or other in Paris."

But for all that he was not quite comfortable at his son's house, and two days after their conversation together he left Paris. On his return home he said to his wife: "As to homeliness, my dear, give me Germany and German housewives. For

the rest, you may comfort yourself by thinking that Aurel and Phœbe live together like the angels in heaven."

His Paris experience was, however, favorable to Isidora's wishes. When the baroness told him the thing was becoming serious he answered impatiently: "If she is simple enough to fall in love with a man who only takes *her* for her money's sake, let her marry him. We will see whether this marriage turns out better than the two others."

"But, love," put in the baroness, "didn't you say Phœbe and Aurel were as happy as the angels in heaven?"

"No, my dear, that is not what I said at all," he exclaimed irritably. "But never mind. Isidora shall be happy after *her* fashion. I will be a wonderfully generous father, will pay debts and make an allowance. At the same time I am pleased enough for the plebeian, Isi Prost, to marry into one of our first families; for as to Miss Isi's being a Grünerode, that is, of course, all gammon. But the world swallows it down, because the world must always be acting a farce in which it takes the part of audience and performer."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

It was the holy Christmas tide
  In Ireland long ago;
The hills and vales were covered o'er
  With newly-fallen snow.
It was a Christmas in the days
  Of misery and fear,
When it was death to say a Mass,
  And danger Mass to hear.

There stood a ruined abbey church,
  All open to the sky:
Happy the brethren to whom God
  Had giv'n the grace to die
And rest within their quiet graves
  Before the day of woe
That saw their peaceful, holy home
  A prey to cruel foe.

A peasant woman from her sleep
  Arose that Christmas day,
And from her cottage window looked
  Out on the twilight gray.
Forth from the ruined church there streamed
  Across the spotless snow
A brilliant light, and white-robed forms
  Were passing to and fro.

The holy music of the Church
  Fell on her raptured ear;
She roused her children and went forth
  The holy Mass to hear.
They knelt within the ancient walls
  Till Masses three were said,
But as they knelt and gazed in joy
  The glorious vision fled.

No footprints save their own were seen
  Upon the new-fall'n snow;
They knew not whence the priest had come,
  They never saw him go;
And whether he were mortal man
  They would not dare to say,
Or one come back from 'mong the dead
  To keep that Christmas day.

TRADITION OF THE CHURCH OF JERUSALEM CONCERNING SACRAMENT AND SACRIFICE.

PART I.

VALUE OF THE TRADITION OF JERUSALEM—IMMEMORIAL SANCTITY OF ITS HOLY PLACES—A CHIEF SITE OF PATRIARCHAL, JEWISH, CHRISTIAN, AND MOHAMMEDAN WORSHIP OF THE ONE GOD—SPECIFICALLY OF SACRIFICE—EARLY EUCHARISTIC TRADITION—ST. CYRIL THE PRINCIPAL WITNESS TO THE PRIMITIVE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH OF JERUSALEM—THE CREED OF THIS CHURCH—MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS FROM THE CATECHETICAL LECTURES OF ST. CYRIL.

THE special value and importance of the testimony and tradition of the apostolic Church of Jerusalem, in respect to all Catholic dogmas, is clear at first sight. Christianity and the church had their birth and the nurture of their infancy, the apostolic mission had its point of departure, Catholicity its first germinating principle and movement, within its bosom. The very spot where David reigned and was buried was the site of the first Christian church where his greater Son began his everlasting kingdom. The place where the religion of Moses reached its fulfilment and its extinction was the local position of its transformation into the religion of Christ, when the Old Law was abrogated and the New Law substituted. It was there that the wild olive was grafted upon the old olive-tree, and the transition took place by which the small society of the Christian Israel was developed into the universal church of all nations. Plainly, the surest way to determine the essence and properties, and even the primary specific accidents, of this religion both old and new, at once identical, in respect to its indestructible, persistent matter, with the true, revealed religion created by God at the beginning; and also specifically different through its new form; is to trace its history up to its source and determine its original character on the spot where it received its being.

This, which is verified in respect to all Catholic dogma and discipline in general, is particularly applicable to the part which relates to the Eucharistic Sacrament and Sacrifice, as will appear in the course of the following argument. This application is our principal intention at present, including in a secondary or incidental way other topics related to the primary one, and bearing in common with it toward the conclusion: that it is the Catholic

as opposed to the Protestant type of religion; the Catholic idea of Christianity; to which the testimony and tradition of Jerusalem witness from the days of the apostles.

Let us begin by defining these opposite doctrines in respect to the Holy Eucharist. The doctrine contrary to Catholic dogma is, that the character and offices of priesthood under the New Testament are strictly confined to the person of Jesus Christ, who fulfilled the offices of his earthly priesthood completely in his last act as Redeemer, when he died upon the cross. A sequel to this doctrine is the denial of his real bodily presence on the earth since the day of the Ascension; and another is the denial of the existence of his visible, mystical body the church, of sensible, efficacious instruments of grace in the sacraments, of an external medium of his infallible teaching in the hierarchy; and the reduction of all his perpetual action in enlightening and sanctifying believers to an immediate action by the Holy Spirit on their individual souls, through the sole instrumentality of their personal faith. There is, therefore, for them, no priest, altar, sacrifice, or real sacrament. Public worship and religious acts are merely expressions by word or sign of their thoughts and sentiments; church-organization is only an orderly way of associating together for mutual improvement and other salutary ends.

The Catholic dogma is concentrated in the real, bodily presence of Christ under the sacramental species of the Blessed Eucharist, effected by consecration of the bread and wine of the oblation. The Lamb of God, by producing anew at each consecration his Body and Blood under sensible and destructible species, by that act *ipso facto* represents his death on Mt. Calvary to the Eternal Father, and offers himself again as a sacrifice of adoration, thanksgiving, expiation of the remaining penalties of forgiven sin for the just on earth and in purgatory, and impetration for all men, especially the faithful; consummating the Divine Act by the communion of the priest which finishes the sacrifice, with whom the faithful also communicate sacramentally at fitting times. The power to consecrate and offer this sacrifice, being supernatural, can only be received through the ordination of men divinely appointed to confer the priesthood from Jesus Christ himself. Thus, there must be a hierarchy, the sacred character of which consists in power over the real body of Christ, with the annexed powers requisite for the due administration of the other sacraments, and the fulfilment of the offices necessary for the due order of his mystical body which lives through his di-

vine, incarnate life and in his Divine Spirit, whose grace is imparted through baptism and other mystical and efficacious signs.

All who hold this dogma and whose religion is constituted upon it, though they may be affected by schism or heresy depriving them of Catholic integrity, are so far Catholic as to be distinguished from pure Protestants. This is the specific difference and typical character of two opposite and irreconcilable kinds of religion, each claiming to be the ancient, genuine form of Christianity which it received from its Divine Founder.

In searching for the original and true type in Christ's institution of the Eucharistic Sacrament, it is reasonable to examine, at the very spot where it was instituted, everything which went before or came after the institution itself, which can throw light on the object, the reasons, and the nature of a rite so simple and yet so sublime and mystical, which is the central point of all Christian worship and a sensible compendium of the whole faith. In doing this we must be allowed to go back to the earliest history and traditional reminiscences of the site chosen by God as the place of sacrifice, where the victims of the sacrificial rites of the Old Law were to be offered, where his Son was to be immolated, and where the sacrifice of the New Law, the *Mincha*, to be offered up in every place from the rising to the setting sun, was to be instituted and first offered by the great High-Priest and King of the human race.

The mountain on which the Temple and city of Jerusalem were located by David and Solomon appears in Judaic tradition as a place specially sacred from the beginning of the world. The Mohammedan legends and myths spring from an immemorial sentiment, prevailing among Arabians and Semitic tribes generally, of the special sanctity of that place. It is the common opinion of both Jews and Christians that this was the location of the Salem where Melchisedech was king and priest, and the rabbinical tradition designates the great stone under the Kubbet-es-Sachra as the altar on which he offered his oblations of bread and wine. On this stone the Mohammedans believe that God will place his throne at the Last Judgment; they also believe that the mouth of hell is directly beneath it, and that the gate of heaven is immediately above it, at a distance of only eighteen miles. It is the common belief of Christians that Christ will descend at his second coming upon the Mount of Olives. Thus all Semitic tradition, particularly in the family of Abraham, connects great events and scenes in the human drama, from its beginning to its consummation, with Jerusalem. Other races drawn into

the circle of Semitic religious ideas inherit this tradition. Jerusalem is a central point of interest and veneration for Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans alike. It is for all a spot specially consecrated to the worship of the One True God. There was the Temple of God built by Solomon, the Sanctuary of which probably rested on the rock above mentioned as its foundation. There the Mohammedans placed their great mosque of Omar, second only in sanctity to that of Mecca, and in some respects having precedence even of that. There, during a short interval, the cross shone resplendent above the Kubbet-es-Sachra, and during a longer one Christianity reigned supreme on Sion and Calvary.

For Jews and Christians who adhere to the genuine, original idea of Mosaic and apostolic worship, sacrifice is the great act of the worship of the One True God, by which homage is paid to his sovereign dominion over life and death. The sacrifice and priesthood of Melchisedech are the original type both of the Levitical priesthood and the sacrifices committed to its ministry, and of the office and offering of Jesus Christ, the High-Priest of the New Law. Melchisedech was king and priest of Jerusalem, and, as such, blessed Abraham, offered sacrifice for him, and received tithes from him. There was an ancient tradition that this royal pontiff was the patriarch Shem. According to the short chronology of the Hebrew Pentateuch, this patriarch lived until after the birth of Jacob. But as the uncertainty of the early chronology does not permit us to found any argument upon this computation, we cannot with probability say more than this: that Melchisedech may have inherited his royal and sacerdotal preeminence among the Semitic tribes from their common ancestor. St. Paul proves that the priesthood given to Aaron was inferior to that of Melchisedech, because his ancestor received the blessing of the latter and paid tithes to him. Jesus Christ, a son of David and Judah, and not of Aaron and Levi, was constituted a High-Priest after the order of Melchisedech, whose royalty on Mt. Sion had been transferred to David. Jesus, the Son of David, received both the kingdom and the priesthood, under a New Law, of which the primitive royal priesthood of Melchisedech, King of Salem, whose name and title signify that divine character which Jesus Christ possessed in his own person as the birthright of the Son of God—viz., King of Righteousness and King of Peace—was a type. Mt. Moriah was probably the scene of the preparation which Abraham made to offer up Isaac—a sacrifice which God did not permit to be accomplished, because the victim was not sufficient. It was the site of the Temple

of legal, symbolic sacrifices, which were done away with as insufficient and merely typical when their time was fulfilled. Jesus Christ, the true Priest and Victim, offered himself on Mt. Calvary as the sacrifice of redemption, and upon Mt. Sion he instituted and began the perpetual, unbloody Sacrifice whose merit and efficacy are derived from the Sacrifice of Calvary, which it represents before God and men, and whose fruits it gives into the hands of men, to worship God by their oblation and to receive as a heavenly nutrition. The chosen and most holy places of Christian worship, therefore, were the *Cœnaculûm* of Mt. Sion, Golgotha, and the Holy Sepulchre. The site of the ancient Temple was left in its desolation and ruin. It was the Moslem who seized on it, and made it the seat of the mosque of the False Prophet who pretended to supersede both Moses and Christ. The Christian Temple of the Crusaders represented the triumph of Christ over Mohammed. If, as a consequence of the final triumph of Christianity over Judaism and Mohammedanism, the cross and altar of Christ take final possession of the Temple of Solomon, that will be the most fitting place for the cathedral of the patriarch of the new, Christian Jerusalem, as the successor not merely of Juvenal and Mark, but of St. James, of Abraham, of Melchisedech, and of Shem.

In the Church of Sion the Lord, on the night before his crucifixion, celebrated the first Eucharistic Sacrifice. There the apostles continued to offer the same Sacrifice, and from their rites and observances, inaugurated in that holy place, all the liturgies of the universal church derived their origin. The Eucharistic and liturgical tradition must have remained pure and undiluted in that venerable church of all the apostles and the original disciples, which became, as a particular diocese, the church of St. James and of the line of martyrs and confessors who succeeded him, down to the Council of Nice and the time of St. Macarius, St. Maximus, and St. Cyril. The doctrine and law of Jesus Christ, the principles and practices of his religion, deeply stamped in by himself into the original society of his disciples, were ineffaceable and unalterable. The faith, worship, order, and practical system of religion which were undeniably existing there in the fourth century, as proved by abundant testimonies, must have been handed down from the apostles. Precise and definite testimonies serially connected together from the apostolic age to the epoch of Constantine are for the most part wanting, in the extant documents of the first three centuries, in respect to details of ecclesiastical rites and customs. We can infer, however,

from the way in which churches were invariably constructed at the earliest period of which we have information, that the first church on Mt. Sion, the model of all, was similar in its arrangements. The altar was, namely, the principal and most conspicuous object, standing in a separated chancel, to which the rest of the enclosure led up, the tribune for reading and preaching being on one side and nearer the people. So also the promiscuous crowd, and the catechumens, who were allowed to be present during the first part of the divine service and the sermon, were excluded from the most sacred part, the proper worship of the faithful. Catechumens were prepared by a long and strict probation for initiation into a full knowledge of the Creed, the Sacraments, and the Holy Eucharist, which were all covered by a veil of secrecy from the profane. The universal prevalence of all these customs in the fourth and third centuries proves that they had their origin in the apostolic tradition which went forth from the *Cœnaculum* of Jerusalem. All these things prove that the Holy Eucharist was a most sacred and solemn mystery, its celebration the great act of Christian worship, Holy Communion the term and consummation of the privileges of the faithful as the children of God. All the liturgies, and the universal customs in respect to the vestments of the altar and its ministers, the sacred vessels, and the whole order of worship and administration of sacraments, must be traced to the same origin. Silence respecting these things in early writers and canons of councils is to be accounted for partly by the discipline of the secret, partly by the absence of disagreement and controversy in regard to these things, and partly from the absence of any particular reason or motive of mentioning matters of custom and order which were known to all those who had access to the more public or more private Christian assemblies.

There are, however, some few notices of early usage which are interesting and important. We are told, for instance, that St. James always wore a linen garment, which is most naturally to be understood as the alb, the immemorial garment in almost all countries of persons consecrated to the sacred ministry. Polycrates, in his letter to Pope Victor, incidentally mentions the *petalon—i.e.*, plate or *lamina*—which St. John wore as a mark of his sacerdotal dignity. This is supposed to have been a golden coronet or fillet for the head, and seems to have been the first form of the crown-shaped mitre worn by Greek bishops. It is not likely that St. John would have used this ornament unless the apostles had all done the same while he was with them at

Jerusalem. And St. Epiphanius says expressly that St. James wore a similar *petalon.* At the beginning of the Eighth Œcumenical Council, held in the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, A.D. 869, Elias, the procurator of Theodosius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, presented a letter from him to St. Ignatius, excusing himself for not coming to the synod, on account of the tyranny of the Saracen oppressors. He accredits Elias as his representative, and Thomas, Archbishop of Tyre, as the representative of the vacant see of Antioch, to whom the Emir of Syria had given permission to go to Constantinople under the pretext of procuring the release of some Saracen prisoners. He begs Ignatius to intercede for their release, and adds that in the hope of obtaining this favor he sends to him the *tunic, humeral, mitre, and stole* of St. James the apostle.* Eusebius enlarges on the munificence of Constantine and St. Helena in bestowing costly stuffs and vessels on the churches of Jerusalem and other places. These rich stuffs can have had no other use except to furnish decorations for altars and vestments for the clergy. In one instance we know for certain what these vestments were. St. Cyril, viz., was accused by Acacius, Metropolitan of Cæsarea, of having sold some of these, and in particular one tunic of cloth of gold given to the bishop to be worn in the administration of baptism, which was afterwards purchased by an actor and exhibited on the stage.

The scattered and scanty evidences which can be collected from very early writers respecting the accessories of divine worship during the ante-Nicene age, all agree with the principal evidence derived from the universal and traditional usage of the fourth and later centuries. . These accessories of rite, ornament, and ceremony find their reason and motive in the dogma of the Real Presence, which they confirm and illustrate, with the closely connected Catholic doctrines of the sacrifice, priesthood, and efficacious sacraments of the New Law. The direct evidence, both from Scripture and tradition, concerning these doctrines, is much more full and explicit than the indirect evidence from the history of ceremonial rites and forms.

We have this traditional doctrine, as it was handed down from the apostles in the Church of Jerusalem, embodied in a very full and systematic manner in the Catechetical Lectures of St. Cyril. These Lectures are a series of instructions on the Creed which Cyril delivered during Lent and Easter week, in the year 347 or near that time, to the class of preparation for Baptism,

* Hefele's *Conc. Gesch.*, vol. iii. p. 375.

Confirmation, and First Communion, in the great basilica of Constantine. He was then a priest, not much over thirty years of age, having been ordained but two or three years before, under Maximus, who appointed him to this responsible office of chief catechist. The Lectures are written in a very eloquent style, and their exposition of doctrine is admirably clear, enforced and applied with impressive and fervent practical exhortations. There are none of the writings of the ancient Fathers, among those which have been translated into English, more interesting and instructive for the Catholic laity, or for those who wish to learn what primitive Christianity really was, than these Lectures.

The Lenten Lectures, eighteen in number, were delivered in the greater basilica; those of Easter week, five in number, called Mystagogical Lectures, were given after the candidates had received the sacraments, in the chapel called the *Anastasis*, which contained the Holy Sepulchre. What can be more admirable and better fitted to awaken the most holy emotions than such a scene? An eloquent young saint, clad in his priestly garments, instructing a crowd of neophytes, descendants of Jewish and pagan ancestors, in presence of the bishop and the assembled clergy, on the very spot where the Lord was crucified, where he was laid in the tomb, and where his glorious resurrection took place!

The topics of the Lectures include an Introduction, the Dispositions for Baptism, Repentance, Faith, the Nature and Perfections of God, the Trinity, the Person, Incarnation, Passion, Resurrection, Ascension, Second Coming, of Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Catholic Church, Everlasting Life, the Three Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and the Holy Eucharist.

Before proceeding to quote passages apposite to our purpose from the Lectures, we will first give the Creed of the Church of Jerusalem, as extracted from the body of St. Cyril's discourse in its several members.*

"We believe in One God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible: And in One Lord Jesus Christ, the Only-Begotten Son of God; begotten of the Father Very God, before all worlds; by whom all things were made; who came in the flesh, and was made man of the Virgin and the Holy Ghost; He was crucified and buried; He rose again the third day; and ascended into heaven, and sat on the right hand of the Father; and He cometh in glory to judge the quick and

* The extracts are taken from the volume contained in the Oxford Library of the Fathers, which is a translation by the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Church, with a preface by John Henry Newman.

the dead; whose kingdom shall have no end: And in one Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who spake in the Prophets: and in one Baptism of repentance for the remission of sins: and in one Holy Catholic Church: and in the Resurrection of the dead: and in the Life everlasting."

We will now make a few miscellaneous extracts illustrating local and historical circumstances which have been noticed in our former articles on "Christian Jerusalem."

In the first place, there are several allusions to the holy places and churches of Jerusalem:

"We know the Holy Ghost, who on the day of Pentecost descended on the apostles in the form of fiery tongues, here, in Jerusalem, in the Upper Church of the apostles (on Mt. Sion); and, in truth, it were most fitting that as we discourse concerning Christ and Golgotha, upon this Golgotha, so also we should speak concerning the Holy Ghost in the Upper Church" (Cat. xvi. sect. 4).

"The holy wood of the cross is his witness, which is seen among us to this day, and, by means of those who have in faith taken thereof, has from this place now almost filled the whole world. The palm-tree in the valley is his witness, which supplied branches to the children who then hailed him. Gethsemani is his witness, which to our imagination almost shows Judas still. Golgotha, this holy place which is raised above all others, is his witness in the sight of all. The Holy Sepulchre is his witness, and the stone which lies there to this day" (x. 19).

"There will cry out upon thee, (if thou deny Christ) this holy Golgotha, rising on high, and showing itself to this day, and displaying even yet how because of Christ the rocks were then riven" (xiii. 39).

"The soldiers then surrendered the truth for silver; but the kings of this day have, in their piety, built this holy Church of the Resurrection of God our Saviour, inlaid with silver and embossed with gold, in which we are assembled; and have embellished it with rarities of silver and gold and precious stones" (xiv. 14).

The Lenten season with the festival of Easter at the end, as the time of preparation for baptism, during which the Lectures were delivered, is frequently mentioned:

"It remains, brethren beloved, to exhort you all, by the word of teaching, to prepare your souls for the reception of the heavenly gifts. As regards the holy and apostolic faith delivered to you to profess, we have spoken as many Lectures as was possible in the past days of Lent. And now the holy day of Easter is at hand, and your love in Christ is to be illuminated by the *Laver of regeneration*. Ye shall, therefore, again be taught what is requisite, if God so will: with how great piety and order you must enter in when summoned, for what purpose each of the holy mysteries of baptism is performed, and with what reverence and order you must go from baptism to the holy altar of God, and enjoy its spiritual and heavenly mysteries.

"And after the holy and salutary day of Easter, beginning from the second day of the week, ye shall come all the days of the following week after the assembly into the Holy Place of the Resurrection, and there ye shall hear other Lectures, if God permit" (xviii. 32, 33).

The *discipline of the secret* is strictly enjoined on the neophytes in the introductory Lecture:

"Now, when the catechising has taken place, should a catechumen ask what the teachers have said, tell nothing to a stranger; for we deliver to thee a mystery, even the hope of the life to come; keep the mystery for Him who pays thee. Let no man say to thee, What harm if I also know it? So the sick ask for wine; but if it be unseasonably given to them, it occasions delirium, and two evils follow: the sick man dies, and the physician gets an ill name. Thus is it with the catechumen also if he should hear from the believer: the catechumen is made delirious; for, not understanding what he has heard, he finds fault with it and scoffs at it, and the believer bears the blame of a betrayer. But now thou art standing on the frontiers; see thou let out nothing; not that the things spoken do not deserve telling, but the ear that hears does not deserve receiving. Thou thyself wast once a catechumen, and then I told thee not what was coming. When thou hast by practice reached the height of what is taught thee, then wilt thou understand that the catechumens are unworthy to hear them."

At the end of the Introductory the following caution is given:

"*To the Reader:* These Catechetical Lectures thou mayest put into the hands of candidates for baptism, and of baptized believers, but by no means of catechumens, nor of any others who are not Christians; as thou shalt answer to the Lord. And if thou takest a copy of them, write this in the beginning, as in the sight of the Lord."

The episcopate of St. James, and the line of his successors, is declared in the following passages:

"*Then he was seen of James*, his own brother, and first bishop of this diocese."

"Then fifteen bishops of Jerusalem were appointed in succession from among the Hebrews" (xiv. 21, 15).

The universality of episcopal regimen and the distinction of orders in the hierarchy is set forth, and an interesting testimony to the wide diffusion of Christianity at that time is found in the course of his remarks on the diversity of the gifts and operations of the Holy Spirit in the Catholic Church:

"For consider, I pray, with thoughts illuminated by Him, how many Christians there are of this diocese, and how many in the whole province of Palestine, and carry forward thy mind from this province to the whole

Roman Empire; and after this consider the whole world—races of Persians, and nations of Indians, Goths and Sarmatians, Gauls and Spaniards, Moors, Libyans, and Ethiopians, and the rest for whom we have no names; for of many of the nations not even the names have reached us. Consider, I pray, of each nation, bishops, priests, deacons, solitaries, virgins, and other laity; and then behold the great Protector and Dispenser of their gifts" (xvi. 22).

That the canon of Scripture was received through the apostolical succession of bishops, and that their teaching authority is to be obeyed, is taught in the following passage:

"Those (books of Scripture) study earnestly which we read confidently even in church. Far wiser than thou, and more devout, were the apostles, and the ancient bishops, the rulers of the church, who have handed down these; thou, therefore, who art a child of the church, trench not on their sanctions" (iv. 35).

The following is St. Cyril's exposition of the article of the Creed, "And in one Holy Catholic Church":

"Now, then, let me finish what remains to be said in consequence of the article, 'In one Holy Catholic Church,' on which, though one might say many things, we will speak but briefly.

"Now, it is called Catholic because it is throughout the world, from one end of the earth to the other; and because it teaches universally and completely one and all the doctrines which ought to come to men's knowledge concerning things both visible and invisible, heavenly and earthly; and because it subjugates in order to godliness every class of men, governors and governed, learned and unlearned; and because it universally treats and heals every sort of sins which are committed by soul or body, and possesses in itself every form of virtue which is named, both in deeds and words, and in every kind of spiritual gifts.

"And it is rightly named church, because it calls forth and assembles together all men, according as the Lord says in Leviticus, *And assemble thou all the congregation to the doors of the tabernacle of witness.* And it is to be noted that the word *assemble* is used for the first time in the Scriptures here at the time when the Lord puts Aaron into the high-priesthood. And in Deuteronomy the Lord says to Moses, *Assemble to me the people, and I will make them hear my words, that they shall learn to fear me.* And he again mentions the name of the church when he says concerning the Tables, *And on them was written according to all the words which the Lord spake with you in the mount of the midst of the fire in the day of the assembly;* as if he had said more plainly, in the day in which ye were called and gathered together by God. And the Psalmist says, *I will give thee thanks in the great assembly; I will praise thee among much people.*

"Of old the Psalmist sung, *Bless ye God in the church, even the Lord from the fountain of Israel.* But since the Jews, for their evil designs against the Saviour, have been cast away from grace, the Saviour has built out of the Gentiles a second holy church, the church of us Christians, concern-

ing which he said to Peter, *And upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.* And David, prophesying of both, said plainly of the first which was rejected, *I have hated the church of the evil-doers;* but of the second which is built up he says in the same Psalm, *Lord, I have loved the habitation of thine house;* and immediately afterwards, *In the churches will I bless the Lord.* For now that the one church in Judæa is cast off, the churches of Christ are increased throughout the world; and of them it is said, *Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the church of the saints.* Agreeably to which the prophet also said to the Jews, *I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of Hosts;* and immediately afterwards, *For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles.* Concerning this Holy Catholic Church Paul writes to Timothy, *That thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.*

"But since the word church or assembly is applied to different things (as also it is written of the multitude in the theatre of the Ephesians, *And when he had thus spoken he dismissed the assembly* [*ecclesian*], and since one might properly and truly say that there is a *church of the evil-doers*, I mean the meetings of the heretics, the Marcionists and Manichees, and the rest), the faith has delivered to thee by way of security the article, 'And in one Holy Catholic Church,' that thou mayest avoid their wretched meetings, and ever abide with the Holy Church Catholic in which thou wast regenerated. And if ever thou art sojourning in any city, inquire not simply where the Lord's house is (for the sects of the profane also make an attempt to call their own dens houses of the Lord), nor merely where the church is, but where is the Catholic church. For this is the peculiar name of this holy body, the mother of us all, which is the spouse of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Only-begotten Son of God (for it is written, *As Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it*, and all the rest), and is a figure and copy of Jerusalem *above, which is free and the mother of us all;* which before was barren, but now has many children. And while the kings of particular nations have bounds set to their dominion, the Holy Church Catholic alone extends her illimitable sovereignty over the whole world; *for God*, as it is written, *hath made her border peace.* But I should need many more hours for my discourse, would I speak of all things which concern her" (xviii. 22–27).

TO BE CONTINUED

A CHRISTMAS TALE OF '76.

One evening in December, 1776, Washington was seated in a log cabin near the Delaware River, striving by the aid of a blazing fire to drive away the gloom which oppressed him. But this was not easy to do. Far more dismal than the wintry landscape without was the state of the country at this time. The excitement which had followed the battle of Bunker Hill and the evacuation of Boston by the British had died away; then had come the American defeat on Long Island, the loss of the important city of New York, the fall of Fort Washington and Fort Lee, the retreat across the Jerseys, until finally the Continental army, dispirited by reverses and indignant at its shameful treatment by Congress, was murmuring and clamoring for food and clothing and pay. Ay, many times this December day had Washington heard the ominous words: "Give us our pay. Where is our pay? We will not fight without pay."

Can we wonder, then, that his heart was heavy and that he scarcely lifted his eyes from the fire—not even when, by and by, the jingling of many sleigh-bells was heard at the door? But when, in another moment, the door flew open and a figure appeared all wrapped in fur, and white with snow like Santa Claus, the great chief rose to his feet; for surely the wayfarer had not paused at headquarters for nothing at this hour and in such weather. Perchance he brought important news. "Why, Robert Morris!" exclaimed Washington, grasping his friend's hand the instant that he recognized him. "I am ever so pleased to see you. But has anything happened? What brings you hither?"

"I am come to provide a merry Christmas for your soldier-boys," answered Morris, smiling and stamping the snow off his top-boots. "Ha! Then indeed must you have brought a weighty load of presents," continued Washington; "for we number six thousand, you know." "True, a weighty load," said Morris; and as he spoke a couple of stalwart negroes entered carrying bags, which they let drop with a thud upon the floor.

"Pray, what may that be?" inquired the general, opening his eyes ever so wide. "Silver and gold," replied Morris. "Oh! then Congress has at last awakened to the needs of the troops, and they are to get their just dues, poor fellows!" said Washington. "Well, it is not Congress but myself who does this. Yet

I wish no praise for it," answered Morris, with a deprecating wave of his hand—"no praise. I am rich, I am worth millions, and every dollar I will give to my dear country." Here the talk was interrupted by a young woman, a stranger, who peeped somewhat boldly into the room. "May I enter?" she said. "It is bitter cold outside, and I wish to speak with General Washington." "With me?" said Washington. "Well, come in, lass, and warm yourself. Then let me hear what you have to say." "I would rather wait, sir, a few minutes—until we are alone," said the girl, drawing near the fireplace, and at the same time casting a searching glance on Morris. "Well, well, as you wish," continued the general, who presently whispered a word in his friend's ear; whereupon the latter ascended to an upper floor, while his servants withdrew to find quarters elsewhere. "My name is Sarah Pennington," began the girl as soon as they were alone, "and I have come from the other side of the river to give you information about the enemy."

"May you be any kin to Josiah Pennington, who keeps the tavern called the Cobwebs on the outskirts of Trenton?" inquired Washington. "He is my father," she replied; then, with a slight air of embarrassment, "So you know my father, sir?" "I do. I know all about him, and regret to say that not a more bitter Tory can be found than he is." At these words Sarah blushed and said: "Then whatever news I may bring will not be considered very trustworthy." Seeing that Washington made no response, she presently added: "Well, whether you believe me or not, my heart is with the cause of independence; and let me inform you, sir, that there are now in Trenton three regiments of Hessian grenadiers and a battery of artillery—all under the command of Colonel Rahl—and that to-morrow a troop of British cavalry is expected. This is the news which I bring you."

Scarcely had Sarah finished speaking when she gave a start and clutched the edge of the mantelpiece as if for support, while her cheeks grew deathly white.

She had been looking toward the west window, and had discovered a face pressed against the glass, and, to her horror, it was her father's face! Without waiting now to explain the cause of her sudden agitation, she hurriedly quitted the house.

This odd behavior rather confirmed Washington's suspicions. Already within twenty-four hours two female spies had been turned out of the camp. This one was doubtless sent by her Tory parent on the same unpatriotic mission.

After thinking the matter over a moment he summoned Morris, with whom he briefly consulted, then wrote a few words on a slip of paper, which he sent to the officer of the guard.

In a little while a lieutenant arrived, accompanied by a file of soldiers, who immediately proceeded to remove the bags of coin to an adjoining building for safe keeping.

The last bag had not more than crossed the threshold when the report of a musket was heard, quickly followed by loud shouting and then several other musket-shots.

"It is well-nigh incredible," exclaimed Morris, who had made haste to learn the cause of the disturbance, "ay, it is well-nigh impossible to believe that all the money which I brought here has been stolen—stolen from the soldiers who had it in charge, and their officer is now lying in the snow badly wounded." "Impossible! It cannot be!" said Washington. "No, no, it cannot be!"

But what Morris reported was too true. And, moreover, all the daring robbers save one, thanks to the wildness of the night (it was snowing and blowing furiously), had gotten safely away with their booty. But no one believed Sarah Pennington's solemn protestations of innocence. She had been captured as she was fleeing after the gang of scoundrels, and when she was led into Washington's presence he threw on her a look of scornful reproach, then gave orders to have her placed in close confinement. "And be careful," he added, addressing the sergeant of the guard—"be careful that she does not escape. What has happened is disgraceful enough—disgraceful enough." "The soldiers were doubtless raw recruits, and did not expect to be attacked right here in the midst of their tents," observed Morris.

"No, no, it is most disgraceful," repeated Washington. "And the officer must have been a—a—"

"Must have been blinded by the snow and completely taken by surprise," interrupted Morris.

"Well, hark! The whole camp is aroused," exclaimed the general. So saying, he donned a heavy military cloak, then sallied forth to investigate the untoward affair more closely and to learn if any more serious attack might be apprehended. But everything soon quieted down, and in less than half an hour the troops were all in their tents again.

"O Sarah Pennington! can this be you?" exclaimed Dick Hubbard, a tall, handsome corporal who had been specially detailed to guard the fair prisoner. These words were spoken the moment he entered a narrow, second-story chamber in the guard-house where she was confined.

The girl did not answer immediately, but appeared quite as much surprised as himself at this strange, unexpected meeting. Then, while he was staring at her, she quietly observed: "You remember me, then, Mr. Hubbard?" "Remember you? I do indeed! And we are good friends, I hope, are we not?"

"I will not break my promise: we are good friends," answered Sarah with wonderful outward calmness, yet oh! with what an aching heart. Here let it be told that shortly before the opening of the Revolution Sarah Pennington had left her home on the Delaware and gone to visit her grandmother in Lexington, Massachusetts. There she had met the son of a well-to-do farmer, who had admired her, courted her, then after a while given her up for another young woman who possessed more beauty than she. But it was an old story, as old as the hills, and the grandam had tried to console poor Sarah by saying: "All men are alike, my darling—all men are alike. Don't cry about it." Whereupon Sarah had drawn her apron across her swollen, bloodshot eyes and made believe forget all about Dick Hubbard, who a fortnight later became betrothed to Charity Pine, of Concord, then departed to join the Continental army which was assembling near Boston. Truly their meeting now was strange and unexpected. "Well, if every soldier, if every officer, if even Washington himself, were to swear that you had taken part in the robbery I myself would swear that it was a lie—a base lie," ejaculated the corporal in fervent accents and venturing to take Sarah's hand. "Oh! do not weep, do not weep," he continued. "You are innocent; no harm shall befall you." But Sarah was not able to repress the tears which welled up from her broken heart at the sight of him, and for several minutes she wept in silence, while his own eyes moistened as he watched her.

"It might have been," she sighed—"it might have been." And Hubbard believed that she was grieving because she had been made prisoner. Foolish fellow! But it was an old story—as old as the hills. He was a man. Only a woman truly loves.

"You are right," Sarah murmured at length: "I am innocent. I implored him not to do it. I—I did indeed."

"Implored whom? Tell me the name of the villain who led the band of desperadoes, and to-morrow I vow to go myself and plead your cause before the commander-in-chief," said Dick. But Sarah shook her head; she forbore to pronounce her father's name. Rather would she suffer herself than have the deed fastened upon her father. "Why will you not speak?" pursued

Dick, now stealing both her hands. "And you are cold, dear Sarah; your hands are like ice." "This is a chilly prison," she answered, shivering. "Well, here is my overcoat," said Dick, who forthwith drew off his thick outer garment and placed it around her.

"Thanks," said Sarah. "But what will you do yourself? You will freeze to-night."

"We are used to hardships—to scanty clothing, poor rations, no pay," replied the corporal. "But yonder is a little firewood. I will kindle a fire." Here Sarah's eyes fell to the floor, and during a couple of minutes she appeared to be in deep meditation. Suddenly looking up, "Mr. Hubbard," she said, "you would like a merry Christmas, would you not?" "Surely I would. But what chance is there of my having one?" said Dick. "Well, let me escape, let me go back to Trenton, and I promise to recover every dollar of the stolen money, which was meant to pay the soldiers with, and then every one in this army will have a merry Christmas," replied Sarah.

These words caused Dick such a startle that at first he was not able to answer. But when presently he perceived Sarah's eyes stray toward the window, which looked out upon a deep snowbank, "Dear Sarah," he said, "for my sake I beg, I implore you not to make any rash attempt to escape. You know that I must do my duty." As he spoke she buried her face in her hands and heaved a sigh. "But have no fear," he continued —"have no fear. Although I am only an humble corporal, I promise early to-morrow morning to seek an interview with General Washington, who will surely liberate you."

"Alas! you did not notice the scornful look which he gave me when I was taken prisoner," returned Sarah, shaking her head. "No, no. If he is a just man he ought to punish me; the evidence against me is too strong." Then, glancing toward the door, "Hark!" she added, "did you not hear a knock?"

"Some of the inquisitive guards may be eavesdropping," answered Dick, frowning and going to the door, which he opened. Now was Sarah's opportunity. In another moment she had reached the window, flung it wide open, and was in the act of springing out when Dick seized his musket and levelled it at her. But he could not find it in his heart to pull the trigger; nevertheless, hoping to frighten her, he cried: "Stop! stop! or I'll fire." But Sarah heeded not this terrible threat. Nay, it was scarcely uttered when she was up to her waist in snow.

Dick now quickly retraced his steps to the door, gave a loud

call for assistance, then followed after the fugitive. But Sarah was no ordinary girl, and before he could take the same leap which she had taken her figure had disappeared in the blinding snow-storm.

The old clock in the Cobwebs had struck midnight when Josiah Pennington and his comrades got back from their expedition across the river. The tavern-keeper had left orders to have a rousing fire kept up during his absence, and now the whole party, being very cold and hungry, were glad to huddle about the spacious hearthstone and to drink and make merry. Pennington alone held aloof, with arms folded, and gazing vacantly at the sparks flying upward into the sooty, cavernous chimney.

"Well, Donner und Blitz! Mr. Pennington, it was a saucy thing what we did," spoke Major von Doodle, a pursy, apoplectic-looking Hessian officer with a glass eye, and whose face was disfigured by a couple of sabre-cuts. Then, addressing the seven natives of Trenton whom he and the publican had led in this daring raid, "And I guess," he added, "that the Continentals won't despise you Tories so much after to-night."

"But my daughter! my daughter!" groaned the tavern-keeper. "Oh! I blush to think that we left her in the hands of the enemy. Why, she is worth a thousand times as much as yon bags of coin." "What say you?" ejaculated the indignant major, his red face waxing redder. "I tell you Miss Sarah is worth all the gold in the wide world; and I bet a whole year's pay that she'll turn up safe and sound afore long. Why, the Cobwebs couldn't get on without Miss Sarah."

"I wonder what business called her over to the rebel camp?" inquired one of the Tories.

"It is not your business to ask that question," growled Pennington, laying his hand upon the heavy iron poker; whereupon the other did not repeat the query. "She is a trump and above all suspicion," put in Von Doodle.

"I guess the Cobwebs would lose half its charms for somebody if the gal did not return," spoke another of the Tories, with a grin and a wink.

"Well, yes; that is true," acknowledged the major. "I do love Sarah Pennington, even if I am a high-born noble with a Von before my name. And I don't care if Lord Cornwallis finds it out. I'll tell him to his face that I love her."

When the laughter which followed this frank declaration of feeling had subsided another armful of hickory was thrown upon

the fire, after which the bluff, jovial, gallant Von Doodle leaned back in the roomy arm-chair, and, with his pipe still dangling from his lips, was ere long in the land of dreams. And the one about whom he dreamt was worthy indeed of the praise which he had bestowed upon her. The inn would certainly not have prospered as it did without Sarah. In Trenton town she was by all odds the most popular young woman, and it was she who had given her father's hostelry its quaint name; for albeit extremely tidy in most things and fond of plying her broom wherever there was dust and dirt, yet if in any nook or corner she discovered a spider's nest, instead of sweeping it away she allowed the home-loving, useful insect to live and prosper? until in the course of time the large chamber where the guests assembled was thickly lined with spiders' webs of various densities, which Sarah kept neatly trimmed with her scissors.

As the major had prophesied, the missing one got home safe and sound, thanks to the warm overcoat in which Corporal Hubbard had enveloped her, and to her strong arms, which, unaided, had ferried her skiff across the icy Delaware.

It was just dawn when Sarah glided into the house by a side entrance. But her father's vigilant ear had heard her footsteps, and, hastening to meet her, Josiah Pennington embraced her more cordially than he had done in several years. "My daughter," he said, "you can't imagine how anxious I have been about you. I have called myself a coward a hundred times over for having allowed you to be taken captive." "Well, father dear," returned Sarah, as he helped her to draw off the weighty, snow-bound coat, "I, too, am overjoyed to be home once more. I escaped through my prison window, and, thanks to the storm, they could not tell which direction I took." Then, clasping his cheeks between both her palms, "And now," she added, "I wish you to restore every dollar of the money which you took from the American camp—every dollar." "Oh! ask me anything but that, Sarah—anything but that," answered the publican. "You know that there is a heavy mortgage on the Cobwebs, which must shortly be paid off—it must. Moreover, to supply the rebels with money is only to prolong this wicked strife. No, no, don't ask me to give back the gold and silver which I risked my life to obtain. It is all mine now, after paying the men who helped me get it and giving something to Von Doodle. Then when our property is clear of encumbrance I shall breathe freely once more and make you a handsome present."

"No, no, give back every dollar," pleaded Sarah. "If you love me give it all back." "I have said my say," replied Pennington gruffly, and knitting his brow. "Now, child, roil me not; keep me in good-humor, if you can. And let me observe that but for the joy which I feel at your return I should at this moment be in a towering passion." "Pray, why? Do not the bags contain as much loot as you expected?" asked Sarah innocently. "Confound you!" thundered the tavern-keeper. "What induced you to visit the American camp all by yourself? What secret business called you into the rebel Washington's presence last evening?" Sarah made no response. To have breathed a single word in excuse would only have added fuel to her father's rising temper; and she knew too well how violent it was.

"Well, father, how is the sick girl?" she inquired presently. "Ha! that's a good way to evade my question," said the other. Then, after a jeering laugh, he added: "I don't know how she is; better go see for yourself." Sarah now withdrew to her room for a brief space, after which she entered on tiptoe another apartment adjoining her own. There, in an old-fashioned feather bed draped with heavy red curtains, lay a young woman of about the same age as herself, whose wan, hollow cheeks told that she had suffered much; nor had the fever yet abated. "You are always beside me," murmured Charity Pine in a feeble voice, and extending her thin, parched hand toward Sarah. "And if I ever get over my wearisome illness, after the good God, it will be you whom I shall have to thank—you, my patient nurse."

"Well, I have not been with you a single moment since sundown; therefore do not praise me," answered Sarah, clasping her hand.

"Indeed! Why, I fancied that I saw you very often peeping at me through the curtains," pursued Charity. "Pray, where have you been?"

"To the camp of the patriots beyond the river."

"Really? What a daring girl you are! But what will your father say? Will he not eat you up if he finds it out?" "He knows it already," said Sarah. "And verily it has been a night of adventure for me."

"Indeed! Well, tell me all about it. Do!" said Charity.

"I fear that it might excite you over-much."

"No, no, it will not. I am anxious to learn as much as possible about our brave soldier-boys," continued the other. "For, although I did not reveal it to you before, you must know that I am betrothed to a young man named Richard Hubbard, from

Lexington, Massachusetts, and who shortly before the Bunker Hill fight joined our army. Who knows?—he may be in the very camp which you have been visiting." "You his betrothed!—you, Charity Pine, of Concord!" exclaimed Sarah inwardly, while the color fled from her cheeks. Then aloud she said, after a short, painful pause: "Well, yes, I met Mr. Hubbard a few hours ago."

"Did you? Oh! tell me how he is. How is my beloved Dick?" And as Charity spoke she pressed her hot lips to Sarah's hand.

"He never looked better in his life," answered the latter. "The Lord be thanked!" ejaculated Charity. Here she breathed a short but fervent prayer, after which she added: "So you knew my Dick? You had met him before?"

"Yes," answered Sarah in a low tone—too low for the other to hear. "Oh! how fortunate it was," pursued Charity—"how fortunate it was, when I was in search of my lover to bring him some Christmas gifts, that I fell ill under this hospitable roof instead of under the roof of some cold-hearted being, who would never have given me tidings of my Dick as you have done." Then, jerking one of poor Sarah's fingers, she went on: "But tell me, dear friend, what are you gazing at so intently? Why do you turn your face away?"

"I am admiring the flag which I finished yesterday," replied Sarah in broken accents, and still keeping her tearful eyes fixed upon a beautiful star-spangled banner hanging overhead. But it was impossible to suppress her grief; it presently escaped in a loud sob, which caused Charity to twitch her sleeve and say: "Pray, what is the matter? Has your father been scolding you for making that banner or for visiting the patriot army?" "Alas! how I wish that my dear mother were alive; she might bring me consolation," murmured Sarah.

"Ah! you are thinking of your mother," said Charity. "Well, she must indeed have been a rare woman to have been your mother. But never mind. I hope ere long that you may meet some worthy, patriotic youth, who will love you and give you another home. Ay, I will henceforth pray morning and evening that you may become affianced to a brave, manly fellow like my Dick."

"May the Almighty protect him!" exclaimed Sarah inwardly. She trembled to think of what might happen to her sometime lover, who would doubtless be severely punished for having let her escape. "I must save him," she said to herself. "But

how—how?" Then, while Charity kept watching her with wondering, feverish eyes, Sarah all of a sudden rose to her feet, and, clapping her hands, "Yes, yes," she cried, "that is what I'll do! Verily, it is an inspiration—an inspiration!"

"My faithful friend," said Charity, in alarm, "do tell me what ails you. Have your wits left you? What mean those words?"

"I was never saner in my life," replied Sarah, now smiling through her tears. "But what I mean must remain a mystery, for a brief space at least. Of one thing, however, be assured—you will yet present to your betrothed the Christmas gifts which you have brought for him all the way from distant Concord." At these words a smile lit up Charity's haggard visage, while Sarah, putting her finger to her lips, added: "Now let us be quiet; we have talked enough. Try to fall asleep; I will come back by and by."

But, as we may imagine, the fever had been increased, not lessened, by the above conversation, and now it was impossible for Charity to close her eyes; she turned restlessly from side to side, muttering the name of her lover.

Sarah had scarcely left the room when she came face to face with Major von Doodle, who vigorously grasped her wrists. His glass eye was staring hard at her, while the other eye was bursting out of its socket with delight. Ever since he had first met Sarah, three weeks ago, he had felt a great admiration for her. Hessian though he was, he could not help admiring her pluck, her outspokenness in the cause of independence. Even Sarah's harsh Tory father had not been able to bend her, to make her say, "God save the king!" Moreover, she was a tall, graceful girl with a bold Roman nose—it may have been a trifle too long—and with deep-set, mysterious gray eyes which made her admirer wonder what she was thinking of whenever he saw her looking at him. But if Sarah was brave and able to ride and to manage a boat, she was likewise good. Instead of gadding about in quest of silly gossip, like other young women, she faithfully attended to her household duties, and in the evenings was fond of reading the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*. So that whatever the major's lapses and failings—and he was by no means a saint—it spoke well for his judgment and common sense that he was able to appreciate Sarah Pennington's excellent qualities. "Your eyes are red; you have been crying," he said, after he had done shaking her wrists. "Well, well, the old man is wroth at you for doing what you did, and he has been scolding you. But, Don-

ner und Blitz! I'll take your part. Only, mind, don't pay any more visits to the rebel camp."

"I will go there as often as duty to my country calls me," answered Sarah. Then, dropping her voice, "But I would never cross the river to do what you and father did last evening. That was shameful!" "O Miss Sarah! Miss Sarah!"—here Von Doodle fell on his knees. But Sarah would not wait to hear him out; she hurried to her own apartment to seek the rest which she so much needed.

On the morrow, which was the third day before Christmas, Sarah made as careful an inspection of the Hessian quarters in Trenton as it was possible for a girl to make, and satisfied herself that, if the foreign mercenaries were better supplied with rations and raiment than the Continentals, they were yet pretty poor in pocket and were looking forward to anything but a merry Christmas. During her absence Von Doodle, who knew Sarah's weak point—and who has not a weak point?—called on an aid-de-camp of Cornwallis, a particular friend of his, and from him procured a paper of choicest sugar-plums. These he offered to her as soon as she got back; and although Sarah hesitated a moment, for he had already made her half a dozen presents, she finally accepted them and at the same time thrust her little finger through his button-hole and looked so archly at him that Von Doodle was sorely tempted to ask her on the spot a certain very momentous question. "I wish you to do something for me," began Sarah. "I will stand on my head, if it be your pleasure," returned the major, smiling and lifting himself on tiptoes—for Sarah was a tall girl, while he was somewhat undersized. "Well, I am anxious that your poor soldiers should enjoy themselves on Christmas day," she continued. "But they have received no pay in several months; and no pay, no fun, you know."

"True! true!" said the major, pressing in his false eye, which occasionally dropped out. "But they may have a glorious holiday," went on Sarah, "if you will only distribute among them the gold and silver which you helped to bring over yesterday from the American camp. True, it does not belong to me nor to you; it is all booty stolen from the patriots. But, as I am sure that my father will never consent to give it back, I prefer to see it go toward making your own misguided men happy."

"What a kind, what a golden heart you have!" exclaimed the major, grinning. "Perhaps it is because you eat so many sugar-plums that you are so sweet." "Do not joke," said Sarah. "Tell me at once if you are willing to do as I request." "Oh!

but, Miss Sarah, what will your father say? He will kill me," said Von Doodle. "I will brave his wrath," replied Sarah; "no harm shall come to you." "And you will be grateful to me if I obey—very grateful?" said Von Doodle. "I shall owe you more thanks than tongue can express," answered Sarah. "Then it shall be done," said the major, coming down upon his heels with such force that it disturbed the invalid in the chamber near by.

As we may imagine, the tavern-keeper was beside himself with rage when he discovered on the morrow morning that the coin which he had so carefully hidden up the chimney had disappeared. Von Doodle he did not for a moment suspect of being the thief; much less did he suspect his own daughter. But he loaded his blunderbuss and swore that if he could find a certain pedlar who had spent the night by the fireplace, making believe sleep, that he would shoot him dead. And for several hours Pennington roamed through the town in quest of him.

At last Christmas eve arrived. And Sarah, although she had passed a sleepless night by the bedside of Charity Pine, looked as fresh this morning as a rose in June. Indeed, her father stopped his oaths when she appeared, and complimented her on her brilliant color; while the major drew her aside and whispered: "My sugar-plum, I have distributed every dollar according to your wishes, and to-morrow will be the merriest Christmas our soldiers have ever had."

This speech caused Sarah's heart to throb faster and the flush on her cheek to deepen; ay, her excitement was intense, for she was about to do something which would pass into history.

During the greater part of this feverish day Sarah was busy indoors, and never before had the old tavern looked so green and Christmas-like. Branches of hemlock and cedar and strips of wild ivy were festooned along the walls, while here and there patches of cobwebs were allowed to peep through the cheery vista of green. And in this festal work Sarah's one-eyed admirer lent a willing hand.

But every half-hour she would pay a visit to her sick friend, whose mind occasionally wandered, and then Charity fancied that she beheld her dear Dick standing beside her. During one of Sarah's frequent visits the other said in a low but earnest tone: "O my faithful nurse! if I were to die what would become of Dick? Would he stay true to my memory? Would he go alone through life, loving me always?" Then, falling back on the pillow, she began to talk incoherently about her far-off home in

Massachusetts, which she believed that she would never see again. Sarah, bending over her, tried by soothing words to rouse her from her despondency. But in vain. "No, no, I am going to die," answered Charity. "And when I die what will become of Dick? Tell me what will become of Dick?" Without making any response Sarah fled out of the room.

"What troubles my sugar-plum? What agitates my admirable Sarah?" exclaimed Major von Doodle, meeting her now, as more than once before, with outstretched arms. But she did not speak. She gazed on him in silence for more than a minute; then, observing by the difference between his glass eye and the other eye that he had been imbibing somewhat too freely, "Major," she said, "I owe you many thanks for your kindness to me and my father since you have made the Cobwebs your headquarters. You are a good man, major; but if you would only grant me one favor you would be ten times better." "Donner und Blitz! I'll jump over the moon, if it be your pleasure," said Von Doodle. "Do be serious," said Sarah, brushing away a tear and trying hard not to smile, for he looked so comical. "As serious as a judge," answered the major. "Well, you know," she went on, "that you have a weakness for Madeira and eggnog." "And who makes the best eggnog in the world, eh?" interrupted Von Doodle, grinning. Sarah gave him a gentle stroke on his bushy whiskers, then continued: "Now, major, drinking is bad for you: it hinders promotion; therefore be a man, a strong man, and firmly resolve from this time forth never to drink another drop of eggnog or Madeira." The major reflected a couple of minutes before he answered; then, with a truly grave expression, "Alas!" he said, "I fear that what you ask of me I cannot grant. Our stay on earth is short—too short—and I must make the most of this life, for I shall never pass this way again." "You pain me," said Sarah, who, despite his faults, could not help liking the major, he was so gallant. "Well, I am going to make you a Christmas present that will make up for the pain I am now giving you," said Von Doodle: "a very big Christmas present—so big that you will not be able to hold it in both hands."

Sarah, bright as she was, did not guess what he meant. Then, as she turned and walked sadly, silently away, he chuckled and murmured to himself: "Mrs. Sarah von Doodle—what a pretty name it will be! And how the fat, homely girls of Hesse-Darmstadt will envy my lithe and lovely American wife!"

When evening came round, and when all the lamps had been

lit, Sarah glided out of the house unseen and carrying under her arm a most precious heirloom. It was a family Bible which had crossed the ocean in the *Mayflower*, and in the wide world there was nothing that she treasured more. The river was exceedingly difficult to cross, owing to the great quantity of ice, and, moreover, it was dark and bitter cold. But the skiff was strong, Sarah's heart undaunted, and in less than an hour she found herself once more in the presence of General Washington.

We need not say that the latter was greatly surprised to see her. As on the occasion of her first visit, several bags of coin were lying on the floor; for Robert Morris had wasted not a day in replacing the treasure which had been lost, and the great financier himself was again seated by the side of Washington.

"No, no," spoke the general, after Sarah had whispered something in his ear. "My friend here may be trusted; let Mr. Morris remain and hear what you have to communicate." But before she proceeded to unfold her plans she looked cautiously around, as if she feared lest others might be listening, then went on to speak in a very low voice. What Sarah said we may not tell; but her concluding words were these: "If, however, you doubt my patriotism, if you still believe that I am a spy, then here is an old Bible which belonged to my mother and to her mother's mother; I value it beyond language to express. Keep it as a pledge of my sincerity."

"Nay, truth is stamped upon your countenance," answered Washington, who had been eyeing her closely. "I did wrong ever to suspect you. Retain this precious book, and a brief time will show how far I am willing to carry out the important move which you have suggested."

"Glory will come of it," said Sarah, her eyes flashing fire; "ay, glory, and perhaps independence." Then, her expression suddenly changing, "But now, ere I depart," she added, "let me inquire after the young soldier who was placed over me as jailer, and from whom I so adroitly escaped. I have been most anxious about him."

"He is in irons, and severe indeed would have been his punishment had you not come this evening and dispelled my doubts," replied Washington. "But now I am convinced that you are both true Americans, and I shall immediately give orders for Corporal Hubbard's release."

"Well, this is Christmas time," said Sarah. "May I be so bold, sir, as to ask of you a Christmas gift?" "To be sure you may," answered the general, not a little surprised, and thinking

what an odd girl she was. "Well, promote Corporal Hubbard; let that be my Christmas gift."

"You seem to take a great interest in his welfare," pursued Washington, smiling, while Sarah's eyes fell to the floor and the vision of a thousand might-have-beens passed before her. "However, I forbear to ask any delicate questions. I know that your friend is an intelligent non-commissioned officer, and when he is promoted he will doubtless prove worthy of the interest which you take in him." Sarah was now about to withdraw when the general urged her to tarry a few minutes longer and drink a dish of tea. "Not one girl in ten thousand," he said, "has the strength and the pluck to do what you have done in midwinter and on such a dark night. A dish of tea is little enough refreshment ere you start homeward."

Sarah accepted the invitation, and had just finished drinking the cheering beverage when the door opened, and who should appear but Dick Hubbard!

The bright glow at once faded from her cheeks, and when presently he advanced toward her with outstretched hand she turned, whispered something to Washington, then hurriedly quitted the house without even throwing him a glance.

The Cobwebs was a pretty old inn, and had been the scene of many a revelry. But never since its foundation-stone was laid had it known a holiday like the Christmas of 1776. Major von Doodle before the hour of noon was beside himself with hilarity; he sang, and tossed off bumper after bumper, and did his best to coax Sarah into a corner where he might breathe in her ear some burning words. But she always managed to elude him. She was either with Charity Pine or else in the midst of a group of merrymakers, so that he did not get a single favorable opportunity to offer himself in marriage; for his own noble, titled self was the gigantic Christmas gift of which he had spoken to her the day before. But Von Doodle threw his Dulcinea many a kiss from a distance; and once, when Sarah shook her head as he filled his goblet with wine for the seventh time, he cried out: "My sugar-plum! my sweetest sugar-plum! I must make the most of this life, for I shall never pass this way again!"

Nor did the din of the carousal disturb Charity, whose illness had suddenly taken a favorable turn, and she told Sarah that she believed the Almighty had listened to her prayers and that she was going to live.

But not only in the Cobwebs were the Hessian soldiers having a jovial feast-day. Thanks to the money which the major had

distributed among them, every place of public entertainment in Trenton was thronged; more than a thousand plum-puddings were devoured, gallons of precious wine and eggnog were drunk, and even Colonel Rahl, the Hessian commander, imbibed, it is said, somewhat more than was good for him.

When night approached the fun, instead of coming to an end, waxed faster and more furious, while louder howled the wind outside and deeper fell the snow. Of the hundred pickets whose duty it was, despite the tempest, to keep a bright lookout for the enemy, there was not one who did not cast a wistful eye toward the Cobwebs, whose windows were flaming in the firelight, and sigh to be there drinking "God save the king!"

"What aileth you, Sarah?" inquired Josiah Pennington toward five o'clock the next morning—for the revel had been kept up all night. "Your face looks burning red and you are trembling. Has this long-protracted frolic thrown you into a fever?"

"O father! I wish that Charity Pine could be moved somewhere else; there is danger here for her as well as for you," replied Sarah, with an air of alarm, and pressing her hand upon her throbbing brow.

"Danger! What mean you?" said the publican. "Speak! What mean your mysterious words?" He had scarcely put the question when the tavern-door flew open and a loud, startling voice cried out: "To arms! To arms! Washington is crossing the Delaware!"

"Donner und Blitz!" ejaculated the dumbfounded Major von Doodle, letting his goblet fall and rubbing his eyes. "Donner und Blitz! Donner und Blitz!" But this was all he said; at least this was all that could be heard amid the uproar which followed the unexpected call to arms. Presently a cannon boomed; then another and another. On came the Continentals in two divisions, one led by General Sullivan, the other by General Greene. Through the deep snow they tramped; like a long line of ghosts they seemed in the dim December twilight. What could the unfortunate Hessian leader do? Verily, it was a heartrending surprise for this brave officer. Well, history relates that Colonel Rahl did his utmost to rouse his men from the stupor into which they had fallen after their Christmas carouse; and with the words, "All who are my grenadiers, forward!" he sank to the ground mortally wounded.

In the wild confusion which prevailed Von Doodle's false eye dropped out and was lost in the snow. But, without halting to

look for it, he waved his sword and tottered in the direction of a stone wall which stood about forty paces from the tavern, falling thrice on the way and crying in husky accents: "Donner und Blitz! Where is my horse? Where is my horse?"

"'Tis perhaps well, poor major, that you are not sober, or you would go and get yourself killed," thought Sarah Pennington, as she hastened after him, carrying his saddle on her shoulder, which presently she flung across the stone wall. Then, seizing her noble cavalier firmly by the arm, she assisted him to mount.

Once in the saddle and holding in his left hand a star-spangled banner—which he could have sworn was the cross of St. George—the doughty warrior dug his spurs deep into the jagged stones and shouted and cried: "Donner und Blitz! Charge! Charge! God save the king!"

Many years after the battle of Trenton three persons were seated beneath a broad-spreading elm on the banks of the Susquehanna, talking about the memorable Christmas of 1776. "That victory did more than anything else to rouse the people from despondency," spoke Mrs. Hubbard. "But my precious wife had a very narrow escape from death on that day," answered Farmer Hubbard, patting Charity's sunburnt hand.

"Dear Sarah Pennington!" continued the latter. "'Twill be long ere this world sees her like again. How tenderly she folded me in a blanket, and, despite the ghastly wound from which her life-blood was streaming, carried me out of the burning building to a place of safety!" "Sarah was indeed a heroine," said the farmer; "and but for her I should not have had you with me now under this elm-tree."

"Well, the very last word she breathed was your name," pursued Mrs. Hubbard. "'Love Dick,' she murmured to me. 'Be faithful to him ever and ever. Dear Dick!' Then she bowed her head on my breast and never spoke again." "Was it ever known how she received her fatal wound?" inquired the third person of the group—an old gentleman, in threadbare clothes, who sat beside the farmer's wife. "It was said that her own father struck her," answered Mrs. Hubbard. "And, horrible though this be, it may be true; for Josiah Pennington was a bitter Tory, he had an ungovernable temper, and if—as was said—he discovered that she had assisted Washington in that great surprise of the enemy, then it is not impossible that he may have wreaked vengeance even on his own daughter." "It is well

that the Cobwebs was burnt, that not a stone was left upon a stone, after witnessing such a deed," said the old gentleman, who was no other than Robert Morris. Once ever so rich, he had refused his country never a dollar in the darkest hour of her struggle for independence. But now in his old age his immense fortune was all gone, nobody in all the land was poorer than he, and, after being incarcerated awhile in the debtors' prison, Robert Morris had come to pass a few days under Farmer Hubbard's hospitable roof. But presently his careworn visage brightened at the sight of two young men who came and laid their axes at his feet, then asked him to tell them a story of the Revolution. This request made his dim eyes kindle anew, and he went on to relate a thrilling tale, in which he introduced Washington crossing the Delaware in midwinter, routing the Hessians, and alarming Cornwallis; and when he concluded, Charity's sons cried out at one breath: "O mother! mother! how I wish that I had lived in the days of '76."

A TRUE MONK—THE VENERABLE BEDE.

To the student of history there is always an unaccountable and inexplicable fascination about those old English cathedrals and monasteries whose defaced interiors stand as a protest against the vandalism of the sixteenth century, and whose ivy-grown exteriors show that grim Time has dealt more gently with the works of man than has man himself. There is something mysterious about these grand old piles, and with them in our minds there is always associated something of the marvellous. Nor are we much astray in thus bringing together the marvellous of imagination with the wonderful in building, for within these old ruins were centred at different epochs all of England's greatest saints and scholars. If the very walls speak to us now so plainly, and are even yet centres of interest to scholars, how much louder must they have preached and how much more interesting must they have been when re-echoing the voices of the hundreds and thousands of beings who daily and hourly chanted the praises of their Creator! It is true the pseudo-historians of the past century have sought to bring discredit on the occupants of these venerable institutions by assertions based on prejudice and hatred, and by accusations

which have not been able to stand the test of historic investigation; but that day is past. The researches of learned and trusty men have vindicated the character of the early monks from the aspersions cast upon them, and have satisfactorily proved to the intelligent world that the monks, instead of being the lazy, dissipated persons so often represented in caricature, were in reality the learned and scientific men of their time. Their convents became storehouses for books, and their cowls a protection for learning. Then, too, when a mighty intellect arose, students flocked to him from all parts of the known world. His words were listened to with respect and reverence, were copied by loving scribes and sent to the various parts of the continent. Yet full oft when the lecturer had closed his instruction did he doff his doctor's cap and betake himself to the field, where with the humblest he divided the task of the farm labors. Such was the Venerable Bede, rivalling his brethren in humility, and in the practice of monastic virtues those whom he excelled in worldly knowledge and science.

"Born at the end of the Christian world," writes Montalembert, "and of a race which half a century before his birth was still plunged in the darkness of idolatry, this Anglo-Saxon at once reveals himself clothed in the fulness of all enlightenment known to his time. He was for England what Cassiodorus was for Italy and St. Isidore for Spain. But he had in addition an influence and echo beyond his own country which has been surpassed by none; his influence on Christendom was as rapid as it was extensive, and his works, which soon found a place in all the monastic libraries of the West, brought down his fame to the period of the Renaissance. He wrote at his pleasure in prose or verse, in Anglo-Saxon, in Latin, and in Greek. Astronomy, meteorology, physics, music, philosophy, geography, and arithmetic, besides theology, became at times the subjects of his various books, and thus he fairly won for himself the title given to him by Edmund Burke of 'the father of English learning.'"

Bede was born in the year 673 near Wearmouth. At the age of seven he was entrusted by his parents to the care of St. Benedict Biscop, who at that time was founding his celebrated monastery of Wearmouth. Never, perhaps, was name more appropriately conferred than was that of the child Bede. In Anglo-Saxon it means "prayer," and was thoroughly indicative of the spirit which guided its possessor. By St. Benedict, Bede was sent to Yarrow with a score of others to found the afterward celebrated monastery of that place, under the guidance of the saintly Ceolfrid. Shortly after its establishment, however, an epidemic broke out which carried off all the members of the community save the aged superior and the youthful novice,

Bede. With grieved hearts these clung closely to the rule of their founder, and met each day to chant in unison the divine office. Nor did they abandon their holy custom. For the ancient annals tell us that God, pleased with their fidelity to rule, sent them other holy souls to replace the ones whom death had snatched away. At the age of thirty he was ordained priest in the monastic chapel at Yarrow by St. John of Beverly. His remaining years he passed amid his brethren in his favorite monastery of Yarrow, never leaving it, save for the sake of obtaining greater knowledge or doing greater good.

Of course it may be a matter of great surprise to the many industrious members of Bible societies to learn that one of the greatest labors of Bede was his anxious endeavor to combat the ignorance and lukewarmness of the new Catholics of England by making them capable of reading and understanding the Bible:

"To bring to the level of all capacities the most approved explanations of obscure passages; to seek out with scrupulous care the mystic sense and spiritual use of biblical narratives; to go deeply into and to simplify that study of the sacred words which is so dear and so necessary to real piety; to draw from it the lessons, and especially the consolations, pointed out by St. Paul—such was the task of Bede. He gave himself up to it with a fervor which never relaxed; with a perseverance which consumed his nights and days; with touching and sincere modesty; with delicate precaution against the danger of being taken for a plagiarist (for he gave a synopsis of all the Fathers in his explanations); with a courage sometimes failing, yet ever springing up anew; and, in short, with a solidity and assurance of doctrine which have kept for him till the present time a place among the best authorized interpreters of the Catholic faith."

One of his greatest works, which he in his humility styled a pamphlet, was his *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation.* This it was which justly obtained for him the title of "Father of English History" and the "founder of history in the middle ages." His preface may well be contrasted with those of works of greater pretensions of our own times. Moreover, we fear that if the comparison were made it would not be in favor of the faith, or piety, or honesty of many historians whose works are a thousand times more known than are those of the Venerable Bede. In his preface he says: "I entreat all those of our nation who read this history, or hear it read, to recommend often to the divine clemency the infirmities of my body and of my soul. Let each man in his province, seeing the care which I have taken to note down everything that is memorable or agreeable for the inhabitants of each district, pay me back by praying for me." When he sent the first copy of his history to the friend who had

first suggested the idea of it to him, he wrote: "Dear and good father, beloved friend in Christ, remember, I beseech you, my weakness—you and all the servants of Christ who live with you; remember to intercede for me with the merciful Judge, and make all those who read my humble work do the same." In the preparation of his history Bede was much assisted by the learning and researches of the monk Albinus. Albinus furnished him with memoranda of all that had happened in Kent and the neighboring counties from the time of the missionaries under St. Augustine. He even despatched a priest from London to Rome to make researches among the archives of the Eternal City. All the bishops of England and the abbots and monks of the principal monasteries busied themselves in collecting information and data concerning the origin of their various establishments. The history is written in a clear, simple style, with more regard for truth than rhetoric. The greatest opponents of Catholic truth have looked in vain through its pages for a single narrative which they might condemn. How strangely different from the style of Gibbon, Hume, Smollett, or Froude, who by beauty of language and profusion of imagery seek to hide the truth or distort it!

Before his last illness Bede had completed forty-five volumes upon various subjects. He gives the list of these works himself, and then concludes with the following prayer: "O good Jesus! who hast deigned to refresh my soul with the streams of knowledge, grant to me that I may one day ascend to thee, who art the source of all wisdom, and remain for ever in thy divine presence."

Like all other great souls, Bede had his trials and difficulties. In his treatise on chronology he had ridiculed the idea then prevailing among the common people, and even asserted by some of the learned, that the world was to last only six thousand years. Again, he differed from other writers about the date of the birth of our Saviour. Popular opinion was excited against him because of these things, and by some he was even proclaimed a heretic. To one of his gentle disposition, and to one so careful in those troublous times to keep himself in perfect accord with Roman doctrines and practices, this was a severe blow. He grew pale, he says himself, with surprise and horror when he heard it. He became troubled and indignant. He wrote an apologetic letter to one of his monastic friends, and charged him to read it to Wilfred, Bishop of York, who, it appears, had allowed the calumny to be uttered at his table without rebuke. The orthodoxy of his writings has since been suitably vindicated

by the church, which has inserted several of his homilies in the divine office. One of his grandest letters, and one which can with advantage be studied by rulers of the nineteenth century, was written to Egbert, Bishop of York and brother of the king of Northumbria. It teems with sound advice against both spiritual and temporal abuses, gives many practical instructions for the suitable guidance of the people, and shows how, by the proper union of church and state, the happiness of nations may be promoted. It was thus that his life was passed in advancing the interests of his soul and instructing those under his charge. But Bede grew old, and death claimed him for its victim. Yet even in his last hours, as recorded by his faithful Cuthbert, has he given the world an example of how the servant of Jesus Christ can meet death without fear, with confidence. The history of his last days forms in itself a most pleasing episode, and the thanks of present ages are due to the saintly monk who so faithfully gave us the picture of the dying saint. I cannot do better than repeat his words:

"Nearly a fortnight before Easter he was seized with an extreme weakness in consequence of his difficulty of breathing, but without great pain. He continued thus until Ascension, always joyous and happy, giving thanks to God day and night, and even every hour of the night and day. He gave us our lessons daily, and employed the rest of his time in chanting psalms. . . . From the moment of awaking he resumed his prayers and praises to God, with his arms in the form of a cross. O happy man! He sang sometimes texts from St. Paul and other Scriptures, sometimes lines in our own language—for he was very able in English poetry. He also sang anthems according to his liturgy and ours—among others the following: 'O King of glory, who now hast mounted in triumph above the skies, leave us not like orphans, but send us the Spirit of truth promised to our fathers.' At the words *like orphans* he burst into tears. An hour after he repeated the same anthem, and we mingled our tears with his. . . . During all these days, in addition to the lessons which he gave us and the psalms which he sang with us, he undertook two pieces of work: a translation of the Gospel according to St. John into our English tongue, for the use of the church of God, and some extracts from Isidore of Seville. 'For,' said he, 'I would not have my children read lies, nor that after my death they should give themselves up to fruitless work.'" As his sickness advanced "he continued to dictate in good spirits, and sometimes added, 'Make haste to learn, for I know not how long I may remain with you, or if my Creator may call me shortly.' On the eve of the feast of the Ascension, at the first dawn of the morning, he desired that what had been commenced should be quickly finished, and we worked till the hour of tierce. Then we went to the procession with the relics of the saints, as the solemn occasion required. But one of us remained by him and said to him: 'Beloved father, there is still a chapter wanting; would it fatigue you to speak any more?' Bede answered: 'I am still able to speak. Take your pen, make

it, and write rapidly.' The other obeyed. . . . Towards the evening the disciple of whom I have already spoken said to him, 'Beloved master, there remains only one verse which is not written.' 'Write it, then, quickly,' he answered. The young man, having completed it, in a few minutes exclaimed: 'Now it is finished.' 'You say truly it is finished,' said Bede. 'Take my head in your arms (said the dying monk), and turn me, for I have great consolation in turning towards the holy place where I have prayed so much.' Lying in this position on the floor of his cell, he sang for the last time 'Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,' and gave up the spirit as he pronounced the last of these divine names."

The great saint, and great monk, and great historian was dead, and who will deny that even in death he was grander than the most renowned of worldly heroes or famous men? He seemed little in his own eyes, but God made him great, and has even wrung the praise of Bede from the mouths of those who, as far as his honor and glory are concerned, would much rather have been silent.

THE DECAY OF THE CELTIC LANGUAGES.

THE Celtic languages have probably been the most unfortunate of all forms of speech within the ken of history, unless we include some of the barbarous and extinct dialects of uncivilized men. Every dialect of Celtic speech is either dying or dead, with the single exception of the Welsh. The decay of Gaelic in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland has been so rapid as to appear almost miraculous. Cornish has been dead nearly a hundred years, and Breton is disappearing almost as fast before the Latinized tongue of Gaul, just as Gaelic is disappearing before the Anglo-Saxon of Great Britain. Though Welsh may be said to be holding its ground so far, there are nevertheless signs that it, too, is a doomed language, unless unforeseen political and social changes of the most extraordinary nature take place among the English-speaking peoples of the British Isles. Why the Welsh should have been able to preserve their language so far, with only an imaginary line between them and England, and why the Irish should not have succeeded in withstanding the encroachments of Saxon speech, with thirty leagues of a stormy sea between them and their successful foes, is a puzzle connected with the Celtic languages which the writer confesses himself unable fully to explain.

Whatever cause or causes led to the decay of Gaelic in Ire-

land, there can be no doubt whatever as to the startling rapidity with which it has disappeared from almost the entire island. At the beginning of the present century Gaelic was spoken in every county in Ireland; it was, in fact, the speech of the people throughout, and it held its own within the strongholds of Protestantism even. In the year 1800 there were only two cities in Ireland where a knowledge of the Irish language was not an absolute necessity in a business point of view; these were Dublin and Belfast. In every other large town in the kingdom the retail trader was obliged to speak Gaelic, because by far the larger part of his customers could speak nothing else. The unpublished letters of two of the greatest Celtic scholars of the century, John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry, contain many remarkable facts about the extraordinary rapidity with which Gaelic has disappeared as a spoken language in most parts of Ireland. These two gentlemen were employed on Griffith's Survey of Ireland, and some thirty or forty volumes of their unpublished letters are to be seen in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. One of Mr. O'Curry's letters contains a remarkable reference to the use of the Gaelic language in the immediate vicinity of Dublin at a recent date. He relates that in the year 1837 he found in Glenasmole, within five miles of Dublin, a family of elderly people who spoke Gaelic fluently. He asked if they had acquired the language from their parents, and they answered that they had, and that when they were young Gaelic was the language of the locality, and that English was never heard but from natives of Dublin or from Dublin carmen. Mr. O'Curry adds that the two persons who gave him the information were not more than fifty-five years old; so that "when they were young" could not have been much earlier than the year 1800, and the Gaelic language was at that time spoken almost within earshot of Dublin Castle. The old language may be said to be dead at present in the province of Leinster; it lingers amongst the old people in the extreme south of the county of Kilkenny, and in the northeast corner of the county of Louth and the northern part of Meath; but it has disappeared from every other part of the province. For many years previous to the famine of 1847 the Shannon formed the boundary line between English and Gaelic; but the English language is no longer bounded by the Shannon, and has pushed back Gaelic into the western parts of Mayo and Galway, almost the only places in the province of Connaught where Gaelic is now the current speech of the peasantry. In Munster Gaelic has almost entirely disappeared from the counties of Limerick and Tippe-

rary, and is only partially spoken in the other four counties of that province. In Ulster it is spoken in the counties of Donegal, Monaghan, and Cavan, and is confined to a very limited area in the two latter. The total number of persons speaking Gaelic in Ireland is about three-quarters of a million.

The disappearance of Gaelic has been almost as rapid and as extraordinary in Scotland as in Ireland; we say Scotland, for it is an erroneous idea to suppose that Gaelic was not the current language of all Scotland at one time. It may be difficult to prove the exact date at which Gaelic ceased to be the current speech of the Scottish Lowlands, but that it once was such there can be no reasonable doubt. To this day the nomenclature of the Lowlands is very nearly as Celtic as that of the Highlands; in fact, it is only in the counties of Haddington, Peebles, Berwick, and Selkirk that Saxon nomenclature is more general than Celtic, and the probabilities are that the preponderance of Saxon names of places in the extreme southeast of Scotland dates from the Norman Conquest only, when the marriage of a Saxon princess with the Scottish king introduced the Saxon language beyond the Border.

Like the Shannon in Ireland, the Grampians in Scotland for many generations formed the boundary line between Gaelic and English; but English passed the barrier of the Grampians long ago, and is rapidly pushing back Gaelic into the mountain fastnesses of western Argyle, Inverness, and Ross-shire. In fact, there are very few districts even in the northern and western Highlands, except the Hebrides, where Gaelic is the current speech of the peasantry at present. By the last census (1880) the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland is put down at nearly four hundred thousand; but that includes all those who are even partially acquainted with the language, and it is estimated that the number of those who speak Gaelic exclusively is not more than one hundred thousand.

The principality of Wales, however, makes a much better figure than either Ireland or Scotland in the matter of national language. The perseverance and wholeheartedness with which the Welsh have stuck to their language is beyond all praise, and affords one of the most curious and interesting linguistic spectacles of modern times. No one who has not travelled in Wales can be fully aware of the strong hold which the national language has on the people. Separated from England by no geographical barrier, brought into daily intercourse with people who speak English and nothing else, with hardly any political or re-

ligious differences between them and the English, the Welsh so far do not seem to have yielded one inch in the matter of language since the days of Owen Glendower. Except in two or three of the extreme eastern counties of the principality, Welsh is at least as much the language of the people as English is the language of New York. Not only is Welsh the language which one hears in Wales; it is also the language one *sees*, for fully three-fourths of all the newspapers and periodicals published in that country are in Welsh, and there is hardly a bookstore in Wales where the number of English books for sale is not more than quadrupled by those in the national language. A large proportion of the popular English books have been translated into Welsh, including the works of Dickens and those of most of the well-known English writers on theology and popular science.

If the Welsh were a radically different race from the Irish and the Scotch we could easily understand why they have stuck to their language with such devotion, and why the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland have been in such hot haste to get rid of theirs; but if philological researches have ever proved anything they have proved that Welsh and Gaelic have had the same origin. It is true that at present the difference between Welsh and Gaelic is very great—so great as to preclude the possibility of Gaels and Welshmen understanding one another through the medium of their respective languages; but most of the differences between Gaelic and Welsh are apparent rather than real. The Welsh have long ago reduced their language to a phonetic system of spelling, and have invented, not an alphabet—for they use the Roman letters—but certain combinations of consonants and vowels which amount very nearly to the same thing as the invention of an entirely new alphabet. This makes the appearance of Welsh and Gaelic as different as possible, and has certainly helped to widen whatever slight original divergence might have existed between them. O'Donovan says in his Gaelic grammar that, judging from the slight difference which exists between Irish and Scotch Gaelic, and taking into consideration the length of time that has elapsed since the Gaelic literature of Scotland began to show sectional and national differences from that of what might be termed the mother-country, the separation of Welsh from Gaelic cannot have taken place much before the second or third century.

The great distinguishing feature of all Celtic languages, and the one probably to which they owe the greater part of their misfortunes, is the change of the initial consonant in certain grammatical positions. This peculiarity, while giving wonder-

ful richness of sound to the languages and eminently adapting them for poetry, is nevertheless such a tax on the memory and throws such difficulties in the way of the learner that it is hardly to be wondered at that men very soon became weary of trying to master such linguistic difficulties and adopted the more simple speech of their conquerors. Celtic grammar is certainly very difficult, and the majority of mankind will in most cases learn a simple language like English in preference to difficult ones like Gaelic and Welsh, no matter how poetic, expressive, or beautiful they may be. There can hardly be a doubt that Latin would have survived the fall of the political power of Rome, and would have been adopted by the barbarians as their current speech, had it not been of such a complex and difficult grammatical structure. Rude and ignorant men could hardly be expected to remember the numerous inflections of Latin. That the difficulty of acquiring Latin, especially by the uneducated barbarians who overwhelmed the Roman Empire, was one cause of its decadence as a spoken language there can hardly be a doubt; for the fact of all the languages that were formed from Latin being so much more simple in their construction than Latin proves that the majority of mankind prefer a simple to a complex form of speech. One of the principal difficulties of Latin was its noun-inflections; and it is a very curious fact that almost all the languages that have been formed from it are wholly without inflections of nouns. No noun changes its termination to express case in French, Spanish, or Portuguese, and it looks as if the natives of France, Spain, and Portugal had simultaneously come to the determination to do away for ever with that particular difficulty which had given them so much trouble in the language of their conquerors.

The student of Celtic has not only a system of case-endings as complex as those of the Latin to contend against, but he has the still more difficult task of learning the rules which govern the system that changes the initial consonants of nouns, adjectives, verbs, and pronouns. These rules are certainly most interesting and philosophic, and are of great importance to the philologist, but few, we fear, will be found to possess patience and perseverance enough to master them. The changes made by *aspiration* and *eclipsis* in the initials of words and by inflection in the terminations are together often so great as to render the word thus varied scarcely recognizable except to an expert in the language. One unacquainted with the language could scarcely believe that *bhean*, *mhnaoi*, and *mnaoi* were simply inflections of *bean*, a woman, or that *buin*, *mbuin*, and *bhuin* were inflections of *bo*, a cow. Here we have not only change of the initial

letters, caused by eclipsis and aspiration; we have also a change in the terminations to denote case. All nouns in Gaelic are not so irregular as the two given, which may be said to be heteroclites; but the change that is made in even the most regularly declined nouns by eclipses, aspiration, and termination is generally very great, and more than enough to deter any but the most hard-working and persevering student. Gaelic verbs do not offer nearly so great difficulties to the student as do nouns; the verbs would be very simple, were it not for the fact that they have all a double form of conjugation—one with the pronoun, called the *analytic;* the other with the pronoun embodied in the termination, called the *synthetic.* The most difficult and curious part of the synthetic form is that the terminations expressing the persons change with every mood and tense. A few examples will illustrate this: as, *ceilim*, I conceal; *cheileas*, I concealed; *ceilfead*, I will conceal; *cheilfinn*, I would conceal. Here we have the pronoun *I* embodied in four terminations which are entirely dissimilar.* The analytic form of conjugating *ceil*, conceal, is much the simpler—as, *ceil me*, I conceal; *cheil me*, I concealed; *ceilfidh me*, I will conceal; *cheilfeadh me*, I would conceal. This double form of conjugation gives great richness and ductility to the language, but it must be confessed that the student finds the mastery of it no easy matter.

There can hardly be a doubt but that the difficulty of acquiring the Celtic languages has been one cause of their misfortune and decay; and this is further proved by the fact that the simplest of them—the Welsh—has by far the most vitality in it, and, judging from present appearances, seems destined to flourish when the Gaelic of Ireland and Scotland shall have passed away. It must, however, be admitted that the most complex form of speech will flourish when sustained by political power, and that the easiest and simplest will languish and die under political oppression; but, everything else being equal, it will be found that simplicity of construction is almost a fundamental necessity for the perpetuation of a language.

The amount of untranslated matter in the Gaelic branch of the Celtic is much greater than is generally supposed, and it cannot be doubted that the literary activity of the Irish was very great in the middle ages. Whatever doubts may exist as to the quality of ancient Irish literature, there can be none as to its quantity. There are nearly a thousand volumes of untranslated Gaelic manuscripts in the library of the Royal Irish Academy

* This is not a mere omission of the pronoun, as in Latin; we cannot say *ceilim me* or *cheileas me*, for the pronouns are included in the terminations of the verbs.

in Dublin; these are mostly compositions of comparatively modern times, and few of them are older than the fifteenth century. There are, however, an immense number of untranslated Gaelic manuscripts in the libraries of Great Britain and the Continent of a much more ancient date. Mr. O'Curry's admirable work, *Manuscript Materials of Irish History*, gives an exhaustive account of the very large quantity of ancient Gaelic writings yet in existence; but if the national language of Ireland and Scotland had no monuments but what are contained in the "Six Great Books"—known as the *Book of the Dun Cow*, the *Speckled Book*, the *Book of Leinster*, the *Book of Lecan*, the *Book of Ballymote*, and the *Book of Fermoy*—it would be entitled to hold an important position amongst the languages of mediæval Europe. It is a strange fact that not one-tenth of the above-named books is yet translated, and there seems very little prospect that any one now living will see them rendered into English. The difficulties of translating them are very great, owing partly to the antiquity of the language in which they are written. But the principal difficulty which they present is in the system of contractions practised by those who composed or transcribed them. Contractions are more or less common in all ancient writings, but those used by the ancient Irish scribes were so numerous, so frequent, and so arbitrary as to present sometimes almost insuperable difficulties to the modern scholar. So difficult, in fact, was the work of translating the Brehon Laws that three only out of the thirteen volumes in existence have been rendered into English, and there seems no prospect that the British government will undertake the arduous and expensive task of completing what was begun. Even supposing that their translation was desired by the public, it seems doubtful if there are any Gaelic scholars now living who would be equal to the task. Since the deaths of O'Donovan and O'Curry there has not been much done in the way of translating ancient Gaelic writings, and none of the living Gaelic scholars possesses sufficient knowledge of the subject to accomplish the work thoroughly. It is apparently likely that if the old Gaelic writings are translated at all the work will be performed by German scholars. There are more good Gaelic scholars to be found at present in Germany than in Ireland—men whose perfect training in the modern school of philology gives them an advantage over any Irish or Scotch scholars.

If the Celtic languages have been in a moribund and neglected condition almost up to the present, there cannot be a doubt that they have recently attracted a great deal of notice from the scholars of many countries, but more especially from those of Ger-

many. The impetus given to the study of ancient Gaelic had its origin in Ireland, and was mainly owing to the translations made by O'Donovan. He was about the first explorer in the mine of Gaelic literature, and his translations excited a great deal of surprise and interest amongst the learned of Europe. Very little was known about Celtic literature fifty years ago; the manuscripts in which it existed were either uncollected or known only to a few; hardly any knew much about the grammar of the language; those who spoke it could very rarely write it; the horrible penal laws of the last century tended to kill it as a spoken language, and made the study of it, either by priest or layman, almost an impossibility. While the penal laws were enacted solely against Catholics and the Catholic religion, they failed to detach the Irish from their faith, but they nearly killed the Irish language. Priests could not be educated in Ireland, and consequently were obliged to go to the Continent to study. A large majority, in fact, of the Irish priesthood of a hundred years ago had not only been educated on the Continent, but had passed most of their lives there. Such men could hardly be expected either to be fluent Gaelic speakers or fair Gaelic scholars; they very naturally preferred to preach in English instead of in Gaelic; and we have here one of the chief causes of the decay of Gaelic in Ireland, for the language heard most frequently from the altar will ever be the one to which the Irish Catholic will give the most attention.

Nothing can show more clearly the state of Celtic literature in the British Isles in the last century than the fact of certain men in Scotland having *invented* a dialect of Gaelic, and the fraud not having been discovered until quite recently. About the time that MacPherson published his so-called poems of Ossian the Irish Bible, which had been in use in all the Gaelic-speaking parts of Scotland for nearly a century, made its appearance in what might almost be called a brand-new language, which neither Irish nor Highlanders could fully understand. The change was said to have been made in order to conform as much as possible to the pronunciation of the Scottish Gaels, without entirely destroying the grammatical fabric of the language; but the real motive was the fear of Jacobitism. If the Irish and Highlanders of the period were to a great extent different in creed they were absolutely one in politics, and both wished ardently for the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. The strong bond of a common language and literature, and a very nearly common history, had existed between them for more than a thousand years, and there can hardly be a doubt but that the distortion of the Gaelic lan-

guage in the Bible, and the distortion of Gaelic history in Ossian, were done for one purpose, and that was to break down the political friendship that had so long existed between the Celts of Scotland and Ireland. There exist many proofs of this. Amongst the most potent is that of all Gaelic books printed in Scotland up to the middle of the last century having been, without a known exception, printed in exactly the same dialect as that used in Irish books. There is a book of hymns in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin, issued by the Presbyterian Synod of Argyle, and published in 1738 by James Duncan, of Glasgow, the language of which is exactly the same as Irish Gaelic.

The distortions of the language of modern Scotch Gaelic books are not followed by the Gaelic-speaking inhabitants of the Highlands even at present, most of whom speak the same language in use wherever Gaelic is spoken in Ireland. The uneducated peasants of Lewis in Scotland and of Donegal in Ireland can converse together in Gaelic without any difficulty, but none of them could fully understand the language of the present Scotch Gaelic Bible. It will, of course, be readily seen that such a change of language as was suddenly made by the Scotch would not have been attempted with any form of speech familiar to scholars, and could not have remained so long undiscovered but for the general ignorance of Gaelic amongst the cultured classes of Ireland and Scotland.

In spite of the past misfortunes and of the difficulties we have mentioned of the principal, and certainly the oldest, form of Celtic speech—the Gaelic of Scotland and Ireland—it seems not improbable that brighter days are in store for it. About six years ago a movement for its preservation took place almost simultaneously in Ireland and Scotland, and it cannot be denied that since then more has been done for its revival and culture than had ever before been done since English became the language of general use in the British Isles. Whether the movement will ultimately be successful remains to be seen; but it is certain that, in Ireland at least, a large number of energetic and disinterested men have become full of the idea that the resuscitation of Gaelic is possible, and that at no distant period a large part of the general literature of the country will be printed in that language. They have succeeded in placing it on the same footing as Latin, French, and other branches of learning in the national schools; so that any teacher capable of teaching it will be paid for his trouble, and any pupil wishing to learn it can be instructed in it, provided that teachers can be found in the locality. The Gaelic language has also been put on the programme of the "Intermediate

Education Act" lately passed by the British Parliament. Pursuant to this act, persons under a certain age may study either in a school or in their own homes any of the branches named in the act, and can at stated times demand an examination in it; they receive diplomas when they make a good examination, and the number of those who are studying Gaelic under this act is increasing very rapidly in Ireland. It was fully expected by those who are interested in the preservation and cultivation of Gaelic that a weekly journal wholly in that language would ere now have been established in Dublin; but the political agitation of the last few years, and the excitement about the land question, caused the postponement of the scheme. It will not, however, be delayed very much longer, and in the course of a year or two it is more than probable that the journal in question will make its appearance. The establishment of a weekly journal entirely in Gaelic will mark a new epoch in the language, as such a thing has never yet been attempted; and it certainly ought to meet with hearty support even from those who are neither Irish nor Celtic by birth or blood, for it would make many thousands of the Irish race who are at present wholly indifferent to literary matters take an interest, perhaps for the first time in their lives, in the cultivation and preservation of their shamefully neglected national language.

A scheme is also on foot to assimilate the spelling of Scotch and Irish Gaelic—in fact, to make them one language again. The idea originated with the Irish, and some interesting correspondence on the subject was recently published in the *Highlander*, a weekly journal printed in Inverness, Scotland. So far the Scotch do not seem to favor the idea; but if those who are agitating about the preservation of Gaelic, whether they are Irish or Highlanders, are really earnest in their desires, the matter is of the first importance. If books printed in Ireland could be as easily read in Inverness as in Galway, and *vice versa*, the language would in all probability be once more the medium of communication between men of learning and culture. All that can be said in a utilitarian point of view in favor of resuscitating Gaelic is that it would tend to educate large numbers of Irish and of Highlanders who have heretofore paid hardly any attention to literature. If the Irish had a flourishing literature in their national language it is fair to presume that a stimulus would be given to education amongst them greater than could be given by perhaps any other means whatever. Besides, the knowledge of two languages must tend to widen a man's intelligence; for it would hardly be possible to banish the English language from

Ireland now, however much some of the extreme national party there might desire to do so. Bi-lingual nations are generally more intelligent and progressive than those speaking only one language. We have notable examples of this in Belgium and Switzerland, where seventy-five per cent. of the inhabitants speak two languages. There are probably no two other countries in Europe where illiteracy is less common and where there is more general intelligence to be found amongst the masses.

The absence of any general desire, except what has been recently manifested, on the part of the Celtic race of Ireland and Scotland to preserve or cultivate their national language has hardly an example in the history of Europe. If Gaelic were a language without a literature, or if it were merely an outgrowth of mediæval barbarism like the Romance or the *patois* of Southern France, contempt for it on the part of those amongst whom it originated could be easily understood; but Gaelic is a speech of great antiquity, and was a cultivated language long before any of the modern languages of Europe was formed. Its literature is larger and more ancient than that of any European nations, except Greece and Italy; scholars of many countries are studying it, and a knowledge of it has become almost a necessity to the modern philologist. Yet the people amongst whom it originated have totally neglected it. Oddly enough, too, some of the very lowest and most ignorant among them think a knowledge of it a disgrace, and will often deny that they can speak it, when even the very language in which the denial is uttered proves that English is a foreign tongue to them and that Gaelic was the first they ever spoke. But the paradox does not end even here; for while the principal branch of the Gaelic race—the Irish—have gone to more trouble to neglect their national language and to learn English than to achieve almost any national object they have ever undertaken, they are nearly as bitter opponents of English rule to-day as they were when Gaelic was the language of their entire nation. It seems, however, as if the present generation of Irish and Scottish Celts have become fully convinced of the necessity of preserving their national language, and it is to be hoped they will succeed. Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, has already collected twelve thousand pounds to establish a Gaelic chair in that city, and by his writings and speeches has thoroughly aroused the Gaels of Scotland to the necessity of preserving their national speech; and it remains to be seen if the twenty millions of the Gaelic race that are scattered almost from one end of the earth to the other will have perseverance and patriotism enough to accomplish the work they have undertaken.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN. By the Rev. Père H. D. Lacordaire, of the Order of St. Dominic, and member of the French Academy. Translated by E. A. Hazeland. London: Burns & Oates. 1881. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

To all acquainted with Father Lacordaire's writings, either in English or in French, the publication of this little volume will be good news. The beauty and sublimity of Lacordaire's writings, and the strictly logical and critical spirit pervading them all, clearly entitle him to a place amongst the greatest lights of the century. That is the opinion of many thoughtful and profound Christian scholars.

The occasion of his writing the Life of the Magdalen is worthy of remark. He was about to restore the ancient church and monastery of St. Maximin, in the south of France, in order to establish there the principal house of studies of the French Dominicans. The head of St. Mary Magdalen, then at St. Baume, belonged to the church of St. Maximin. It was translated to the latter church, with the most enthusiastic devotion and magnificent ceremonial, on the occasion of Father Lacordaire's taking possession. St. Mary Magdalen and St. Cecilia are known by the Dominicans as special patronesses—one representing the spirit of penance, and the other the fine arts. Lacordaire's *Life of St. Mary Magdalen* was published in February, 1860, and made a great sensation. He had been known as a great orator and writer; in this he was famous; but his work on St. Mary Magdalen showed him to the world in a new light. It proved beyond question his wonderful spirit of piety and his deep asceticism, which had been scarcely recognized outside of the circle of his intimate friends. There is no doubt that this beautiful life in English will be read by many religious people and will give much edification.

SANCTUARY BOY'S ILLUSTRATED MANUAL. Embracing the ceremonies of the inferior ministers at Low Mass, at High Mass, Solemn High Mass, Vespers, Benediction, and Absolution for the Dead. By the Rev. James A. McCallan, S.S. Published with the approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1881.

The altar-boy's ceremonial! Truly a new book, in which everything is treated solely with a view to the altar-boy. The author, a ceremoniarius of many years' experience, has enriched his work, which contains general rules as well as the distinct description of the particular ceremonies, with useful details and practical cautions. In order to secure success in the following of the most approved authorities, and accuracy in the description of the various actions, the author has submitted his manuscripts to several rubrical censors. The language is simple, and all words which surpass the understanding of the average boy are scrupulously avoided. The matter is further elucidated by numerous engravings exhibiting the relative positions of the ministers after important movements.

Not only will this work interest the clergy, as it must, by lightening the burden of their many and varied labors, but also it will stimulate those of a class of the laity rapidly increasing in this country, who devote much time and attention to the right understanding of the liturgy of the

church. By the aid of this manual an intelligent young man will be able to charge himself with the instruction of the altar-boys in his parish church, and bring the ceremonies to greater perfection than the labors of the rector would allow him to do.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRIMITIVE YANKEES; or, The Pilgrim Fathers in England and Holland. By William Macon Coleman. Washington, D. C.: Columbia Publishing Co. 1881.

The intention of this pamphlet is to show that the *Mayflower* "Pilgrims," instead of being Puritans, were the members of a small sect of Anabaptist origin, commonly known after their founder as Brownists; that when forced to leave England for Holland, previous to their coming to our shores, they were notorious for their communistic and other mischievous doctrines—the real name of their sect was "The Family of Love"—and that, in fact, they left their country for their country's good. A curious point, by the way, which the author brings out is that the Pilgrims, while in Holland, had set on foot a plan of settlement in New Amsterdam, but that the managers of our old Knickerbocker colony, fearful from past experience of the cantankerous disposition of the Brownists, bribed the captain of the *Mayflower* to land the wanderers further to the north.

But the author's manifest anti-New-England animus weakens the force of his argument on some points, and occasionally gives rise to the suspicion that his prejudice colors his statements. He declares it his object to prove the absurdity of the claim set up for the *Mayflower* Pilgrims of being a godly, orderly, liberty-loving people to whom the United States are indebted for ideas of religion, education, and free government. To those familiar with New England written history only, Mr. Coleman's facts, backed up by a plentiful citation of authorities, will be startling. Not a few of his authorities are contemporary English Puritan writers who may be supposed to have been well acquainted with the Brownists, their doings, and their purposes.

Even, however, if Mr. Coleman satisfactorily makes out his case his application of the term primitive Yankees to the Pilgrims might unjustly identify these with the colonies of Puritan and other Protestants who came to our country later, and who, whatever may be thought of their religious principles, were apparently an earnest, God-fearing people in their own way.

THE CRIMINAL HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. A series of open letters to the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England. By Patrick Ford. New York: *Irish World* Office. 1881.

A well-arranged summary of the infamies of British rule and British policy wherever in any part of the world that rule or that policy has gained a foothold. It is an awful catalogue of relentless cruelty, base treachery, and smooth-faced hypocrisy for one small nation like England! An extract or two may perhaps be suggestive of thought: "Before the so-called Reformation there were some four hundred thousand owners of the soil in England; to-day, although the population has quintupled, there are but thirty thousand." But then it was in the days before those pleasant Reformers, Henry VIII. and Cranmer, that England was known as "merrie"—precious little merriment is there now among the great body of the peo-

ple of England! Mr. Gladstone, it is generally known, is the son of a Liverpool merchant, but the following from one of these letters will indicate perhaps a reason for the "Liberal" minister's ardent opposition to the cause of the Union during our civil war: "How few are aware that you are the son of a slave-merchant? How few know that the large fortune which you have inherited was coined, every penny of it, out of the blood and tears of those outraged Africans?"

This pamphlet is an exceedingly bitter invective, but it is nowise exaggerated. Whoever could think without bitterness of the dreadful career of English policy in Ireland, of the government of India during the last hundred years, or of the wicked Opium War against China, would be either more or less than a man.

THE PRACTICE OF INTERIOR RECOLLECTION WITH GOD, DRAWN FROM THE PSALMS OF DAVID. By Father Paul Segneri, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1881.

Nothing fosters the interior spirit of prayer so much as fervent aspirations clothed in the language of Holy Scripture, and no part of Scripture is so rich in such material as the Psalms. This little book contains the verses used by the saintly Father Segneri himself, and will be the means, if rightly used, of producing similar effects in others.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE; or, Practical Lessons in Home Life. By the author of *Golden Sands*. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1881.

A handy little book of household hints and household wisdom for young housewives and those who intend to become housewives. There are no time-worn platitudes, but a great deal of very useful information such as an accomplished Catholic Frenchwoman might be expected to possess as to all that concerns home and its surroundings.

THE BLOODY CHASM. A Novel. By J. W. De Forest. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

A clever story of love and politics. The hero is a Bostonian who, being a veteran soldier, retains no rancor against the late enemy, while the heroine is a high-spirited South Carolina girl who, having lost all her family in the war, is determined not to tolerate a "Yankee." Nevertheless, the only admirable, really worthy character in the story is that of a young Catholic girl who is jilted by the Bostonian, but bears herself like a Christian and an honest woman, although the author, following the absurd English fashion that has come upon us of late years, speaks of her as of "plebeian" origin.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

THE LIFE OF THE ANGELIC DOCTOR, ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, of the Order of Friars Preachers. By a Father of the same Order. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1881.

HIGHER THAN THE CHURCH. An Art Legend of Ancient Times. By Wilhelmine von Hillern. From the German by Mary J. Safford. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 1881.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. MARY JOHN BAPTIST MUARD, founder of the Missionary Priests of the Convent of St. Edward. By the Rt. Rev. Dom Isidore Robot, O.S.B. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1881.

CAMPAIGNS OF THE CIVIL WAR.—III. THE PENINSULA. McClellan's Campaign of 1862. By Alexander S. Webb, LL.D., President of the College of the City of New York, Assistant Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, General Commanding Second Division, Second Corps, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

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THE FREQUENCY OF SUICIDE.

THERE has just now been published by Appleton & Co. an abridged English translation of Professor Morselli's work on the frequency of suicide. It is a carefully-prepared work, based, as the author tells us, on the analysis of facts which lead him to his synthetical conclusions. There is a great array of statistics which he acknowledges are not altogether what he could desire—not always corresponding in date and period. Still, it is a very valuable collection, and, though it may be said statistics mislead, we think in this case they cannot mislead substantially, and we can therefore trust the learned professor in his presentation of them and in many of his deductions; others we can learn from the facts ourselves.

The first conclusion at which he arrives, as others have done before him, and which he proves by his tables, is that from the beginning of the present century there has been a steady increase in suicide. This is a fact; and he shows that the latest statistics tell of the highest increase.

What is the meaning of this frightful and most abnormal development of human society? Can anything be imagined more out of keeping with all the theories of progress, enlightenment, and culture? We thought we were, in this nineteenth century, in the most prosperous and happy period of the existence of our race since man first appeared upon this planet! And yet here are men putting a stop to all progress, enlighten-

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ment, and culture by taking a plunge in the dark—in fact, putting an end to their existence. If this is not a comment on our civilization it is hard to say what is. There is something wrong somewhere. What is it?

It cannot be the ignorance and the barbarity of the people. The professor shows this with his eloquent tables and his strict logical deductions. Page 132 he tells us that, of the four nations he mentions, "Prussia stands first both as to education and suicides; France comes next, second in both sociological characteristics; lastly, Italy and Hungary." Turn to the ethnological map of Europe, and you find that the Russian dominions, except the portions near the Baltic and St. Petersburg, are remarkably free from suicides. The Russians of all this vast region are certainly far behind in culture; the cultured portion near the Baltic give proof of their progress by increased frequency of suicide.

It cannot be claimed that climatic influences have very much to do with this increase, because the climate of Europe has not changed from what it was in the early part of the century. Moreover, the advance in mechanical means of protection against the depressing influence of climate enables people to bear up against it better than they used to.

There is no use seeking for any other than a moral cause for the increase of suicide.

Undoubtedly the wild speculation and greed for wealth which characterize this period play a very important part in this phenomenon. Many minds are unsettled, and not a few suicides result from insanity. We remember having heard a physician speak of a case of attempted suicide to which he was called. The sufferer had been intemperate, and his mind gave way. It was during a fit of insanity that he cut his throat. The care of the physician brought him safely out of his perilous state, and he gave an account of how he happened to resort to so desperate an attempt. He said that he was laboring under an hallucination. He found himself continually annoyed by a little black imp, who sat on his shoulder, and when driven off one shoulder went to the other, always caressing him and saying strange words. One day he went to shave, and the imp was there as usual. He continued his troublesome caresses, and, when the man took the razor in his hand, kept saying: "Cut, it will do you good; cut, it will do you good." Urged on by this fatal influence, he drew the razor across his throat. It can hardly be doubted but that this is a fair explanation of not a few suicides. But it does not

meet the majority of cases, especially where fixed, steady purpose has been shown, as in the case of remarkable suicides of the past and present well known to all.

The real cause of this increase in the frequency of suicide is to be found either in the state of society brought about by the rejection of revealed religion, or else in the adoption of that form of revealed religion which, by upsetting the order that the Founder of Christianity, who made human nature, had established in accordance to its wants, rejected authoritative teaching and substituted for such authority the use of private judgment. The strain upon the human mind in striving to grasp and understand what cannot be grasped or understood by a finite mind has often ended in disaster and self-destruction. Hopeless in their effort, always striving after the certainty of truth, and never being able to attain it, men look on death as a relief, as what will solve the problem that puzzles them—long for it and seek it. The author says, somewhat naïvely, the mystic and metaphysical character of Protestantism has much to do with the preponderance of suicide among those who profess it.

Before we call the professor to our aid in this solution of the question we shall state that he is an enthusiastic admirer of Darwin, Tyndall, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer. This fact will give value to his conclusions and assertions, should they favor the view given above. We wish, too, to enter a protest against what he calls the law of increase in frequency of suicide. That there has been this proportionate yearly increase in many cases is a fact; but not a universal fact, as he himself admits in the case of Norway and of England. There is therefore no law, properly so called. This graded increase is to be sought rather in the hurtful influences of irreligion and modern social theories, which year by year are more widely spread with the facilities men have in publishing and in circulating their ideas everywhere. Such facilities have been going on, increasing too, undoubtedly, in a well-defined proportion. There is here merely the relation of cause and effect; and man remains a free, responsible agent, who is to give an account of his act in taking his own life. Let us now direct our attention to the tables and maps found in the work before us.

Table xvi., p. 122, gives us the influence of religion on the tendency to suicide. Although in this table the data refer to different periods as regards the different countries, they belong to the same period with respect to the same country, and they justify the author in saying that he has been able to ascertain

the frequency of suicide among individuals of different religions in the countries he puts in this list.

In Table No. xvi. we have the following proportional rate of suicide among Catholics and Protestants, per million of each religion:

	Catholics per million.	Protestants per million.
In Bavaria (1866–67)	56.7	152.7
In Upper Bavaria (1851–52, 56–57)	56	237
In Lower Bavaria (1851–52, 56–57)	28	148
In Prussia (1869–72)	69	187
In Austria (1852–4, 58–9)	51.3	79.5
In Bohemia (1858–59)	69	132
In Upper Austria	41	68
In Lower Austria	105	247
In Galicia	45	16
In Bukovina	80	—
Military frontiers	28	25

These extracts will suffice for our purpose; the general average of excess of suicides among Protestants in this table is three or two to one among Catholics. In studying the table it would seem to result that where Catholics largely preponderate their influence over their non-Catholic neighbor is beneficial in reducing the number of suicides—as, for example, in Austria and in Bohemia; while in Bavaria, where Catholics are only about .71 per cent., their influence being comparatively weaker, the proportion of suicides is nearly three Protestants to one Catholic. The learned professor, who is willing to concede everything he can to the positivists of his day, is too honest not to see something very significant in these figures. Page 125 he writes: "The very high average of suicides among Protestants is another fact too general to escape being ascribed to the influence of religion." He goes on to give further explanation which has undoubtedly foundation in fact; the most salient feature of this explanation is that the neglect of religious ideas which naturally would have an influence to check suicide comes from the little hold any ideas have on the mind of men, except such as are directed to material improvement and the gratification of ambition. Naturally when a reverse comes there is no religious foundation to fall back on. It is a pity that the professor does not see that the very philosophical principles which directly tend to breed and foster such a state of things are not, as he says, "harmless to strong minds." It is these strong minds that will develop and reduce to practice these theories with increased evil to themselves and to their fellow-men.

We may be pardoned for not looking on as quite fair the remark he makes on p. 126 regarding the relative frequency of suicide among Catholics and Protestants. He says: "Where the tendency of suicide is great among Protestants it will be found to be also high among Catholics, as may be observed in the statistics already quoted of Baden, Würtemberg, Franconia, Galicia, Bavaria, etc." Why he brings in Bavaria here, with the table before us, we are at a loss to see. In Upper Bavaria the proportion of suicides of Protestants to suicides of Catholics is about 4 to 1; in Lower Bavaria, 5 to 1; in Bavaria in 1857–66, 2½ to 1; in Bavaria in 1866–67, nearly 3 to 1. The other countries he cites above do not compare in all respects to those we have given in the table above. The Catholics in Baden are 65 per cent. of the population; in Würtemberg a little over 30 per cent.; in Lower Franconia, where the Catholic population is 80½ per cent., the suicides are, among Catholics 1, among Protestants over 3; in Central Franconia, where the Catholics are 21$\frac{9}{10}$ per cent. of the population, suicides among Catholics are 1 to 2⅓ among Protestants; in Upper Franconia, percentage of Catholics 42.4, the suicides are 1 to a little less than 2 among Protestants; in Galicia, percentage of Catholics 44.7, suicides among Catholics 3½ to 1 among Protestants; in Bukovina the proportion is against Catholics, as also in the military frontiers. These latter regions—Galicia, Bukovina, and the military frontiers—are guarded frontiers. It would be interesting to know how many among these suicides were soldiers, their followers or attendants, and how many of such cases were Catholics from other parts of the empire. The author says, p. 259, that suicides in the Austrian army are very numerous. However, these three mentioned provinces are an exception to the general rule which results from the examination of the statistics: that *where Catholics are the more numerous they not only are far below Protestants in the proportion of suicides; they exert also a healthy influence on Protestants in restraining them from committing suicide, while where Protestants predominate they exert a hurtful influence on Catholics which leads to more frequent suicide.*

Leaving the statistics, we take up the map, colored and lined in proportion to frequency of suicide. What countries are freest from suicide? Looking over the map, we find in this category Spain, Ireland, Rumania—the population of which last is largely of the Greek and Catholic churches—and Italy. Next comes Russia, the religion of which is the so-called orthodox Greek, with the priesthood and sacraments of the Catholic Church; also Scotland and Wales. England, according to Professor Morselli, has

remained for a considerable time stationary in regard to suicide, coming third in the scale. The lowest place is held by Lower Austria, Saxony, Saxe-Meiningen, and the Isle of France. With regard to Lower Austria it must be remarked that suicides both of Catholics and non-Catholics are summed up together in this latter conclusion, and the total is three hundred and fifty-two per million, plus a doubtful number of Jewish cases. The Ile de France has within it the enormous and heterogeneous population of Paris, with its host of men without religion and a good number of non-Catholics professing belief in Christ.

A second map which merits close attention is that of Italy, the study of which will repay us; for it is wonderfully instructive. The revolution has been at work there for over thirty years. What is the state of the peninsula regarding suicide?

The professor's map gives us the relative proportions of the different provinces. The smallest number of suicides is found in the old kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Next comes the Roman district, with several portions of the kingdom of Italy. Next to the very lowest place comes Milan, the "moral capital" of new Italy. The lowest place on the scale is occupied by the districts of Bologna, Modena, Mantua, and Forli! To any one who knows Italy these facts are very eloquent. The Italian revolution has had Bologna in its coils for over twenty years. That university which did so much for Catholicity and civilization has been a thorough means of perversion of youth from obedience to the Catholic Church, and its baneful influence has almost made Bologna a by-word in Italy. Milan is not much better; it is a commercial city and at the head of modern material progress, and its influence, in an anti-papal sense, has been so great as to merit in Italy the appellation we have given above. In Rome and its district we have no means, as far as we see, in the professor's book of contrasting the Rome of the king with the Rome of the pope. Suffice it to say that to hear of a suicide during our residence there under Pius IX.'s rule was the rarest of things; to hear of suicide after Rome fell into the hands of the Piedmontese and became overrun with people from the north of Italy, and from every part of it in fact, was a frequent occurrence. In the old Neapolitan kingdom, which has always retained a very cordial dislike of the northern Italians and a great attachment to its clergy and Catholic customs, so as even to defy in Naples the efforts of the Piedmontese iconoclasts—to its credit be it said—there is less suicide than in any other part of Italy. And of this section of the peninsula the freest from this moral blot is the

Terra di Lavoro. Here certainly is everything that could keep men from making away with themselves. Not only does religion flourish there, but the soil is rich and the people industrious. Coming from the sterile Campagna of Rome, one seems to enter into the garden spot of Italy. We remember well, one September morning, passing through the heart of this province in the train for Naples. Having left on our right the picturesque abbey of Monte Casino on its rocky height, the home of St. Benedict and the storehouse of knowledge and the nursery of art in the middle ages, which has not lost its reputation in this our day, we were rapidly carried southward. We soon found ourselves in the midst of the vine-clad hills, on which stood forests of elm-trees, the vines clinging to them and hanging in graceful curves from one tree to the next, realizing the idea that so pleased the Mantuan Bard—the vine wedded to the elm. Suddenly we came upon a group of young men and women clad in the picturesque attire of the people; they stood with their heads turned to us and fixed as in a tableau. A young man was on a short ladder placed against an elm, holding on to the round with one hand, while with the other he was in the act of gathering grapes from a richly clustered festoon. On the ground below stood a young girl, her apron spread to catch the fruit as it fell. Two other young women were in the act of placing the grapes in a pannier; while a youth stood by the faithful little animal which was to bear the burden—a demure little donkey that took his part in the group, not marring it by any movement, as the train swept by. The beauty of the scenery, the bright and happy faces of the young people, the nature of their work, the grace of their pose, and the picturesque beauty of their garb, altogether made such a scene as an artist would fain paint. Surely this land has every physical characteristic to bring about a contented spirit and exorcise the demon of suicide. When to this we add the influence of religion, to which the people are strongly attached from the conviction of their bright intellects and by the love of their warm hearts, one can readily understand why, of all Italy, it should be perhaps the privileged spot where men think least of insulting their Creator by usurping his right of life and of death.

It is not, however, on the physical or psychological conditions of a country that the frequency or rarity of suicide depends. Trouble comes everywhere; Care enthrones herself in the palace and in the hovel, on the smiling prairie and on the rocky mountain side. There is needed something else. That something is

not the development in man of "the power of well-ordered sentiments and ideas by which to reach a certain aim in life—in short, to give force and energy to the moral character" by the means Professor Morselli recommends. It is *not* this. The real means is religion so cherished as to become the life of the people. Do you want a proof? Look at Ireland, a Catholic people by excellence. Here is a people ground down by centuries of religious persecution; their priesthood proscribed; their worship forbidden; the education of their children unlawful; their families reduced to poverty, to live on the wild products of nature, the roots of the forest and the weeds of the sea; even those who could raise themselves a little above the lot of the rest allowed to till the land at a rack-rent which tardy justice is only now reducing one-half. So wretchedly has the economical condition of this people been administered that Ireland has become almost the classical land of poverty and famine. Was there ever a state of things more likely to foster a tendency to suicide? Where was the *aim in life* for this people, debarred from every position of political preferment, of social standing, or of acquired wealth? There was no aim in life for them; but there was an aim beyond this life, and that aim was God! To God and to his religion they clung; and in the day of dark despondency the eye of faith, piercing the darkness, saw beyond the light eternal of the house of their Father. This kept them up; this formed their character; this gave them an aim in the life to come and in that of the present; this made this gifted people an example to the world of sound morality and of sterling love of virtue. Their history has demonstrated to the world what it is sustains man in trial and forms the character of man; it has shown that the preventive of self-destruction is not to be found in the schemes of the rationalistic professor, but in the supernatural power of the religion of Christ, the Redeemer of the world.

JOHN FISHER, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

I.

[NOTE.—One of the noble traits in the lives of classic heroes was the enduring reverence in which they held the preceptors of their youth—their mental parents. Ancient history has given us interesting records of the recollective veneration for those directors of the youthful mind who instilled ideas of virtue, honor, and desire for renown. But the only instance of ingratitude in the far past of a pupil to his preceptor—that of Nero to the good and wise Seneca—remained unimitated for fifteen centuries, until Henry VIII. more than rivalled the Roman tyrant in the pagan barbarism of his conduct towards a saintly Christian prelate, the preceptor of his youth. Nero permitted his victim to die by the easiest of deaths. In the following pages it will be seen how far the destroyer of Rome and persecutor of the Christians was exceeded in the brutality of the sentence passed upon the venerable tutor of that monarch to whose prodigality, licentiousness, avarice, and injustice is mainly due the initiative of the change of faith called the English Reformation, consolidated, from selfish and political motives, by his daughter Elizabeth.]

JOHN FISHER was born in the reign of Henry VI., in the town of Beverly, where his family had been located for centuries. Young Fisher studied in Cambridge under Father Melton, a learned and pious divine. In 1491 he was ordained priest, "at which period" (says Bayley) "the almond-tree began to bud. All the arts and sciences were but his tools; but this his occupation." In Cambridge his learning, humility, and piety won for him the esteem and love of "fellows, masters, and students; and there he remained until the university's highest honors were conferred, or rather imposed, upon him." The "good Margaret, Countess of Richmond," aided by the solicitations of her son (Henry VII.), induced Father Fisher to become her confessor and almoner. In this office Father Fisher gained the deserved respect of the good and benevolent countess and the royal family, who were "for years governed by his wisdom and discretion." He constantly recommended to his wealthy penitent the practice of charity in some amiable form—such as the relief of persons of education who met with trials in the social ways of life; to succor orphans, especially females; to redeem captives; to promote the marriage of poor and virtuous maidens, giving to each of them a small dowry; to induce men to marry those whom they had dishonored; to repair bridges, that the poorer people might go to market; to look after the widow and her orphans; to reconcile village quarrels; to induce husbands and wives to love one another and set a good example to their children.*

* Phillips to Collet, *On the Good Works of Maister Fisher;* Henry Deane, Archbishop of Canterbury, on the *Goodly Life of Dr. Fisher.* At the period of his fall the reader can perceive

These were the maxims which Fisher inculcated upon his royal penitent—injunctions which her grandson obeyed in the hopeful morning of his life.

Cambridge in those days was in obscurity when compared to Oxford. The rise and progress of Cambridge are, perhaps, to be attributed, in part at least, to the presence of Erasmus and the munificence of his patron, Dr. Fisher. Dean Hook writes in fervent terms of the learning and the virtues which characterized the Bishop of Rochester. I cannot omit the following passage:

"To Dr. Fisher's transcendent virtues and noble qualities justice, through the party spirit of Puritanism, has never been done. Fisher appointed Erasmus to the chair of the Margaret professor; and so great was his zeal in the cultivation of Greek literature that in his old age he desired to place himself under Erasmus as a student of that language. With the generous assistance of the king's grandmother he did more than any man in England to promote the cause of learning; and so wise and judicious were his measures that students in both the great universities are at the present hour receiving food and raiment from funds which his royal mistress placed at his disposal. Such was the man whom Puritans generally loved to defame, because he would not fall down with the costly sacrifice of an upright conscience before King Henry."*

In 1504 Dr. Fisher was appointed to the see of Rochester by Henry VII., which appointment was confirmed by Pope Julius II. He was at that time in his forty-fifth year. A contemporary has remarked that "few priests or bishops ever went so much among the people, or preached so many sermons to them, as good Maister Fisher." The cause of his promotion, it was alleged, arose from the interest he possessed at court; but this allegation was contradicted by the king, who declared that the "pure devotion, perfect sanctity, and great learning which he had observed in the man was the cause which had induced him to recommend the name of Maister Fisher to the pope."† The numerous friends of the new prelate had much difficulty in inducing him to accept the mitre; but when consecrated he brought all the energy of his vigorous mind and honest heart to promote the interests of religion. "The humblest and frailest had access to him, receiving relief, words of comfort and hope." Nearly two hundred

that Wolsey adopted many of the plans suggested by Fisher to his royal penitent, for the "reconciliation of village quarrels and rural disputes," which places Wolsey's memory in an amiable light. If the cardinal had had no connection with the "ship of the state," he would have proved an excellent priest and a wise mariner for "Peter's Ship."

* Dean Hook's *Archbishops of Canterbury*, vol. vi. p. 429.

† The king's letter (in Latin) to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Farland declares that King Henry could not write a letter in Latin, and that it was composed by his Italian Latin secretary. Very likely, but of little importance to posterity.

persons were fed daily at his expense; and the men of learning and science from foreign lands received a hospitable reception at his palace. The cause of his want of appreciation amongst ungracious Puritans may be found in the fact that when Luther's writings were imported into England he denounced them in "vigorous language, and stood forth boldly for the maintenance of the olden creed in all its integrity," which won for him the secret hatred of worldly ecclesiastics and evil laity, of whom there were many in those days; but neither the efforts of the venal laity nor the subservient spiritual Convocation could influence his opinion as to what he styled the "coming storm." A later synod having been convoked to "take into consideration certain church reforms," Dr. Fisher addressed the Cardinal of York and the assembled prelates in these words:

"May it not seem displeasing to your eminence, and the rest of these grave and reverend fathers of the church, that I speak a few words which I hope may not be out of season. I had thought that when so many learned men, as substitutes for the clergy, had been drawn into this body, that some good matters should have been propounded for the benefit and good of the church, that the scandals that lie so heavy upon her men, and the disease which takes such hold on these advantages, might have been hereby at once removed and also remedied. Who hath made any the least proposition against the ambition of those men whose pride is so offensive, while their profession is humility? or against the incontinency of such as have vowed chastity? How are the goods of the church wasted—the lands, the tithes, and other oblations of the devout ancestors of the people wasted in superfluous riotous expenses! How can we expect our flocks to fly the pomps and vanities of this wicked world when we that are bishops set our minds on nothing more than that which we forbid? If we should teach according to our duty, how absurdly would our doctrines sound in the ears of those who should hear us! And if we teach one thing and do another, who believeth our report, which would seem to them no otherwise than as if we should throw down with one hand what we build with the other? We preach humility, sobriety, contempt of the world; and the people perceive in the same men that preach this doctrine pride and haughtiness of mind, excess in apparel, and a resignation of ourselves to all worldly pomps and vanities. And what is this otherwise than to set the people in a stand, whether they shall follow the sight of their own eyes or the belief of what they hear? Excuse me, reverend fathers, seeing herein I blame no man more than I do myself; for sundry times, when I have settled myself to the care of my flock, to visit my diocese, to govern my church, to answer the enemies of Christ, suddenly there hath come a message to me from the Court that I must attend such a triumph or receive such an ambassador. What have we to do with princes' courts? If we are in love with majesty, is there one of greater excellence than Him whom we serve? If we are in love with stately buildings, are their roofs higher than our cathedrals? If with apparel, is there a greater ornament than that of the priesthood?

Or is there better company than a communion with the saints? Truly, most reverend fathers, what this vanity in temporal things may work in you I know not; but sure I am that in myself I find it to be a great impediment to devotion; wherefore I think it necessary that we, who are the heads, should begin to give example to the inferior clergy as to those particulars whereby we may all be the better conformable to the image of God in this trade of life which we now lead neither can there be likelihood of perpetuity or safety to the clergy as we remain at present."*

Dr. Fisher concluded by giving a solemn warning as to the assumption of "spiritual headship" by the king.

"Beware," said he, "that you leap not out of Peter's Ship to be drowned in the waves of all heresies, sects, schisms, and divisions. 'Take heed to yourselves, and to the whole flock wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops to rule the church of God,' was not said to kings, but to bishops. We cannot grant this unto the king without renouncing our unity with the see of Rome. In doing this we should forsake the first four General Councils. We should thereby renounce all canonical and ecclesiastical laws of the church of Christ. We renounce thereby the unity of the Christian world. The first General Council acknowledged the authority of Sylvester, Bishop of Rome, by sending their decrees to be ratified by him. The Council of Constantinople did acknowledge Pope Damasus to be their chief by admitting him to give sentence against the heretics Macedonius and Sabellius. The Council of Ephesus admitted Pope Celestine to be their chief judge by admitting his condemnation on the heretic Nestorius. The Council of Chalcedon admitted Pope Leo to be their chief head; and all General Councils of the world admitted the Pope of Rome to be the supreme head of the church. And now, fathers, shall we acknowledge another head? or one head to be in England and another in Rome? By this argument Herod must have been the head of the church of the Jews; Nero must have been the head of the church of Christ. The king's highness is not susceptible of this donation. Ozias, for meddling with the priest's office, was thrust out of the Temple and smitten with leprosy. King David, when bringing home the ark of God, did he so much as touch the ark or execute the least priestly function? All good Christian emperors have ever refused ecclesiastical authority. At the first General Council of Nice certain bills were previously brought unto Constantine to be confirmed by his authority; but he ordered them to be burnt, saying: 'God hath ordained you priests, and given you power to judge over us.' Valentine, the good emperor, was required by the bishops to be present with them to reform the heresy of the Arians. He answered: 'As I am one of the lay people, it is not lawful for me to define such controversies, but let the priests, to whom God hath given charge thereof, assemble when they will in due order.' Theodosius, writing to the Council of Ephesus, saith 'it is not lawful for him that is not of the holy order of bishops to intermeddle with ecclesiastical matters.' And now, venerable fathers, shall we cause our king to be head of the church, when all good kings have abhorred the very last thought thereof, and so many wicked kings have been plagued for so doing? Truly,

* Bayley's *Life of Fisher* (black letter).

my lords, I think they are his best friends who dissuade him from it; and he would be the worst enemy to himself if he should obtain it. Lastly, if this thing be, farewell to all unity of Christendom. For, as that holy and blessed martyr, St. Cyprian, saith, all unity depends upon that Holy See as upon the authority of St. Peter's successors; for, saith the same holy father, all heresies, sects, and schisms have no other rise but this, that men will not be obedient to the chief bishop. And now for us to shake off our communion with that church, either we must grant the Church of Rome to be the church of God or else a malignant church. If you answer she is of God, and a church where Christ is truly taught and his sacraments rightly administered, how can we forsake, how can we fly from such a church? Certainly we ought to be with, and not to separate ourselves from, such a one. If we answer that the church of Rome is not of God, but a malignant church, then it will follow that we, the inhabitants of this land, have not as yet received the true faith of Christ, seeing that we have not received any other gospel, any other doctrine, any other sacraments than what we have received from her, as most evidently appears by all the ecclesiastical histories. Wherefore, if she be a malignant church, we have been deceived all this while. And if to renounce the common father of Christendom and all the General Councils be to forsake the unity of the Christian world, then the granting of the supremacy of the church unto the king is a renouncing of this unity, a tearing of the seamless coat of Christ in sunder, a dividing of the mystical body of Christ, his spouse, limb from limb, and, tail to tail, like Samson's foxes, to set the field of Christ's holy church all on fire. And this it is which we are about. Wherefore let it be said unto you in time, and not too late, Look you to that."

Bayley says of this synod: "After Dr. Fisher uttered these and many other such words to this effect, with such gravity as well became him, they all seemed to be astonished, by their silence; and the lord-cardinal's state did not seem to become him."

The address to the synod was evidently levelled at the Cardinal of York and one or two wealthy bishops who were profuse in their style of living. "Rich priests or rich bishops I look upon as bad men. As the shepherds of Jesus Christ they cannot indulge themselves in slothful ease, living on many dainty dishes and drinking exciting wines, whilst the sheep and poor little lambs are wandering about cold and hungry. The shepherd must be stirring with the lark, watching and seeking out the stray sheep, and bringing them back to the one true fold again. A priest must submit to every privation and hardship; he must have no family cares; he must use all his judgment and temper to bring back the fallen; he must execute this holy office by gentle remonstrance, by never-ceasing prayer to the Lord Jesus and the High Court of heaven, and by good example, which has at all times had a powerful effect on sinners."

Such were the words of Bishop Fisher to the Dean of Roches-

ter a few months before he was committed to the Tower. A man of these views could not have been very acceptable to the men who favored and compassed the "new learning" or were careless in the practice of the Catholic creed.

In Dean Collet's sermon before the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, preached by the special desire of Archbishop Warham, there is a powerful appeal made to the prelates and clergy to become "less worldly in their occupations, to preach sermons, to distribute alms, to give good example to the people, and to study no other calling but the salvation of souls." * Some Catholics have denounced Collet as a "heretic," and Anglican writers assert that he was "a hidden Protestant." He was neither, but rather an austere man, who wished to see churchmen living according to the discipline of primitive Christianity. This was not altogether possible; still, some approach might have been made to primitive practices, ordaining no man who was not possessed of "a calling for the sacred office," or, in the words of Bishop Fisher, who was not "well tested and purged of worldly motives, by refraining from secular occupations and the amusements of the laity." Collet was, therefore, in no favor with the seculars, or with those bishops or abbots who were seeking at court advantages for themselves or their families. Collet "called out in Convocation and in synod for a more strict discipline of the clergy," for "constant preaching, for visiting and instructing the poor and reclaiming sinners." He had a high opinion of the Carthusian fathers. He never dissented from any Catholic doctrine, but the reformation at which he aimed was that of "morals and discipline."

Ambrose Asham (a Franciscan) represents Collet "as a vain, proud, restless man, who thought himself the most unblemished shepherd."

One of the arguments advanced for the Protestantism of Collet is that he "did not make a popish will, having left no moneys for Masses for his soul's health, which shows that he did not believe in Purgatory." All his sermons proved the contrary; and the fact of his frequent visits to the Carthusians confirms his thorough Catholicity.

In 1529 the statutes for regulating the clergy met with vigorous opposition from a few of the peers. Fisher spoke in indignant terms of the irreligion and dishonesty of the Commons. On the measure for "breaking off spiritual intercourse with Rome"

* A very correct English translation of this discourse appears in Knight's *Life of Collet*, pp. 181–191.

Bishop Fisher, in a speech of great power and vigor, denounced the proposition. "Is his holy mother," he said, "the church, about to be brought like a bondsmaid into thraldom? Want of faith is the true cause of the misfortunes impending over the state." * The Duke of Norfolk replied in a speech wherein he used some harsh language towards the aged prelate. The peer told the bishop that the greatest clerks were not always the wisest men; to which Fisher replied that he "did not remember any fools in his time that had proved great clerks." The Commons, at the instigation of their Speaker, Audley, expressed great indignation at the bishop's observations, and sent a deputation, headed by Audley himself, to the king to complain of "how grievously they felt themselves injured by being charged with lack of faith, as if they had been infidels or heretics." The deputation were conveniently carrying out the king's policy: his highness gave them a flattering reception, blandly sympathized with their "wounded feelings," and sent for Dr. Fisher to rebuke him for his "bad discourse." The venerable bishop appeared before the king with undaunted mien, but loyal and respectful bearing. He said "that, having a seat and a voice in Parliament, he spoke his mind freely in defence of the church which he saw daily injured and oppressed by the lordly and territorial classes, whose office it was not to judge of her manners, much less to reform them." † The king seemed astonished at this bold reply; but, knowing the high integrity of his ancient preceptor, he perhaps secretly admitted his judicious views of church government. He dismissed the bishop with these words: "My good lord of Rochester, use more conciliatory language in future. Harsh words never mend a quarrel." ‡

Reginald Pole, who was personally acquainted with Dr. Fisher, describes his virtues in glowing terms. In *Pro Ecclesiasticæ Unitatis Defensione* he says, as to his highness the king, "that if an ambassador had to be sent from earth to heaven there could not among all the bishops and clergy be found so fit a man as John Fisher; for what other man have you at present, nor for many years past, who can be compared with him in sanctity, in learning, in zeal and careful diligence in the office and various duties of a bishop? Above all other nations we may justly rejoice in having such a man; and if all the parts of Christendom were searched there could not be found one man that in all things did accomplish the parts and the degrees of a bishop equal to John

* Bayley's *Life of Dr. Fisher.* † Ibid.

‡ Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry VIII.*

Fisher." Sir Thomas More also bears testimony to Fisher's disinterested zeal in the cause which he sustained with his words and example.

Dr. Fisher preached a series of sermons against Luther, one of them at St. Paul's Cross, which was attended "by Cardinal Wolsey, ten bishops and five hundred ecclesiastics, and an immense concourse of people." He also delivered public lectures on the same subject at Westminster Abbey and in many of the metropolitan churches. He was most energetic in his opposition to the men of the "new learning," but that opposition was confined to moral means alone: he himself never persecuted nor recommended others to do so; yet he has been stigmatized as the "bloudie bishop." His opposition to the divorce of Katharine of Arragon evoked the enmity of the king and of Dr. Cranmer. Before the new form of oath was tendered to him as a spiritual peer Cranmer and the king were aware that he would not accept it. The honor and integrity of the man were not doubted by any of his enemies; and the king himself declared to Maister Rich that he "looked upon John Fisher as the most able man in his kingdom; that his conscientious character and general honesty could not be doubted; that he esteemed and loved him all his life, and would raise him to the highest position in his councils, if he only agreed to take the oath of Supremacy."* Papal and anti-papal notables were sent to remonstrate with him on his "obstinate perseverance against the command of the king." Audley, Crumwell, Suffolk, and Cranmer argued the question with him on several occasions; and then came Gardyner, Tunstal, and Bonner, impressing "loyalty and menacing the terrors of the law." To all Fisher was alike indifferent, declaring that he could not take the oath proposed without a violation of a higher and more sacred obligation to his Eternal Creator. Dr. Fisher in Convocation denounced the seizure of the smaller monasteries, and in an expressive allegory indicated the motives and predicted the result. He told the bishops and abbots that if they gave permission to the crown to destroy the smaller monasteries it might possibly lead to the destruction of the larger ones. "An axe," he remarked, "which wanted a handle came upon a certain time into the wood, making his moan to the great trees that he wanted a handle to work withal, and for that cause he was constrained to sit idle; therefore he made his request to them that they would be pleased to grant him one of their small saplings within the wood to make him a handle. But now, be-

* State Papers.

coming a complete axe, he so fell to work within the same wood that, in process of time, there were neither great nor small trees to be found in the place where the wood lately stood. Now, my lords, if you grant the king these smaller monasteries you do but make him a handle whereby, at his own pleasure, he may cut down all the cedars within your Lebanon." * The agents of the king in Convocation denounced Fisher's allegory as "seditious and presumptuous language." But it proved true.

The advice of Crumwell and Cranmer was now acted upon, and the king, laying aside all hesitation, confirmed his dire career of blood and despotism by summoning before the council his aged preceptor. Before leaving Rochester the bishop bade farewell to his palace, his servants and retainers, and set out for London, accompanied by a vast crowd of people. One of his quaint biographers describes the scene: "Passing through the city of Rochester, there were a multitude of people gathered together, both citizens, countrymen, and women too, and many scores of children, to whom the goodly bishop gave his blessing, riding by them all the while bareheaded; and the people were all crying and sobbing, for they knew that he would never return to them amore; and others in the crowd cursed those that were persecuting their good old bishop, who was so long amongst them like a father. And as the people thronged round he had a good word for every man, woman, and child, and would have them to pray for his enemies. Then, raising his voice very loud, he said warning words to them, to stand by the old religion of England; and the people all held up their hands, and the women and young maidens were sore afflicted at the sight, and prayed God to send him back safe; but, alas! he never came that road again. And in this way and manner the holy bishop did ride on his horse, and reached London City about the night of the same day."

Upon the bishop's arrival at Lambeth Palace he went through a series of captious examinations before Archbishop Cranmer, Sir Thomas Audley, and Crumwell; but he could not be prevailed upon to accept the new oath of Supremacy. After each discussion he received so many days "for further consideration." But all proved in vain, and he was ultimately committed to the Tower upon Tuesday, the 20th of April, 1533. When Fisher was committed to the Tower Lord Crumwell's agents visited his palace at Rochester, where the usual scene of confiscation and plunder took place. A monk named Jacob Lee, who professed

* Bayley's *Life of Bishop Fisher*, p. 108.

the Reformation principles, was one of the parties who took an inventory of the bishop's property, and called the attention of the inquisitors to a strong iron box which had been concealed in an apartment for many years, and was supposed to contain some golden treasures. Lee, on breaking open the box, exclaimed: "Gold, gold for the Roman Antichrist! Down with the pope!" The box contained a hair shirt and two whips which were used by Fisher at certain times in "punishing his own body." Cromwell expressed regret that the box had been opened. The gold cup presented to the bishop by Henry's own mother, as well as the memorials of Henry's grandmother, the good Countess of Richmond, were confiscated. Bishop Fisher's benevolent and interesting will was subsequently cancelled by the king, upon which Bayley observes: "He that made void so many men's wills had his own made void in every particular." When confined in the Tower the king again commanded Gardyner, Tunstal, and Bonner to remonstrate with Fisher on the imprudence of his conduct in questioning the royal supremacy. Bonner told him that it looked like treason; and Gardyner said that pious men "should be obedient to the powers that be." Tunstal, taking him by the hand, said: "Beloved brother, do not be obstinate; try and please the king, if you can do so without violating your conscience. The king regards you much, and we all love you." His reply was: "My very good friends, and some of you my old acquaintances, I know you wish me no hurt or harm, but a great deal of good; and I do believe that upon the terms you speak of I might have the king's favor as much as ever. Wherefore, if you can answer me one question, I will perform all your desires." "What's that, my lord?" said several prelates. "It is this: '*What will it gain a man to win the whole world and to lose his own soul?*'" Gardyner and Bonner became silent; indeed, it would not have been prudent for them to express any opinion in the presence of the king's spies. And again Dr. Fisher said:

"My lords, it does not grieve me so much to be urged so sorely in a business of this kind as it doth wound me grievously that I should be urged by you, whom it concerns as much as me. Alas! I do but defend your cause, whilst you are pleading against yourselves. It would indeed better become us all to stick together in repelling the violence and injustice which are daily put upon our holy Mother, the Catholic Church, where we have all in common, than to be divided amongst ourselves to help on the mischief. But I see judgment is begun at the house of God; and I see no hope, if we fall, that the rest will stand. You see we are besieged on every side, and the fort is betrayed by those who should defend it; and since we have made no better resistance, we are not the men that shall see

an end of these calamities. Wherefore, I pray you, my lords, leave me and my cause to the Almighty God, in whom alone there is comfort which no man can deprive me of. You have often told me of the king's heavy displeasure against me; I therefore pray you to remember me to his highness, and tell him that I had rather exercise the duty that I owe unto him by praying for him than in pleasing him in the way and manner you ask me to do."*

Thomas Crumwell, imitating the example of Maister Rich, visited Fisher in the Tower, in order to discover his opinions on the Supremacy and other questions. The bishop was courteous but unbending at the interview, and Crumwell would have him to believe that he and Cranmer held him in high esteem. After "much preliminary discourse Crumwell came to the matter of fatal importance to Fisher." "My lord of Rochester," said he, "what would you say if the pope should send you a cardinal's hat? Would you accept of it?" Bishop Fisher replied: "Good Maister Crumwell, I know myself to be so far unworthy of any such dignity that I think not of it. But if any such thing should happen, assure yourself that I should turn that favor to the best advantage that I could in assisting the Holy Catholic Church of Christ, and in that respect I would receive it upon my knees." Crumwell reported this conversation to the king in whatever form suited his policy or his malice. Henry became indignant on hearing of Fisher's reply to his minister. "Yea," said he, "is the old man yet so lusty? Well, let the pope send him a hat when he will; Mother of God! he shall wear it on his shoulders, then, for I will leave him never a head to set it on." †

Upon Dr. Fisher's arrest his private property was seized, as had been his public, and his very clothing taken from him. Without "any consideration for his extreme age, he was allowed nothing but rags, which scarcely sufficed to cover his body." ‡

Many of the evil actions perpetrated against Dr. Fisher whilst in the Tower have been attributed to Crumwell or Audley; no one imagined that the king was the author of the falsehoods intended to induce his acquiescence. It is now important to know that King Henry himself specially instructed Lord Crumwell to send word to Dr. Fisher that "his friend, Sir Thomas More, had just agreed to take the oath of Supremacy and was about to be released from the Tower." This falsehood was suggested by Henry to induce the bishop to abandon his principles; but John Fisher was not the man to be moved by such reports. He was grieved

* Bayley's *Life of Fisher*. † Ibid.

‡ Fisher's Letters; Fuller's *Church History*, book v. p. 203.

at the statement, and expressed himself surprised to learn that Sir Thomas More proved to be so weak-minded, and thought he would act otherwise. "Perhaps," said Dr. Fisher, "my poor friend was induced to give way through his natural tenderness for his numerous family, who are now starving. But there is no such excuse for me; no, none whatever. I am a minister of the Gospel, and am particularly bound to give good example and to stand by 'Peter's Ship' to the death—let death come in what form it may." * When Henry heard of the failure of his false devices he muttered curses and spoke of the headsman.

After one year's imprisonment in the Tower Dr. Fisher was placed on his trial (June 17, 1534) before Sir Thomas Audley and the High Commissioners in the Court of King's Bench. Lord Crumwell and the Duke of Suffolk were among the commissioners. Fisher, who was attired in a black gown, was brought up in the custody of the lieutenant of the Tower. He was scarcely able to stand at the bar from infirmity, old age, and hard treatment in prison.

The charge preferred against him was that he had "treacherously attempted to deprive the king's highness of his title by maliciously speaking the following words: 'The king, our sovereign lord, is not supreme head on earth of the Church of England.'" The only witness for the crown was Maister Rich, the solicitor-general, who, as the reader is aware, visited the bishop in the Tower, in a "friendly manner," to "mend the quarrel between the king and him." Rich turned a confidential communication into evidence, and appeared as a witness for the crown. In the history of judicial proceedings there is perhaps nothing recorded to equal Rich's conduct on this occasion. Dr. Fisher stood alone, without counsel or friend, against the crown lawyers, judges, and commissioners. He spoke of the manner in which the evidence against him was elicited:

"Maister Rich, I cannot but marvel to hear you come and bear witness against me of those words. This man, my lords, came to me from the king, as he said, on a secret message, with commendations from his grace, declaring what good opinion his highness the king had of me, and how sorry he was of my trouble, and many more words not now fit to be recited, as I was not only ashamed to hear them, but also knew right well that I could in no way deserve them. At last he broke to me the matter of the king's Supremacy, telling me that his highness, for better satisfaction of his own conscience, had sent him unto me in this secret manner, to know my full opinion in the matter, for the great affection he had always for me

* State Papers; Sir Richard Rich to Sir Thomas Audley.

more than any other man. When I had heard this message I put him in mind of the new Act of Parliament, which, standing in force as it does, might thereby endanger me very much in case I should utter anything against its provisions. To that he (Rich) made answer, 'that the king willed him to assure me, upon his honor, and on the word of a king too, that whatever I should say unto him by this his secret messenger I should abide no peril for it, although my words were ever so directly against the statute, seeing it was only a declaration of my mind secretly as to his own person! And the same messenger (Rich) gave me his solemn promise that he never would mention my words to any living soul, save the king's highness himself. Therefore, my lords, seeing it pleased the king's highness to send to me thus secretly to know my poor advice and opinion, which I most gladly was, and ever will be, ready to offer to him when so commanded, methinks it very hard to allow the same as sufficient testimony against me to prove me guilty of high treason."*

Dr. Fisher's speech was received with demonstrations of applause. Almost every one present—save the judicial lictors—felt horrified at the conduct of Rich, who rose to reply undismayed or in any way abashed. He said that the prisoner had fairly stated what occurred between them. He excused his conduct by affirming in a solemn manner that he "said or did nothing more than what the king commanded him to do." And then, as counsel as well as witness for the crown, he argued that, assuming the statement to be correct, it was no discharge in law against his highness the king for a direct violation of the statute. Sir Thomas Audley and the other judges were of opinion that this message or promise from the king neither did nor could by rigor of law discharge the prisoner from the crime; but in so declaring his mind and conscience against the Supremacy—yea, though it were at the king's own request or command—he committed treason by the statute, and nothing could save him from death but the king's merciful pardon.

Dr. Fisher then contended that as the statute only made it treason "maliciously" to deny the king's Supremacy, he could not be guilty by merely expressing an opinion to the king himself, and that, too, by his highness' own order.

Audley replied, in a triumphant tone, that "malice did not mean spite or ill-will in the vulgar sense, but was an inference of law; for if a man speak against the king's Supremacy by any manner of means, that speaking is to be understood and taken in law as malice."

* Burnet asserts, in variance with recorded facts, that "no Catholic was ever punished for merely denying the royal Supremacy in official examinations." But the communication between Bishop Fisher and Maister Rich was quite "private." Mr. Froude considers his oracle "mistaken in this matter."

Bishop Fisher raised another important question—namely, that in high-treason accusations the law required two witnesses; whilst the crown produced *only one* in his case, and that one under the most discreditable circumstances that ever dishonored a court of justice.* This puzzling point was quickly overruled by Audley, who replied that as this was a case in which the king's highness was personally concerned, the law requiring two witnesses did not, in his opinion, apply! He then addressed the jury for the crown in a speech which has been described as a "literal perversion of law, equity, and truth." His manner was gross, insolent, and overbearing.

After a brief time of seeming deliberation the jury returned a verdict of guilt, to which the bishop replied: "I thank you heartily, Maister jurymen, for your verdict; and may the Almighty God forgive you and those at whose bidding you have outraged truth and justice!"

Sir Thomas Audley, assuming a solemn appearance, said:

"John Fisher, you shall be led to the place from whence you came, and from thence again shall be drawn through the city to the place of execution at Tyburn, where your body shall be hanged by the neck; *half alive you shall be cut down and thrown to the ground, your bowels to be taken out of your body before you, being still alive, your head to be smitten off, and your body to be divided into four quarters, and afterwards your head and quarters to be set up wheresoever the king shall appoint.* And God have mercy upon your soul!"†

A scene of confusion followed which had scarcely a precedent in the records of what was termed the Justice Hall. The bar were astounded at the demeanor of Sir Thomas Audley. A lawyer who was present, in writing to Carlo Logario, says: "His countenance more fittingly represented the *finisher* of the *law* than the *mild and merciful expounder of it.*"

When order was somewhat restored the venerable prelate addressed the commissioners, protesting against the injustice of the proceedings against him, and concluded in these words:

"My lords, I am here condemned before you of high treason for denial of the king's supremacy over the church of God; but by what order of justice I leave to God, who is the searcher both of the king's conscience and of yours. Nevertheless, I have been found guilty (as it is termed), and must be contented with all that God shall send, to whose will I wholly refer and submit myself. And now I tell you more plainly my mind concerning this matter of the king's Supremacy. I think, indeed, and I have

* Mr. Froude coolly says: "The king's counsel might have produced other witnesses had they cared to do so." Of course they could; there was any amount of testimony then available, either from fear or avarice.

† Bayley's *Life of Bishop Fisher*, p. 198; State Trials of Henry's reign.

always thought, and do now lastly affirm, that his highness the king cannot justly claim any such supremacy over the church of God as he now taketh upon him. Neither hath it ever been or heard of any temporal prince before his day aspiring to that dignity. Wherefore, if the king will now adventure himself in proceeding in this strange and extraordinary case, no doubt but he shall deeply incur the grievous displeasure of the Almighty God, to the great damage of his own soul and of many others, and to the utter ruin of this realm committed to his charge. Whereof will ensue some sharp punishment at the hand of God. I pray God his highness may remember himself in time and hearken to good counsel, for the preservation of himself and his kingdom, and the peace of all Christendom." *

Amidst a great parade of halberd-men, executioners, and jail attendants in their various liveries the condemned prelate was reconducted to the Tower. The lamentations of the populace, especially the crowds who came from Rochester, much affected him. At the Tower gate he thanked the officials for their attendance. "I thank you," he said, "for the labor and pains you have taken with me this day; I am not able to give you any recompense, for all has been taken from me and I am as poor as Lazarus. Therefore I pray you to accept of the only thing I can give you, my thanks and good wishes."

THE DISCOVERY OF THE EAST COAST OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN VERRAZANO and the French mariners who accompanied him in his voyage of discovery to the New World were the first to plant the standard of France upon American soil. The Normans and Bretons, it is true, had discovered the coasts of the country now known as the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and had established fishing and trading stations in those lands, as early as the year 1504, if indeed not previous to the discoveries of Columbus, Cabot, and Cortereal, as has been maintained by judicious writers; † and the Baron de Lery had attempted to plant a French colony on Sable Island in 1518. But it was not until the year 1524 that an accredited representative of the French race took formal possession of a portion of the present United States.‡ The territory thus taken extended

* State Trials of Henry's reign; Thorndale's Memorials.

† Laverdière's *Histoire du Canada*, p. 2; Bell's Garneau's *History of Canada*, vol. i. p. 46. Compare with Parkman's *Pioneers of France in the New World*, p. 171, notes.

‡ The history of Verrazano's voyage has been handed down to us in a Letter, or report,

from the vicinity of the Savannah River, in the State of Georgia, to and including the State of Maine, and was named New France.

Although the discovery of a new world by Columbus had produced a tremendous impression throughout Europe, the French kings were slow in becoming interested in America. Charles VIII. and Louis XII. were too much engrossed with their schemes for the absorption of the northwestern provinces of France, and with their marriages and wars of succession, to give a thought to making discoveries and founding colonies beyond the Atlantic. The kings of France at the beginning of the sixteenth century, unlike the monarchs of Spain, Portugal, and England, possessed but little power, their authority being fully recognized in the interior only of France. Brittany was then an independent hereditary dukedom, and so remained until the year 1532, when it was united to the French crown, its traditional liberties of former times having been previously stifled. Francis I., however, in the eighth year of his reign, although then engaged in a colossal war against the Emperor Charles V.—a war in which the political destiny of all Europe was involved—being informed of the discoveries made by the navigators of the west coast of France, and stimulated by the successes of the Spaniards,* organized an expedition for the particular purpose of exploring the Atlantic coast of the new-found world. He desired to take

written by Verrazano to King Francis I., dated Dieppe, Normandy, July 8, 1524, and first published in the Italian language in Ramusio's *Navigatione et Viaggi*, etc., Venice, 1556. The first English translation appeared in Hakluyt's *Divers Voyages*, etc., London, 1582. A manuscript copy of the Letter, evidently contemporary with the Ramusio version, but differing from it in some unimportant particulars, is in the Magliabecchian Library at Florence, and the text of this document, together with a translation, is published in the *Collections of the New York Historical Society*, second series, vol. i., New York, 1841. The original Letter, which was written in French, is not extant; and the first known account of the voyage, in the French language, appears in Belleforest's *Histoire Universelle*, 1570.

In 1864 Mr. Buckingham Smith, in a paper read before the New York Historical Society and entitled *An Inquiry into the Authenticity of Documents concerning a Discovery in North America*, questioned the authenticity of both the Ramusio and Magliabecchian versions of Verrazano's Letter, and attempted to disprove the voyage altogether. Mr. J. C. Brevoort, ten years later (1874), in a volume entitled *Verrazano the Navigator*, defended the voyage and presented new matter to support it. This brought out a volume, adverse to the voyage, from Mr. Henry C. Murphy, entitled *The Voyage of Verrazano*, 1875. Next appeared a pamphlet by the Rev. B. F. De Costa entitled *Verrazano: a Motion for a Stay of Judgment*, 1876.

Following up the interesting subject, Mr. De Costa examined into the whole controversy, and in a series of scholarly articles, which were published in the *Magazine of American History*, triumphantly dispelled all doubts on the authenticity of the documents and refuted all arguments advanced to disprove them and the voyage. The principal witnesses relied upon by the learned polemic in his defence of the French discovery are, 1. The Verrazano Letter; 2. The Carli Letter; 3. The Map of Jerome Verrazano; 4. The Discourse of a great French sea-captain; 5. The Ulpius Globe.

* *Memoir of M. de Callière to M. Seignelay*, in Docs. Col. Hist. N. Y., ix. 266.

his share of the heritage left by Noe to his descendants, remarking jocularly that the kings of Spain and Portugal were measuring their lots a little too wide.*

Giovanni da Verrazano, an Italian navigator then in the king's service, was placed in command of the expedition. The fleet, consisting of four ships, left France, probably from the port of Dieppe, in the autumn of 1523; but having encountered violent winds it returned in distress to a port in Brittany, with only two of the ships. After making the necessary repairs the ships again set out, and, after cruising for some time along the Spanish coast, Verrazano on the 17th of January, being then near the island of Madeira, with a single ship named the *Dauphin*, directed his course over a hitherto untravelled route to the New World. His equipage consisted of fifty men, arms and other warlike munition and naval stores, articles for barter, and provisions sufficient for eight months. After a long voyage, during which a violent hurricane was encountered, Verrazano, on March 7, 1524, "discouered a new land neuer before seene of any man either ancient or moderne." †

Verrazano describes his landfall as being in 34° north latitude, or in the southern portion of what is now North Carolina, south of Cape Fear River, upon which the city of Wilmington is situated. Fires were seen on the land, from which it was concluded that it was inhabited, and a safe landing-place was sought to enable the explorers to examine into the nature of the country. The coast stretched to the south, and Verrazano followed it for a distance of fifty leagues, with the evident intention of connecting his discoveries with those of the Spaniards in Florida. Failing to find a harbor in which to lie securely, he changed his course to the northward, and, still unsuccessful in his search for a convenient harbor, he approached the land and went ashore in a small boat. The Indians, who had collected in considerable numbers at the seaside, fled; but the French, by various friendly signs, induced them to return. Verrazano, in his relation of this scene, continues: "They showed the greatest delight on beholding us, wondering at our dress, countenances, and complexion. They then showed us by signs where we could more conveniently secure our boat, and offered us of their provisions." ‡

* Ferland, *Cours d'Histoire du Canada*, i. 13.

† "Scoprimo vna terra nuoua non piu da gli antichi, ne da moderni vista" (Ramusio, ed. 1565, iii. 420).

‡ *The Voyage of John de Verazzano, etc., translated from the original Italian by Joseph G. Cogswell*, in Coll. N. Y. Hist. Soc., second series, vol. i. p. 42.

This scene evidently took place in what is now the State of South Carolina, probably in the vicinity of Cape Romain. In accordance with the custom of the times and the spirit of the occasion it is most probable that the country was here consecrated to the Christian religion, and that the sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated by a chaplain of the expedition;* that possession was taken of the territory in the name of the French king, attended by the ceremony of planting a cross, erecting the arms of France, shouting three times, "*Vive le Roy!*" and recording the minutes of the proceedings, whilst the country seen and to be visited was by acclamation given the name of NEW FRANCE.†

After visiting an Indian tribe located at no great distance from the one in whose midst he had landed, Verrazano set sail,

*I am not aware that any writer has heretofore referred to the fact that chaplains accompanied Verrazano's voyage of discovery, and that divine services were held in the present United States, north of Florida, as early as the year 1524. The fact might, without direct evidence, be asserted, since it was the invariable custom in Catholic times to place all enterprises of moment under the patronage of religion, and since it appears from the history of all the early Spanish, English, Portuguese, and French voyages of which detailed accounts have been preserved that chaplains accompanied such voyages; but the Verrazano Letter testifies to the fact when it says that divine service—and by *divine service* the most solemn act of Christian worship, namely, the Sacrifice of the Mass, is meant in the terminology of the times—was held in the presence of the Indians. The following are Verrazano's words—he is speaking of the religion of the aborigines:

"Stimia mo che non habbino fede alcuna & che viuino in propria liberta, & che tutto dalla ignorantia proceda, perche sono moto facili ad essere persuasi, & tutto quello che vedeuano sare a noi Christiani circa il culto diuino faceuano ancora essi con quel stimolo & feruore che noi faceuamo" (Ramusio, ed. 1565, vol. iii. 422).

"We suppose that they haue no religion at all, and that they liue at their owne libertie. And that all this proceedeth of ignorance, for that they are very easie to be perswaded: and all that they see vs Christians doe in our diuine seruice, they did the same with the like imitation as they saw vs to doe it" (*Hakluyt*, ed. 1600, vol. iii. p. 364).

†Such was the formula of taking possession of new countries by the French. That the name of New France was given to the country discovered by Verrazano appears from the map of Jerome Verrazano, the brother of John the navigator, made in the year 1529, and preserved in the Borghian Museum of the Propaganda at Rome. A reduced copy of this historical treasure has been published by Mr. De Costa in connection with his admirable articles in the *Magazine of American History*. It is based on John Verrazano's voyage, and supplies many details not contained in the Letter. The inscription, "*Verrazana sive Gallia nova quale discropo 5 anni fa Giovanni di Verrazano fiorentino Per ordine et comandata del Chrystianissimo Re de Francia*," proves that the name "New France" had been given to the country. Then along the Atlantic coast are three flags, the southernmost flag being represented in the vicinity of Cape Romain, South Carolina, the northernmost one in the vicinity of the northern portion of Maine, and the intermediate one probably near Narragansett Bay. "We know that these flags," says Mr. De Costa, "were intended to indicate the claims of Francis I., because upon the original map they are blue, which about that period was made the color of France in opposition to the white flag of England." They undoubtedly served another purpose—to indicate the points where the ceremony of taking possession of the country had been performed. The French colors are succeeded by Breton flags, one on each side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

It has always been held in Canada that Verrazano gave the east coast of the United States the name of New France. "Iean Verazan courut toute la contrée depuis la Floride iusques au Cap Breton, et en prit possession au nom de François I., son maistre. Ie croy que c'a esté ce Iean Verazan qui a esté le parain de ceste denomination de nouvelle France" (Biard, *Relations des Jesuites*, Can. Ed., 1611, p. 2).

continuing to coast along the shore, which he describes with great fidelity to nature. Names were given to the capes, bays, and rivers discovered. The name of Dieppe was given to a locality in the extreme south, evidently to the harbor of Savannah, Georgia; Saint Ann to the Virginia side of Chesapeake Bay; The Annunciation, probably because it was discovered on that feast, to Eastern Maryland; Saint Germain, after the residence of Francis I., to the land at the mouth of the Hudson River, or New York Bay; Louise, after the Princess Louise of Savoy, the king's mother, to Block Island,* off the coast of Rhode Island; and Saint Louis to an important river in Maine, probably the Saco or the Penobscot. Among the principal places of landing were the harbors of New York and Newport.

Entering the mouth of the Hudson River in a small boat, the explorers found its banks well peopled, the inhabitants not differing much from those seen at the previous landing-places. Multitudes of curious aborigines appeared from all sides to view the strangers, whom they received with evident delight and with loud shouts of admiration. Violent contrary winds arising, they were obliged to return to their ship without fully exploring the country. The next course was along Long Island Sound to Narragansett Bay, which, it appears, was named the Gulf of Refuge. A fortnight was spent here, probably on the site of the present city of Newport, from which parties often penetrated five or six leagues into the interior to examine the country. The Indians received the strangers with courteous consideration. They imitated the French modes of salutation, tasted their food, and otherwise exhibited a friendly disposition.

"Of those things which we gave them," says Verrazano, "they prized most highly the bells, azure crystals, and other toys to hang in their ears and about their necks; they do not value or care to have silk or gold stuffs or other kinds of cloth, nor implements of steel or iron. When we showed them our arms they expressed no admiration, and only asked how they were made; the same was the case with the looking-glasses, which they returned to us, smiling, as soon as they had looked at them." †

It is quite probable that the ceremony of taking possession of the country was repeated at this point.

Having supplied his ship with all necessaries, Verrazano, on the 5th of May, took his departure and continued his voyage,

* Kohl, *History of the Discovery of the State of Maine*, says that the name Louise was given to Martha's Vineyard.

† *The Voyage of John de Verazzano*, etc., in Coll. N. Y. Hist. Soc., p. 47.

keeping so close to the coast as never to lose it from sight; the nature of the country was the same as before, except that the mountains were a little higher. The shore stretched to the east, and fifty leagues beyond more to the north. The Indians here were no longer friendly, and all courteous advances on the part of the French were disregarded by the rude and suspicious natives. If the strangers wished at any time to traffic with them they came to the sea-shore and stood upon the rocks, from which they lowered down by a cord to the boats beneath whatever they had to barter; they took nothing but knives, fish-hooks, and articles of sharpened steel. Evidently this was not their first dealing with the whites! When in the vicinity of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the French forced a landing, and twenty-five resolute men penetrated two or three leagues into the interior. On returning to their boats they were assaulted with a shower of arrows, after which the Indians raised most horrible cries and fled into the forest. Having coasted the shores of Maine, and connected his explorations with those of the Bretons, Normans, and Basques in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island, Verrazano prepared to return to France, whither he arrived in the early part of July, after an absence of about eight months.*

Thus was the east coast of the United States, from Georgia to Maine, discovered and explored by the French in the first quarter of the sixteenth century. Attempts at colonization were subsequently made by France at the two extremities of her new possessions—in South Carolina before the first English colonists crossed the Atlantic, and in Maine before Popham's colony and the Pilgrims saw New England; and during the long century and a half during which France and England contested for domination in the New World the French never ceased to asseverate their right to the heritage bequeathed to them by Verrazano and the intrepid mariners who accompanied him on his memorable voyage of discovery. Nor would they acknowledge the claims of England to priority of discovery, the Cabots, they asserted, having nowhere landed on continent or island.†

* "In July Verrazzani was once more in France. His own narrative of the voyage is the earliest original account now extant of the coast of the United States. He advanced the knowledge of the country, and he gave to France some claim to an extensive territory on the pretext of discovery" (Bancroft, *History of the United States*, ed. 1857, i. 17).

Mr. Bancroft, in the Centennial (1876) edition of his great work, omits all mention of Verrazano's voyage, thereby, indirectly at least, expressing his adherence to the views of the polemists adverse to its authenticity. It should be stated, in justice to the author of the *History of the United States*, that Mr. De Costa's triumphant vindication of Verrazano had not appeared at the date of the issuing of the Centennial edition of his works.

† Charlevoix, *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, i. 3; and Shea's Charlevoix's *History of New*

When Verrazano reached Dieppe, with enthusiastic projects of colonization to submit to the approval of his royal master, he found France in a desperate situation. The personal bravery of Francis I., the gallantry of Bonnivet, the valor of Laval-Montmorency, "the first baron of Christendom," and the sacrifice of the life of the chivalric Bayard, "the knight without fear and without reproach," had proved unavailing to save the French arms from disastrous defeat at the hands of the Imperialist forces under the valiant Colonna and the traitor Constable of Bourbon. Disaster followed disaster until *all was lost save honor*. In the general gloom that overshadowed France upon the capture of the king at the battle of Pavia, not only the projects of colonization failed to receive attention, but even the importance of Verrazano's successful voyage remained unappreciated. But, though humbled, France was to rise again, and, though abandoned, her projects for the founding of a New France were to be revived. Had it been otherwise some of the grandest pages of American history would not have been written.

AMONG THE HILLS OF MORVAND.

HALF-WAY between Paris and Lyons you come to an upland region more or less wooded, about sixty miles in extent, with hills that rise wave beyond wave till they finally assume the dignity of mountains called the Montagnes Noires, which are divided by deep glens and beautiful valleys kept fresh by streams that come pouring down to feed the tributaries to the Seine and the Loire. The freshness and varied character of the landscape is delightful, especially to one coming up from the bleached, arid plains of Provence. On one side it looks severe and melancholy with its dense woods and dark, solitary ravines bordered by tall granite cliffs; and on the other graceful and attractive, with undulating hills whose wooded slopes embosom fair islets of green pasture-land where graze flocks of white sheep and herds of cattle with beautiful horns. Now you come upon a deep gorge through which dashes an impetuous torrent between high rocks

France, i. 105. It is now pretty well settled that Sebastian Cabot landed on "continent or island" in 1498, but that he landed south of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is evidently not probable.

blackened by time and rent by storms into fantastic shapes; and again upon fresh, sunny meadows and cultivated fields, with bird-haunted copses in every direction. Here you are surprised to see a hamlet suspended, as it were, on the side of a mountain; and there a group of cabins half hidden in the depths of a secluded valley. The mountains are not like the lofty, precipitous peaks of the Alps, however, but for the most part have gentle declivities clothed with rich forests or covered with harvests, but more or less bristling with sharp gray cliffs. Here grow the oak, the beech, and the witch-elm, the birch, the aspen, and the alder, from which vast quantities of charcoal are made, and firewood cut to be floated down the rivers to Paris. The pastures are odorous with the wild thyme and the camomile, and brilliant in their season with the purple digitalis, the blue veronica, and the yellow flowers of the gorse; and in the meadows grow profusely the gentian and lily of the valley. An immense number of rills, noisy and impetuous, foam down the mountain-sides in all directions, or have their source at the base, flowing over clear, sandy beds, and uniting in the valleys to form streams that abound in fish, especially the trout. The fields are divided by hedge-rows, and the roads through them look like narrow ribbons bordered with the hawthorn and the brier, or fringed with the pendulous branches of trees. Every now and then they are crossed by a fierce little torrent, or go wandering off into forests once sacred to the Druids. In the middle ages this country was covered with towers, and castles, and manor-houses, some fine specimens of which still remain, like Chastellux and La Roche-en-Breny. And there are the ruins of many more to be seen on the mountain cliffs, in sheltered valleys, and in the heart of the gloomy forests, which serve to give a romantic aspect to the country in keeping with its general character.

This diversified region has been known from time immemorial as Morvan, or Morvand. St. Amatre, Bishop of Auxerre, speaks of traversing it in the year 417. Venantius Fortunatus, in the sixth century, calls it a region of bears. The monk Heric, in the ninth century, describes it as a mountainous country covered with forests. At one extremity is Vézelay, where St. Bernard preached the Second Crusade; and at the other is Autun, the old druidical city, the ancient capital of the Celtic Æduans. The elevation of the country is so general that the winters are cold, and snow abounds on the mountains even when the valleys are warm. This leads to hail-storms often injurious to the crops, and thunder-showers are frequent and violent. The common people,

who generally date from some great calamity, still talk of 1788, the *année du grand verglas*, when the prolonged snows and severe frosts ruined the crops and killed many of the trees.

The forests, which supply the capital with so much fuel, everywhere reveal traces of the Druids. There are dolmens, menhirs, cromlechs, and peulvans. The *pierres branlantes*, or rocking-stones, are called *roches des fées* by the peasantry, who attribute everything beyond the power of the ordinary man to some supernatural agency, especially to fairies. Fairies built the great towers perched on the high cliffs. They set up the great druidical altars and monuments, as at Dun-les-Places, known as the *Pierre des Fées*, the *Château des Fées*, etc. They wrought in a single night the old Roman roads—the *chemins ferrés*, as the people call them. There are seven of these roads diverging from Autun across the country, become for the most part impassable from want of care. The Romans made an alliance with the Æduans at an early period, and their domination lasted four hundred years. They made Autun a centre and established military posts throughout the country around, where towns and villages now stand to perpetuate their memory, and where statuettes, medals, and cinerary urns are still found from time to time. They built numerous temples, and tried to uproot the religion of the Druids by destroying their schools and slaying the priests, but never wholly succeeded, so dear was it to the people. It took refuge in the depths of the mysterious forests, and was still the dominant religion when Christianity penetrated the country. St. Germain of Paris, when he traversed his native mountains of Morvand (fifth century), seemed to hear legions of Druids crying from the woods and deep valleys: "Leave to the miserable the solitude of the forests and the peace of the wilderness." But the Christian religion finally prevailed, and the deep hold it took in these mountains, chiefly through the instrumentality of the monks who redeemed the wild lands and civilized the people, is shown by the remains of numberless abbeys and priories, rural chapels and oratories. The druidical serpent, however, still figures on the arms of Autun together with the unclean beast, immense numbers of which in the middle ages fed on the acorns in the forests, as they do to this day, but to less extent, owing to the diminution of glandiferous trees. The old monasteries, in particular, had herds of swine. The barons of Lormes allowed the monks of Régny to feed one hundred in their forests. The sires of Chastellux gave them a still more extended liberty. The abbey of Morimond had more than twenty herds scattered

throughout the forests of Bassigny, each one with two or three hundred swine. Many places in Morvand derive their names from these old swine-pastures, such as Villapourçon, at the head of a beautiful valley of that name watered by two small streams, and Préporché (*Pratum Porcorum*), on the slope of a hill where still grow numerous chestnut-trees.

St. Andoche and his faithful deacon, St. Thyrse, both disciples of St. Polycarp, were the first apostles of Morvand. At Autun they were welcomed by Faustus, a Roman senator, already a Christian, and baptized his son Symphorian, who, at the age of twelve, was gloriously martyred for refusing to join in a procession of Cybele. Thence they came to Saulieu by one of the finest Roman roads in Gaul, built by Agrippa thirty-seven years before Christ. Saulieu then belonged to Faustus, who doubtless wished to propagate the Christian religion in his domains. Here they were received into the house of Felix, a merchant from the East, and with him underwent a cruel martyrdom, sentenced, some say, by Marcus Aurelius on his way through Saulieu from Sens.

Saulieu stands on a plateau looking off at the east over a fertile, undulating region, but at the north and west the view is bounded by the hills. The origin of the town is lost in the obscurity of past ages. Some say its name is derived from *solis locus*, because it was once consecrated to the worship of the sun. When excavations were made in 1750 half a mile south of the old road of Agrippa, the remains of an ancient temple were found, with a bronze statue of Apollo, and in 1600 a stone was discovered on which were graven the twelve signs of the zodiac. After the place became Christianized the possession of the bodies of the three early martyrs gave it celebrity and contributed to its prosperity. They had been carefully buried by their followers, and the church of St. Andoche was built over their tomb, to which a monastery was in time added. A chapel was also built in honor of St. Felix in a faubourg that took his name. Many illustrious persons came to pray at the martyrs' tomb, among others St. Clotilde, the first Christian queen of France; St. Columban, abbot of Auxeuil; and good King Gontran, whom the clergy and people went out to meet with the joyful cry of Noël! Noël! St. Germain of Auxerre also came to Saulieu on his way to Ravenna, and preached to the people and prayed at the tomb of the three saints. St. Germain has always been greatly honored in this region. The monk Heric relates that in his time there was a church of that saint's name every few

leagues, and such was the devotion of the people that they kept lamps burning in them night and day at his altar.

The abbey of St. Andoche was built by the offerings of the people, and endowed by the Blessed Varé, son of Corbon, a wealthy lord of Corbigny, with lands, money, books, and vestments, in return for which the grateful monks bestowed on him the title of founder as well as abbot. When Saulieu was pillaged and burnt by the Saracens it would probably have never risen from its ashes had not the tomb of its three martyrs escaped, which led to the rebuilding of the monastery. Charlemagne became the benefactor of the house, ordered the restoration of its domains, and gave it a vineyard near Beaune, since known as the Clos Charlemagne. He also rebuilt the church, which proudly assumed the name of the Eglise Royale. The abbey regarded him as its second founder, and took for its arms his famous sword, the victorious Joyeuse, which was placed saltier-wise with the abbot's crosier. And on the shrine of the three saints was depicted the mighty emperor upholding the church, with the inscription: "How Charlemagne, King of France and Emperor of Rome, founded and rebuilt the church of St. Andoche." This church stands in the centre of the town, completely overlooking it. It was consecrated on St. Thomas' day, 1119, by Pope Calixtus II. on his way through Morvand from the Council of Rheims, attended by a great retinue of bishops and lords. He was a native of Burgundy,* and gave all possible brilliancy to the ceremony in order to show his veneration for the apostles of his country. He went down into the *crotine*, as the crypt was called, where for more than nine hundred years had reposed the bodies of St. Andoche, St. Thyrse, and St. Felix, and solemnly brought them forth and enshrined them in the upper church. The head of St. Andoche was placed in a magnificent bust of silver, with a mitre on its head adorned with precious stones. This stood, supported by eight silver angels, on a pedestal of fine brass, in which were inserted twenty-two silver plaques with the history of the three martyrs depicted thereon. The entire reliquary was four feet high. It was kept in a niche at one end of the choir, which was opened on great solemnities to satisfy the devotion of the people, who came here in throngs. The bodies of the three martyrs were deposited in an oaken chest, which was placed in a shrine behind the high altar, resting on pillars of

* Pope Calixtus II., son of William the Great, surnamed Tête-Hardie, Count of Burgundy, was born at Quingey.

fine brass. Solemn oaths and covenants used to be made at this sacred shrine.

Pope Calixtus, desirous that the memory of the day should be perpetuated, accorded a jubilee or pardon to all who should visit the church on the anniversary, which usually brought a great concourse here. Such was the sanctity of the church that it was esteemed a privilege to be buried within its walls, and many foundations for the dead were made at its altars. Among others, an old lord of St. Léger de Fourches * founded a daily Mass at the altar of St. Maurice, to be said in a loud voice, the priest attended by six acolytes, after which he was to say the *De Profundis* and sprinkle the old lord's tomb with holy water. At the Revolution this venerable church was profaned and its portal inscribed: *Temple de la Raison.* The sacred vases and reliquaries, including the bust of St. Andoche, were saved thanks to the civil authorities, but the coffer containing the holy bodies of the martyrs was thrown out into the street and burned, together with the bull of Pope Calixtus II. attesting the consecration of the church. The ancient sarcophagus in which the three saints were first deposited was sold to a marble-worker at Dijon, but was afterwards redeemed by the parish-priest and placed in the choir. It is rounded at both ends, and on it are carved vines, festoons, birds, and other emblems, both Christian and pagan, leading to the supposition that it was originally the tomb of some old Roman.

When St. Andoche was secularized in the twelfth century, Saulieu, which had been a dependency of the abbey, became a fief of the bishop of Autun, who built a stronghold on the east side. The town at that time was surrounded with a wall flanked with sixteen towers and a moat with drawbridges. One of the gates, called Porte Notre Dame, had over it statues of Our Lady and St. Andoche. The town was besieged by the English in 1359, and after three days taken by assault. The fortifications were destroyed, the churches devastated, and the bells melted down. The people, too, lost everything. The king came to the assistance of the chapter of St. Andoche, and one pope after another granted indulgences to all who would aid in restoring the church.

When Francis I. came to Saulieu the people, though impoverished, presented him with a silver basin adorned with a salamander and the royal arms. And when he was taken pris-

*St. Léger de Fourches was a castellated tower a few miles southwest of Saulieu, on the borders of the pond of Champeau, the waters of which fed the moat that surrounded it.

oner the canons of St. Andoche sold lands and vineyards, melted down their chalices, and pawned their reliquaries to help pay his ransom.

There was a Maison Dieu, or hospital, at Saulieu as far back as the eleventh century, as appears from a document of 1098 in which the chapter of St. Andoche agrees to pay it annually fifty-two *boisseaux* of wheat. In 1298 Eudes de Roussillon bequeathed a sum for the maintenance of a lamp before the Blessed Sacrament at the Hôtel Dieu and at St. Andoche.

Nine miles north of Saulieu is La Roche-en-Breny, specially interesting as the place where M. de Montalembert resided the last part of his life. The prænomen is derived from the granite ridge on which the town is built, and the surname from the old forest of Breny, a portion of which is still to be seen towards Saulieu. The parish church, mentioned as far back as the ninth century, is dedicated to St. Alban, the proto-martyr of England, devotion to whom was introduced into this country by St. Germain of Auxerre, who, when he visited the tomb of St. Alban at Verulam, took up a handful of the earth, still red with the martyr's blood, and brought it to Auxerre, where he built a church in honor of St. Alban that was held in the greatest veneration. That at La Roche-en-Breny is a Gothic church with stained windows. The choir is very ancient, but the nave was rebuilt about thirty years ago, chiefly through the generosity of M. de Montalembert, in the style, however, of the thirteenth century. The seigneurial chapel is on the north side, with vaults beneath for burial.

A long avenue of fine lindens leads to the castle, which stands in a valley east of the town. It has a genuine feudal aspect, with donjon, moat, and drawbridge. In former times this was the seat of a barony belonging to the duchy of Burgundy, and its lords administered justice *haute*, *moyenne*, *et basse* within its own domains. They were a chivalric race and figured in all the ancient wars. William I., who married Damette de Chastellux, took the cross at Vézelay with his father-in-law, Artaud I. of Chastellux, in 1146, and went to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. The people of Morvand, in general, were so enthusiastic as to the Crusades that not only did all the great lords enlist, but many towns and villages were nearly depopulated, and the clergy and laymen who could not take part in them paid a tenth of their revenues toward their support, called the *dîme Saladine*.

The park of La Roche-en-Breny is very picturesque, varied as it is with meadows, woods, and cliffs, and terminating with

the pond of Villerin. On one hill, planted with evergreens, is a monumental cross blessed by Mgr. Dupanloup.

M. de Montalembert bought this ancient seat in 1841. He belonged to a distinguished family originally from Poitou, where it can be traced back at least to the year 1050. It distinguished itself not only in the Crusades, but in the wars with England and Italy. Geoffroy de Montalembert, a knight of the thirteenth century, gave lands to the Templars, and two of his sons, John and William, accompanied St. Louis to the East. The old manor-house of the family was near Civray, on the confines of Poitou and Angoumois, but its domains included several other seigneuries, to which an ancient chronicle in rhyme refers:

> "La maison de Montalembert,
> D'Esse, de Vaux, de Cers,
> Mi-partie Angomoisine,
> Mi-partie Poitevine,
> Vaillamment a combattu
> Es champs de gloire et vertu."

One of the most noted of its members was André de Montalembert, better known as Brave d'Esse from his seat of that name. He was brought up with Francis I., and took part in all the great events of his time, among other things victoriously defending Landrecies against Charles V., who besieged it three months with fifty thousand men. He used to say he only feared he should die in his bed, and he rose from it when ill to go to the defence of Thérouanne. In taking leave of King Henry II. on this occasion he said: "Sire, when you hear Thérouanne is taken you may safely say D'Esse is cured of his malady and is dead." He died, as he wished, in arms, June 20, 1553, at the age of seventy.

A few miles east of La Roche-en-Breny, on the borders of Morvand, is the hamlet of St. Ségraux, so named from a holy maiden of the middle ages who consecrated herself to the service of lepers in a *maladrerie* founded here by the neighboring lords of Thil. South of the hamlet is a spring known as the Fontaine de Sainte Ségrette. At the north rises the mountain of Thil crowned by the ruins of an ancient château, beside which are the remains of a collegiate church founded in 1340 by the lord of the manor.

Near St. Ségraux is the village of La Mothe-Ternant on a low hill, at the foot of which flows the Villargois. From the top you look off over a pleasant valley bounded by a forest in the

depths of which are the ruins of the priory of Val Croissant, with a stream crossing the ancient court overshadowed by lofty ash-trees. At the south stands the old Gothic church, now used as a barn, its rose-windows still preserved, but its arches fallen in. The chapter-house, which had a pillar in the centre spreading out at the top like a palm-tree to support the vault, is now gone, but you see the tomb of William, sire of La Mothe-Ternant, who founded this priory in 1216 in honor of Our Lady. On it he is represented as a crusader "sheathed in his iron panoply," with a greyhound at his feet. The ancient lords of this manor manifested great faith in the suffrages of the church, which it does one good to read of. One knight of the house, Hugues de La Mothe-Ternant, in 1413 founded at Val Croissant, with the consent of his wife, three Masses a week in perpetuity: the first on Monday in honor of the Holy Ghost; the second on Wednesday for the dead; and the third on Saturday in honor of Our Lady. The latter might be said at the castle, where breakfast would be provided for the celebrant. And Hugues' widow, Jeanne de Norry, out of the love and devotion she had from all time to God her Creator and the glorious Virgin Mary, founded two weekly Masses at Val Croissant, one to be said at the grand altar before the hour of prime, marked by twelve strokes of the bell at certain intervals, after which one of the monks, in his alb, attended by his brethren, was to sprinkle her tomb at the gospel side of the altar with holy water, and say for her repose the *Salve Regina*, the *De Profundis*, and the prayers *Infirma*, *Quæsumus*, and *Fidelium*. The other Mass, that of the dead, was to be said on Monday. And at Michaelmas the prior with two of the monks was to go to the castle and say the office of nine lessons in the chapel. Remains of this old castle are still to be seen with vaulted subterranean rooms hewn out of the rock, above which once stood a formidable tower.

A little southwest of La Roche-en-Breny is the village of St. Agnan at the entrance of a wild gorge overhung by a forest out of which flows the Trinclin. The château overlooks a broad meadow belonging to the grange of St. Agnan, given in the twelfth century to the abbey of Fontenay, near Montbard, founded by Rainard, uncle of St. Bernard. Here the monks sent herds of cattle and swine to pasture at a place still called Porcherie. The lay brothers, sent as herdsmen, built a chapel here in honor of St. Agnan, which became a place of pilgrimage and the nucleus of a village. St. Hubert, too, became popular here, as all through the sylvan region of Morvand.

A few miles at the northwest is Quarré-lès-Tombes, so called from the huge stone tombs formerly heaped up in great numbers in the centre of the town, which acquired much celebrity in the middle ages on account of the traditions connected therewith. In them, it is believed, were buried the Christians who fell in a terrible battle that once took place with the Saracens, some say on the outskirts of the town, in which fell six thousand combatants. The people, who are lovers of the marvellous, tell many legends concerning this battle, and how Renaud, prince of the Ardennes, one of the Four Sons of Aymon, took part in it. This hero is said to have gone into the neighboring forest, and, fastening his steed to the trunk of a venerable oak, sat down under a tree where a nightingale was singing, and while listening to its song fell asleep. Meanwhile the battle began furiously, and the cries of the men and the clang of arms at last awoke the knight. Ashamed at being thus overcome, Renaud sprang on his horse, flinging a malediction at the bird which had lulled him to sleep, and, seizing a *chevron*, rushed into battle. The Christians were beginning to yield when he appeared on the scene. He began to lay about him unsparingly with his strange weapon, and had cleared a broad space around him when a voice cried: "Use it like a scythe, Renaud, and instead of hundreds you will cut down thousands." He obeyed, and the infidel fell like grain before the reaper. The ground was soon strewn with the dead, and, if we may believe an old poem of the thirteenth century dedicated to Jane of Burgundy, wife of Philippe le Long, blood was shed in such abundance as to swell the neighboring stream (doubtless the Tanquoin) and cause it to overflow its banks. Tombs from heaven were sent to receive the bodies of the Christians, but the Saracens were cast into trenches whence nothing sprang but thorn-bushes and pernicious briers. The nightingale, *gentil oiseau*, whose melody had hitherto given such a charm to the Bois du Roi, was never heard to sing there again after the curse of Renaud.

The old poem referred to above says this battle took place at Pierre Perthuis, now a poor dilapidated village on a granite ridge at the west, just beyond the forest of Morvand, so called from the pierced rock or cliff which opens to allow the passage of the river Cure. Here you see the remnant of an old fortress of the ninth century, once a formidable hold with massive donjon, walls of great thickness, and a double moat, which belonged to Gerard de Roussillon, who, with his father Drohon and seven kings of Spain, gave battle near by to the forces of Charles the

Bald, who was aided by three Saracen kings and three admirals. Gerard was left master of the field, but great numbers fell on both sides, who were transported in carts and chariots to Quarré for burial. Gerard and his wife, Dame Berthe, spent two days and two nights in praying for the souls of the Christians slain. They vowed, moreover, to eat nothing but barley bread till they all had suitable burial; and lo! one morning, by some mysterious agency, they found them all buried in large stone coffins heaped one above another. A great number of stone sarcophagi, in fact, have been found beneath the soil at Quarré, with rounded covers, and tapering towards the foot, some with crosses carved on them, others swords, and containing bones, fragments of weapons, spurs, pieces of money, etc. So many were dug up in the course of last century that they were used in repairing the walls of the church, and the edifice is actually paved with them.

Three miles from Quarré-lès-Tombes is the village of St. Léger de Fourcheret, where in a little thatched cabin of two rooms, poorly lighted, Marshal Vauban was born. It is now used as a barn. His father was a great cultivator of fruit-trees, and to him are due the fine varieties now to be found in the commune, in many of whose orchards may be seen inscribed on old trees: "It was Vauban who planted me." The parish church, in which the son was baptized May 15, 1633, is of great antiquity. In the tenth century this church, with the neighboring lands, was given by the bishop of Autun to Eldrade, abbot of Vézelay, who founded a priory here. There is a field near by still called the *champ du prieuré*, and at the south is the Bois Sainte Marie, where the parish priest till a late day had the right of obtaining fuel.

Four miles north of Quarré is the little village of St. Brancher, a corruption of St. Pancrace, to whom the church is dedicated—an old building of the eleventh century, at least the nave, which is low and sombre, with bays at the sides pierced with loopholes. Near by is the fountain of St. Eutrope, efficacious in fevers. The great number of ancient remains found in the vicinity show that a Roman villa once stood here.

South of St. Brancher is St. Aubin, so called from an old oratory, now in ruins, dedicated to that bishop, whose festival used to be celebrated March 1 by a great concourse. At one end of the church is a sacred spring of repute, and near by is a tomb called by the people *le tombeau de St. Aubin.* A little to the west is Vaupitré (*Vallis Petrosa*), where pilgrimages are made in honor of St. Diétrine, whose body is popularly believed to be en-

closed in a great rock which, at her prayer, opened to receive her when pursued by her enemies. The peasants say nine Paters and nine Aves at this tomb, from which, they declare, sometimes issue great drops of sweat. They drink devoutly from a hollow in the rock, and, when it is dry, fill it with water from a neighboring spring.

South of Vaupitré is Ruissottes on a little stream of the same name, near which are the ruined castles of Chagnis and Chagnats, two of whose ancient lords, according to a popular legend, alternatively visit each other every night between eleven and twelve. The villagers pretend to have frequently met them in their chariots on their nocturnal round of courtesy.

Eight miles east of Quarré is the village of St. Magnance, on the road from Paris to Lyons—so called from a holy maiden of that name from Civita Vecchia, who came hither in the train that followed the body of St. Germain of Auxerre when brought back from Ravenna, where he died July 31, 448. His body was borne on men's shoulders surrounded by an immense multitude singing psalms of triumph, and bearing so many torches that the very light of the sun was eclipsed. When it passed through Morvand, as everywhere else, the people went out to meet it, some bearing offerings, others repairing the bridges or levelling the roads, and all testifying their veneration. In the train were five ladies of noble birth, three of whom died one after another on the way. One of them, named St. Magnentia, fell ill in passing through Morvand, and died November 26, 448, near the place where the village of her name now stands. She was buried in a field beside the old road of Agrippa, and a chapel was afterwards built over her grave, some vestiges of which are still to be seen, and the neighboring parishes used to come here on her festival, even after the removal of her body to the village church. St. Pallaye, or Palladia, also seems to have died in Morvand. Only two of these ladies reached Auxerre. One of them, named Maxima, was buried near the tomb of St. Germain with the inscription: "Here lies the body of the Lady St. Maxima, Virgin, who accompanied the body of St. Germain from Ravenna to this monastery, together with St. Palladia, St. Magnentia, St. Camilla, and St. Porcaria." The other, St. Porcaria, was buried in a neighboring town, and became famous for the miracles at her tomb. On the ancient sarcophagus in which St. Magnance was buried, still to be seen in the porch of her church, is sculptured in relief the procession following St. Germain's body to Auxerre—in it the five pious virgins. In the ninth century a priory was built

here. It was at that time her body was removed hither for security, and placed behind the high altar in a niche grated like an ossuary. Not far from the village once stood a hermitage with a chapel to St. Pancrace. And at the northeast is still the ancient chapel of St. Gregory with a fountain celebrated against diseases of cattle. Here, on the titular festival, used to assemble, and perhaps do still, a great number of peasants, and thousands came hither when there was any epidemic in their herds. They drove their cattle to the fountain of St. Gregory, or carried some of the water home for their benefit.

West of St. Magnance is Cussy, a small but very ancient village on the Cousin. An oratory stood here as far back as 706, said to have been built by the Blessed Varé, of whose domains Cussy formed a part. In the middle ages the lord of Cussy had a large oak chair of antique shape on the gospel side of the altar, and on festivals the curé used to approach him to present the holy water and incense. On the festival of St. Hilaire a candle was lighted in the church, and the bell rung at full peal to summon the people to pay their tribute of two deniers to their seigneur. Those who did not arrive before the candle went out were subject to a fine.

At the very northern extremity of Morvand is Avallon, not in a vale, like its Cornish namesake where lay King Arthur "watched by weeping queens," but perched on the top of a rocky height that is surrounded on three sides by a deep ravine where flows the Cousin, a branch of the Seine. From the south it presents the imposing, picturesque aspect of a feudal town with moat, high walls, and crenellated towers. It can only be reached on this side by following a winding path along the side of the cliff. This leads to an esplanade at the top shaded by trees that grow out of the crevices of the rock. Here you look directly down into the deep ravine out of which you have just ascended, and on every side have a striking view over hill and dale, with villages half hidden in the valleys, out of which rise granite cliffs once sanctified by hermits, and mountains gloomy with umbrageous forests. On the north side the town is easily approached by a table-land bordered by graceful, vine-covered hills that yield wine of such excellent quality that Wolfgang the Cruel, the Huguenot leader, when he ravaged this district in 1569, carried off two hundred bottles of it, which tempted him to such excess as to cause his death shortly after at Escarts.

Avallon is very ancient. It was a place of military importance under the Gauls, and the Druids had a college here. The

Romans and dukes of Burgundy also regarded it as a post well situated for defence. Many of the charters of the ancient dukes are dated *apud castrum nostrum Avalonem.* Their castle stood on the southern edge of the town, crowned with battlements and defended by massive walls, and in times of danger was well garrisoned. The town was early Christianized, and the lingering remains of paganism were rooted out by St. Martin. When he came here in 376 he overthrew the altar of Apollo at the peril of his life, and converted the temple into a chapel, to which a priory was afterwards added. In the fifth century the sciences were taught here with success. St. Germain of Paris studied here under the direction of his relative Scopillon, who was a priest. On account of the antiquity of its church Avallon became one of the four archdiaconates of the see of Autun. The house of the archdeacon, opposite the church of St. Lazare, was exempted from all taxes by the dukes of Burgundy and the kings of France. St. Lazare, the principal church, was founded in the ninth century by Gerard de Roussillon in gratitude for his victory over Charles the Bald and his allies. The portal is curious with its twisted columns and twelve signs of the zodiac. You descend by twelve steps into the interior. After crossing a section of the nave you descend two steps; at the second section four steps; then two—forming a regular descent towards the sanctuary, where the altar stands at the lowest point of all. The north side of the church is shorter than the south, so that the axis has the inclination so significant of the Divine Sufferer on the Cross. Beneath the sanctuary is an ancient martyrium, where the relics of the saints used to be kept. The most noted of these relics is the so-called head of St. Lazare, which is merely a portion of his skull,* given to the church by Hugues the Great, Duke of Burgundy, and kept in a silver bust presented by Blanche of Brittany, Countess of Artois, in 1322, after she was cured of the leprosy. It was this princess that composed the naïve canticle that became popular here, the first lines of which so truly express the general feeling of the inhabitants:

> "Sire Saint Ladre d'Avallon
> Baille meix indulgence et remichon."

* The custom of speaking of a portion of a saint's skull as "the head," of a single bone of the arm as "the arm," or any notable part of a saint's remains enclosed in a *simulacrum* as if the whole body, etc., has led to much confusion in the minds of superficial travellers, who seem to find the same relic in many different places, not being aware of this practice, and that there are many saints of the same name. The church has never in any age been so lacking in saints that it need impose spurious relics on the public.

TRADITION OF THE CHURCH OF JERUSALEM CONCERNING SACRAMENT AND SACRIFICE.

PART II.

St. Cyril's Teaching concerning Baptism—Confirmation—The Holy Eucharist—Exposition of the Liturgy—The Liturgy of St. James—Extracts from the Same—Tradition of Jerusalem a Testimony to Apostolic Doctrine and Practice.

We come now to St. Cyril's specific teaching concerning the Holy Eucharist as a Sacrament and a Sacrifice, and concerning the sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation, which are closely connected with it. We will take up Baptism first, then Confirmation, and lastly the Holy Eucharist, this being their proper order.

He gives no complete and minute description of the ceremonies prescribed by the ritual and liturgy, since this was not necessary for the instruction of those who witnessed and took part in them; but only a mention of or allusion to certain parts which were to be explained to the neophytes, that they might understand their significance. This is quite enough, however, to give a general idea of the ceremonial usage of that time in the Church of Jerusalem, and to show its substantial conformity to the ritual which, with accidental variations in different places and times, has been always and everywhere the same in the Catholic Church.

St. Cyril first explains the principal ceremonies preceding baptism:

"First, ye entered into the outer hall of the Baptistery, and there, facing towards the west, ye heard the command to stretch forth your hand, and as in the presence of Satan ye renounced him."

The significance of this act is explained quite at length, and in particular that they faced the west as being symbolically the region of the powers of darkness. Three distinct renunciations are mentioned, besides the general renunciation of Satan—viz., "of his works," "of his pomp," and "of his service," which are explained. Then comes the recitation of the Creed, facing the east:

"When, therefore, thou renouncest Satan, utterly breaking all covenant with him, that ancient league with hell, there is opened to thee the paradise of God, which he planted towards the east, whence for his transgression our first father was exiled; and symbolical of this was thy turning

from the west to the east, the place of light. Then thou wert told to say, I believe, etc."

St. Cyril then describes the entrance into the Baptistery, the putting off of garments, the anointing with exorcised oil, the second profession of faith, and the baptism by trine immersion in the font.

Of the nature and effects of baptism he speaks copiously in the Lectures which preceded and those which followed the administration and reception of the sacrament:

1. *Necessity of baptism.* "Unless a man receive baptism, he hath not salvation; except martyrs alone, who even without the water receive the kingdom" (iii. 10).

2. *Conveys remission of sins.* "Great indeed is the baptism which is offered you. It is a ransom to captives; the remission of offences; the death of sin; the regeneration of the soul; the garment of light; the holy seal indissoluble; the chariot to heaven; the luxury of paradise; a procuring of the kingdom; the gift of adoption" (Introd. 16). "Thou descendedst into the water bearing sins, but the invocation of grace, having sealed thy soul, allows not that thou shouldest henceforth be swallowed up by the fearful dragon. Dead in sins thou wentest down, quickened in righteousness thou camest up.

"What is greater than crucifying Christ? Yet even of this is baptism a purification" (iii. 12, 15).

3. *Regeneration.* "After these things ye were led to the holy pool of divine baptism. . . . And at the self-same moment ye died and were born; and that water of salvation was at once your grave and your mother" (xx. 4). "Especially abhor all the assemblies of the wicked heretics; and in every way make thine own soul safe, by fastings, by prayers, by alms, by reading of the divine oracles; that, living in soberness and godly doctrine for the rest of thy time in the flesh, thou mayest enjoy the one salvation of the Laver of Regeneration, and, having been thus listed in the heavenly hosts by God and the Father, thou mayest also be counted worthy of the heavenly crown in Christ Jesus our Lord, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen" (iv. 37).

4. *Illumination.* "For since in the Gospel the power of salutary baptism is twofold—that, namely, bestowed by means of water on the illuminated, and that to holy martyrs in persecution through their own blood—there came out of that salutary side blood and water, to ratify the gift to confession made for Christ, whether in illumination or on occasions of martyrdom" (xiii. 21).

The Third Lecture on the Mysteries treats of the Holy Chrism, or Sacrament of Confirmation.

"And as Christ was in truth crucified, and buried, and raised, and you in likeness are in baptism accounted worthy of being crucified, buried, and raised together with him, so is it with the unction also. As he was anointed with the spiritual oil of gladness, the Holy Ghost, who is so called be-

cause he is the author of spiritual gladness, so ye were anointed with ointment, having been made partakers and *fellows* of Christ. But beware of supposing this to be plain ointment. For . . . this holy ointment is no more simple ointment, nor (so to say) common, after the invocation, but the gift of Christ; and, by the presence of his Godhead, it causes in us the Holy Ghost. . . . Keep this unspotted; for it shall teach you all things if it abides in you, as you have just heard declared by the blessed John [*Ye have an unction from the Holy One*, etc.—1 John ii. 20–28, which verses were the text of this sermon], who discourses much concerning this chrism. For this holy thing is a spiritual preservative of the body, and safeguard of the soul. Having been anointed, therefore, with this holy ointment, keep it unspotted and unblemished in you, pressing forward by good works, and becoming well-pleasing to the captain of your salvation, Christ Jesus, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

The Fourth Lecture on the Mysteries treats of the Holy Eucharist:

"1 Cor. xi. 23: *I have received of the Lord*, etc. This teaching of the Blessed Paul is alone sufficient to give you a full assurance concerning those Divine Mysteries, which when ye are vouchsafed, ye are of *the same body* (Eph. iii. 6) and blood with Christ. For he has just distinctly said, *That our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks he broke it and said, Take, eat, this is my Body; and having taken the cup and given thanks, he said, Take, drink, this is my Blood.* Since, then, he himself has declared and said of the Bread, *This is my Body*, who shall dare to doubt any longer? And since he has affirmed and said, *This is my Blood*, who shall ever hesitate, saying that it is not his blood?

"He once turned water into wine, in Cana of Galilee, at his own will [which is akin to blood, *Ed. Ben.*], and is it incredible that he should have turned wine into blood? That wonderful work he miraculously wrought when called to an earthly marriage; and shall he not much rather be acknowledged to have bestowed the fruition of his Body and Blood on the children of the bride-chamber? Therefore with fullest assurance let us partake as of the Body and Blood of Christ: for in the figure of Bread is given to thee his Body, and in the figure of Wine his Blood; that thou, by partaking of the Body and Blood of Christ, mightest be made of the same body and blood with him. For thus we come to bear Christ in us, because his Body and Blood are diffused through our members; thus it is that, according to the Blessed Peter, *we become partakers of the divine nature.*

"Contemplate, therefore, the Bread and Wine not as bare elements, for they are, according to the Lord's declaration, the Body and Blood of Christ; for though sense suggests this to thee, let faith stablish thee. Judge not the matter from taste, but from faith be fully assured, without misgiving, that thou hast been vouchsafed the Body and Blood of Christ.

"These things having learnt, and being fully persuaded that what seems bread is not bread, though bread by taste, but the Body of Christ; and that what seems wine is not wine, though the taste will have it so, but the

Blood of Christ; . . . mayest thou *behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord*, and proceed from *glory to glory*, in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The Fifth Lecture on the Mysteries, which is the twenty-third and last of the course, is on the Liturgy. Its text is taken from 1 St. Peter ii. 1, etc.: *Wherefore*, etc., *be you also as living stones built up, a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.*

The selection of the text of itself shows that the Holy Eucharist was believed to be the Sacrifice of the New Law, and that the sacerdotal character and function of the Catholic Church, in which all the faithful partake, the church possesses and exercises in the persons of those who, by their priestly ordination, are empowered to consecrate and offer this sacrifice.

The exposition of the lecture is brief and not minute, being confined to some of the more important parts of the liturgy which the neophytes had only witnessed after their baptism. In order to understand it fully, and to bring out more clearly the traditional doctrine and usage of the Church of Jerusalem, it is necessary to supplement the comments of St. Cyril from the text itself of the Liturgy of St. James.

Mr. Neale has edited this with several other primitive liturgies in their Greek text, in a small volume, and in another separate volume has furnished English translations, with learned annotations. The quotations which follow are from this edition.

The Liturgy of St. James is composed of two principal parts, the Pro-Anaphoral portion, corresponding to the Ordinary of the Mass in the Latin Rite, and the Anaphoral portion, corresponding to the Canon of the Mass.

The Pro-Anaphoral part is subdivided into the Mass of the Catechumens and the Mass of the Faithful. The Mass of the Catechumens is begun with an Introductory Prayer accompanied by the blessing of incense. Next comes the Introit, or Antiphon of the Little Entrance, a procession in which the Gospel is carried, and which finishes by the clergy taking their proper stations within the sanctuary and around the altar. Next to this is the singing of the Trisagion, which is the anthem sung in the Latin office of Good Friday: *Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy on us.* Then were read the Lessons from Holy Scripture, ending with the Gospel, which was read with special solemnity and marks of honor. The Sermon came after the Scripture Lessons, whenever there was a sermon preached to the miscellaneous audience who were permitted to be

present during the first part of the Liturgy. After the Gospel follow prayers in the form of a litany, at the end of which all persons except the faithful were excluded from the church and the doors guarded.

The Pro-Anaphoral part of the Mass of the Faithful now begins, embracing all that is said and done until the *Sursum Corda*, which is the commencement of the Preface. First comes a second Prayer of Incense and the incensing of the altar, the corporal having first been unfolded. Then follows the Cherubic Hymn: *Let us who mystically represent the Cherubim, and sing the thrice-holy hymn to the quickening Trinity, lay by at this time all worldly cares, that we may receive the King of Glory, invisibly attended by the angelic orders. Alleluia.* After this the Great Entrance is made—namely, the carrying of the oblations in procession from the credence table, in a side chapel, to the altar. The Offertory comes next, then the Creed, the kiss of peace, a general litany, and the Prayer of the Veil, when the gifts are uncovered, which concludes this portion of the Liturgy.

St. Cyril passes over the whole of this portion of the Liturgy without commenting on any part of it, except two ceremonies—viz., the washing of the hands and the kiss of peace, which he seems to single out from all the others as standing in particular need of explanation:

"Ye saw then the deacon give to the priest water to wash, and to the presbyters who stood round God's altar. He gave it, not at all because of bodily defilement; no, for we did not set out for the church with defiled bodies. But this washing of hands is a symbol that ye ought to be pure from all sinful and unlawful deeds; for since the hands are a symbol of action, by washing them we represent the purity and blamelessness of our conduct. Hast thou not heard the blessed David opening this mystery, and saying, *I will wash my hands in innocency, and so will I compass thine altar, O Lord?* The washing, therefore, of hands is a symbol of immunity from sin.

"Then the deacon cries aloud, 'Receive ye one another; and let us kiss one another.' Think not that this kiss ranks with those given in public by common friends. It is not such: this kiss blends souls one with another, and solicits for them entire forgiveness. Therefore this kiss is the sign that our souls are mingled together, and have banished all remembrance of wrongs. For this cause Christ said, *If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and then rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift upon the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.*"

The second part of the Liturgy of St. James, the Anaphora or Canon, commences with the Preface. All who have paid at-

tention to the ceremonies of High Mass in a Catholic Church know that shortly after the wine and water have been put into the chalice and the offertory has been made, the priest concludes a short prayer which he has said, in a low voice, by singing aloud the conclusion, *per omnia sæcula sæculorum.* Then he sings, *Dominus Vobiscum.* Choir: *Et cum spiritu tuo.* P. *Sursum corda.* C. *Habemus ad Dominum.* P. *Gratias agamus Domino, Deo nostro.* C. *Dignum et justum est.* P. *Vere dignum et justum est, æquum et salutare,* and so on to the end of the common or proper preface, concluding with the *Sanctus,* which is also sung by the choir.

In the Liturgy of St. James, after the last prayer of the Pro-Anaphora, the Anaphora begins by the priest saying:

"The love of the Lord and Father, the grace of the Lord and Son, the communion and gift of the Holy Ghost be with us all. *People.* And with thy spirit. *Pr.* Lift we up our mind and our hearts. *P.* It is meet and right. *Pr.* It is verily meet and right, fitting and due, etc. *Choir.* Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of Sabaoth, etc."

After the *Sanctus,* called the Triumphal Hymn, follows the Prayer of the Triumphal Hymn, the Commemoration of the life of our Lord and of the institution of the Holy Eucharist, the Consecration, the Oblation, the Invocation of the Holy Ghost, the Prayer for the living and the dead, the Prayer before the Lord's Prayer, the Lord's Prayer, and the Prayer against temptations, the Prayer of Intense Adoration, the Elevation, the Kyrie Eleison, the Communion, the last Incensing, the Prayer of the Dismissal, and the Recession into the Sacristy. The Lecture of St. Cyril consists chiefly of an exposition of this portion of the Liturgy, a considerable part of which we will proceed to quote:

"After this the priest cries aloud, 'Lift up your hearts.' . . . Then ye answer, 'We lift them up unto the Lord.' . . . Then the priest says, 'Let us give thanks to the Lord.' . . . Then ye say, 'It is meet and right.' . . . After this we make mention of heaven, and earth, and sea; of the sun and moon; of the stars and all the creation, rational and irrational, visible and invisible; of Angels, Archangels, Virtues, Dominions, Principalities, Powers, Thrones; of the Cherubim with many faces; in effect repeating that call of David's, *Magnify the Lord with me.* We make mention also of the Seraphim, whom Esaias by the Holy Ghost beheld encircling the throne of God, and with two of their wings veiling their countenances, and with two their feet, and with two flying, who cried, *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.* For this cause rehearse we this confession of God delivered down to us from the Seraphim, that we may join in hymns with the hosts of the world above.

"Then having sanctified ourselves by these spiritual hymns, we call upon the merciful God to send forth his Holy Spirit upon the gifts lying

before him; that he may make the Bread the Body of Christ, and the Wine the Blood of Christ; for whatsoever the Holy Ghost has touched is sanctified and changed.

"Then, after the spiritual sacrifice is perfected, the Bloodless Service upon that Sacrifice of Propitiation, we entreat God for the common peace of the church, for the tranquillity of the world; for kings, for soldiers and allies; for the sick; for the afflicted; and, in a word, for all who stand in need of succor we all supplicate and offer this Sacrifice.

"Then we commemorate also those who have fallen asleep before us—first, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, that at their prayers and intervention God would receive our petition. Afterwards also on behalf of the holy Fathers and Bishops who have fallen asleep before us, and, in a word, of all who in past years have fallen asleep among us, believing that it will be a very great advantage to the souls for whom the supplication is put up while that Holy and most Awful Sacrifice is presented.

"And I wish to persuade you by an illustration. For I know that many say, What is a soul profited which departs from this world either with sins or without sins, if it be commemorated in the prayer? Now surely if, when a king had banished certain who had given him offence, their connections would weave a crown and offer it to him on behalf of those under his vengeance, would he not grant a respite to their punishments? In the same way we, when we offer to him our supplications for those who have fallen asleep, though they be sinners, weave no crown, but offer up Christ, sacrificed for our sins, propitiating our merciful God both for them and for ourselves.

"Then, after these things, we say that prayer which the Saviour delivered to his own disciples. [Here follows a long exposition of the Lord's Prayer.]

"After this the priest says, 'Holy things to holy men.' Holy are the gifts presented, since they have been visited by the Holy Ghost; holy are you also, having been vouchsafed the Holy Ghost; the holy things, therefore, correspond to the holy persons. Then ye say, 'One is Holy, one is the Lord, Jesus Christ.' . . .

"After this ye hear the chanter with a sacred melody inviting you to the communion of the Holy Mysteries, and saying, *Oh! taste and see that the Lord is good.* Trust not the decision to thy bodily palate; no, but to faith unfaltering; for when we taste we are bidden to taste, not bread and wine, but the sign of the Body and Blood of Christ."

This last expression means that the sacramental species signify to the senses the Real Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ.

St. Cyril then instructs the neophytes how to approach and receive communion, directs them to wait for the completion of the prayers and to make a thanksgiving, closing with a short exhortation to perseverance in a holy life and the frequentation of the sacrament.

The Real Presence and the true Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Holy Mysteries are clearly

and sufficiently expressed in the quotations already given. We will add, however, a few more from the text of the Liturgy:

"For the proposed, precious, heavenly, ineffable, spotless, glorious, fearful, terrible, divine gifts, and the salvation of the priest that stands by and offers them, let us supplicate the Lord our God. Send down the same most Holy Ghost, Lord, upon us, and upon these holy and proposed gifts, that, coming upon them with his holy and good and glorious presence, he may hallow and make this bread the holy Body of thy Christ, and this cup the precious Blood of thy Christ.

"Oh! taste and see that the Lord is good: he that is broken and not divided, distributed to the faithful and not consumed.

"Lord our God, the Heavenly Bread, the Life of the world, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am not worthy to partake thy spotless mysteries; but do thou, who art a compassionate God, make me worthy by thy grace to communicate without condemnation in thy holy Body and precious Blood, for the remission of sins and eternal life.

"Let all mortal flesh keep silence, and stand with fear and trembling, and ponder nothing earthly in itself; for the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, Christ our God, cometh forward to be sacrificed and to be given for food to the faithful.

"Lord and Master, thou who dost visit us with mercies and loving-kindnesses, and who hast freely given boldness to us thy humble and sinful and unworthy servants to stand before thy holy altar, and to offer to thee the fearful and unbloody sacrifice for our sins and for the ignorance of the people, look upon me, etc.

"According to the multitude of thy mercy receive us who approach to thy holy altar, that we may be worthy to offer to thee gifts and sacrifices for our own ignorances and for those of the people; and grant us, O Lord, with all fear and with a good conscience to set before thee this spiritual and unbloody sacrifice, which receiving into thy holy and super-celestial and rational altar, for a savor of spiritual sweetness, send down to us in its stead the grace of thine all-holy Spirit. Yea, O God, look upon us, and have regard to this our reasonable sacrifice, and receive, as thou didst receive the gifts of Abel, the sacrifices of Noe, the priestly offerings of Moses and Aaron, the peace-offerings of Samuel, the repentance of David, the incense of Zacharias; as thou didst receive from the hand of thine Apostle this true worship, thus receive also from the hands of us sinners, in thy goodness, these gifts that are laid before thee. And grant that our oblations may be well pleasing to thee and hallowed by the Holy Ghost, for a propitiation of our transgressions, and of the ignorances of the people, and for the repose of the souls that have fallen asleep.

"Master, have mercy upon us; since we are full of fear and dread, when about to stand before thy holy altar and to offer this fearful and unbloody sacrifice. . . . And do thou, uncovering the veils of enigmas which mystically surround this holy rite, make them gloriously manifest to us, etc.

"We, therefore, also sinners, . . . offer to thee, O Lord, this tremendous and unbloody sacrifice . . . for thy holy places, . . . especially for the holy Sion, the mother of all churches; and for thy holy Catholic Apostolic Church throughout the world; . . . and for the peace and sta-

bility of the whole world, and of the holy churches of God, and for that for which each has brought his offering, or hath in his mind; and for the people that stand around, and for all both men and women."

Eusebius, in his account of the dedication of Constantine's basilica, which has been quoted already in the article on "Christian Jerusalem" (Part v., November, 1881), says that the "priests of God"—*i.e.*, the bishops—"by UNBLOODY SACRIFICES AND MYSTICAL IMMOLATIONS sought to propitiate God." These bishops were, as he informs us, from Macedonia, Pannonia, Mysia, Persia, Bithynia, Thrace, Cilicia, Cappadocia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Phœnicia, Arabia, and Egypt. The patriarchates of Antioch and Alexandria, the exarchate of Pontus, and other outlying provinces were represented in this assembly. Arians were mixed up with Catholics. Yet there was no difficulty in all either celebrating or taking part in the celebration of the liturgy in the churches of Jerusalem. In fact, there were only four liturgies in use at this time in the East: those of St. James, St. John, St. Mark, and St. Thaddæus. The Liturgy of St. James was used throughout the patriarchate of Antioch and the exarchate of Pontus, that of St. John in the exarchate of Ephesus, that of St. Thaddæus in the remoter East, and that of St. Mark in the patriarchate of Alexandria. They are all so much alike that a bishop using any one of them would have no difficulty in celebrating, with the assistance of some of his own clergy, anywhere; and the people could assist at Mass celebrated according to any rite, without perplexity or confusion. The Liturgy of St. James, therefore, as we have it now, and as it was used in the Church of Jerusalem and commented on by St. Cyril in the fourth century, represents the doctrine and usage of the universal church of that period, and consequently of the apostolic beginning of the universal church in Jerusalem, the original source of this common belief and practice.

In its present form, with the exception of a few minor additions of a later date, it is, in the opinion of learned writers on liturgy, the most ancient of the extant primitive liturgies mentioned above, and also prior to the Latin Liturgy of St. Peter, which was probably derived and modified from the original Greek Liturgy of the Roman Church, which, it seems reasonable to suppose, was very similar to that of Antioch and Jerusalem. The Cæsarean Liturgy of St. Basil, derived from the Liturgy of St. James, and still in use on certain days throughout the four Eastern patriarchates and in Russia, dates from the latter part of the

fourth century; the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, the one now in general use in both Catholic and schismatical churches of the Greek rite, which is a modified form of the Basilian, dates from the fifth century. The Roman Canon of the Mass received its last finishing touch from St. Gregory the Great at the beginning of the seventh. The Liturgy of St. Mark, says Mr. Neale, "with the exception of certain manifestly interpolated passages, had probably assumed its present appearance by the end of the second century." The Liturgy of St. James, confessedly the most ancient of all, must have been brought to perfection at a still earlier period—one early enough to account for its acceptance by the Church of Antioch and its very wide prevalence beyond as well as within the limits of that patriarchate. It does not seem probable that during the third, or even the latter half of the second, century, when Ælia Capitolina had sunk into the position of a small and miserable town, and Cæsarea was the civil and ecclesiastical metropolis of Palestine, even Cæsarea would have received a new liturgy from the Church of Jerusalem, much less the great Church of Antioch, that of Cæsarea in Cappadocia, and the other great churches where the Liturgy of St. James was in use at the epoch of the Nicene Council. It seems far more probable that it was brought into its ultimate form during the episcopate of St. James, while Jerusalem remained a great centre of influence, and was thus the original and primitive liturgical model imitated by apostles and early successors of apostles in framing and completing the other great liturgies of Alexandria, Ephesus, and Rome.

The question concerning the time when the Anaphora, or Canon, was reduced to writing, and copies permitted to be taken by bishops and priests, is quite distinct from that of its first fixed and settled formation. We do not suppose that in the earliest age a Missal was used at the altar, but rather that the officiating clergy learned and knew by heart everything which they recited or chanted—something which cannot seem at all incredible to those who know the habits of Orientals.

Neither do we depend on the probable evidence for any particular time and manner of liturgical growth and development for the value of the testimony which the existing liturgies of the third and fourth centuries furnish to apostolic doctrine and practice. The witness of the Church of Jerusalem, expressed in its liturgy and in the words of Eusebius and St. Cyril, is irrefragable, as even the soundest Protestant scholarship and criticism attest abundantly. No reasonable evidence or argument has

even been adduced or can be found to show that St. Proclus, the successor of St. John Chrysostom, was not literally accurate in the statement which sums up the belief of all Catholic antiquity in the following words:

"Our Saviour having been assumed into heaven, the apostles, before they were dispersed through the world, coming together with agreeing minds, gave themselves up to prayer during an entire day, and since they had found that much consolation was contained in that mystical sacrifice of the Lord's Body, with great diffuseness and a long circuit of words they chanted Mass; for that, equally with the ordinance of teaching, they thought ought to be preferred to all other things, as the more excellent. Therefore, with the greatest alacrity and with much joy occupying their time, they applied themselves diligently to this divine sacrifice, continually mindful of these words of our Lord, saying, *This is my Body;* and *Whosoever eateth my Flesh and drinketh my Blood remaineth in me and I in him.* Wherefore, also, with a contrite spirit, they chanted many prayers, fervently imploring the divine favor" (*De Div. Lit.*)

This passage may serve as a comment on the inspired text of St. Luke, who describes what was done in the Church of Antioch, in imitation of the Church of Jerusalem: "Ministering to the Lord and fasting" (Acts xiii. 1, 2). The Greek word is *λειτουργουντων*, which never had and cannot have any meaning in connection with Christian practices besides that which Erasmus and the "Orthodox Confession" of the Greeks give it: "sacrificantes Domino," "sacrum officium celebrantibus—i.e., hostiam incruentam Deo offerentibus." When, therefore, St. Paul, writing to the Hebrew Christians of Jerusalem, Palestine, and other places, of Melchisedech, of Christ, of the blessings of the New Covenant which had superseded the Old, says, "*We have an altar*," he means the altar of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. When he exhorts, "Let us offer the *Sacrifice of Praise* to God continually," he means the Eucharistic Sacrifice. The true sense and meaning of the New Testament is made known with certainty by the pure and clear tradition preserved in Jerusalem, where Jesus Christ sealed this testament with his own blood. DE SION EXIBIT LEX, ET VERBUM DOMINI DE JERUSALEM.

CONCLUDED.

AT OKA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

On the shore of the Lake of the Two Mountains, overshadowed by the everlasting hills, stands the Indian village of Oka, its small brown houses sharply defined against a high, semicircular ridge of golden-yellow sand. This ridge, which rises from the bank of the Ottawa River and slopes gradually upward to the foot of the mountain, is called Calvary. The record of Oka has furnished a dark page of Canadian history. The strange story of the Oka Indians' fantastic claim to the estates of the Seminary of St. Sulpice are well known to many English-speaking Catholics; still, as recent events have awakened a fresh interest in the subject, it may not be out of place to give some account of these matters.

Every student of Canadian history will remember that in 1663 the Compagnie de Montréal gave the Island of Montreal to the Seminary of St. Sulpice by deed of donation—

"In consideration of the great blessings it has pleased God to shower upon the said Island of Montreal, for the conversion of the Indians, the instruction and edification of the French inhabitants thereof through the ministry of the late Messrs. Olier, de la Marguerie, de Vanty, and other associates, laboring for the past twenty years," and "because the gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice have labored by their zeal to maintain this good work, and have exposed their persons and made heavy contributions for the good of the colony."

The members of the Compagnie de Montréal made gift to the said gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris of

"All their rights of property which they have and may have in the said Island of Montreal, to enjoy and dispose of the same as incommutable proprietors, according to their good will and pleasure." It is further added: "The domain and proprietorship of the said island shall be inseparably united to the said seminary, and shall not be separated therefrom under any circumstances whatever."

By letters-patent, March, 1677, Louis, King of France and Navarre, granted the establishment of a community of Sulpicians in Montreal, "there to labor for the conversion and instruction of our subjects," and also approved the donation of the 9th of March, 1663, declaring "to be held in bond and mortmain for ever the said land and seigniory of Montreal, as dedicated and consecrated to God," and that it be "for ever part and parcel of their society."

In those days the Island of Montreal was not, even in their conception of the term, a home for the Indians, who in the spring and fall would come in swarms from their distant hunting-grounds to buy and sell at the trading-post of Ville Marie. Fleets of canoes then covered the St. Lawrence, painted warriors stalked in all directions, wigwams sprang up under the sheltering walls from which floated the standard of France, and the work of civilization went on apace. It was in view of these half-yearly migrations that the sons of the saintly Olier opened their first mission on the spot where now stands the Grand Seminary and Montreal College. Two small white towers, venerable with age and holy memories, are still guarding the gateway of the seminary garden, precious among the few remaining landmarks of the old régime in Canada. In these towers the venerable foundress of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, and those brave women who shared her labors, toiled at the instruction, spiritual and temporal, of the Indian maidens, and lent their valuable assistance to the pious work of their benefactors, the gentlemen of the seminary, in this their mission of Our Lady of the Snows. Some of the more intelligent and more faithful of their neophytes gave up their nomadic life and attached themselves to the mission, so that in time quite a little village grew up around the religious houses.

But, alas! even to this garden came the serpent. The rule of life at the mission was very different from that governing the trading-station, where savage ignorance was taken advantage of and savage love of drink cultivated. The Indians, who had been docile, became demoralized, a prey to drunkenness, and in a spirit of charity the community in 1696 removed their mission to Sault-au-Récollet, on the Rivière des Prairies, about six miles from the city, where it continued to exist under the title of Our Lady of Lorette. It was, however, too near the venders of firewater, and in 1716 the seminary requested the king to change the mission. This change was resolved upon, and MM. de Vaudreuil and Begon, the governor and the intendant, were commanded

"To grant to the seminary three square leagues of land adjoining the lands granted to M. Duguy and ascending along the Lake of the Two Mountains, to be given on condition that they do build the church and a fort according to the plans which would be furnished to them by MM. de Vaudreuil and Begon, and that such buildings be completed within two years."

On the 26th of September, 1733, a new grant of land adjoining the above mentioned was made to the seminary by the king: "To

have and to hold, the said ecclesiastics, their successors and assigns for ever, as a fief and seigniory, with the right of superior, mean, and inferior jurisdiction"; and as there was no longer any necessity for the fort above mentioned, the king exempted them from building it. To the Lake of the Two Mountains, then, in 1721 came the priests of St. Sulpice and the Sisters of the Congregation, and established a mission under the title of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, around which grew up in time the village of Oka. In summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, these workers in the vineyard of the Lord toiled on, studying the languages, catechising, preaching, baptizing, clothing, feeding, caring for poor Indians, whom they accepted as a charge from Him whose servants they were.

Then came the conquest by England. Under the capitulation signed by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor-General of Canada, representing the King of France, and by General Amherst on behalf of the King of England, French subjects were allowed to retain possession of their lands or to sell them and return to France, carrying with them the proceeds of the sale. The article of the capitulation relating to the estates of the priests of the Seminary of St. Sulpice was granted by General Amherst as follows:

"They shall be masters to dispose of their estates and to send the produce thereof, as well as their persons and all that belongs to them, to France." To this his British Majesty conceded, "provided the priests of the Seminary of Montreal do continue to enjoy their estates, but without any dependency from the seminary at Paris."

In conformity with this intimation of the wishes of the King of England a deed of donation was effected, and the Seminary of Montreal became absolutely independent of that of Paris. In the royal instructions to Governor Guy Carleton it is set forth

"That the societies of the Romish (*sic*) priests called seminaries, in Quebec and Montreal, should continue to possess and occupy their houses of residence and all other lands and houses to which they were lawfully entitled on the 13th September, 1759." *

The title of ordinances granted them is worded as follows: "*To confirm their title to the fief and seigniory of the Island of Montreal, the fief and seigniory of the Lake of the Two Mountains, the fief and seigniory of St. Sulpice, in this province.*"

The gentlemen of the seminary were in all things benefactors to the Indians. They allowed them to cultivate their lands for their own benefit, gave them seed and pecuniary assistance in

* *Mirror of Parliament*, vol. xxi. p. 545.

many ways, permitted them to take firewood for their own use, but prohibited them from selling it or performing other acts of proprietorship, considering themselves proprietors. In all cases of dispute the claims of the Indians to any rights in the seigniory were rejected by the authorities, their only claim being distinctly set forth in these words of the ordinance : "Mission of the Lake of the Two Mountains for the *instruction and spiritual care of the Algonquin and Iroquois Indians.*" All who have seen anything of the Indian character know that the Indians hate work. This fact being well known, certain Orangemen and other evil-disposed persons of Montreal and its vicinity, aided and encouraged by Charles Chinquy, the disgraced curé of Longueil, set to work to utilize it. These men introduced a Protestant pervert as missionary into Oka. "See," said they to the Indians, "this land is yours; the seminary holds it in trust for you, and gives you in return religious instruction. Once you become Protestants the occupation of the priests will be gone, and with it their excuse to remain in Oka and lord it over you, who have a better right than they."

Among the Iroquois was the son of an old chief, one José Onaskenrat, who from his earliest years had given promise of more depth of character and firmness of purpose than usually fall to men of his race. The Sulpicians, discovering his talent, had given him at their own expense an education at the Montreal College. We shall see how he repaid them.

On the 31st of July, 1868, the Algonquins of the Lake of the Two Mountains memorialized the government, claiming the rights their forefathers held, and asking "that the domain be under their own control, instead of the priests controlling them." On the 8th of August of the same year the Iroquois sent a similar petition to Lord Monck, and among the prominent signatures was the name of José Onaskenrat. This latter petition charged the seminary :

"1st, With having refused to make concessions to the Indians ; 2d, with having refused them wood for their own use and consumption (whilst they actually sold large quantities of it under pretence of opening a road) ; 3d, with having refused them wood for lumber, whilst they are selling it themselves ; 4th, with having revendicated a canoe made by an Indian and sold by him ; 5th, with having exacted tithes from the Indians ; 6th, with having prevented the location of the property of a poor Indian widow, so as to get possession of it, and with having paid her one-half of the value of the rent."

The Secretary of State wrote to the superior of the seminary, who forwarded explanations as follows :

"We leave to the Indians the enjoyment of our lands for their requirements; we allow them to take lumber and firewood for their own use; the only indemnity that we exact from them is the twenty-seventh part of their grain produce, which is the amount levied from the Canadians and other cessionaries under the appellation of *dîme*. We give them in alms, in seed, etc., more than we receive from them. In a word, we act toward them in the spirit of charity that we feel bound to show them. We cannot allow encroachment on our property. We strictly prohibit the sale of wood by the Indians; for that reason we revendicated a canoe sold by one of them. We have a very limited number of pine-trees for making canoes. Indians can obtain permission to make canoes for their own use. We forbid them to sell them. As regards the rental of the widow's land, the Canadian who had rented it could not come to live among the Indians without our permission. He offered no guarantee. We used our discretion, and, after having caused an evaluation of the land to be made by a farmer, we paid the amount of the award, and in so doing we acted in accordance with the oft-repeated desire of the widow."

This refutation was of course accepted.

In 1868 José Ononksothoso, an Iroquois chief, accompanied by some of his braves, marched to the domain of the gentlemen of the seminary. The chief had stakes driven in different places, and then solemnly awarded to each Indian present the piece of land which he would in future have a right to occupy; further, in his capacity of chief, authorizing them to take immediate possession, and telling them that their lands, as well as the domain, did not belong to the priests but to the Indians, and that the chiefs had been authorized to put them in possession of property of which they had been too long deprived.

From the government came repeated communications to the Indians, advising them to respect the rights of the seminary. At length the government gave them the option of removing to another locality where land would be granted to them, and arrangements might be made with the seminary to allow them an indemnity for such improvements and erections as they had effected in Oka. This, though considered more favorably by the Algonquins, was declined by the Iroquois, who continued to send petition after petition to Ottawa. To these protestations Mr. (now Sir) Hector Langevin returned answer, reiterating the statement that the land was given to the seminary by the King of France, and recognized as theirs by act of Parliament, consequently the Indians have no right of property thereon; and reminding them that, by order of council, lands were set apart for the Iroquois of the Lake of Two Mountains and of Caughnawaga, situated in the township of Wexford, where, provided they be-

came actual settlers, each family might be located on a farm-lot of sufficient extent, and that for the Algonquins there were reserves on the river Désert and the Gatineau. The malcontents, however, declined to compromise, and the ringleaders started for Ottawa, which visit they supplemented by a petition more senseless even than its predecessors. Sir John Young, however, paid no attention to what he called "the frivolity of their chimerical claims."

Years wore on. Ministry after ministry rose and waned. From high authorities came one report after another, always deciding in favor of the seminary. The firebrands who incited the Indians to rebel kept up the cry of partiality. The report of the Minister of Justice was declared valueless because he was a Catholic, and, as such, a "slave to the priests."

An eminent Protestant judge of Montreal was then asked to decide the question, and, after going through a long and thorough investigation of the whole matter, closes his report with the following paragraph:

"Under these circumstances it seems undeniable that as professing Protestants the Oka Indians, though residents of the mission, *have no right whatever to claim from the seminary the only charge appointed by the confirmatory statute—namely, the instruction and spiritual charge of the Roman Catholic mission*—and that any such allotments which the Indians may occupy for residence or cultivation in or near the mission are not missionary rights, but seigniorial and proprietary, and subject to be governed by the terms of the location, permission being granted to them by the owners of the property occupied by the Indian tenants."

The Protestant missionaries held their ground in Oka; they even helped themselves to wood from the forest of the Sulpicians, and began to build a conventicle, which was quietly pulled down by the owners of the land and of the stolen timber. A large proportion of the Indians became Protestants. They met solemnly in a house of the village, then rose and walked out, thereby signifying that they had left the Catholic Church. They made themselves a belt to symbolize their ownership of the land, and worked a dog on either end to guard it; and then buried the belt, though, as the head of a department in Ottawa said, "they might continue to make belts without much coming of it." The gentlemen of the seminary continued to befriend them, and started a work-room in which Indian girls were taught to make rugs, knit, sew, etc. Some of their work took prizes at the Dominion Exhibition. Besides the work-room the school of the Congregation Nuns afforded them a free education. The Christian Bro-

thers taught the young boys of the mission, and the parochial work went on as usual.

On the 14th of June, 1879, at about half-past three o'clock in the morning, the dwellers in Oka were awakened by the sound of a cannon, and, rising, saw in the courtyard of the seminary a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. From the stable, from the roof of the seminary, from the massive and time-honored church leaped tongues of flame that ran along the buildings, hissing and crackling as they devoured all obstacles in their path. Through the air flew a living ball of fire that, lodging in the hay-loft, lit up the prospect with a lurid glare, and showed the incendiaries as they moved about intent on their fiendish work. From the shadows silent figures came creeping to their deed of destruction, casting here and there brands of ruthless fire. The priest, that kindly man, who had lived among them and been so good, so self-denying, so just, and yet so merciful to them, was aroused, and, coming upon the scene, was seized by one of these Indians, who struck at him, and, were it not for the timely arrival of a house-servant, would have cleft open his skull with an axe. The Indians then cut the rubber hose with their axes, laying about right and left in their work of destruction, and dancing with cries of joy as the belfry of the old church fell. From the window of a not very distant cottage might be seen the pale face of the Methodist minister, as, surrounded by his family, he surveyed the scene. Out upon the shining river floated in the distance a small canoe, bearing away to the village of Hudson Chief Joseph Onaskenrat, the instigator of this worthy scheme. And so the night wore on, and the morning sun rose upon a smoking heap of ruins where there had stood a noble church, and a house the lawful property of loyal subjects of the English sovereign.

At Oka now there is no evidence of that wicked deed of arson. Along the water's edge runs a broad wall of embankment; a few yards beyond it rises a massive church of gray and red stone, of elegant design, tastefully frescoed in subdued tints harmonizing with the shades of the exterior. It is not yet completed, and the little sacristy does week-day duty for a chapel; on Sunday Mass is sung in the old school-house. Near the church stands the seminary, a very spacious gray stone building, having in its rear the old courtyard where the late Rev. Mr. Lacan was so nearly murdered. In front of the seminary, between it and the water's edge, is a magnificent avenue of elms, ending in a summer-house built on a point running out into the lake—the point on which King Louis wanted his fort built in days of old.

On this point for many years stood an ancient cannon; there had been two supplied to the seminary, and the Indians had stolen one some time before the fire. In an account of the fire a well-known ultra-Protestant paper of Montreal strove to palliate the conduct of the Indians, and cited as an item in their favor that the Sulpicians used firearms, giving as evidence the cannon, always ready, standing on the terrace in front of their house. Some benevolent beings started for Oka, ablaze with righteous indignation. They determined to investigate this affair. They sailed over the silvery waters of the lake. There, truly, was the cannon pointed at them. But Britons of the Exeter Hall type are not easily daunted. They would face the cannon; they would land at the risk of being blown to pieces. They landed. All being quiet, and no *blackrobe* in sight, they cautiously crept up to the dreaded implement of warfare. One more venturesome than the rest approached its mouth and looked in. He found—what? A ball? A shell? A cartridge? No—*a swallow's nest, with four young swallows angrily chirping at the intrusion!* That man was restored in safety to the bosom of his family. The cannon is no longer there, but the celebrated canoe is on the shore—a relic of old times at Oka.

The Congregation convent is a small, old-fashioned house, quaint in its style and breathing of the past. One seems to feel in it the presence of those holy women, the pioneers of this useful sisterhood, and the gentle face of the Venerable Sister Bourgeoys looks down from walls that might have sheltered her immediate successors; for this house was the school of the nuns so early as 1721. Opposite, and on the river-bank, is the convent of the Little Sisters of St. Joseph, a community devoted to useful and charitable works, and who here dispense the alms of the gentlemen of the seminary and visit the poor of the place. West of this is the village of the "Suisses." There are still about seventy families of Protestant Indians under the direction of a French-Canadian Methodist minister.

Dissension, unfortunately, tore asunder the camp of this person in the shape of the Baptist doctrine. Chief Louis Sanathion became a Baptist minister and drew to his creed about thirty-five families. They were much better behaved and more amenable to reason than their Wesleyan Methodist brethren, and last October listened to the offer made them by government, and left Oka to settle in Muskoka. It is probable that during the coming summer the Methodist's flock will see matters in the same light and remove themselves from the estates, on which they

have not a shadow of right to remain. There are about thirty families who remain constant to the faith; some among them have the appearance of being exceedingly respectable people. The village has now many pretty houses, and the sound of the hammer and chisel is constantly heard in its streets. The land in the vicinity is good, and the inducements offered to farmers are strong. The place bids fair to grow rapidly in size and prosperity.

About three miles from Oka is the monastery of the Trappists, to whom the seminary has granted a thousand acres of land. Their monastery stands on the mountain-side, overlooking one of the grandest landscapes of this eastern Canada. On the slope in front of the monastery the monks go on with their ceaseless toil, their white cassocks gleaming among the trees as they follow the plough over the new land. Here and there is the brown robe of a lay brother bending his shaven crown over the earth in the monotonous employment of picking up stones. Not far off a picturesque mill stands in a little ravine, and at the gurgling waters of the mill-stream a herd of cattle are drinking, driven by a good brother in brown, with his cassock pinned up above his knees.

The special feature of Oka, however, is its Calvary. On the high mountain which shelters the village to the north a Sulpician priest, M. Picquet, some hundred and ten or twenty years ago erected the stations of the Passion. At the foot of the mountain, where a shining rivulet flows over the yellow sand-hill, is planted a lofty but plain cross. Further on, going through a shady forest-path, you come to a small white chapel, where in bas-relief is depicted the scene of our Lord's agony in Gethsemani. At regular intervals along the ascent are four of these chapels containing pictures of our Lord's Passion. The path becomes steeper and more rugged, the forest more dark and drear, until on the very summit of the mountain you emerge to find yourself on a small plain in front of three white chapels wherein are vividly portrayed the scenes which accomplished the purchase of man's redemption. To this place come many pilgrims. The 14th of September of each year sees the advent of thousands. On that day the river is black with boats and canoes, the village is crammed to its full extent. People bivouac on the hillsides and by the water's edge. Over six thousand of the faithful from the neighboring districts meet at Oka on that day and go in procession to adore the God of Calvary.

High Mass in the school-house, gravely called by the people

"The Cathedral," is, if once attended, never to be forgotten. You enter a low doorway, and bless yourself with holy water from a stoup made of porcupine-quills and birch-bark. You kneel beside an old squaw whose head, in obedience to the apostolic injunction, is covered with an ample shawl, her withered neck clasped by a chain of glittering beads, and her brown hands swiftly telling her crimson rosary. As Mass proceeds the strange, wild wail of Indian music rises through the church, now sinking in the deep voices of the men, now rising in the shrill treble of the women. As you bend your head at the sound of "Saiatatokenti, Saiatatokenti, Saiatatokenti, niio Sesennio Sabaoth"—"Sanctus, Sanctus," etc.—you feel with the Psalmist, "How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts."

More impressive still is the Mass at daybreak in the little sacristy, where white man and red kneel together and receive their one Lord, coming to them in the mystery of the Eucharist to fill the humble chapel with his glorious presence. The faint streaks of early dawn stealing in at the eastern window reveal the bowed head of the priest wrapped in earnest thanksgiving and in prayer for those entrusted to his guidance. From outside comes the plashing sound of the waves against the shore. Over Calvary the day is breaking in streaks of golden light; opposite, on the Vaudreuil side, the green hills are covered by a light veil of silvery mist rising from the water. Dew is dropping from the giant branches of the old elms. Here and there a canoe shoots over the trembling surface of the lake. Nature is bestirring herself, and whispering to man, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

At nine o'clock the pier is all astir. All the idlers of the village and some of the workers turn out to see the boat off. The Methodist minister is there; his latest convert is there in brown gloves. Here a knot of squaws discuss the cheapest market in which to buy beads; there some Indian boys playfully punch each other's ribs at an imminent risk of tumbling over the wharf. A goodly sprinkling of French-Canadians are interspersed among the Indians. And now there is a shout. The boat moves off, past the golden sand-hills, past the church, past Mount Calvary with its dazzling white chapels and its symbols of the Crucifixion. On past the monastery with its workers, away into the bend of the river, away from Oka with its sad past and hopeful present, we float on the waters of the St. Lawrence and dream of the early days of Ville Marie.

THE STORY OF A PORTIONLESS GIRL.

From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, by Mary H. A. Allies.

PART II.—YOUTH STEALS ON.

CHAPTER VII.

BOUND TO ITALY.

IT was a lovely August morning. The sun's rays played on the sea's blue waves, and its golden beams seemed now to sink into the restless waters, now to rise to their surface. The fresh sea air blew an invigorating breeze on the coast, and gently swayed the orange, myrtle, and pomegranate trees which, with their masses of flower and blossom, gave the long terrace quite a southern appearance. This terrace was situated about a hundred feet above the sea's level, on a crumbling rock of that particular red sandstone which, combined with a very green vegetation, gives its character to the coast of Devonshire in the neighborhood of Torquay. Dambleton Lodge, itself a mixture of castle and cottage, in no particular style of architecture, looked pleasant enough opening out on to the terrace. It required no great effort of imagination to picture a castle as having kept watch over the rock and the surrounding cottages in olden times. Sylvia was walking up and down the smooth lawn which extended all along the top of the terrace. The morning dew was no longer lying like pearly drops on this natural carpet. The sun stood high in the heavens, and a large straw hat sheltered Sylvia's eyes from its rays. It was difficult to tell whether her altered expression was due to its shade or to some inward cause. Her beauty, indeed, had not suffered. The delicately carved features, the pretty color, the shining eyes and rich, fair hair were still the same, but a certain winning expression which had been her great charm formerly had vanished and given way to a look of proud reserve. She had resigned herself to the loss of Wilderich, though when she heard that he was engaged to Isidora, and shortly afterwards that their marriage had taken place, his fickleness and superficiality struck her as past anything she could have imagined. A fortnight previously Isidora had briefly written the news to her. When Sylvia

had read the letter she passed it on to Mrs. Dambleton, saying in a tone of deep scorn: "Only fancy, Charlotte, my having loved such a man!"

Mrs. Dambleton looked at her with the greatest surprise, for Sylvia had never said a syllable about any love affair.

"And, worse than this, Charlotte, I was under the delusion that he loved me."

"My poor, dear Sylvia!" said Mrs. Dambleton tenderly, running her eyes over the note.

"Don't pity me, and never let us allude to it again," said Sylvia abruptly. "It is a bitter dose, but it shall put an end to my caring for people; and this will be something. Of course I cannot accept Isidora's invitation to the wedding. You will let me stay with you till the autumn, won't you, and then—"

"Well, and then?" exclaimed Mrs. Dambleton anxiously, observing Sylvia's hesitation. "Of course you will stay with me. I won't let you go away at all."

"But you must," exclaimed Sylvia. "I hope to find a place as governess or companion here in England. What is the use of my talents, if they can't help me to be independent?"

Mrs. Dambleton gazed at this elegant and spoilt creature, who fancied that she could so easily rest contented in a subordinate position, and answered quietly: "Later on you may think about it. For the present we will remain together."

Sylvia got up, kissed her kind friend, and betook herself to her room.

So it was really true that for the second time in her life her cup of happiness was dashed from her lips, yet her feelings were very different to what they had been on that previous occasion. She had given Aurel her heart's first freshness, whereas much vanity, self-seeking, and worldliness mingled with her love for Wilderich. "Aurel loves me" had been a thought which stirred up the depths of her soul with gladness, and she had not troubled herself about what the world would say. The thought, "Wilderich loves me," made her exult as though with the consciousness of a great triumph, and she revelled in the feeling that she had captivated him and inspired him with a great passion, that the world would envy her, and that through him and with him she was to shine in society. On the previous occasion she had been disturbed out of a sweet dream by stern reality, and now she seemed to awake from a state of mental inebriation to a sense of her nakedness and humiliation. Aurel had wounded her heart: Wilderich wounded her self-love. That very day, perhaps

at that very hour, Wilderich was to become Isidora's husband. How could people be so heartless? Could either of them look for happiness? What a pitch worldliness and selfishness must have reached in both of them! Like the Roman augurs with their false predictions, would they not secretly laugh to scorn the mere notion of sympathy or love? Sylvia walked uneasily up and down the terrace as she asked herself these questions. From time to time she leaned upon the railing and looked down into the deep blue sea, which, in its expansive restlessness, is so true an image of the human heart. Man also craves unceasingly for something that is boundless. But Sylvia did not lift up her eyes from sea to heaven; her heart did not seek out God above and beyond the wayward and changing circumstances of life. She had not, indeed, lost her faith, but she had become lukewarm and indifferent, and this is a step on the road to infidelity. The resolution to serve God in real earnest had always been in her mind in connection with marrying Aurel. But it had never even occurred to her with regard to Wilderich, not only because they differed in religion, but because any advantages he possessed were of an entirely worldly character and did not suggest the thought of higher things. She had, it is true, purposed setting the world an example of virtuous matrimony, but she had lost her tender, childlike confidence in God, and what she called a proper feeling of self-respect—though in reality it was rather wounded pride—did not predispose her now to turn to God. On the contrary, it strengthened her in her coldness. And as, leaning on the parapet, she allowed her eye to wander over the endless expanse of waters, a sense of bitter desolation fell upon her. "As far as my eye can see above me," she sighed, "and as far as wave upon wave rolls away to unknown shores, there is no one to love." She covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

One of the sons of the house had approached her unheard, as the velvety lawn deadened the sound of footsteps. When he saw that she was crying he stopped still and gave a somewhat forced cough, so as to allow her time to wipe her eyes hastily before she turned round.

"My mother would like to see you; she has had letters from Germany. But perhaps you don't feel quite inclined—" said John courteously.

"In my position one must be always ready to appear when one is called," she said in a tone which betrayed a slight irritation.

"You shouldn't either say or think such a thing in our house,"

said John Dambleton. "You know that you are a favorite with us all, Sylvia."

"Really, am I?" she asked incredulously. "But tell me where your mother is."

"In the library."

She nodded assent and went towards the house. He looked after her. He had meant what he said. As she walked slowly away he gazed at her tall, graceful figure, her long white dress trailing on the soft turf, and he compared her in his mind to a beautiful, stately white peacock or to the queen of the fairies. John Dambleton was nineteen years of age.

Mrs. Dambleton looked up at Sylvia with tears in her eyes. "Dear Sylvia," she said, "the German letters contain no good news. My poor brother's domestic affairs are more miserable than ever. Valentine doesn't deserve his kindness or considerateness."

"What has happened?" exclaimed Sylvia, frightened.

"I can't go into details, but it is, alas! only too true that ninety-nine husbands out of a hundred in his place would require a separation. But George is so kind—he makes allowances for her youth and trusts to time. He wants her to go away for a time, to try what a change of atmosphere and surroundings will do for her, and asks me to decide upon an expedition to Italy, which I have had vaguely in my mind for some time, and to take her. It is very considerate of him, but I don't feel drawn to it. Valentine is one of those odd people who take fancies into their head. There isn't much to be done with her. What do you think?"

"I think you ought to consent to your brother's kind plan, Charlotte. Perhaps she may still be saved."

"I would only consent on condition that you went with me, Sylvia."

"Really! Oh! that would be too delightful," exclaimed Sylvia in high delight; "only you mustn't ask me my advice, because I am far too interested a party."

The prospect of seeing Italy seemed to her like a mental course of waters, and she entirely forgot all about the governess' place.

Mrs. Dambleton discussed the plan with her husband, and proposed to him either to leave his business in his eldest son's hands or to let Vivian go with her. He decided upon the latter course, only he did not relish the notion of their having Valentine. Before they had made up their minds another letter came

from Germany. It was penned by Baroness Grünerode herself, and contained lamentations about her single-handedness at home. She ended by saying: "As Isidora has gone with her husband to Biarritz, and I have lost my incomparable Victoire, Sylvia's return is absolutely necessary."

Mrs. Dambleton answered most politely, although she was secretly disgusted: "I am very sorry that you are so lonely, and am going to propose the best plan I can to remedy it. You know that George and Valentine are going to separate for a time. Send for your daughter. Her mother sets her such an excellent example of domesticity that it must do her good to be with you. As to Sylvia, she has had so very quiet and dull a summer that I have determined to give both her and myself a treat, and mean to take her to Italy. It was George's wish that Valentine should accompany me, but I think her staying with you is much more to the point than my sending Sylvia back to you and travelling alone with Valentine; I cannot, indeed, consent to the latter plan under any consideration. A temporary parting with his wife is, unfortunately, the only resource open to my brother to bring her to her senses. What mother would not lend her daughter a helping hand under these circumstances?"

The baroness was dismayed at this proposal. To her mind things would have been so comfortably arranged by letting Valentine go to Italy with Mrs. Dambleton and having Sylvia back. And now it was to be just the contrary. Valentine added considerably to her cares, and she was sighing for rest.

"Life is becoming too much for me, love," she said to her by no means delighted lord and master. "It isn't every woman who can direct so large a household as ours and discharge all her social duties as well. Yet I do it. But when it comes to seeing after a hundred small things—answering letters, writing notes, adding up accounts, and examining cases of distress—I own it is too much for me. Sylvia thoroughly understands all these things, whilst Valentine lies on the sofa, full of fancies, and does not stir her little finger to be of use to me. I won't have her come," she added, nearly crying.

"And I am sure *I* won't," exclaimed the baron furiously. "Does one marry one's daughter with great toil and labor for her to fall back upon her parents, because, forsooth, her husband can't bring her to listen to duty and reason? She is a Goldisch now, and she ought to keep to the Goldisches. It is really very odd that Mrs. Dambleton doesn't see it—won't see it, rather."

"But what shall I say to her, love? O dear! that makes another letter for me to write."

"Don't blubber; I will write it," said the baron harshly. He suited his actions to his words and wrote a short letter to Mrs. Dambleton, saying he was much too kind a father to deprive Valentine and Sylvia of the pleasure of seeing Italy in society so agreeable, and that his wife perfectly agreed with him.

"What have you said, love?" asked the baroness as he sealed the letter.

"What should I say, if not to advise her to go to the land of pepper and lemons with Valentine and Sylvia?"

"With Sylvia?" exclaimed the baroness, in a fright again.

"Well, of course, my dear. Don't make me hot over it. You can see by Mrs. Dambleton's letter that she has not the smallest desire of undertaking Valentine, and will only do it for her brother's sake. So far so good, you say. If she eats her bit of sour apple, so must you, and you must give up Sylvia for the winter for your daughter's sake. Besides, you are justly punished for bringing up Valentine in such a way that she can't agree with her husband."

"How unjust you are, love! I didn't bring her up so at all. She got so of herself."

"That's just what I say, my dear. Running to waste is caused by want of discipline. Goldisch is good and sensible enough. If his wife can't get on with him either her head or her heart is to blame, and, supposing it were to come to the worst—a separation—I should take my son-in-law's part."

"God preserve us from that! But you surely couldn't leave your daughter in the lurch. You see what a sacrifice I am making for her in letting Sylvia stay where she is. But whilst you are on the subject of discipline, love, make Edgar mind his ways a little. We have had five tutors in three years, and the fifth told me yesterday we had better look out for the sixth, as he means to go, for Edgar is determined to learn nothing."

"In that case it seems to me we needn't look out. What a boy that Edgar is!"

"He wants to be a lieutenant."

"That's what every nincompoop wants to be in our warlike days. I detest the military."

"He doesn't want to be a soldier, but a lieutenant."

"My dear, either you or Edgar are ironical if you fancy a lieutenant is not a soldier. It is not worth our while paying any attention to a simple fellow's wish for an idle life."

"I think so, too, love. Only make it quite clear to him."

"Nonsense! Why should I waste my time and spoil my temper on him? You know my way, my dear. Until my daughters come out and my sons are ready for business I am not wont to trouble myself much about their doings or misdoings. That is the mother's privilege, and I leave it entirely to you."

At the end of September Mrs. Dambleton went up the Rhine with Sylvia and her eldest son, Vivian. They met Valentine at Mainz and went on together to the south.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMONGST OLD FRIENDS.

"SHE is coming, mother! Sylvia is really coming to Mechtild's wedding—that will be in a few days now. She writes from Venice," said Clarissa von Lehrbach, joyfully handing her mother a letter in which Sylvia said she was going to be allowed to pay her old friends a visit, and that she was very happy about it. "So you see, dear mother, that Sylvia has not altered from what she was. Oh! how pleased I am that she is coming."

"You dear child!" said Frau von Lehrbach tenderly. Clarissa was her eldest daughter, a very pretty girl, full of love and devotedness, who united great clearness of mind and strength of purpose to her deep tenderness. The second daughter, Martha, had gone at seventeen to be a Franciscan nun. Mechtilda, the youngest, was now going to marry a young man who held a subordinate place in the business in which her father was *Rath*. The two sons had likewise come home for this family event, the youngest from Lyons, where he had just begun his studies, and the eldest, Clarissa's twin brother, from the Gerichtshof, where he was working up for his examinations. One and all, they had a lively recollection of Sylvia, who had lived amongst them up till her father's death, and they were looking forward to her visit with great delight.

A few days later a carriage stopped at the door of the house whose first story was occupied by the Lehrbachs.

"Is that Sylvia, Theobald?" asked Clarissa, without looking up from her work; for, as usual, many things appertaining to Mechtild's trousseau had to be finished in the last few days.

"No, it is a young, long-legged fellow in a chocolate-colored suit. Now he is helping two ladies down. He is making the

driver and another man carry two boxes, two bandboxes, and two travelling-bags. He is shaking one lady's hand, and now he has got into the carriage and is driving off." This gentleman was Vivian Dambleton, who had escorted Sylvia to her friends' house.

Then there was a ring at the door. Clarissa sprang up and called out: "But it must be Sylvia."

"Sylvia with a shadow?" asked Theobald, puzzled.

The friends hugged each other, and Frau von Lehrbach had a loving greeting for Sylvia. Theobald went to see if the box had been brought up-stairs. He soon came back bewildered, and said to Sylvia: "The lady who came with you is sitting in the ante-room and crying."

"Oh! that's my silly maid," exclaimed Sylvia, laughing, and she went with Clarissa into the ante-room.

"O miss! what *is* to become of me and the boxes?" asked Bertha in a grumbling tone.

The Lehrbachs' quarters were not the least in keeping with a lady's maid of Bertha's pretensions, and the attic which she shared with the boxes was far from being either to her taste or in accordance with her habits. When she was alone there she sobbed violently for a few minutes, then she went to the boxes and began to unpack. The operation dried her tears.

"You know this room of old, Sylvia. You and I are going to share the same just as we used to do," said Clarissa.

"How nice!" exclaimed Sylvia. "What delightful talks we shall be able to have!"

Clarissa was delighted with her friend, and when, after taking off her travelling costume and dressing for dinner, Sylvia appeared in the large room where they were all sitting together, she looked to them like a little queen. Herr and Frau von Lehrbach alone made no comment, and addressed Sylvia, according to their wont, with "du," called her "dear child," and seemed not to notice what a fine young lady she had become.

"You come from Rome," said Frau von Lehrbach at dinner to Sylvia. "Tell us something about the Holy Father; that is always the pleasantest topic of conversation."

"I believe he is quite well," replied Sylvia. "We were only in Rome for about three weeks, and one is quite overpowered with all the sights there are to be seen."

"Is there anything in Rome better worth seeing than the Holy Father?" asked the eldest son, Vincent von Lehrbach.

"You must not forget that I was with Anglicans, who detest papistry."

"Anglicans have certainly put together a thing which they call papistry and would like to pass off for the church, but Catholics can't accept it," replied Vincent gravely.

"Is your cousin Valentine an Anglican, then?" asked Clarissa anxiously, fearing that Vincent might have vexed Sylvia.

"No, she is a Catholic," replied Sylvia, laughing. "Vivian Dambleton is the only real Anglican of the party. His mother was originally a Lutheran or a Calvinist, I'm not sure which. It is so difficult to distinguish between so many religions! But Mrs. Dambleton thought it better to be what her husband was, so they all belong to the Established Church."

"Who founded the 'Established Church'?" asked Mechtilda innocently.

"The English Parliament, backed by the penal and bloody laws of Henry VIII. and of his like-minded daughter, Elizabeth," rejoined Vincent.

"English people take a different view of the subject," said Sylvia, somewhat shortly.

"Even English Catholics?" he asked.

"I have hardly come in contact with any," she replied with a touch of impatience.

There was a little pause, for the topic which of all others most went home to their hearts produced no echo in Sylvia. Her insensibility on this score had not been anticipated, and it was necessary to find some other subject. This is always difficult and painful, as betraying a secret want of sympathy. Sylvia seemed to heed it the least. She began to talk about Italy, and on this neuter ground the conversation once more flowed freely and easily. They had to content themselves with commonplaces. Religion, with its thousand interests springing from the ever-flowering tree of faith, is the strongest bond of hearts. It generates understanding and sympathy between souls, and that unity of feeling which, in spite of the greatest variety of opinions and views, rests upon supernatural grounds mutually accepted. A great friendship without this centre of attraction is not conceivable. Conversation is restricted to outward things and merely superficial topics.

Clarissa felt it far more than Sylvia, for Clarissa was the most thoughtful of the two, and she fully realized what it was that Sylvia had not got; whereas Sylvia fancied the slight constraint was due to their respective circumstances, which made their views of life necessarily different. She was secretly astonished to find how much puzzled she was to know what to talk about

with Clarissa as soon as she had exhausted the topics of Martha's vocation, Mechtilda's wedding, Vincent's profession, and Theobald's studies, and asked a few questions about old acquaintances. Sylvia had very little to say about herself. She would not for all the world have told Clarissa about her two youthful dreams of love and happiness, and the painful and humiliating awakening she had had. She feared a gentle reproof, and it was this which had prevented her from telling Clarissa of her hopes and their disappointment. She had consequently written as seldom as possible, and now she found they had nothing in common to talk about. For all that the simple and cheery family life spoke powerfully to Sylvia's heart. It was a most striking contrast to all that she had experienced during the last six years.

Her uncle demanded her services as an entertaining machine; her aunt as companion, secretary, and something of everything; Valentine as *confidante*, Countess Xaveria as her drawing-room's ornament, Mrs. Dambleton as an angel of consolation. People were fond of her inasmuch as she fulfilled these various obligations. But now she experienced for the first time what it was to be liked for her own sake. She was treated as a child of the house—as a somewhat spoilt child, indeed, but it was just that which soothed her.

"I have quite got out of the habit of getting up early," Sylvia said on the first morning, as she came down to breakfast after the whole family had already been to Mass.

"That is easy to understand," said Frau von Lehrbach kindly; "the world turns the night into day, so of course part of the day must be turned into night."

"Is there a great deal of pleasure in large balls and parties?" asked Mechtilda.

"Sometimes," answered Sylvia—"that is, when one meets pleasant people or there are good dancers and nice music. A pretty dress is also part of the business, and—a good temper no less. It is pleasant under these circumstances. But very often it is exceedingly tiresome and one goes through it like a machine."

"What a waste of time and what a useless expenditure of strength!" said Herr von Lehrbach.

"I believe that I shall be heartily tired of society in a few years' time," said Sylvia.

"That is very questionable, dear child," answered Frau von Lehrbach. "When ten or twelve years of youth have been spent in this way, society sometimes becomes a necessity, some-

times a habit which the force of circumstances alone can overthrow."

"Growing old with these tastes must be dreadful," exclaimed Clarissa. "Just fancy going about from party to party, wearied out in body and mind! It would be something like purgatory, I should think. Give me our comfortable room and the dear round table covered with books and work."

She was right. One felt so at home in the large room full of daylight, too simple and domestic though it was to be called a drawing-room. The mother and daughters sat round the table, always at work upon something useful or ornamental, and one of those present would read aloud. Vincent or Theobald generally undertook the reading, or Sylvia, who liked it better than working. Sometimes household occupations interrupted the book, or they put it down to discuss it, or laid it by as Sylvia and the young men seemed more inclined to use their tongues. In the evening they walked out and had music; Clarissa played the piano very well, and Mechtilda's intended had a good tenor voice, besides which there was Sylvia with her great talent. The days slipped away, full of that quiet and easy enjoyment which requires no effort. Sylvia said one day: "What a difference! Life is so pleasant here that you don't remark it, you only feel it; whereas in society you must wear yourself out to be able to say, 'That was a pleasant time.'" And she described the social goings-on in town, at Grünerode and Weldensperg, in England and Naples.

"A cheer for family life!" said Vincent, and they all applauded.

The wedding-day came. On the eve Mechtilda said affectionately to Sylvia: "To-morrow I want you to be as if you were my sister, and to go with us all to Communion in the early morning. You will, won't you?"

"I?" replied Sylvia, greatly startled.

"And why not?" asked Mechtilda, still more astonished.

"Why, because—because it isn't my habit."

"Even supposing you do not follow my mother's and Mechtilda's good rule of going to Communion every Sunday, and only go several times a year, still I think you might make an exception to-morrow. We should all be so happy about it. Mightn't you, Sylvia?"

"I am not prepared, dear Mechtilda."

"But we are going to prepare all together this evening, Sylvia, and you will hardly want more time than I; for I am going

to make a general confession of my whole life, so that I may enter my new state with a clean conscience."

"That is very good of you," said Sylvia, looking with some emotion into Mechtilda's innocent and beaming eyes; "but as for me, I cannot make up my mind without thinking about it."

She went back over the last three years—for she had broken the church's commandment about the Easter Communion three times. "But how could I help it?" she asked herself. "I was travelling with Valentine the first time, and the next year I went to England with my uncle, and now this time I was in Rome. So I have always been away from home. It is impossible always to go to a strange priest, so there is every excuse for me. For the matter of that, I have done nothing wrong. I have *been* wronged; but as I may not accuse others, I really don't see why I should say *mea culpa*."

Naturally enough this kind of examination of conscience did not help her on much, and, in short, she did not comply with Mechtilda's desire. She did not go to the sacraments. Nobody made any remark about it, but they were all grieved, for they drew a painful conclusion from it as to the state of Sylvia's spiritual life.

"What will the world end by making of her?" said Clarissa in a dispirited way to Vincent. He was her twin brother, and she was accustomed to speak out her mind to him.

"When people with these wonderful charms and selfish natural disposition once let go the anchor of faith a shipwreck is inevitable," he said.

"O Vincent! we must try to keep her from that. How glad I am that you have got your examinations to pass in the capital, and that you will go there next winter! She will at least have somebody near her to take a spiritual interest in her."

"Do you fancy she will like it, Clari?" asked Vincent, laughing. "When people don't want to think about it themselves they are not often grateful to others for suggesting it."

"Whether she likes it or not, it consoles me to think you will be near her; for these Grünerodes strike me as something heathenish with their relish for the world and the dead level of a life of boundless luxury, and of boundlessly-loved luxury too."

"And how character loses in an atmosphere so constituted, especially a woman's character!" exclaimed Vincent.

"And a man's, too! He gets sleepy or commonplace," said Clarissa.

"Yes, but not in the same way as a woman does. A man has

the resource of outward activity and pressing business against indolence and sleepiness. Even if his activity has no very lofty aim, and is not the fruit of a high purpose, he still lives in a certain atmosphere of work and practical activity, which, to be sure, constitute his life. But it is another thing, Clari, for a woman with her delicate feelings. It will be her ruination to be decked out in laces, and jewels, and fashionable dresses, and set in a drawing-room to be bewildered by its homage and indoctrinated in its tone, and to be driven by her wealth to make society her chief occupation because the care of her children and household are taken off her hands. She must come to grief, because her need for domestic avocations is not met. She starves upon riches. Everybody knows and sympathizes with the numberless women whose souls and bodies fall a victim to want and poverty, but hardly any one thinks of those not less numerous to whom riches are fatal. Poor women are obliged to toil unceasingly for their crust of bread, and they sink under their heavy burdens. Necessary work is what the rich ones want, and in its absence they lose their physical powers."

"What a sad picture," sighed Clarissa, "especially when I think of Sylvia in connection with it!"

"And it is not in the slightest degree exaggerated," replied Vincent. "It must strike any one who thinks at all about the state of society. Never before were such extremes of wealth and poverty, except in the last days of pagan Rome. Extremes are always dangerous, because it is only a very small minority who are proof against them. Faith alone gives us strength to resist them; and do you think that faith is very lively in those particular circles in which Sylvia moves?"

"It is just the contrary conviction which makes me so glad that you are going to be near her, Vincent."

"I haven't the smallest desire to mix myself up with these Grünerodes, Clari. I am not in the least suited to them. You know how crippled my means are, and with small means it is difficult to live in society. This would be quite enough in itself to keep me away from them; but, besides this, our way of looking at things and at life is radically different."

"This may be all true, Vincent; but still with your earnestness, which is free from melancholy, and with your firmness, which is gentle, you may gain a good influence with Sylvia, for she still responds when her feelings are appealed to. So you really must make a point of visiting the Grünerodes."

In the meantime Sylvia received a truly doleful letter from

her aunt, who entreated her not to delay her departure. She—her aunt—found her duties too heavy, and thought that young shoulders should bear the yoke; in short, Sylvia was sadly wanted at home. The baroness did not trust the post with this letter, but sent it by one of her servants, who had orders to bring Sylvia back. Bertha was nearly beside herself with delight when Charles suddenly made his appearance in her attic. "You have come to fetch us, Charles, haven't you? Well, that *is* a good job," she exclaimed with fervor. "We have been travelling for one year, six months, and two days, and no place is worth home. I like our park at Grünerode better than England, Italy, and the Tyrol put together. But it is dreadful here, Charles. Just look at this garret. All Miss Mechtilda's trousseau has been made at home, and when anything more than an ordinary pudding is wanted Miss Clarissa does the sweet things herself. There is no such thing in the whole town as a lady's maid of my importance. I am the only one of my kind. Isn't it too strange? And what a quiet wedding Miss Mechtilda's was! There was no talk of a honeymoon. They stayed at home just like common people. Really, Charles, it is a dreadful place, and I can't understand what Miss Sylvia sees in it to call so delightful."

Sylvia did think it delightful, because, as Clarissa expressed it, it appealed to her feelings. She had been so wounded under her course of riches and grandeur that she was quite satiated with them for the time, and prepared to find a family life such as the Lehrbachs' quite an ideal picture. Mrs. Dambleton was exceedingly kind, but she had not Frau von Lehrbach's motherly way; and Vivian, Edward, and John Dambleton, together with their father, did not inspire her either with the same confidence as Herr von Lehrbach or with the friendliness which she felt towards his children. She no longer had any sympathy with Valentine, who was buried in a mountain of selfishness and neglected all her duties to pursue a phantom which her sickly imagination conjured up. Sylvia grew more disposed to grumble at the selfishness of others in proportion as she became more and more wrapped up in herself.

"The pleasant days at Aranjuez have come to an end," said Sylvia, as she appeared in the large family sitting-room with her aunt's letter.

"If only your majesty could leave us in a more cheerful frame of mind," said Theobald, following her train of thought.

"It's all very well for *you* to joke. You are going to stay," she said.

"But you will come back again," exclaimed Clarissa.

"I am sure I hope that you will—not in six years' time, but next spring," said Frau von Lehrbach. "This is your native place, where your father and mother lived, and died, and are buried. You were born here, and all your youthful associations and youthful friends are here. Such a place is by no means to be neglected."

"Oh! if I were only more independent how gladly I would promise to come here every year to refresh myself with my dear home," exclaimed Sylvia; "but I am bound head and foot, and it requires something out of the way for me to be able to leave my aunt, who seems not to be able to do without me."

"That is a very happy thing for you," said Clarissa.

"Indeed it isn't," exclaimed Sylvia bitterly; "it makes me into a slave, and doesn't fill my heart."

"It is always a consolation to do one's duty," said Frau von Lehrbach peacefully, "and your being so much sought after proves that you have done it."

"If only happiness and duty were compatible!" sighed Sylvia.

"Duty is nevertheless the only way to true happiness," said Frau von Lehrbach, laughing.

"I can't at all imagine any other kind of happiness," added Clarissa.

"That depends upon the kind of duties one has," replied Sylvia in a tone of determination. "If mine are opposed to my wishes and to my nature they make me unhappy."

"In that case they are sent to you as a cross, and grace helps you to carry it," said Frau von Lehrbach gently.

"That's how it ought to be," exclaimed Sylvia sorrowfully. "But oh! the atmosphere which I breathe when I am with my aunt is fatal to the doctrines of Christianity."

"You should make a point of altering this, Sylvia," said Frau von Lehrbach in the same gentle tone. "You should find out a way of practising your religion unmolested for the very reason that you *are* so necessary to them."

"But it is almost impossible with people who understand spiritual needs as little as the antipodes. They have become so dead to these things that they don't the least know what one is talking about or catch one's drift. This makes me silent."

"Perhaps it would be a good opportunity now to claim a certain independence, for you certainly must have had it at Mrs. Dambleton's," said Frau von Lehrbach. "With a little know-

ingness and firmness a year's absence may be made to work many changes."

Sylvia let the conversation drop, as she was obliged to own to herself that she had shown nothing but the greatest indifference for religion during her stay with Mrs. Dambleton. If she had somewhat shaken off her lethargy at the Lehrbachs' it was rather that their warm faith and loving hearts awoke a certain feeling of comfort in her than that she meant to return to the practice of her religion. It was a sort of higher pleasure which she welcomed. She liked the flowers, but she had no mind to cultivate the soil from which they sprang. She worshipped an idol which was dearer to her than anything on earth, and which grew more to her in proportion as she let the world come between her poor bruised heart and God. This idol was called Sylvia.

PART III.—THE FALL OF THE BLOSSOMS.

CHAPTER I.

A WARNING VOICE.

A YOUNG lady in a most elegant morning-dress was sitting in a pretty boudoir. She was absorbed in a book. There was a knock at the door, and upon her somewhat impatiently uttered "Come in" there followed a servant, who handed a note from Countess Weldensperg, and added that a messenger was waiting for an answer.

"Let him wait," was the short reply, and, casting her eyes over the note, she took up her book again.

There was another knock, and the housekeeper appeared with a thick quarto book and said: "Her ladyship begs that you will look carefully through the accounts. I don't think there is any mistake, but—"

"Very well. Put the book on my writing-table."

Another knock. A servant came in to say that young Baron Harry would be very glad to see some one, as he was ill in bed and very weary. Before he had gone the lady's maid brought a message to the effect that her ladyship begged Miss Sylvia to come, as three notes were waiting to be written.

"All right; I am coming," was the answer with which both man and maid servant had to be satisfied. The young lady did

not even contemplate rousing herself from her arm-chair and putting down her fascinating book. Half an hour later the lady's maid returned with a pressing message from the baroness, and she added that there was a fourth note to be written.

"And my own into the bargain, which makes five," exclaimed Sylvia, springing up impatiently. "Dear me! I'm sure I can say with the Barbiere di Sevilla, 'Figaro here, there, and everywhere.' What a life it is! What a slavery! Not a minute to myself! I must be ready for every one, like a maid-servant, and what have I to show for it? A prison with gilt bars and bolts!"

She went to her aunt.

"Where have you been hiding yourself, love?" exclaimed the latter in a grumbling tone. "The ante-room is full of servants waiting for answers."

"Let them wait, dear aunt; that's what they were meant for," said Sylvia indifferently.

"I have no objection, love, but you know that your uncle doesn't like to wait luncheon, so we must make haste to be ready at half-past eleven."

Sylvia sat down at her aunt's writing-table, ran her eyes hastily over the numerous notes which were there awaiting her, and wrote the answers at her aunt's suggestions. It was scarcely half-past eleven when she had finished.

"What would you do without me, Aunt Teresa?" she asked playfully.

"God only knows! I am sure I don't," said the baroness. "But I have got you, you see."

"Xaveria has asked me to ride with her, but I am not going, because Herr von Lehrbach has time to pay me a visit to-day, and I prefer my nice talk with him to Xaveria's stupid chatter."

"You must do as you like, love."

"I am very grateful to you, dear aunt, for letting me have Herr von Lehrbach in the little drawing-room, for he is so overpowered with work that he can scarcely ever get an hour to himself."

"What is there against it, love? You are six-and-twenty and you have experience and tact, so that I could not treat you like a small person of eighteen. When one has lived a quarter of a century one expects a little liberty. And then Herr von Lehrbach is an exceedingly steady young man, and he is younger than you."

"No, he isn't, Aunt Teresa. He, his twin sister, and I were all born on the same day, May 1, 1840."

"This is how it is, love: a man of twenty-six looks younger than a girl of twenty-six. He has hardly reached his full development, whereas she has seen her best years of youth."

This was just what Sylvia bemoaned in secret: the best years of her youth were past and gone. Society had known her for the last eight years, and no longer found her the bewitching Sylvia of early days. She had lost the charm of novelty, which conduces so much to drawing-room triumphs and not unfrequently calls them forth. She was still remarkably pretty, but people were so accustomed to her good looks that they ceased to think them anything out of the way. Younger girls who were not at all pretty, but who were in the first freshness of youth, outshone her, made more sensation, and married; whilst, on the other hand, Xaveria still retained her place as the acknowledged queen of elegance, although she was on the verge of her thirtieth year. But Xaveria was also rich Countess Weldensperg, who was at the head of a brilliant establishment and gave the best entertainments and dinners. These solid advantages secured her reign in society until her dotage. Sylvia saw how it was very well, and took it in by degrees; she could not command any of these things. Jealousy, discontent, contempt of others, an overweening opinion of herself, bitterness, and pride stirred up that poor heart of hers, which had experienced nothing but deception after deception. Her unhappiness weighed her down, yet she saw no way out of it. She had long ago given up the scheme of trying to find a place as governess or teacher of music in England which she had mentioned to Mrs. Dambleton. It had been due to a passing feeling of wounded pride and indignation at Tieffenstein's conduct. At the time she had fancied that she would never be able to meet him again or treat him as a relation; but she had cooled down under the influence of the Italian expedition, with its constant change of scenes and impressions, and when on her return she saw him and his wife she took it very calmly, for she was already avenged. Wilderich and Isidora led a most wretched life between them. He had sold himself to a wife he did not love, and Isidora, who had acted a farce about her passion for him, had literally fallen a victim to it, and now suffered terribly at his indifference. Isidora's propensity to be saving was as well known to the baron as Wilderich's taste for spending. As the charge of their household devolved chiefly on him, this is what he did: he paid Wilderich's debts and made Isidora treasurer, committing to her care, and not to Wilderich's, the allowance to which he had pledged himself. The baron

viewed this arrangement as a check upon his son-in-law, and Isidora as a means of tying her husband to her apron-string; but Wilderich considered it an insult on the part of his father-in-law and a very low proceeding on that of his wife. He despised her and she worshipped him—that is, she worshipped his interesting looks and bearing, and his way of talking. Wilderich would not have minded Isidora's adoration, if she had only been something a little out of the common. But as this was far from being the case, and as she had neither physical nor mental advantages of any kind, he felt in a very humbled and dissatisfied frame of mind, and required perpetual remonstrances from his sister to keep him up to ordinary civility towards his wife.

"I can't bear it any longer. I must either go away or send a bullet through my head," he said one day, coming into Xaveria's boudoir and throwing himself into an arm-chair.

"Nonsense, Wilderich!" she answered calmly.

"Oh! of course such things as petty jealousy, complaints, and upbraidings are nonsense in the eyes of sensible married people. But it is torture and by no means nonsense to bear with them. I am the most miserable man on the face of the earth, and it is your fault."

"Good gracious, Wilderich! don't talk wildly. Before you married Isidora you were in an impossible position, and how could you expect to meet with parents—that is, rich parents—who would give you their daughter, pay your debts, and keep you and yours? I knew no such people, neither did you. Then a happy chance inspired Isidora with a passion for you."

"Oh! do be quiet. Isidora's passion has been my greatest humiliation."

"But it is a fact, and that pleasant footing in society which spendthrifts are sure to lose in time is due to it."

"The Grünerodes were too delighted to thrust their unlovable daughter into our society."

"Yes, they were, and it was part of your good fortune."

"My good fortune which makes me weary of life! Oh! the thought of spending the rest of my days with that woman. And I am just thirty-four."

"Did you fancy, then, that you would have no trials as a married man?"

"It's amusing to hear *you* talking about trials."

"You are very unfair. It is very hard to live under a perpetual yoke, and this is what a wife has to do, to all appearances at least, even if she wishes to make her will felt in reality. A

husband is always inclined to lord it over her, and to make short work of anything that does not suit his convenience. It is a wholesome lesson for you to see that you can't do this and to make the best of your lot."

"It's easy work for one of your dispassionate nature. But I have a warm heart."

"I know that well enough, Wilderich. But now do leave your feelings alone. Be your heart what it may, it is a disturbing element in life, whereas practical common sense is the very reverse. My scheming and your consent to it put you where you are. Now be so good as to remain there contentedly. Have you made any plan for the summer yet?"

"Yes. I am thinking of going to hunt lions in Africa and to catch whales at the North Pole," burst out Wilderich, and thereupon he left Xaveria.

She let him go and said quietly to herself: "He will grow accustomed to it, as I have had to do. But people must still their cravings after love by plunging feverishly into the world's enjoyments, without, of course, going too far."

This was the fair Countess Xaveria's way of looking at life.

She and Sylvia were still friends, but their former intimacy had ceased. Xaveria found that Sylvia was no longer her drawing-room's most attractive ornament, and Sylvia was convinced that Xaveria had plotted against her marrying Tieffenstein. It wounded her and set her against Xaveria. Her friends had been as false to her as her lovers. No one, indeed, had ever really cared about her, and it had been her portion to be speedily forgotten. Others had deceived her, or she had deceived herself. Was there, then, no such thing as true and lasting feelings? Was a state of successive deceptions the only thing to be looked for on earth? When she was by herself she had moments of utter misery which supernatural strength alone could have helped her to bear; but she had it not. In default of it she strove, like Xaveria, to divert her mind by all manner of pleasure, without, however, losing the consciousness of her misery.

It was a great comfort to Sylvia to have Vincent von Lehrbach in town. He was an example to her of a young man who was entirely thrown on his own resources to get on. He had neither fortune nor interest to help him on the up-hill road of government service. His father, who had no means besides his salary, and who had Theobald's university expenses to meet, could do nothing for his eldest son beyond making him a very scanty allowance, so that Vincent was restricted to the necessa-

ries of life, and had no superfluity for those amusements and relaxations which young people naturally like. He never went to evening parties or to theatres, for they involved too much expense for his slender purse. It was against his will, and only because his family pressed him so much, that he had visited at the Grünerodes'; they hoped he would thus be able to see something of Sylvia.

"I like your friend very much, little fairy," the baron said to her; "he is a hard-working young fellow and lays no claim to enjoy life. Edgar, who at twenty is giving himself fine airs, might take an example by him."

"I like him, too," said the baroness, "for speaking so tenderly of his mother. It is a pity he is obliged to work so dreadfully hard."

"Not at all; it's very wholesome," said her husband. "The hardest work makes the best men."

"When there is some good end beyond the mere gain," remarked Sylvia; "otherwise every man who broke stones on the road, and every day-laborer and factory-worker, would be a worthy man."

"The low herd is far enough from being that," answered the baron, half disdainfully, half angrily. "But, for the matter of that, of course I am alluding only to gentlemen when I speak of honest men."

Sylvia had not followed Frau von Lehrbach's advice of profiting by her usefulness to obtain liberty; that is, she had not followed it according to the spirit. The atmosphere of gentle piety which had stirred up her heart within her at the Lehrbachs' had left no impression on her. She was miserable, indeed, but instead of seeking comfort in a region higher than the earth she clung more steadily to the world, and, upbraiding in her mind this person or those circumstances with her unhappiness, she sought out other people and other circumstances on the chance of their satisfying her. In the different circumstances of her life she had ceased to take into consideration the will of God on the one hand, and her own weaknesses and shortcomings on the other. She had given up this view of things with the practice of her religion. She was out of harmony with herself, like a beautiful marble statue which, exposed to the action of time and the fury of the elements, retains only the noble cast of features to denote that it was once a work of art. And because Sylvia was conscious of this want of harmony in herself—for she had by no means reached the stage when such a consciousness becomes a

matter of indifference—she turned her mind away from it, and shut her eyes more and more resolutely to everything which related to the spiritual life. For all that she was fond of Vincent von Lehrbach, though he possessed no one of those things which she and the world prized. He was not rich, or fashionable, or handsome, or at home in aristocratic drawing-rooms, or a member of *the* club, or distinguished for sporting or turf propensities. She could not account for her liking. Perhaps it was due to the force of an old friendship which dated back to her happy childhood, or to the fact that, inferior though he might be, he was utterly unlike the ordinary type of man with whom she came in contact.

"How are you? You have not been here for a long time," said Sylvia heartily, as she entered the morning-room, where Vincent was waiting for her.

"I am very well," he replied, "but my time is all portioned out. I am likely, it seems, to be always reminded that it is extremely precious and exceedingly short."

"Do you like the work which takes up so much of your time?"

"It belongs to my profession. A man must do what he can to qualify himself, and it can't be done without some struggling against one's inclination—that is, without some trouble and vexation of spirit. The great questions of the day interest me far more than a quarrelsome suit over three acres of land. But I have to read through my suit's documents when I would much rather go into the questions of the day. But what does it matter? Each one to his task; that is what we are in the world to do."

"Of course. Still, we are also in the world to be happy," exclaimed Sylvia.

"What do you understand by happiness?"

"The fulfilment of our noblest desires," she replied quickly.

"This is a happiness we can secure for ourselves, as we can desire nothing *better* than to bring ourselves into harmony with our lot in life; but I should rather doubt this being our *predominating* propensity."

"Is it yours?" asked Sylvia, laughing.

"I don't pretend to belong to the exceptions. But if I can only just trace the wish in a remote corner of my mind, still it is there and it makes itself felt. It won't let me alone, and upbraids me when I follow the allurements of other inclinations. It seems to tell me that I am on the wrong road, that the fulfilment

of my duty and my conformity with the will of God will be my truest happiness. And that is what I try to aim at."

"It is a very sober happiness," said Sylvia.

"Yes; but then life is a serious thing."

"You are making me more melancholy than I already am," she replied somewhat impatiently.

"I can't help it, for I didn't make life what it is. It is short, uncertain, full of dangers, a path leading in two totally opposite directions, and it is left to our free choice to take the right or the wrong one. Isn't this serious work?"

"Dreadfully serious!" exclaimed Sylvia.

"Would you prefer a sort of happy Arcadia kind of life?"

"Oh! no, the proverbial good spirits of Arcadia are wearisome. But there ought to be some *mezzo termine*."

"There is; only, like everything else on earth, it is subject to change. There are happy hours, peaceful days, deep and elevating joys which give man the necessary courage, strength, and hope to pursue his onward way. In his childhood he has got his father's house and family life. Later on there is youth, that wonderful gift of God, which fires him with activity and endurance for undertaking and carrying out things which he himself looks upon as impossible after the lapse of forty years. As a man he has his calling, with its self-chosen round of duties which he endeavors to fulfil as well as he can; and in his old age he has a good conscience, and a young family round him to take example by him. The whole presents a mixture of cares and pleasure, sorrow and joy, work and repose, labor and refreshment, which go to make up the tissue of human life with its individual variations of sunshine and cloud."

Sylvia had listened attentively, and her face became sadder as he went on. Tears glistened on her cheeks as she answered in a trembling tone: "I could envy you your clear views of life. I can't look at it in this calm way. I began it with so many deceptive hopes! My firmament was full of golden clouds, which I took for sun and stars; but they melted away into a gray fog before my eyes, and its cold damp goes through me."

"Such times do indeed come upon us all, but they do not last," said Vincent consolingly.

"Do you speak from experience? *That* would comfort me."

"I have not had your kind of deception, but others closely affecting myself, and consequently of the most bitter kind. I fancied I was a giant who was going to take heaven by storm;

and I found out that I was an ordinary mortal, who would have to toil and sweat under the dust of life at the ordinary pace of other people. It was a humiliation which would have discouraged me, unless I had determined to look upon and treat myself as a very commonplace mortal, from whom God required nothing but the accomplishment of his duty as an honest man and the salvation of his soul. The resolution brought me peace, and peace gives strength."

"You talk as if 'saving one's soul' were a small thing; but perhaps it is a very big one," said Sylvia. "Amongst all the people with whom I live, whether relations or friends, I don't believe there is one who thinks about saving his soul."

"And what of yourself?"

"Sometimes I doubt whether I have a soul," she said, trying to turn it into a joke, to avoid going into the matter. Then she rose and said sadly: "Take compassion on me and come back soon. Everything about me is so splendid, and outwardly I am so well off, that nobody dreams of my real mind. People understand material want and are sorry for it, and they are overcome when they hear of those poor creatures in London who die of hunger. But who understands or pities the unfortunate individuals who, in the midst of luxury, hunger after something better? No one. They are so well off they can have any pleasure they desire; why are they not satisfied? They give way to whims or nervous excitement. These are the kind of pleasant things people say of them, and this is why they keep their feelings to themselves and try to put up with their weariness. But believe me, there are times when I envy the beggar-women in the street, because physical hunger seems to me easier to bear than the inward craving for sympathy and happiness; for you may say what you like, happiness *does* exist, and it *is* possible to find sympathy of feelings and thoughts, views and aims. The person who has to bemoan its absence knows this better than any one else. You think differently to what I do in many things, and perhaps you are right, for you are better than I; but this doesn't disturb me. On the contrary, I want to be able to look up to some one with a certain respect; it gives me strength and courage. So pray be compassionate and come to see me very often. Perhaps you may succeed in awakening me to my religious duties."

"Only God and his grace can do that," replied Vincent.

"Call it what you like," she entreated, lifting up her hands. "If one man is able to help another on in the world, and his do-

ing so is called charity, why should not the same thing be done in the spiritual world?"

"It can," replied Vincent; "but to get to that people must be on a very different footing to what you and I are. A man who tries to lead another onwards ought himself to be very holy, and the one who is led ought to have an intense wish to become holy —a firm and powerful desire which is capable of making great sacrifices for an unseen end. I don't need to tell you that I am anything but holy; and as for you, Sylvia, you are thinking much more of your earthly happiness than of your immortal soul. Can you deny it?"

"No; I cannot tell a lie," she sighed.

"So I am unable to help you. But take the simplest means in your power. Go to a good priest and use the means of grace which the church offers her children."

"If you are going to talk in this way I shall say no more," interrupted Sylvia, drying her tears. "What does a priest know about the heart?"

"As you have evidently never opened yours to a priest, you have no right to talk in this way," said Vincent, laughing; "and, for the matter of that, I was not thinking about this sort of communication, but—to use plain words—about an examination of conscience."

"I am no criminal," she said in a vexed tone.

"Will you understand now that I am unable to help you to spiritual progress?" he said with gentle earnestness. "As soon as I give you practical advice you draw back or are hurt. You ask my view on this or that point, and if it agrees with your own, well and good. It is your own judgment that you like in my words. This will lead to nothing but intellectual fireworks, as it must stop short of any appeal to you which would imply a sacrifice. Do you seriously think you will thus get light and strength?"

Sylvia wept bitterly and did not reply; for never had any one, much less a young man, spoken to her with so much earnestness, kindness, and seriousness, and, alas! with so much truth.

"Forgive me; I did not wish to grieve you," Vincent said after a pause.

"I know you didn't," answered Sylvia, striving to calm herself; "but you see what a miserable plight I am in. The truth overpowers me; I can't bear it."

"Don't say that. It overpowers your human feelings, and that is a good sign," he said kindly.

"Have you really any hope left for me?"

"'Dum spiro, spero!' As long as I live I have hope, for you, for myself, for all men."

"'Dum spiro, spero,'" repeated Sylvia more cheerily; "that shall be my watchword, too. And now I hope I shall soon see you again."

They shook hands heartily, and Vincent found another leisure hour for Sylvia sooner than he had anticipated or she had ventured to hope.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOLY DAYS AND HOLIDAYS IN ENGLAND.

"How do these people observe their holidays?" is a question which every traveller proposes when he visits a country for the first time. If he has leisure he answers the question for himself, and draws his own private conclusions. Thus, any one who has lived a year in Rome, in Madrid, in Lisbon, in Vienna, has philosophically thought out the objects and the characteristics of the holidays of each of those capitals. Where most travellers are puzzled is in the accurate discrimination of the ecclesiastical and the civil days of rest. In Protestant England the outward semblance of the one is much the same as the outward semblance of the other. If we seek for the distinction between, say, Good Friday and a Bank holiday, or between Easter Sunday and Boxing Day, we shall scarcely find it in outward public recognition—in the way, that is, of national demonstration. Excepting only a different class of entertainments, there are really no external differentiæ in the observance of Good Friday and Boxing Day. We speak, of course, solely of the public recognition; not in any way of the private observance. The churches may be opened on Good Friday, but the masses keep holiday, not holy day. "Our season begins on Good Friday," remarked the proprietor of a Richmond hotel to the present writer; and almost every proprietor of every hotel just outside London, as well as of every hotel at popular resorts, would be willing to give the same testimony. Christmas Day, on the contrary, is a home-holiday; purely domestic, though festive in character; but no more particularly "religious" than is Guy Fawkes' Day—that is, in its national demonstration. That many persons observe Christmas Day re-

ligiously (by going to their parish church in the morning) is as certain as that "the nation" does not. Christmas Day is a dinner-day. "We dine together once a year." Even the good people who remember on Christmas morning that it is the Advent suffer from a weakness of the memory before nightfall.

As to Sunday, if we are to trust to the officially authorized statistics, about one grown-up person in every fifty, in the large towns, attends some kind of church or of chapel. England is a free country; and that freedom is largely used in abstaining from places of worship on a Sunday. The country people, on the contrary, attend places of worship—a distinction which needs no explanation. But in the towns the outward observance of the Sunday is much the same as the outward observance of a bank holiday, *minus* noisy pleasures, public sports, and *plus* a certain dryness of demeanor.

We may say, then, that the odd thing about the holy days of England is their undemonstrative, almost negative character. That the English are not a demonstrative people is no solution at all of the enigma. The English *are* a demonstrative people whensoever it pleases them to be so. They can make as much noise, call as many public meetings, walk in as many long processions, shout, cheer, bless, or swear, as much as any other people in the world. Even about religion they can be drolly demonstrative when their prejudice or their passion is tickled. To "protest" is with the Englishman a supreme source of enjoyment; and he can make as much fuss about it as though fuss were a lofty virtue, or as though martyrdom consisted in howling down. There is only one point about which he is not demonstrative, and that is the national Credo. The explanation is not difficult to find. The Credo, for the most part, is Protesto; and where it is not Protesto it is Dubito. The religious sentiment may be admirable in the extreme, but the belief is of the opinionative kind. And hence it comes to pass that the Englishman is not demonstrative so far as his own creed is concerned; he is only demonstrative against the creed of other persons, or against what he assumes to be their creed. Perhaps this is about the best of the solutions which we can offer for "no national demonstration." And as the subject is not without its deep interests, we will linger for a few moments upon it.

That Catholic nations are demonstrative, but that Protestant nations are not—in the sense of national, religious recognition—will be conceded by every one who has travelled. And the explanation is easy to be given. Wherever positive faith seems to

be strong, religion is more or less demonstrative; but wherever positive faith has died out, or has sunk down into rivalries of thought—which is the case in all Protestant countries—the outward, national recognition is either shy and apologetic, or else it is contemptuously cold. There will be in every Protestant country the performance of "divine service," the more or less frequentation of "public worship," but there will be the absence of out-of-door ceremony, of national proclamation of faith. Thus, in England, we might walk from Dover to London, from Newcastle to Brighton or Portsmouth, without ever—not even one day in the whole year—seeing a token or suggestion of creed. And this is true of all Protestant countries. It is scarcely true of any country which is not Protestant. And the reason is that, Protestant faith not being "positive," it cannot call for any national demonstration.

Yet the question remains: Why, in non-Christian countries, should there be national demonstration of creed? And the answer we would suggest is, that in almost every religion save the Protestant there are three publicly recognized characteristics: sacrifice, fasting, intensity. Of intensity we will say a word presently. Of sacrifice and fasting it suffices to observe that their obligation entails demonstration. Sacrifice (everywhere) involves ceremony, and ceremony everywhere is demonstrative; while as to fasting, where the duty is national, the observance must be socially recognized. Not to fast, where fasting days are commanded, is to make demonstration of not fasting. So that sacrifice and fast days (and we may also add feast days, for feast days are the counterpart of fast days) necessitate some kind of demonstration, some kind of outward national recognition.

In regard to "intensity," which we call a third characteristic, we tread upon very delicate ground. Intensity may coexist with the most abominable errors, and with the utter absence of any "positive" faith. Can we say of the hundred and fifty millions of Hindus, of the hundred and forty millions of Mohammedans, who have no living divine authority to appeal to, that they are the possessors of a positive faith? No; positive faith is a belief in divine dogmas, taught by a (living) divine authority, as distinct from a pious belief in God, whether grounded on revelation or tradition. But though Catholics are the only people in the world who can be said, properly, to have "positive" faith, there are many false religions which teach that sacrifice and fasting, with corresponding joyous sacrifice and festi-

val, are both of personal and of national obligation. Protestantism, almost alone, has lost sight of fast and festival, of sacrifice penitential and joyous. So that what we have called "intensity," whether of faith or of public worship, can have no place in the religion of Protestants. It may have place in almost every other kind of religion. It has place in the schismatical Eastern churches, as well as in many non-Christian religions. And the argument, though negative, is of importance. While Catholics are "intense," in their positive faith and true worship; and while millions of non-Christians are also intense, because they believe in fasting and sacrifice; Protestants are not intense—they do not care to make demonstrations—because their creed consists mainly of pious sentiments.

We have said that mere intensity is no proof of a sound conviction, though the absence of it is proof of a weak one. But since we are coupling "demonstration," in the national sense, with the existence of some kind of intensity, we should like to show that the English make no national demonstration, because they *misdirect* their intensity. When we come to speak of English "holidays," as distinct from English "holy days," we shall see how this consideration works all round. We fully admit, as we have stated, that we tread on delicate ground when we discuss the religious value of intensity. But almost every grand truth has its mocking ape of falsehood, which seeks to cast ridicule upon it. The philosopher will not be deceived by the ape. The truth is not affected by its burlesque. False holy days, false holidays, cast no sort of doubting shadow on the beauty of the intensity of the true. Let us name a few false kinds of intensity. We must ridicule the "intensity" of the worshippers of Juggernath; "at whose orgies," as Dr. Duff tells us, "licentiousness and blood are the main abhorrent features and crimes." We must shudder at the intensity of the human offerings of the Polynesians, and of the excesses of some of the hill tribes of Hindustan. We must mock the childish intensity of the jugglerics and the impositions of many of the Persian sect of Moslems—the rotatory movements of the priest-worshippers, and the epileptic excitement of the lay-worshippers; just as we must laugh at the intensity of some of the rites of the Hindu fakirs; or be appalled by the intensity of the Canesa fanatics, who think infanticide "religious national demonstration." All this is not intensity; it is superstition. Nor is it easy always to distinguish between the two. Thus, the elaboration of the ceremonial of the Brahmans, the false exquisiteness of their preparation for

public worship, must be regarded as very questionable intensity. So that we yield at once that mere intensity of itself is no proof of any sort of true piety; and that national demonstration very commonly coexists with the utmost rottenness of national belief. There have been false priests of Baal who "cut themselves with knives"; there have been fire-worshippers, demon-worshippers (and even worse people), all intense and demonstrative in their way. So that we must look for the solution of undemonstrative Protestantism in some other groove than its falsity; and we must still show that though intensity proves nothing, the absence of intensity proves much.

Let us turn to English holidays, as distinct from English holy days, and see if they will throw light upon the matter. Our first point is the *sympathy* between the two. Just as in Spain or in Italy (that is, in happier times) there was a marked likeness of the holiday to the holy day—the one indeed being generally of the same spirit with the other, or tempered by the remembrance of that spirit—so in Protestant England the neglect of the holy days seems to have vulgarized the observance of the holidays. It would be unreal to affirm that, in the most Catholic countries, there is not a vast amount of worldliness; it would be absurd to impute personal earnestness, personal refinement, to the majority of even decorously behaved Catholics; but thus much will be admitted, that the pervading tone of Catholic holy days, as well as the pervading tone of Catholic holidays, is innocent, well-disciplined, yet joyous. Indeed, we make this distinction—quite fearless of being refuted—that in all countries where Catholic holy days are well observed the people are joyous in their holidays; and not only joyous, but intelligent in their pleasures, well-mannered, refined, and sympathetic; whereas there is no "day" known in the world so utterly heavy, so utterly dull, as the English public holiday, or holy day. The streets seem to groan with their own melancholy. The shop-shutters look profoundly in mourning. The wayfarers seem to be keeping penal holiday. The public parks look more dismal than is their wont, from a certain effort of the loungers to look at ease. Nobody seems happy, but everybody tries to seem so, and the failure is as transparent as conspicuous. The people look condemned to suffer idleness. There is no touch of spontaneity in the atmosphere. If we visit the public gardens there is a grief-laden sensation, with strange noises to compensate for the woe. The proper *sources* of enjoyment seem as absent from the public holiday as is the high-toned, brilliant gayety of southern Europe.

One-sided as is this picture (for there are thousands of the British public who are the equals, in every sense, of the Catholic southerner), it yet gives the impression, often expressed by the foreigner, of what is called in England public holiday. And now we return to our question of intensity: Does intensity exist, and of what sort? Let us admit that there are many intense people. But of what kinds of intensity are they types? Let us take two or three specimens of "the intense." And, first, there is the class who are exceptionally noisy, and who speak with a Yahoo-sort of accent. They do not precisely speak, but they hiss, yelp, or growl, as a substitute for the soft cadences of the human voice. Now, of this class it must be conceded that they are amazingly intense, but in the direction of the absence of what is pleasing. Their manners, like their voices, are repugnant. Their conversation consists mainly of chaff, varied only by ribaldry or oaths. Half-a-dozen such persons, in any place of recreation, are enough to make a holiday intolerable. As a policeman said but lately, to the present writer: "Drink, sir, is the father of English ruffianism. It not only creates all that is bad, but it takes away all that is good." Bad whiskey, bad brandy, bad beer are the responsible progenitors of intensity? Yet, in addition to this cause, there is the *absence* of that refining instinct which comes only from Catholic apprehension. Who that has lived in Spain or in Portugal, in southern Italy, southern France, or (parts of) Belgium, has failed to be struck by a certain dignity of individuality in the humblest peasant, artisan, or poor shop-worker? There is no ruffian *class* in such countries. Nor is there any utterly poor class. When a "common" man is tipsy—which is a sight not often seen—he is exhilarant, perhaps noisy—seldom animal. He is almost always more "larky" than he is grovelling. Without pushing such comparisons too far, may we not hazard that the inheritance of Catholic sentiment is *visible* in the style of Catholic peoples; and that the want of that inheritance is as conspicuously visible in the "intensity" of the English class referred to? In other words, the true, Catholic intensity equally elevates both the Christian and the man; whereas the intensity of non-Catholics, in the lower strata of the *profanum vulgus*, lacks the charm of intelligence and delicacy. To quote our friend the policeman once more (who had been twenty-five years in the force): "You see, sir, there is something *wanting* in the English masses, and I cannot make out what it is." What is it that is wanting? Shall we go too far if we suggest that the almost paganizing of holy days is necessarily the almost ruffianizing of holidays?

Now, take another accident of intensity, a little funny yet not without meaning. There is a large class of English people—specially met with in holiday time—who treat the letter *h* as their bitterest enemy. They leave it out where it has just claim to be pronounced, and drag it in where it has no wish to be heard. They leave it out savagely and they drag it in savagely, as though some bitter ancestral feud had left to them the entailment of always insulting this most delicate sound. The trifle in itself may seem but light, yet it implies something more than mere commonness. Travellers who are familiar with the languages of the Continent assure us that the commonest people speak well, and that there is no *class* in other countries which corresponds, in talking badly, to the *h*-less but demonstrative 'oliday 'Arry. The humblest persons in Catholic countries speak with creditable propriety, as well as with a certain melody of pronunciation; just as they are usually polite, and even courteous, in their style during any casual greeting of daily life. But it is characteristic of an English class that they talk English execrably; that they give their *h*s the dead cut, abhor music in their cadences, and treat their grammar with contempt or with malignity; just as in their manners they regard courtesy and refinement as indications of weakness or cowardice. It is true that this particular class has become thinned in the last twenty years; that there is much less of bad speaking than there used to be; that *all* classes are improving in the outward seeming of good-breeding, and that the intercourse between classes is more courtly. Still, even now, on a public holiday, the unpleasant class we have mentioned fills the air with grating sounds, grating words. It is their mode of getting rid of their intensity! Even the rabid treatment of the poor unfortunate letter *h* is an intensity, a demonstrativeness, of vulgarity. The truth is that intensity is a natural superlative of the human mind, and must be demonstrated in some way, at some times. It may take the form of what is intelligent and aspiring, or it may take the form of what is imbecile and low. It must take either a good or a bad form, for the simple reason that it must necessarily exist. It must exist in all classes and in all minds. The noisy and illiterate classes we have referred to show intensity in their repugnance to refinement. The higher classes have a thousand outlets for intensity which are necessarily almost unknown to the lower classes. Good-breeding suppresses public demonstration, in the purely natural and private caprices of the gentleman. Yet the intensity exists inwardly, and is only *not* shown in religion for

the reasons we have enlarged upon above. Time was when the gentlemen of England, like the gentlemen of Spain or of France, thought themselves honored in being permitted to bend the knee, in the public streets, at the approach of the Holy Viaticum. Time was when, as simple Froissart tells us, and as Monstrelet and other chroniclers make evident, that an English gentleman should be *not* demonstrative in the profession of his faith was regarded as the "bad manners of the soul." If the reverse is the case now, it is because, as we have said, there is no "reason of being" for demonstrativeness when "positive" faith (along with sacrifice and penance) has gone clean out of the apprehension of the nation. Just as, at one time, half the streets of old London were named after saints or after dogmas; all the churches having the same kind of dedication; most of the colleges of the universities being "christened" to some devotion, to some doctrine, to some practice of faith; so the public holidays, both provincial and parochial, were associated with the religious idea. We do not for a moment mean to say that such idea was all-pervading; that it really impressed the religious character on the holiday; to affirm this would be simply ridiculous); but, like the roadside image or rude cross, like the holy picture that was placed over the cottage door, it demonstrated the traditional sentiment of the faith, and that sentiment refined all intensity. Both holy days and holidays in England—if we may trust to the chroniclers and to the Day Books—were in the middle ages more joyous than they are now; though not only not dissociated from religion, but impressed by at least its sentiment or idea. And it is because there is no such impression in these days, that intensity has become commonplace emotion. The public holiday, being *never* a holy day, cannot have any refining impression. Sir John Lubbock in his institution of Bank holidays (which he proposed to make the substitute for the old Calendar days) totally ignored the stern fact that a holiday without an idea is a holiday only fit for jolly school-boys. Men and women want idea, want association. "The ringing island," as England used to be called, has become an island without idea, without association. At least, this is the case with the masses. And it is most painfully "demonstrated" in their holidays. We have ventured to plead—for it is a truth worth debating—that the utter vulgarizing of what used to be called holy days is the cause of the utter vulgarizing of holidays. The secularizing of the one is the brutalizing of the other. If you maintain that a nation should show no national faith—should not demonstrate that faith

on high days—what can you say, when its mere holidays recur, if those holidays are both vulgar and unjoyous? Take the example of modern France, which has tabooed religious festivals—so far as its present government can taboo them. In the exact proportion of the dishonoring of religion have the French lost their culture and gaiety. There is nothing like the charm of French manner, French suavity, French power of making others feel happy, in these days of free-thought worship or babbling, as there was in the good traditioned old days. You cannot weaken the apprehension of what is enduring without weakening the apprehension of what is passing; nor can you kill the refining instincts of Catholicism without lowering *all* classes in natural grace. Leave piety out of the question—we are not speaking of piety—and consider the whole subject intellectually. Consider it, that is, as it bears on the mental tone, and therefore on the happy sentiment, of a nation. To recur to the case of France, as proving the truth before our eyes, the proclamation of irreligion has been the proclamation of vulgarity, and equally the proclamation of dulness. England has made no (recent) proclamation; she has simply subsided into a negative. But France, in proclaiming holy days to be superstitious, has proclaimed the natural holiday to be animal. In England it is not animal, it is pointless; it is stupid, unworthy of a great people. Will it ever become worthy of them again?

THE BRAVE LALLY.

IT is doubtful if history contains an example of a man at once more brave, chivalrous, and unfortunate than Thomas Arthur, Baron de Tollendal, Comte de Lally. Of a fiery and impetuous nature, surpassing ambition, incessant activity, and admirable loyalty to the country of his ancestry as well as that of his birth, and with the courage to execute the great projects which his mind conceived, his very virtues contributed to the misfortunes which, after a brilliant career, finally caused his ruin—a ruin as complete as his enemies, who to the last thirsted for his blood, could desire.

Lally was descended from one of the most ancient of the noble families of Ireland. The Lallys, or O'Mullallys, were chiefs of ancient Galway (Hy Many), and were a branch of the celebrated Clan Colla, through which they traced their descent from

one of the ancient kings. When dispossessed of their territories they settled at their castle of Tullindally (Tulloch-na-Dala), near Tuam, whence Count Lally derived one of his titles. The family espoused the cause of the Stuarts, and when James II. abdicated its head emigrated with him to France. Lally's father, Sir Gerald Lally, who commanded the Irish regiment in the French service of which his uncle, General Dillon, was proprietor, gave the youth a military education and caused him to spend his vacations with the regiment. At eight years of age, in the year 1710, Lally "assisted," according to a history of those times, at the siege of Giron (probably in the light *infantry*), and at the age of twelve he mounted his first guard in the trenches before Barcelona. The death, in 1723, of the Duke of Orleans, who was regent of France and his patron, delayed the promotion of Lally, so that in 1732 he was only aide-major; but his brilliant conduct at the siege of Kehl, in 1733, during the war for the succession to the throne of Poland, and at Philipsburg, where he saved the life of his father, gained him the grade of major.

The war being ended Lally, impatient of idleness, formed the project of placing the son of James II. on the throne of England, by means of an alliance between France and Russia. Provided with a mission to the empress by Cardinal Fleury, the French minister of foreign affairs, he travelled to Russia under pretext of seeking service in the army, in which his uncle, General de Lacy, then held a command. The sentiment of the Russian court was opposed to the plan, and the doubtful nature of his credentials placed Lally in a false position. His proud spirit could not brook this, and, hastily quitting Russia, he returned to openly reproach Fleury for his compromising silence. "I expected to enter Russia as a lion," exclaimed he, "but, thanks to you, I esteem myself fortunate in being able to escape like a fox."

The war which began in 1741, upon the accession of Maria Theresa to the Austrian throne, gave Lally an opportunity to distinguish himself, and he displayed such ability in the campaign in Flanders that Marshal de Noailles appointed him aide-major-general. In that capacity he took part in the battle of Dettingen, and in the sieges of Menin, Ypres, and Furnes.

In 1744 a new Irish regiment was created for Lally, to be called by his name, and in four months he had it so well organized that it gained much credit at the siege of Tournai. At Fontenoy Marshal Saxe avowed that the Irish brigade decided the victory by dispersing the terrible English column that had successfully withstood the artillery of the Duc de Richelieu and

the king's household cavalry. Lally so distinguished himself that Louis XV. named him brigadier on the battle-field.

In 1745 began that fatal expedition of Prince Charles Edward into Scotland, which is so well described in Scott's "Waverley." Lally proposed to the cabinet at Versailles a plan to aid the cause of the Stuarts by sending an army of ten thousand men to co-operate with the prince. The project was accepted, but executed in part only. The Duc de Richelieu was named chief of the expedition; and Lally being appointed quartermaster-general of the army, set out with some volunteers and joined Charles Edward in Scotland. Here he served as aide-de-camp to the prince at the battle of Falkirk. After the defeat of Culloden he fled to London, thence to Ireland, and back again to London, where a price was put on his head. He finally escaped, disguised as a sailor, to Dunkirk.

Having again entered the French army in 1747, Lally was found in the first ranks at Anvers, and at the battle of Laffeldt. He just missed being swallowed up by the explosion of a mine at Berg-op-Zoom, but was taken prisoner in an ambuscade. Exchanged some time after, he was again wounded at the taking of Maëstricht, and gained the grade of maréchal-de-camp, or major-general.

The difficulties between the French and English colonies in this country, which culminated in the unfortunate expedition of Braddock in 1755, gave a new opportunity to the adventurous spirit of Lally. He proposed that the French ministry should fit out a new expedition to England for the young Pretender, and at the same time prosecute a vigorous war upon the English establishments in America and India. His advice was not acted upon at the time, but it was finally determined to send Lally himself to India. The French Compagnie des Indes had at no time been a financial success, but in 1757, when France was threatened with the loss of her colonies in North America, it was natural that she should jealously guard the others. The powers conferred upon Lally, who was chosen on account of his hereditary hatred of England as well as his military abilities, were of the most comprehensive kind. He was named lieutenant-general, grand cross of St. Louis, king's commissioner, syndic of the Compagnie des Indes, and general commander of all the French establishments in eastern Asia. The directors of the company specially charged him "to reform the abuses without number, the extravagance and mismanagement that absorbed their revenues."

The prospect that the sanguine mind of the warrior now pic-

tured to itself was of the brightest. He had a high command and an enterprise before him well suited to his ardent temper. The task which he undertook was nothing less than driving the English out of India. His destination was the Carnatic, the country of riches, and Pondicherry, the best-provided place there, would be his headquarters. Among the officers of his little army were scions of some of the best families of France. He was to be seconded by the troops of the company under the command of Bussy, an able officer, and, above all, he was to have with him his own Irish regiment.

After a voyage of nearly a year the squadron, consisting of four vessels of the line with transports, under the command of Comte d'Aché, landed Lally, with his force of four thousand men, at Pondicherry on April 28, 1758. At that time nearly every practicable place along the whole coast of Hindustan was occupied by European trading stations, and the foreign commerce was entirely in the hands of the English, French, Dutch, Danes, and Portuguese. In the southeast, on the Coromandel coast, lay two important places which were natural rivals for the trade of the Carnatic: Madras, the chief seat of British commerce in India; and, lying not far from one hundred miles to the south of it, Pondicherry, an important French trading station. For a number of years previously a war had been carried on between the French and English, assisted by the native princes, until, in 1755, a conditional peace was declared, which left the English in possession of some places they had captured.

As the vessel which carried Lally sailed into the port of Pondicherry it was saluted with a volley of cannon-balls, and much injured; a circumstance which the judicious as well as the superstitious might have considered a bad augury on account of the lack of discipline which could make such a blunder possible. However, the general immediately set about the vigorous prosecution of his enterprise. Despatching Comte d'Estaing to invest Gondelur, a little commercial city near Pondicherry, he himself marched upon Divicoty, which surrendered upon his approach, and determined upon the capture of the citadel of St. David. In the meantime an English fleet, under Admiral Pocock, attacked the squadron of D'Aché at Pondicherry, the count and his captain being both wounded and the vessels damaged. All the authorities at Pondicherry opposed the expedition against St. David, and Lally—who had meantime reduced Gondelur—could obtain from there neither provisions, money, nor necessary munitions. In spite of every obstacle he captured the fort, which was

defended with one hundred and sixty-four guns, and, according to orders which he had received from the ministry, destroyed it.

The neglect, corruption, and laxity of discipline of the officers of the French company at Pondicherry drew from Lally the bitterest complaints, which were often couched in very harsh and offensive terms. Under the circumstances, he being a stranger to the country, and set up suddenly over the head of the whole French establishment, this was a grave mistake, as the sequel proved. For the present, however, he pushed his operations so vigorously that of the hostile posts that covered the Carnatic two were carried by assault and the rest capitulated, so that in the space of thirty-eight days there were no English left along the south of the Coromandel coast. With characteristic impetuosity he now urged forward a project of attacking Madras, a large city defended by the strong fort of St. George. Writing to Bussy, he says: "When I am master of Madras, I go to the Ganges, either by land or sea. My policy is contained in six words: no more English in the Peninsula."

There was now another naval combat at Pondicherry, and D'Aché, who was again wounded, insisted, in spite of the protests of the general and the other authorities, upon retiring to the Isle of France. For the expedition to Madras money and material of war were wanting. The chief of the squadron declined to join in the enterprise, and the governor of Pondicherry announced that he could supply the troops only five days longer. The only resource was a disputed claim for thirteen million francs which the Compagnie des Indes held against the rajah of Tanjore, and Lally with his army might hasten the payment if he could. How one evil leads to another was well illustrated in this case. Lally, on his way to Tanjore, was compelled by lack of provisions to pillage a place belonging to the English. Arriving at Tanjore, he took the city and about half a million francs. A force of fifteen thousand natives, under British officers, hastened to the relief of the rajah, and the French, receiving no aid from Pondicherry, were compelled to retreat.

A bold attempt to assassinate Count Lally, which was made at this time, just missed of success. A native captain from Tanjore rode into the French camp one morning at the head of a troop of fifty men, and asked an audience of the commander under pretence of wishing to enlist in his service. Lally, who had just risen, appeared from his tent half dressed, when the captain attacked him sabre in hand. The general defended himself as well as he could with his blackthorn stick, but the rest of the

troop threw themselves upon him, and would doubtless have despatched him had not his guard immediately rushed to the rescue. As might be supposed Lally did not escape unwounded, but the would-be assassins were nearly all killed.

Disasters now accumulated upon the French. General Bussy, who hitherto had been uniformly successful, was defeated by a force inferior to his own. The French company was threatened with expulsion from the whole north of India, and even Pondicherry was menaced. Lally during his difficult retreat wrote to the governor of that place: "Rapine and disorder have followed me since I left Pondicherry, and now bring me back. All this must be changed or the company will fall." The breach between the general and the civil authorities was rapidly widening. Commissioned as he was to cut up by the roots all the abuses that had sprung up in an establishment in which the officers grew rich while the proprietors were being ruined, the case was exactly as Voltaire stated it: "Had he been the mildest of men, under these conditions he would have been hated." But Lally at his best was far from being a mild man, and in the face of abuses which were ruining his great projects he grew outrageous. In his fury he declared that Pondicherry was another Sodom, which either fire from heaven or the English would surely destroy.

The return of Lally to Pondicherry gave a somewhat different aspect to affairs for a time. He drove the enemy from about that place, and without delay revived his favorite plan of attacking Madras. The defection of D'Aché, who had in the meantime returned to Pondicherry, and who now again sailed for the Isle of France, did not deter him. The company's chest was nearly empty, but, taking what money there was, the general, having ascertained that the English fleet had sailed for Bombay, pushed forward and seized the city of Arcot, which is situated nearly to the west of Madras. Here he was rejoined by Bussy, who commanded in the Deccan, which lies to the north of the Carnatic, between that province and Bengal. Lally, who had promoted Bussy from the rank of lieutenant-colonel to that of brigadier, desired to borrow from him a sum of five million francs, which was in his charge. The refusal of Bussy, who feared to risk the money in a doubtful enterprise, opened the way to a difference between him and his commander which spread to the army. The royal troops sided with Lally, while the company's forces wanted to serve under no one but Bussy.

Notwithstanding every obstacle the expedition was got un-

der way, and on December 14, 1758, the French appeared before Madras. The Black City, which was the most populous part of Madras and the one least capable of defence, was surprised and taken almost without a struggle. According to the custom prevailing in India at that time, the victorious soldiers betook themselves to pillage, drunkenness, and every possible excess. The English commander took advantage of the disorder to make a sortie, and Count d'Estaing, who was serving with Lally, running single-handed against a troop of the enemy, was taken prisoner. The French were driven back, and would have suffered a defeat had not Lally managed to collect a party to hold the enemy in check. He lead the way to the bridge over which the English had come from the fort, and would have cut them off if Bussy had not refused to co-operate with him.

Trenches were now opened before Fort St. George and an ill-conducted siege begun. The character of Lally as a warrior is illustrated by the fact that he undertook to reduce a well-fortified place, defended by 1,600 whites and 2,500 sepoys, with a badly equipped force of 2,700 infantry and 300 cavalry. At the same time he had to defend his rear from a relief corps of 5,000 men, which he had to beat in four separate engagements. The lack of pay and provisions, as well as dissensions among the officers in his army, caused numbers of the men to desert, two hundred of them at one time going over to the enemy in a body.

However, the grand prize which lay almost within his grasp impelled Lally to proceed in spite of these discouragements, and after a siege of forty-six days a breach was made in the walls of the fort. Preparations for its assault and capture were almost complete when suddenly a fleet of six English vessels, bringing reinforcements of men and material, sailed into the harbor. All hope of success was at once abandoned, and nothing remained for the French but to raise the siege and retreat in haste to Pondicherry which was once more in danger.

From this time forward the fortunes of the French in India seemed to be under the control of some evil genius. While lying before Madras in December Lally had sent orders to Pondicherry for a small force to go toward the north, to the relief of the factory at Masulipatam, which was in danger of capture. Such was the slackness of the officials upon whom he had to depend that it was four months before the expedition was ready, and it arrived at its destination only two days after the place had been taken by the enemy. The baffled commander of the party then saw fit to attempt the extortion of a pretended debt from a

native prince, and lost four-fifths of his men. Count d'Aché once more appeared at Pondicherry, was beaten again by the English fleet, and departed for the last time, after leaving eight hundred men and a small sum of money. Lally, after his return to Pondicherry, was attacked by a fever caused by chagrin and disappointment, and aggravated by the insults of his enemies in the city. The condition of things was not improved by a revolt among his soldiers, who were clamoring for pay, clothes, and provisions, and who were placated with difficulty.

The English now appeared before the fortress which covered the French establishments in the province of Arcot, but Lally, once more taking the field, compelled them to retreat. A similar movement was again defeated by Geoghegan, one of Lally's officers, but the demoralized Frenchmen could not withstand the third attack, which was made two months after, and were completely beaten, Bussy being taken prisoner. This misfortune was followed be a revolt of Lally's cavalry, who were only prevented from joining the enemy by means of money which had to be borrowed from private persons and the purse of the general. Disaster quickly followed disaster, and the remnant of the French were driven from post to post, until at last Lally was forced to shut himself up in Pondicherry, where, on March 18, 1760, the enemy came to blockade the city by sea and land.

Under such hopeless circumstances, with only slight hope of relief from abroad and discord and want prevailing within, the French underwent a siege which lasted ten months. Lally, already nearly driven mad by disappointment, had now worse enemies to contend with than the British and blacks without, whose number was more than ten times that of his own force. He wished the employés of the company to dress in military uniform, in order to deceive the enemy by a show of strength. This proposal was resisted by the servants and their officers, and had to be abandoned. When food became scarce the general ordered that every house, including his own, be searched for surplus provisions to subsist the soldiers and the more needy of the people. The civil officers, who endeavored to thwart all his plans and render him odious, pretended to be outraged by this proceeding, and became more bitter against Lally than ever. At length the means of subsistence were almost exhausted, four ounces of rice being the daily ration afforded to each soldier, when the general, sick, threatened by iron and poison, and hated and betrayed on every hand, was obliged to surrender at discretion.

It should be remembered that the foreign policy of France

was at this time dictated by the Duc de Choiseul, the protégé of Mme. Pompadour and the pet of the sceptical philosophic set of the period. His ministry was a most unfortunate one for his country and lost to it the greater part of its colonies. It also had its share in Lally's misfortunes, which were now approaching their culmination. While being conveyed in his palankeen out of Pondicherry, and just able to hold a pistol in each hand, Lally was only saved from a mob which threatened his life by a little guard which the English commander had granted him. The council of Pondicherry and the principal employés of the Compagnie des Indes were carried with him to England as prisoners of war, and the city itself was destroyed. On their arrival Paris was inundated with accusations charging Lally with corruption, tyranny, and treason. His first care after being liberated on parole was to pay the debts which he had privately contracted in the public service. He then betook himself to the French court at Fontainebleau, and in spite of the warning of the Duc de Choiseul, who advised him to flee, delivered himself up as a prisoner. He was thrown into the Bastile, whence he wrote to the minister: "I carry here my head and my innocence. I await your orders."

It was fifteen months before the proceedings against Lally were begun, on July 6, 1763. The weighty influence of the directors and officers of the Compagnie des Indes, of D'Aché, of Bussy, and of all the enemies which Lally's imprudent and outspoken reproaches had raised against him was brought to bear upon the judges. Besides the absurd charge that he had sold Pondicherry to the English, the most trivial accusations were considered. He was refused counsel upon a technicality, and even time to prepare his defence was not granted. Toward the end of the long trial, upon being cross-questioned, he exclaimed, pointing to his wounds and his white hair: "See, then, the reward of fifty-five years of services." On the following day, May 6, 1766, he was declared to be duly convicted of having betrayed the interests of the king (*trahi les intérêts du roi*), of the state, and of the Compagnie des Indes; of abuse of authority and tyranny, and was condemned to be beheaded.

When the verdict was read to Lally, he was for the moment overcome by surprise and indignation. He happened to have in his pocket a pair of compasses which had been used for drawing maps. At the words "betrayed the interests of the king" he cried, "That is not true. Never! never!" and plunged the iron into his breast. The wound was serious but not mortal, and

his enemies, fearing that he might escape the scaffold, had the hour of execution advanced. Gagged lest he should attempt to address the people, and borne to the block amid the applause of his persecutors, but conducting himself with Christian fortitude to the last, perished the man whom Carlyle has named "the brave Lally."

In judging Lally's responsibility for his rash attempt upon his own life the circumstances must be considered. The act was unpremeditated, and his misfortunes had at different times caused his mind to wander. He had always been a consistent and good Catholic. On the scaffold he delivered this message: "Tell my judges that God has done me the favor to pardon them." His confessor, the Abbé Aubry, wrote to Lally's friends as follows: "He struck himself like a hero of old, but he died like a Christian."

It was not long before the fact was generally recognized that a judicial murder had been committed. Many faults had been proved against Lally, but no crime worthy of capital punishment whatever. The verdict of his judges did not pronounce him guilty of high treason, and Louis XV. himself said: "They have massacred him." It remained for the only son of Lally, the Marquis Trophime Gérard de Lally-Tollendal, to devote himself to the rehabilitation of his father's name, and it was only after twelve years, during which he pleaded in court after court with a simple and pathetic eloquence, that the sentence of attainder was reversed. Of him it was said that his filial piety made of him a jurisconsult and orator, and gained him the esteem of all honest men.

EVOLUTION.

THE controversy over the truth of the theory of creation by evolution presents one rather curious phenomenon. When this theory was first advanced it was met by a storm of dogmatic abuse. It was ridiculed, pooh-poohed, abused, called the "dirt theory," and scarcely given a hearing. Now the tables are completely turned, so that the man who to-day opposes it is treated in very much the same way as if he denied the revolution of the earth around the sun. He has difficulty in getting a respectful attention. The hypothesis is no longer treated as such, but as a proved fact; and, such is the force of repeated affirmations, there are now a great many people who call themselves evolutionists without any knowledge of the arguments by which the theory is sustained, or by which it is opposed. It is also a very prevalent idea that there is some mysterious opposition between the evolutionary hypothesis and revealed religion, that the same man cannot believe in both at the same time. This idea receives support from the well-known fact that the originators and most able defenders of the theory are not religious men, but rather the contrary. Now, this is a serious matter, for it frequently happens that the man who believes in creation by evolution, he knows not why other than because certain wise men believe in it, gives up his religion for no other reason than that these same wise men have given up theirs. It is a question of importance, both to the man himself and the community in which he lives, whether he shall be a believer in Christianity or a contemner of it, and yet men become from the one the other for no other reason than that "they believe in evolution." The literature of this subject is voluminous enough, but scarcely popular. The majority of people are either too busy or too intellectually indolent to take the trouble to inform themselves of the merits of this question. They prefer to have some one else pass upon them, and content themselves with endorsing his opinion. This is neither right nor wise. The object for which this article is written is to present as plainly and as simply as possible the main arguments, or, more accurately, lines of argument, on both sides of this question, with a short consideration of the alleged contradiction which evolution presents to religion; meaning by

religion, religion based upon revelation—*i.e.*, Christianity—thus making it possible for one who for any reason is unable to study the voluminous literature of this subject to come to a conclusion as to its merits and probable influence on morals which shall be sustained by something more substantial than a name.

It will not be questioned that an evolution of ideas is shown in the universe. The invariable procedure of nature is from the lower to the higher, from the simpler to the more complex. This is as true in the history of race as in the history of the individual, of inorganic matter and of organic life. In the beginning the world was a mass of inorganic matter. The lowest forms of life appeared first; there were plants before there were animals, and the first animals had organizations of great simplicity. Later the forms of life became more numerous and more complex. In each age the prevailing time was superior in kind to its predecessor and inferior to its successor. Here the most recent discoveries of paleontology offer no contradiction to the narrative of creation as given in the book of Genesis. To the existence of an ideal, a typical evolution we need give no further discussion.

There is only a faint opposition to the doctrine of evolution in the inorganic world. The universe as we see it is in a state of perpetual change. As far as our knowledge goes it convinces us that the differences existing between the various members of the solar system are simply the results of the different temperatures of those members. Every body having a high temperature is approximating by radiation the condition of those of lower temperatures. Beyond the solar system we see nebulæ or masses of luminous gas, and stars whose different colors suggest the idea that they are bodies in various states of incandescence. This suggestion the spectroscope asserts as a fact. The conclusions naturally drawn from these facts are that the common history revealed here is simply one of cooling by radiation; that the common origin of all was an incandescent mineral fog. This is the nebular hypothesis. An unproved hypothesis it may be, but it is not susceptible of demonstration, and therefore a demonstration of its truth cannot be demanded. There is no valid objection to it in the field of physics. It explains simply and beautifully the motions and conditions of the members of the solar system, as well as some of the primary problems of geology. It is universally accepted by scientific men, and what opposition there is to it is neither scholarly nor intelligent. From it, then, we can infer the history of the earth. First a mass of fire-mist, as it cooled it

shrunk in size and was precipitated as a ball of molten matter. As this matter cooled it solidified, a crust was formed on the surface and a solid nucleus at the centre. In time the aqueous vapor in the atmosphere condensed, as its temperature was lessened, and the waters covered the earth. At about this period the shrinkages of the crust, the germs of continents, appeared. The growth of the earth as we know it from these continent germs is the story told by geology. What bearing does all this have upon our discussion? It *is* an evolution.

It is when the hypothesis of evolution is applied still further to explain the vast and innumerable diversities existing in the organic world that the great discussion on this topic arises. The foundations of the hypothesis have been assailed with objection and denial, and the assailants have in turn been "handled" by its supporters. But the assailing or the handling of an opponent does not necessarily involve his ejectment from his position. I shall therefore state propositions which have been met by objections, and objections which have been assailed and derided. In considering the arguments in favor of a genetic evolution I shall content myself with a brief and concise statement of them. They are:

1. The graduated succession of forms of life shown in geological history.

2. The prominent phenomena of types and archetypes. Thus, all animals are divided into four great groups; and between the members of each group a profound relationship exists. Every vertebrate resembles every other vertebrate in a hundred more particulars than any mollusc, radiate or articulate. All vertebrates are formed upon one plan, so that, widely as two may differ, we find bone in the one answering to bone in the other, and to a certain extent muscle answering to muscle. In each one all the others exist potentially, or, to be more accurate, each is a modification of the great original idea on which all are constructed. From which it is inferred that between all the members of each family an actual genetic relationship exists.

3. The remarkable progression of form shown by embryos in the process of development. Each embryo passes through all the intermediate forms between a simple germ-cell and that of its developed parent. The argument here is that the history of the race is repeated in the history of each individual of it.

4. The exceedingly simple and beautiful explanation which this theory gives of all the complex phenomena of organic life. This is the sum and substance of much of Mr. Spencer's writings,

5. The vast economy of force which a creation by evolution shows when contrasted with a creation by fiat. The weight of this argument is greatly augmented when it is considered in connection with the theory of the persistence and conservation of energy now universally accepted.

6. The singular phenomena of prophetic and retrospective types. For example: before there were any birds their appearance was foreshadowed in flying reptiles; and the first bird—the archeopteryx—in its long vertebrated tail, bilaterally quilled, seems to have retained some prominent reptilian characteristics. The ornithorhyncus of Australia, with its quadruped body, and bill closely resembling that of a duck (whence its common name, duck-bill), is an example of a retrospective type now extant.

7. The known fact that, while species are in general true to their lineage, they vary sufficiently to give rise to the phenomena of races and varieties. This fact is supplemented by the hypothesis that the variation is a definite and constant quantity; and that, as it shows a definite result in a brief period, the longer the period the greater will be the difference between the original and the varied types. In other words, that variative improvement is capable of indefinite extension.

8. The admirable correspondence between the organs of animals and their environment.

9. The assumption that in the struggle for existence those animals least fitted to survive would be destroyed, and in this manner the race would improve. This argument is closely associated with

10. The improvement in species resulting from natural selection.

11. It is also supposed that hybridism would occasionally result in a form superior to either parent; and, finally,

12. The probability that this acknowledged method of nature in the inorganic world is also the mode by which the various forms of life were created. In other words, the grand unification of phenomena which this theory presents. There is something fascinating in this idea of one universal process, so simple and so adaptable, by which such different results have been accomplished. It is, perhaps, the most potent of all the arguments in favor of genetic evolution, being so reasonable.

These arguments have been met by the following ones:

1. Notwithstanding variations of species there is no authenticated instance of the derivation of one species from another, still less of one family from another, still less of one kingdom

from another, and least of all of living organism from dead matter. The world has been ransacked for such an instance, but in vain. Geology has been appealed to, but has not responded. "In successive geological formations, although new species are constantly appearing and there is abundance of evidence of progressive change, no single instance has yet been observed of one species passing through a series of inappreciable modifications into another." Moreover, if the hypothesis under consideration be the true explanation of nature's methods varieties should occasionally come into existence so different from the original stock that the joint offspring of the original stock and of the variety, or of two different varieties of the same stock, should be incapable of generation. But Professor Huxley says, in *On the Origin of Species*, at page 141: "I do not know that there is a single fact which would justify any one in saying that any degree of sterility has been observed between breeds absolutely known to have been produced by selective breeding from a common stock." "If it could be demonstrated that it is impossible to breed selectively from any stock a form which shall not breed from another produced from the same stock; and if we were shown that this must be the necessary and inevitable result of all experiments, I hold that Mr. Darwin's hypothesis would be utterly shattered." Mr. Darwin himself says (*Origin of Species*, fifth edition, p. 305), "I do not know of any" instance of this kind. He modified this statement in the next edition of his book, saying, at p. 240 of the sixth edition, "I know of hardly any." But he does not mention a single instance, as he would be apt to do if he knew of one; so we may fairly conclude that the force of his first statement is unimpaired. "A group of animals having all the characters exhibited by species in nature has never been originated by selection, whether artificial or natural" (*Lay Sermons*, page 323). The conclusion seems to be that, while the theory of evolution by natural selection demands that a species shall be capable of assuming by insensible degrees generic and ordinal characteristics, observation only shows that individuals are capable of exhibiting variations wholly within the limits of the specific type; and that when the causes of these variations are removed the individual quickly reverts to the original form.

2. The known constancy of species. The animals contemporary with man during the stone age in Europe were not perceptibly different from the same animals at the present time. The reindeer, dog, and cat of paleolithic and of recent times are the same. The bull, dog, and cat of ancient Egypt, as shown by

the mummied specimens of those animals exhumed from tombs, differed in no respect from the same animals of to-day. This testimony becomes more weighty when it is considered that these animals have been transported all over the globe and have endured all changes of environment. The earliest human skeletons found are recognized without difficulty as belonging to man, while the skeletons of apes contemporary with these are but the remains of apes. There is no confusion. The "missing link" has not yet been found.

3. The vast periods of time which these facts compel the supporters of this theory to demand cannot be granted. Mr. Darwin requires three hundred millions of years for the latter part of the secondary geological epoch. How great, then, must be the interval to the Cambrian epoch! Yet he says (*Origin of Species*, sixth edition, p. 286): "If the theory be true it is indisputable that before the lowest Cambrian stratum was deposited long periods elapsed, as long as, or probably longer than, the whole interval from the Cambrian age to the present day." But modern astronomy refuses to allow these inconceivably great periods of time. In *Nature*, 12th of May, 1870, Dr. Gould says: "We could not assert so long a period as eighty millions of years for the past duration of the sun's heat."

4. The lack of evidence of the derivation of species from species becomes a colossal weakness in the theory when the change from dead matter to living organism is considered. The gap between man and his alleged progenitor is another apparently insurmountable obstacle. Experience and reason lead to the conclusion that life cannot come from anything but life. The differences between the mineral and a living organism are fundamental. The one only increases by the addition of like particles from without; internally it is at rest. The other grows by assimilation from within; the atoms of which it is composed are in constant motion. The experiments of Professor Tyndall to discover whether there be such a thing as spontaneous generation gave a testimony against it clear and decisive in direct proportion to the care taken to destroy living germs in the subject of the experiment, and to prevent their accession during its progress. But even had the result been different, it would not have been considered conclusive; and for this reason: the materials used were infusions of turnips and chopped straw, which were first boiled to destroy all living germs. It would, therefore, surely be asked, Why start with living matter and destroy its life when dead matter can be easily obtained? Why not use a solu-

tion of some soluble salt, for example? For the object of the experiment was to discover if life would generate spontaneously in inorganized matter. But this is unimportant now. The experiments went to prove that no matter can live unless transmuted by or transmitted from some living organism. "Between the living state of matter and the non-living there is an absolute and irreconcilable difference; that, so far from being able to demonstrate that the non-living passes by gradations into the living, the transition is sudden and abrupt" (Dr. Beale in *Medical Times and Gazette*). It does not remove the difficulty to call life a property of matter, for no explanation is given why certain atoms have this property while others lack it. It has been said by derivationists, who declare that they have traced all forms of life back to the simple monad cell, that from this to dead matter is but a step. It may be, but they have not yet been able to take it. It is a greater one than from that same simple monad cell to man.

The gulf that separates man from the anthropoid ape is another weak point in this hypothesis. And here it must be borne in mind, as Professor Winchell well says, that, assuming the theory to be true, man's immediate ancestor is not to be sought among the quadrumana of to-day most akin to him. They are but little if any older than he. "If man be a derived form he must look for his crest among the ruling families of monkeys existing in the miocene or eocene age." When man with all his faculties and endowments is considered, the chasm seems vast. It cannot be crossed by a single flight of conjecture. Even granting—and eminent physiologists, including Cuvier, Owen, and Wallace, do not grant it—that so far as physical structure is concerned man differs no more from the animals which are immediately beneath him than these do from other members of the same order, the main difficulty is unsolved. It is not his physical structure only, but man in his completeness, that the theory is called upon to explain. And here we come upon the heart of all objection to this theory, viz., the disparity between the results observed and the causes assigned. Any one of the evolutionary forces, or all of them combined, cannot account for the moral nature and religious instincts of man. The ideas of God, immortality, honor, beneficence, and generosity could not be produced by purely physical causes. It cannot well be said that they are modified forms of bestial sensations; for since they have now no trace of their alleged origin, the method of their development is inscrutable. Viewed in this aspect genetic evolution appears as a phi-

losophy which ignores the highest characteristics of the philosopher, a generalization which omits the leading facts.

5. If the various organs of the higher forms of life have been acquired in the way asserted by this theory it is difficult to account for the suddenness of their acquisition. A strictly genetic evolution leaves no room for rudimentary and prophetic organs; they can only be attributed to an intelligent creator. How could a fish, for example, stranded on the shore acquire lungs with a rapidity sufficient to prevent his death in the first stage of his evolution from a water-breather to an air-breather? And yet as the first vertebrates were fishes the evolutionist must attribute the existence of land animals to some such event. So when the first mammals were evolved the mammary glands of the females must have been perfectly developed in the first generation.

Herbert Spencer defines evolution as a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations. Now, endeavor to grasp the meaning of this definition. The homogeneous has no differences between its parts. Its ultimate atoms are precisely alike; their motions, if they have any, are the same; they are equidistant. No part of the mass can possess any function not possessed equally by each and every other part. This, incoherent and indefinite, is simply chaos. But let one part begin to differ from the rest, and the homogeneity and coherence disappear. The work of evolution has now begun. If this differentiation continue, that which was homogeneous, indefinite, and incoherent will become coherent, definite, and heterogeneous. From chaos the universe will emerge. Granting that this is the method in which the work of creation was done, and it cannot be successfully denied, what bearing does it have upon theism, upon religion? In the first place, whence came those titanic throbs whose pulsations caused the vast, inert mass of chaos to form itself into the glorious results we see around us? These serial changes of matter must be finite, they must have had a beginning, since evolution starts with the homogeneous. Then they must have had a cause. This cause must have been something outside of the chaos, since that, by its homogeneity, was incapacitated from changing except under the influence of external energies. Men anxious to exclude the Deity from the universe because they cannot see him with the microscope, nor find him in the absorption band of the spectroscope; who deny his existence because he eludes their methods, say that evolution is the result of an inherent property of matter, according to the laws

of which it is developed. But this view of the subject does not eliminate the Creator from creation. It removes him but one step further back in the process; it is a *petitio principii*. How did the atoms which first began to differ from the rest come to have this developmental property not shared by all, so that the evolutionary ferment could begin? For in chaos every atom was precisely similar to every other atom. Lewes, in his *History of Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 701, defines law as "the invariable relation between two distinct phenomena according to which one depends on another." It is, then, neither intelligent nor volitional; it is not a force, but a mode of action. But as there can be no law without a lawgiver, so there can be no action without an agent. Who, then, was the agent who impressed this evolving property upon the primordial atoms? No matter in what light we consider evolution we find that it inevitably involves an evolver. It is finite, and, therefore, must have had a beginning. It is not self-inaugurating, and therefore must have had a cause. It is not self-sustaining, and therefore must have a conserver. Science can lead us back to the incandescent mineral fog in which all things potentially existed. But when we seek the cause of this igneous vapor, and of the marvellous properties inherent in it, she cannot answer. The beginning she shows us, but of the cause and antecedents of that beginning she is ignorant. Having come as far as this, we do not care to stop. Since science can guide us no further we turn to reason, to revelation. Reason assures us that the first cause, the *causa causarum*, can be no other than the absolute, the unconditioned being. The first words of revelation are: "In the beginning God."

We have alluded to that phase of thought that contents itself with the conclusion that evolution is the result of certain agencies inherent in matter. What are these agencies, or rather, since the doctrine of the conservation and equivalence of energy is now firmly established, what is force? The sum of the actual and potential energies in the universe is unchangeable. There is one constant force; there are many modes in which it manifests itself. Now, to say that force may inhere in matter is to make a statement absolutely without foundation in fact. "Force is that which is expended in the production of motion" (*Force and Energy*, Thompson and Tait, p. 294). Motion itself cannot be the cause of motion, for it is not an entity. A ball fired from a cannon shivers the target to pieces. According to all phenomena, as verified by experiments, the atoms of iron of which the cannon-ball is composed are never in actual contact. They can always be

brought closer together if subjected to sufficient pressure. It is, then, intellectual temerity to assert that there was atomic contact between the ball and the target. Reason points to the contrary conclusion. Motion takes place without actual impact; it is the result of force. Force is the mover, motion is the mode. Now the only force that we can trace to its origin emanates from will. All our actual knowledge of force is as the result of volition. The grand results of energy seen in the universe do not differ qualitatively from those produced by the human will, however much they differ quantitatively. We must, therefore, refer them to the same category of causation. But since they are far too great to be the results of the human will they must be the results of a superhuman, *i.e.*, a divine, will. All activity, all energy in the universe is but a manifestation of God's present volition. His power keeps the planets in their circling march around the sun and maintains the equipoise of the universe. And just as truly not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his will. Viewed in this light the facts of physics become sublime. It is not, as some materialists would have us believe, that God is force, but that force is from God.

Evolution, if rightly understood, has no theological or anti-theological influence whatever. What is evolution? It is not an entity. It is a mode of creation. It leaves the whole field of Christian faith where and as it found it. Its believers and advocates may be theists, pantheists, or atheists. The causes for these radically different religious views cannot be sought in the one theory. They are to be found elsewhere.

SOME SCOTTISH SUPERSTITIONS.

Interesting as it is to trace the history of any nation's development as shown by the substantial records left in the shape of buildings, churches, castles, towers, sepulchres, etc., or in that of parchments, coins, embroideries, and such like more perishable memorials, it is not less so to watch the lower walks of mental progress, the landmarks of which lie in legends, superstitions, and family traditions. When we call to mind a nation's successive poets, philosophers, historians, we see before us picked men, representing the highest culture of their time, but we gain no idea of the thoughts of the people, no insight into the common life, the hopes and fears, the yearnings and beliefs, that formed the springs of the existence of millions of human beings who in the aggregate made up the nation. It is this kind of life that we must study if we want to throw ourselves into the atmosphere of the past and understand our forefathers.

In a work by a Scotch Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. John B. Pratt, this idea is well rendered.

"These tokens of distant ages," he says, "the manners, customs, habits, opinions, prejudices, now obsolete, but with which our own blood-relations of former times were probably actively familiar, ought to have a profound interest. It is from these memorials that we have gathered all that we can ever hope to know of the rude domestic occupations, the fierce warlike dispositions, and the astonishing manual achievements of the ancient inhabitants of the country. In following the downward course of time we have been enabled from the same slender materials to mark how the light of knowledge gradually broke in on every succeeding period of our national existence, and how the arts and sciences, with their attendant civilization, steadily advanced among our ancestors."

The superstitions of a country form one of its most national characteristics. Of Scotland this is pre-eminently true, though the fact points to a curious anomaly: for the Scotch, certainly one of the most practical of nations, are also one of the most prone to belief in supernatural appearances. Stranger still is the fact that they retain much of this tendency in our own day, notwithstanding their unerring common sense, so that it is an easy matter to find out what the Scotch of many centuries ago believed in the way of fairy-lore and magical power by observing what their descendants believe now. The rest of the traditions is handed

down as part of the national history, and, though not actually believed in, remains in fiction and in song as something to be proud of because it is connected with the proudest memories of the past or relates to the chieftains who made the country great.

Most people admit that superstition comes of ignorance, but in the case of the Scotch and Irish, and of the Norse nations as well, there was a kind of patriotism mixed with it. Their old religion was identified with their national existence, and the fact of Christianity being a foreign religion was more against it than any mere doctrinal novelty. Now, Celtic superstitions mostly descend from the suppressed religion of the Druids, *as understood by the people.* They have clung to old customs because they were national, and to old beliefs because these generally tended to the glorification of their own clan or family. The Druid among the old Gaels was a magician.* The Druids were priests, prophets, philosophers, teachers, and judges—in a word, the only learned class. Their religion was originally monotheistic, but it is supposed that they gradually fell into idolatry, adoring as gods what had been at first but symbolical representations of the only God. Their chief divinity was the sun, equivalent to Balder in Norse mythology, and to the Baal of Eastern and the Apollo of Western heathendom, as Hecateus, a Greek historian, quoted by Matthew Holbeche Blonan (in his treatise on *Sepulchral Remains of Great Britain*), seems to imply. Like the prophets of Baal, they worshipped in thick groves; their festivals were distinguished by the use of fires and —but some dispute this—human sacrifices. As the Druids were judges, these supposed victims may have been simply criminals regularly condemned to death.

The four festivals of the Celts were the eve of the 1st of May, Midsummer eve (since St. John the Baptist's), the eve of the 1st of November (since Hallowe'en), and the eve of the 10th of March. The Hallow Fires and St. John's were kept up in Scotland till a very late period, and probably in many remote places are so at the present time. On the eve of the 1st of November all the fires in the kingdom were extinguished, and every master of a family was religiously bound to take a portion of the consecrated fire from the carn, or altar, with which to kindle the fire on his own hearth anew for the ensuing year. If he failed in this none of his neighbors durst let him have the benefit of theirs under pain of excommunication. Something of this was adopted by the Christian Church, or at least the two customs, Eastern

* *Duir* or *dair* is Gaelic for oak-tree.

and Western, were fused into one and commemorated in the symbolical ceremonies of Easter eve, when fire is struck from a flint, and from it the candles in the church are lighted. In some parts of Aberdeenshire it is still customary for a tenant removing from one house to another to carry "kindling" along with him—that is, live coals with which to light the fire in his new dwelling. This custom is believed to have come down from Druidical times.* The superstitions connected with Hallowe'en are as numberless as they are childish, but with what wonderful tenacity they survive is well known to Celtic nations. The Christian Church put its seal on the day of the 1st of November by calling it the festival of All-Hallows, and on Midsummer eve by turning it into the festival of St. John the Baptist. The May festival, originally a commemoration of the change of season, became *Rood day*, and was shifted to the 3d of the month to correspond with the Latin festival of the Holy Cross. Pagan and Christian customs were so mingled that it was difficult to tell one from the other. In remote parts of Scotland, though the observance of festivals was discontinued after the so-called Reformation, their traditional influence was more or less felt down to the earlier portion of the present century; for instance, on Rood day it was customary to make small crosses of twigs of the rowan-tree, and to place them over every opening leading into the house as a protection against evil spirits and malevolent influences:

> "Rowan-tree and red thread
> Keep the witches frae their speed."

In which did the people believe most, in the virtue of the wood of the rowan-tree or of the shape of the cross?†

The May-day festivities, the May Queen, the May-pole, and the attendant mummeries were undoubtedly relics of the Druidical festival; but the mediæval church called the month of May the month of Mary; and though we can discover no such direct overlaying of a heathen feast by a Christian one in the case of the eve of the 10th of March, yet every one knows that the 25th of March, or *Lady day*, became an important day in business

* This is identically the same custom that prevails among the peasants in Russia, who believe in a "house-spirit" whose especial seat is the hearth. The oldest woman in the family is generally chosen as the carrier of the pot of embers from the old house to the new, and the earthenware pot is required to be a new one, and is broken on the hearth of the new house as soon as the embers have been emptied.

† But the pagan custom of lighting fires on the 1st of May—in Gaelic *Là Baeltinne*, that is, day of Baal fire—was kept up in Scotland through the middle ages, as it still is in Ireland, and the beacons were termed the "Beltane tree."

transactions, being the spring quarter-day, determining leases and judicial sessions. Christmas was originally a Norse festival—Yule; but the missionaries knew how to turn it to milder purposes and make it a day of "peace to men of good will." The Scotch never gave up their fairies, elves, etc., but they added Christian saints to them and took up the prevailing notion that the gods they had worshipped were demons. This was not the way to lessen belief in supernatural occurrences, for with an ignorant people fear is more powerful than love. Then began to be traditions concerning Christian mysteries, and legends relating to Christian saints; the old facility which fairies had possessed to control nature was transferred to hermits and holy men, and miracles were readily believed. Above all, the people loved—was it with some sense of sly humor of which they were perhaps unconscious?—to pit saints against devils, and assist in spirit at skirmishes between their old gods and their new teachers. Some of the mediæval tales of demons assaulting hermits turn on the most ludicrous and grotesque situations. Then followed the belief that saints were magicians and learned secrets from the demons, as was the case with St. Dunstan, who was simply a very learned man, the wise counsellor of several Saxon kings, and a great promoter of education as well as reformer of abuses. We shall not have many wholly Christian customs to record, so we will place the few we have before the others. Good Friday, though, like Christmas, stricken out of the Scotch calendar, claimed a popular mark of respect till our own day. There was a general prejudice against its being made a day of ordinary labor, and the blacksmith especially was a bold man who ventured to lift a hammer, and his wife a bolder woman who dared to wear her apron, on that day, since—according to tradition—it was a smith's wife that was employed to carry in her apron the nails which her husband had made for the sacrifice on Mount Calvary. How old this tradition is we cannot tell; it does not exactly tally with the dress of Oriental women, but the general spirit is beautiful and reverent. Along the eastern coast of Scotland the equinoctial storm, which very often occurs some time before Easter, is known among the fishermen as the *Passion Storm.* There are legends also connecting the aspen-tree, the robin-redbreast, and the cross-bill with the Crucifixion: it is said that the leaves of the aspen can never cease shaking, because the cross was made of aspen-wood, and that the two little birds, compassionating the Saviour's agony, tried to pick the nails out from his hands and feet, and

that in their endeavors the one got his breast crimsoned over with the blood of Christ, and the other bore ever after the mark of the cross on his crooked bill.

The belief that a curse hung over those who meddled with things dedicated to God was generally held in Scotland. Even "the Reformation" did not do away with it. In 1591 John Knox wrote to the General Assembly at Stirling, adjuring his brethren that "with uprightness and strength in God they withstand the merciless devourers of the patrimonie of the kirk." Elsewhere he bids them hold no communication with such men, whose crime he calls a "robberie, guhilk will . . . provock God's vengeance upon the committers thereof." * An old rhyme embodied the popular feeling:

> "Meddle nae with holy things,
> For gin ye dee
> A weird, I rede, in some shape
> Shall follow thee."

The *weird*, or fate, generally took the form of the death of the heir before his majority, or the utter want of an heir. A Scotch book, relating to *Britane's Distemper from the yeares of God* 1639 *to* 1649, says that

"To adwice other noblemen to bewar of meddling with the rents of the church—for in the first fundation thereof they wer given out with a curse pronounced in their charector, or eviden of the first erectione, in those terms: Cursed be those that taketh this away from the holy use wherwnto it is now dedicat—"

he will tell of a vision which he thinks not unworthy of remembrance. The family in question was that of the Keiths, Earls Marischal of Scotland, who appropriated the Abbey of Deer, in Aberdeenshire, in the middle of the sixteenth century. The "wonderfull vission" was as follows—we give it in the original:

"In her sleepe she (the wife of Earl George) saw a great number of religious men in their habit cum forth of that abbey to the strong craige of Dunnotture, which is the principal residence of that familie. She saw them also sett themselves round about the rock to get it down and demolishe it, having no instruments nor toilles wherwith to perform this work, but only penknyves, wherwith they follishly (as it seemed to her) began to pyk at the craige. She smyled to sie them intende so fruitles an enterpryse, and went to call her husband to scuffe and geyre them out of it. When she had fund him and brought him to sie these sillie religious monckes at

* *Booke of the Universall Kirk.*

their foolish work, behold, the wholl craige, with all his stronge and statelie buildinges, was by their penknyves wndermynded and fallen in the sea, so as ther remained nothing but the wrack of ther riche furnitore and stuffe flotting on the waves of a rageing and tempestuous sea. Some of the wyser sort, divining upon this vission, attrebute to the penknyves the lenth of tym befor this should com to pass, and it hath been observed by sindrie that the earles of that hous befor wer the richest in the kingdom, but ever since the addition of this so great a revenue theye have lessed the stock by heavie burdens of debt and ingagement."

The belief in elves and fairies, water-kelpies, water-wraiths, and various other supernatural beings was strong in Scotland, and many traces of it remain to this day. They were considered capricious creatures, easily offended and not so easily propitiated. "Like other proprietors of forests," says Sir Walter Scott, with sly allusion to the game laws, "they are peculiarly jealous of their rights of *vert* and *venison*." This jealousy was also an attribute of the Scandinavian duergar, or dwarfs, to many of whose distinctions the fairies seem to have succeeded, if, indeed, they are not the same class of beings. The Danes and Norwegians brought over their superstitions with them, and how much these mingled with the original Celtic beliefs may be easily surmised. The Scotch called one class of their forest denizens *duine shee* in Gaelic, or *Men of Peace;* but, despite their name, they were a peevish, discontented race, apt to do mischief on slight provocation, and particularly offended at mortals who talked of them or wore their favorite color—green—or in any wise interfered in their affairs. This was especially the case on Friday, when they are supposed to be more active and possessed of greater power. In Germany a strong belief prevailed as to the powers of supernatural creatures on Friday, as being of old the day of Venus, and Christian writers have traced a natural connection between their activity on that day and the despair with which the thought of One who conquered heathendom on a Friday always inspired them. The Highlanders especially have a feeling as to green being an unlucky color, and no doubt it originated with the belief in fairies. Particular clans, families, and counties hold it unlucky: the men of Caithness because their bands wore that color on the fatal day of Flodden; the Ogilvies for some similar accident, and the Grahames from time immemorial. The elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence in their unseen realm. An old ballad puts these words in the mouth of one of their human prisoners:

"For I ride on a milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town;
Because I was a christen'd knight
They gave me that renown."

The fairy rings, so often spoken of in romance, and not less often pointed out to the traveller by the peasantry of Europe, were either circles of grass encompassed by a trodden path or by a ring of grass thicker and greener than the rest. Wells and springs were also supposed to be their rendezvous. A belief in the nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the people of Selkirkshire, where a copious fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is thought sacred to them. It was usual to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it—a pin was the general offering—and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than in earnest. Of the malevolent instincts of some of these supernatural beings a dismal tradition says that one night, when two Highland hunters had taken refuge in a *bo-thee*, or hut built for hunting purposes, and were making merry over their venison, they unguardedly wished for some pretty lasses to complete the party. Hardly had they spoken when two beautiful young women, dressed in green, came in, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was allured out of the hut, and the woodland damsel accompanied him. The other, suspicious of the second enchantress, repulsed her advances and betook himself to a common trump, or whistle, on which he incessantly played some religious hymn. When day came his beautiful companion left him and he set out to search for his friend. Deep in the forest he found his bones, and concluded that the fiend in human shape had devoured him. This sounds rather ghoulish for a mere fairy, but it shows how curiously indefinite were the notions entertained of these pretended spirits. The place where this tragedy happened was called ever after *the Glen of the Green Women.*

There were spirits dwelling in the air and the streams, to whose agency were ascribed storms, floods, and all such phenomena as seemed to the people inexplicable. To them also were ascribed the

"Airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses,"

as in the case of the building of the ancient church of old Deer, in Aberdeenshire. The workmen were surprised to find that the

work was impeded by supernatural obstacles, when at last the Spirit of the River was heard to say:

> "It is not here, it is not here,
> That ye shall build the church of Deer,
> But on Taptillery
> Where many a corpse shall lie."

The site of this building was accordingly transferred to Taptillery, a hill some distance from where the church had been begun.* It is of this class of spirits that the poet Collins speaks when he says that certain learned mortals can control them (it is noticeable that persons born on Christmas day or Good Friday were believed to have the power of seeing and controlling spirits):

> "For them the viewless forms of air obey,
> Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
> They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
> And heartless oft, like moody madness, stare
> To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare."

Goblin-knights and spirit-warriors were also devoutly believed in by the Scottish as well as the English and German people. In *Marmion* Sir Walter Scott tells how Alexander III., King of Scotland, met Edward I. of England in these spirit-lists, and vanquished him, compelling the demon who had taken the king's form to show him the future. Edward I. was at that time in Palestine. But these encounters could only take place under certain favorable circumstances. It was by the light of the full moon, in a deserted camp of the ancient Picts, and the king had to go alone. The circle was deemed fatal to any one who trod it in the night, unless shielded by supernatural power. A similar story, more seriously told, is related, in an old mediæval manuscript of Gervase of Tilbury, of the bold knight Osbert, who fought a goblin adversary and overpowered him, though he was wounded by the spirit's javelin. This took place in England, near Ely, and the chronicler adds that "as long as Osbert lived the scar of his wound opened afresh on the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit."

A very curious popular superstition (a local one, however, belonging to the Border mountains) was that of Gilpin Horner, the lost imp or goblin. The account is taken from Sir Walter Scott's notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Eskdale Muir

* Macfarlane's MSS.

was the place where the creature appeared and stayed for a time. Two men engaged in fastening up their horses for the night heard a voice crying at some distance: "*Tint! tint! tint!*" (Lost! lost! lost!) One of them, named Moffat, called out: "What deil has tint you? Come here." Immediately a creature of something like a human form appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in features and misshapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way Moffat fell and the creature ran over him, was home at the house as soon as either of them, and stayed there a long time. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank; was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous being, and any of the children whom it could master it would beat and scratch without mercy. After it had stayed there a long time, one evening, when the women were milking the cows, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud, shrill voice cry three times, "*Gilpin Horner!*" It started and said, "That is me; I must away," and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. No one in the neighborhood had the remotest doubt of the story nor of the supernatural character of the foundling. Besides often repeating the word "*tint, tint,*" Gilpin Horner was heard to call upon "Peter Bertram"; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of Peter Bertram, who seems, therefore, to have been the demon who had tint, or lost, the little imp. "No legend that I ever heard," says Sir Walter Scott, "seemed to be more universally credited." Of course practical people who delight in knocking these harmless beliefs on the head, just as they would in dragging a little bit of damp, soft moss from a comfortable cranny in the wall, will call the imp a human dwarf lost in the woods, a child with evil propensities, who had very likely run away from a rather hard master. They could not, however, persuade the Eskdale people that this view was the correct one, and the story remains "in possession," which, as every one knows, is nine-tenths of the law.

Will-o'-the-wisps and "spunkies" (Jack-o'-lantern) were commonly believed to haunt the bogs or "mosses," and fairy fires were also seen on various occasions. It is said that a mysterious beacon, lighted by no mortal hands, greeted the sight of Bruce, who, before his landing on the mainland, was watching on the tower of the Brodick on the isle of Arran. For several centu-

ries it was said by the peasants of the neighborhood that the flame rose yearly on the same night of the year on which the king first saw it, and some go so far as to say that if the recollection of the exact time had not been lost it would still be seen. The place has always borne the name of the Bogle's Brae (*i.e.*, the Goblin's Hill). In support of this curious belief it is averred that the practice of burning heath for the improvement of land was then unknown, and that any wandering flame in the marshes could not have been seen across the breadth of the Firth of Clyde between the mainland (Ayrshire) and Arran.

A belief current in the district of Buchan is mentioned by Boëthius, in his description of Scotland, which implies some mischievous interference on the part of elves. He says that there grows a kind of wild oats

"Which, if the reapers go purposely and in order to cut down, disappoints them by proving to be nothing but husks; but if one man goes secretly, and without letting anybody know beforehand, he finds the oats safe."

Between the traditions of fairy-doings and the power of human beings over supernatural things the distance is not great. *Glamour*, or the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators, had a great part in the legends of Scotland. Blows by invisible creatures were often given. *Glamour* was also the name given to any kind of spell that transformed one being into the likeness of another, or that so deluded any one as to make him act against his own reason or natural inclinations. Of such a spell Titania was a celebrated victim. Supernatural citations were not uncommon, and since there was always the convenient alternative of referring them either to heavenly or lost spirits, according to the necessities or desires of the parties cited, there was no reason for trying to discover any trick or human agency in them. Though Pitscottie, the Scottish chronicler, *does* hint at such a thing, still the fact of the summons delivered to James IV. of Scotland from the so-called Cross of Dun-Edin (Edinburgh) is incontestable. Sir Walter Scott embodies the tradition in *Marmion* where he speaks of

"A vision, passing nature's law,
Strange, wild, and dimly seen:
Figures that seemed to rise and die,
Gibber and sign, advance and fly,
While naught confirm'd could ear or eye
Discern of sound or mien."

One man alone, whether suspecting a trick or afraid of the demon character of the summons, appealed publicly from it, "and took him all whole in the mercy of God and Christ Jesus his Son." He alone escaped the doom; for when the "field [of Flodden] was stricken [fought] there was no man that escaped that was called in this summons but that one, . . . but all the lave were perished in the field with the king."

The Celtic mind had a great reverence for running streams, perhaps because the spirits of the waters were considered more powerful than their kindred of the air and forest. It was a firm article of popular faith that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. If you could interpose a brook between you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you were in perfect safety. Burns' "Tam o' Shanter" turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton, in a Latin chronicle, *Apud decem Scriptores*, informs us that certain Irish wizards could by spells convert earthen clods or stones into fat pigs, which they sold in the market, but which always resumed their proper form when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. The river-spirits must have been very honest in their way. All fairy gifts had this unsubstantialness, and were apt to disappear in a moment, the most splendid palaces and magnificent exhibitions vanishing away and leaving their disconcerted dupe with his robes converted into the poorest rags, and, instead of glittering state, finding himself suddenly in the midst of desolation and removed no man knew whither. In many parts of Scotland a charm against witchcraft was a rope made of the hair of horses' tails and manes, and long after hemp and chain tethers became common for ploughs it was no unusual thing still to see a few feet of hair-rope next the horse.

Another class of superstitions was that of omens, foretelling death or misfortune. One of the most common is the "dead-bell," a tingling in the ears, which the country people look upon as the secret warning of some friend's death. The baying of a spectre dog is another, but by no means peculiar to Scotland. Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a domestic spirit attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity and intimated by its wailings any approaching disaster. This Ben-Shie is, of course, identical with the Banshee of the Irish.* The old family of McLean of Lockbury have a presage of their own. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard

* Two corrupt modes of spelling the one Gaelic term *bean siodhe*, signifying "silken woman."

to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice round the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the coming death. Another and a savage kind of augury was often used for determining who should be the victor in a battle. It was thought that the party which first shed blood on that day would come off victorious, but it was not necessary that the blood-shedding should be on the field. The Highlanders under Montrose were so imbued with this notion that they once, on the morning of an important affray, slaughtered a defenceless shepherd merely to secure this advantage to their side.

About the time of the Covenant, two hundred years ago, signal omens were observed by the Scottish people. The wars and disturbances to which it would give rise were, to their minds, plainly foretold by signs in the heavens. We are reminded of the similar omens seen by the Jews and the Christians before the fall and the attempted rebuilding of the Temple, of the portents noticed by the Spaniards and the Aztecs during the disastrous conquest of Mexico, and those observed at the time of "the Reformation" in France and Germany. Armies were seen joining in battle, either on high hills or in the clouds; phantom drums beat, and trumpets called, and ordnance thundered; the affrighted people carried away and buried their precious substance in bogs and forests; the sun was seen to turn the color of blood, which was supposed to foretell the great loss of blood during the coming war; and other signs were interpreted by "curious heades" to mean some "chainge of gouernement aither in *church* or state." A tremendous discharge, as of a single enormous gun, was heard simultaneously all over the land, and the effect is described in words suitable to the Last Judgment. But local omens are more interesting. The author of *Britane's Distemper*, who furnishes the above details, also gives us the two following:

"Att Ellen the preacher of that toune, being forced to arise betwixt tuelue and one at night, did see the sune as if it had been at midday, and therefor, much astonished at so fearefulle a prodigie, called up his bedell to sie it also. . . . Heir I cannot forgette our preacher, who presumed to diuine of this prodigious omen in this sort: As the sune, said he, was sein when the night was at his deipest and greatest hight of darknesse, so when the obscurest and darkest plottes of the Covenant shall reach ther zenith or greatest hight, God, piteing our extreame afflictions, sall raise to ws the trewe sune or light of trewe religion."

There is plenty of scope left for explanation by these silent marvels. Might not the pious Covenanter interpret the "prodigie" as signifying the light of *his* "trewe religion" tri-

umphant in the midst of the darkness of persecution which was to drive him forth into the moors, and glens, and forests, to worship according to his conscience?

Omens are double-edged tools. Another singular story is given in these terms:

"At Rethine, in Buchan, there was about the tyme of morneing prayer, for diuerse dayes togither, hard in the church a queire of musicke, both of woces, organes, and other instrumentes, and with such a rauishing sweetness that they ware transported which in numbers resorted to heir it. . . . The preacher . . . went with diuerse of his parisheners into the church, to try if ther eyes could beare witnes to what the ears had hard; but they were no sooner entered when, lo, the musicke ceassed with a long not, or stroke of a *wioll de gambo;* and the sounde came from ane upper lofte where the people vsed to heare seruice, but they could sie nothing."

The power of looking into the future was much prized in the Highlands. Besides the ordinary consultation of witches and magicians, there were oracles which the rude soldiery or peasantry could invoke without the help of any learned juggler. One of the most noted of these was the *Taghairm.* A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a ravine, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed, and whatever was impressed upon him by his excited imagination passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits who haunt the desolate recesses.

Second-sight, which has become characteristic of Scotch superstition, but which, under the name of divination, must have had the same existence in other countries during mediæval times, was called by Dr. Johnson "an impression either by the mind upon the eye or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present." The spectral appearances thus presented almost invariably foretold misfortune, and the faculty was painful to those who supposed they possessed it. There are many physical explanations of this phenomenon, and the persons thus endowed usually acquired the gift while themselves under the pressure of melancholy. It is called in Scotch Gaelic *Taishitaraugh*—from *Taish*, an unreal or shadowy appearance—and those possessed of it are called *Taishatrin*, which may be aptly translated, says Sir Walter Scott, visionaries. Martin, in his *Description of the West-*

ern Islands (in 1716), speaks thus (he himself is a steady believer in it):

"The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing another invisible object without any previous meansus ed by the person that used it for that end; the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision as long as it continues. . . . At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation. . . . If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others or unmarried at the time of the apparition. To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons. . . . To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it is a presage of that person's death soon after."

The belief hardly exists now save in poetry, and perhaps among the remote dwellers in lonely neighborhoods, but of these there are many in Scotland; it is a land that nature has carefully shielded against the too great uniformity of civilization. It is, perhaps, the land of the greatest contradictions in Europe, or rather, we should say, the greatest contrasts. The mere belief in ghosts and haunted houses is too common to be worth discussing here; there are ladies in white wringing their hands, and grim skeletons, and rustlings of silk, and the spirits of tortured prisoners haunting the scenes of their revels or their torments, in every old house and manor in the land. The old legend of Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, which Shakspere has immortalized, was also claimed by the castle of Fedderat, in Aberdeenshire, and was made to come true in the same practical way as Malcolm caused the other to be verified. The tradition was that Fedderat should not be taken till the wood of Fyvie came to the siege; so the soldiers of William of Orange, having dislodged the loyal followers of the Stuart from Fyvie Castle, and hearing that they had taken refuge in Fedderat, cut down the wood and carried it with them to the siege of the latter stronghold, where superstition, no doubt, did more than fear could have done to induce the hunted Scots to surrender.

Magic, or, in Lowland Scotch, *gramarye*, was as widely believed in as elsewhere, but popular belief, though contrary to the doctrine of the church, made a favorable distinction between magicians proper and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, these enemies of man-

kind. The literal meaning of magician and wizard is, however, the same; the first word formed from a Greek, the second from a Saxon root, both signifying wise. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians. It was believed that the shadow of a necromancer was independent of the sun; Simon Magus is said to have caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe that it was an attendant spirit.* People believed that when a class of students had made a certain progress in their mystic studies they were obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, when the devil literally caught the hindmost in the race, unless he crossed the hall so quickly that the arch-enemy could only lay hold of his shadow. In the latter case the person of the sage never after throws any shade, and those who have thus *lost their shadow* always prove the best magicians. Among the wizards of gentle birth in Scotland was Lord Gifford, celebrated in *Marmion*, probably a clever scholar, far beyond his age, and perhaps a dreamer imbued with genuine belief in his own supernatural powers. There are many such now, as presumptuous, but not as picturesque, nor, above all, as sincere. Their spell is not supernatural, but highly intellectual, which is the new reading for "occult influence" over the minds of the masses. The wizards of old did not disdain appearances quite so much; they were content to make use of a little more machinery. For instance, they wore

"Oval caps, or like pyramids, with lappets on each side and fur within. Their gowns were long and furred with fox-skins, under which they had a linen garment reaching to the knee. Their girdles were three inches broad, and had many cabalistic names with crosses, trines, and circles inscribed on them. Their shoes should be of new russet leather, with a cross cut on them. Their knives were dagger-fashioned, and their swords had neither guard nor scabbard. . . . A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with characters. This the magician extends towards the spirits whom he invokes when they are stubborn and rebellious, and refuse to be conformable unto the ceremonies and rights of magic." †

Michael Scott of Balwearie was the most famous magician of Scotland, and lived in the thirteenth century. In reality all that is known of his history is that he was a man of great learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries; he wrote a commentary on Aristotle which was printed at Venice two hundred years after

* Heywood's *Hierarchie.*

† Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, ed. 1665.

his death, and several treatises on natural philosophy. It was a tradition that his books could not be opened because malignant fiends were imprisoned therein. He was sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland after the death of Alexander III. Another embassy is ascribed to him by tradition. On being sent to the King of France to remonstrate about the conduct of certain French pirates, he took with him no retinue or servants, but evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, whom he compelled to carry him through the air instantaneously to Paris. As they were crossing the sea the demon asked him what the old women of Scotland muttered at bedtime. Had he answered truly, "the *Pater Noster*," the fiend would have been allowed to throw his rider off; but Michael Scott sternly said: "What is that to thee? Mount, Diabolus, and fly." When he entered Paris he tied his horse to the gate of the palace and boldly delivered his message to the king, who would not listen to so shabby an envoy. The magician asked him to give no answer till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The king laughed and consented. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp when the king rather chose hastily to accede to Michael's demands than to risk the probable consequences. But the wizard was not always on the alert. A witch once got hold of his wand and transformed him into a hare, so that he barely escaped being torn to pieces by his own dogs. Through some superior means he was enabled to throw off the spell, and in revenge for this he bewitched the old woman, causing her and every one who entered her house to be seized with an interminable dancing mania. She nearly died of fatigue, when he good-naturedly removed the spell. His attendant demons, it is said, gave him a good deal of trouble. One herculean spirit beset him with constant demands for employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was done in one night, and "still does honor to the infernal architect." Michael next ordered that Eildon Hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. The indefatigable spirit asked for a more difficult task, and the enchanter at last got rid of him by setting him the endless and hopeless one of making ropes out of sea-sand.

The belief in common witchcraft, which of all superstitions

has led to most cruelty, was very rife in Scotland and continued very late. The devices of making and destroying wax effigies of the persons to be made away with, the boiling in a caldron of certain ingredients, the incantations pronounced under certain combinations of the stars, the gathering of certain herbs at mystic hours, etc., were all known and resorted to. The witches in "Macbeth" are a good specimen of the race. Not only persons but animals and things could be bewitched. In 1594 we read of an indictment for witchcraft against Ellen Gray; the Earl of Errol, "grit constabill of Scotland," presiding over the court in the barony of Slanis. Six charges were made against the poor woman, some manifestly frivolous, such as her pretended appearance with a fellow-witch, in the respective shapes of a cat and a dog, between her own house and that of the other supposed witch; others less explicable, such as taking the

"Haill substance of the milk of my lordis ky and youis [cows and ewes], that when the same was milkit it wrought oure the lumes [pails] lyk new aill. The guhilk milk being cassin furtht, Sir Alexander Traillis dogis wad nocht preive the same: guhilk thou can nocht deny."

This provoking formula, "which thou canst not deny," was used at the end of every separate indictment. Intercourse with the devil, who appeared to her in the shape of an "agit man," and transformation of herself into the "lykness of a dog," and sundry mischievous and rather childish tricks, make up the rest of the accusation, and are all charged seriously against her as of equal weight and deserving equal punishment. Nothing was trivial in the eyes of her noble judges; a pin's prick given by a witch was as dangerous as a sword-cut dealt in battle. Ellen Gray was convicted, and, with fifteen others, was *brint to the deid;* so say the records of the Town Council of Aberdeen. Three years later three women were accused of bewitching the mill of Fedderat by casting a handful of sand "from the west side of the north door of the mill upon the stones and wells," in the name of "*God and Chrystisonday*" (whether Christmas-day, or Christ, His Son's day, we cannot determine). The sentence was that they were to be

"Hed out betwixt the hillis, bund to a staik, and wirreit thairat guhill they be deid, and than to be brint in assis."

This was scarcely more merciful, perhaps less so, than mere burning. Nothing brings out the innate barbarity of man like

religious fanaticism mingled with personal fear. No doubt these scenes of "worrying" were more like the torture of savage communities than the solemn execution of the death-penalty in a Christian land.

James I. (the Sixth of Scotland), though constitutionally afraid of the sight of a naked sword or dagger, seems to have had no objection to witness the result, if not the actual sight, of the torture. He took great delight in putting the proper questions to the victims accused of witchcraft, for it was one of his weaknesses to think himself a very Solomon. Geillis Duncan, a servant-maid, and Agnes Sampson, her supposed accomplice, were brought before him on one occasion, both charged with having wrought spells to bring shipwreck on the vessel that was bearing the king home from a visit to Norway. What lies or tricks were confessed to by these wretched women can never be known for certain, but they said that they had done their utmost to get possession of some fragment of linen that had touched the king's person, and that by applying incantations to this fragment they could undermine his life. They and two hundred other witches, they declared, had sailed in sieves from Leith to North Berwick Church, where they had met the devil and feasted with him. On the voyage they had drowned a cat, having first practised a mock ceremony of baptism over it, and immediately after a fearful storm had arisen—the very storm in which the king's ship had been separated from the rest of his fleet. Agnes then took the king aside and tried to work on his mind by other revelations of a nature unknown to any one but himself; but nothing availed the unhappy woman, and she was condemned to the flames.*

These scenes, however, are not characteristic of Scotland and the seventeenth century only; they occur at intervals in nearly every age of the world, our own not excepted. The latest witch-murder was committed two years ago in Russia. "Anglo-Saxon" communities have disgraced themselves in the same way. Indeed, it is almost impossible to confine one's study of popular beliefs and their practical consequences to any given country, as the likeness between certain groups of superstitions in different countries is daily made more plain. The commoner forms seem nearly identical among the lower classes of most nations, and there is much more of this sort of credulity left among people who read their newspapers and claim to be quite civilized than is generally supposed.

* *Lives of the Necromancers*, etc., by William Godwin.

ALLEGORIA MARITIMA.

GIORGIONE—ACCADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTI—VENICE.

UNMOOR, my gondolier, thy sable bark!
A tender glow, forerunning, bathes the dark
Behind the bulbous cupolas of Saint Mark;

And every pinnacle and cross and spire,
The long-robed saints, the bell-tower's angel, higher,
In that lustration wait the kiss of fire.

With flutter of doves, as luminous glances search
The dream-bewildered sculptures where they perch,
A marvellous bower of night, blossoms the church

All gold and color and spray: floats up the moon:
The joy of the deep sea in plenilune!
A round face smiling over the lagoon!

O Night-beam, neither pale nor sad of tone!
Thus warm o'er wave-born Aphrodite's zone
Might complemental gold-green scarf have blown;

And like unfading clouds of sunset seem
The rose-sheen of the ducal walls and gleam
Of painted fisher-sails on Adria's stream—

On tides that fed this halcyon's nest of yore,
Ere Freedom's fledgling grew a bird of war;
That to grand bridals bore the Bucentaur,

With gonfalon and ring of sovereignty;
That held Saint Mark for many a century
Inviolate in the inviolable sea.

As calmly smiled the moon as now she smiles,
When Power from these canals and lordly piles,
On wingèd lions, leaped to the far isles;

Or, later, when from subject Cyprus came
A laughing Victress, child of foam and flame,
And Venice revelled in voluptuous shame.

She smiled when Austria's shackles crushed and galled;
She smiles on the brave city disenthralled
Save of the duties Freedom hath recalled.

O calm, cold irony of superior state!
O perfect beauty, in itself elate,
Staring us down, as gods do, all too great!

Nay, Moon! of myriad orbs in yon wide roof
Thou only art near, thy heart is not aloof;
Thy lesson is sweet patience, fortune-proof!

Row to San Giorgio, to the Lido row!
Till the far city floats a fairy show,
And, dreaming, dreams no further grace bestow!

Dreaming I slept. I wakened. Far away
Had drifted on to sea my gondola,
And lo! there was no more a moon in heaven:
Dark clouds above and waves below were driven
Before a mighty wind and flood, and, ere
I could frame words of question, I was ware
I and my gondolier were not alone.
One at my side, two fronting me, unknown
And awful as their advent, three cloaked Forms
Sat with me tossing on that sea of storms.
I did not mark, or else I could not brook
Their faces: he beside me held a Book
And wore the Wingèd Lion on his breast;
One opposite revealed a knightly crest
And glimpses of a suit of mail, and he
Seemed youngest; and the other of the Three
Somehow impressed me most benignantly.

Then rose a baleful glare upon the sea,
And, broadening swiftly, redly, wrathfully,
Roofed all the night. Up the Adriatic flew
A noble vessel with a demon crew!
From far a waif of storm—a burning wreck—
But, nearer, rolling deep her sides and deck,
Hull, masts, and rig looked whole and taut and strong.
On such a ship what meant that fearful throng?
Squat on the bulwarks those fierce, grinning apes?
And, perched aloft, those bloated, bat-winged shapes?
The gulfs had emptied upward: all the bark's
Hot wake was furrowed by the fins of sharks;
And round her swam the phosphorescent breed
Of slimy things whose only sense is greed,

All stomach; and alongside, pilot-wise,
A hornèd monster leered with goggle eyes;
And there was more of dire than I can tell
(But see Giorgione—he has told it well),
And over all the lurid light of hell!

"Ho! ho!" was shouted with infernal glee,
"We go to sink all Venice in the sea!"

Then, of my strange guests, he at my right hand
Stood up, with speech and gesture of command:
"By God's Evangel, writ in this my book,
Clasped by the Cross on which ye dare not look,
Foul fiends, begone! And, by the Master's will,
I bid the threatening elements be still!"

Back into depths of sleep—more like a swoon—
I fell entranced; till, lo! again the moon,
The Lido, the lone reach of the lagoon,
And the long vistas in enchantment closed,
Where Venice on her hundred isles reposed,
And in the distance, clothed in peace supreme,
A vision of that vessel on the stream!

Spoke the same solemn Stranger, only he
The voice of that mysterious company:
"Yon ship is but a symbol, and the sight
That thrilled thee late a vision of the night—
The lesson of an acted parable—
The living truth in ancient miracle.
Yea, Venice in the time remote withstood,
By grace of God, the tempest and the flood.
With firm foundations on the unstable wave,
Its space and freedom to her sons he gave,
And gloriously they kept from age to age
That empire and that priceless heritage.
In vain a Doria thundered at her wall,—
Her steeds unbridled, unprofaned their stall,
Chioggia saw the vanquished victor fall.
In vain the Powers in League of Cambray joined,—
Hers was the valor that no odds declined.
And the long glories of her earlier day
Shone culminating on Lepanto's bay.
Ah! when the stout Republic drooped at length,

Not from without came that which sapped her strength,
From turbulent deep or ever-jealous foe—
Within, within was wrought her overthrow.
In this fair garden of the Hesperides
No watchful dragon by a Hercules
Was slain: the eternal vigilance they cost
Slumbered, and all the golden fruits were lost,
Or, rather, rotted from the boughs. Behold!
In lieu thereof, corruptions manifold,
Pleasure's lewd apples, cruelties, treacheries,
O'erran the garden's stately liberties;
And the chaste daughters of the Evening Star
Fled with the immortal seed to lands afar.

"I speak in language of a heathen myth:
Truth is of God, hath all types, is the pith
Of many a fable. From her proud estate,
With the high qualities that made her great
And her imperial spirit, Venice fell.
Stalked in defiant insolence of hell
The bravo; but the patriot's splendid pride,
Which had proclaimed the glorious Sea its bride,
Intolerant of a rival on the wave,
Was scornful only in its self-scorn—a slave.
Let no false preacher, from a text precise,
Confound the highest virtue with a vice:
The pride whose level brow is honest, brave,
That watches the traitor and contemns the knave;
Such fine disdain as an archangel feels
For grovelling fiends beneath his armèd heels—
More, there's a gracious vanity that charms
In guileless maiden and young knight in arms.
What vanity survives a woman's shame?
What pride in man with a dishonored name?

"The globe along its annual round is borne,
And Hesperus becomes the Star of Morn.
The cycle reascending gains its prime:
Returns the Golden Age of song sublime.
In new Avatars of immortal Good,
World without end, shall Evil be subdued.
So Venice, freed from bondage and from shame,
Is fit inheritor of her noblest fame.

As in the past (thou'st witnessed) God in me
Did work a miracle, for ever he,
By human means alone, is strong to save.
Behold yon bark how beautiful and brave!
The demons that defiled hurled overboard,
And Duty to the helm and ropes restored,
On open sea, in shoal-beleaguered strait,
She rides right on, a gallant Ship of State!"

"And thou, then," low I murmured, "art—"
"Saint Mark!
These my companions in thy fragile bark—
This is Saint George! and this Saint Nicholas!
Son of America! it may come to pass
Thine own great land shall be in dismal plight
From evil spirits of the day or night:
Then may this Gospel of man's liberty
In Christ, the patron saint of chivalry,
And saint beloved of children, set you free!

"Now bid the gondolier his oar to ply:
We go, even as we came, invisibly;
But land us where our bones or relics lie."

Was I mistaken? On that phantom craft,
Slow-melting in the moonlight far abaft,
Far over glistening sheet and shallow bars,
Was it the flutter of the Stripes and Stars?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LA SITUATION DU PAPE ET LE DERNIER MOT SUR LA QUESTION ROMAINE. A problem of which the gravity grows each day (*Times*, 11th October, 1881). Paris: E. Plon et Cie. November, 1881.

This able pamphlet is anonymous, and we know nothing concerning its authorship. It is addressed to all sincere men, especially to those who are in political office, and reads like the production of a statesman or publicist.

The author begins by laying down the position of the Catholic Church that the papal power is of divine institution. Consequently it has a right to an absolute, intrinsic, and permanent independence. All Catholics, therefore, whether rulers, legislators, ecclesiastics, or private lay citizens, are bound to recognize, sustain, and defend this independence. Moreover, all others in Christendom who are not Catholics are bound to respect those rights of the Catholic conscience by virtue of which they are entitled

to enjoy the advantage of this independence of the head of the Catholic Church, and are bound by policy and regard to public peace and good order to concur in protecting and defending those rights. The author proceeds to prove that the necessity of pontifical independence has not only been proclaimed by the whole body of Catholic bishops, but also solemnly recognized by M. Thiers in his capacity of President of the French Republic, by Victor Emmanuel, by Cavour, by Visconti-Venosta, and all the statesmen of Italy; we may add, by the most eminent Catholic and non-Catholic statesmen and publicists of Europe, and by its governments, including those of England and Russia.

The Italian government, after having taken possession of the Pontifical State by violence, pretended to secure the independence and dignity of the Pope by the Law of Guarantees. The author proves that this law is in its principle self-contradictory, as professing to secure the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff by means of his dependence on the Italian crown and parliament. Moreover, it is a practical impossibility, since it could not be put in practice without a serious intention to make it respected, which the Italian government never had, and the power to make it respected—a power which Italian ministers cannot exercise, after having been the first to insult the church and its head both by word and deed.

The author shows the utter futility and complete failure of the Law of Guarantees by the shameful history of the outrages perpetrated on the occasion of the translation of the body of Pius IX., and proves that Leo XIII. is both materially and morally a prisoner in the Vatican. The fact is notorious that his position in Rome is rapidly becoming insupportable. There are only two ways in which he can be released from it. One is that he should leave Rome, which involves as a consequence the triumph of the Revolution and the overthrow of King Humbert's throne. The other is the restoration to the Pope of his principality by the united action of the king and the other European powers. The author proves that the conflict with the Papacy which is the consequence of the unjust and violent occupation of Rome is not in conformity with the wishes of the people of Rome, the wishes of the true Italian people, or the idea which underlies the movement of Italian independence. He shows, moreover, that Rome is an unsuitable capital for the Italian kingdom, which would lose nothing and gain much by giving it up. We cannot agree with him in the restriction which he insinuates as likely to be acceptable of the restitution which it is necessary to make, to the city and Campagna of Rome, with Civita Vecchia. But we have no space in a short notice to go into this subject, or to complete an analysis of the able and solid argument of the pamphlet, which should be read carefully and throughout in order to be justly appreciated.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

With the introduction, a few years ago, of the "Ulster" overcoat, oddly enough came in a flood of English ideas and absurd affectations of English manners. In the same way as, when the old republican simplicity of Rome was swamped by the wealth which conquest had brought, the Roman exquisites aped the small arts and the vices of the Greeks, we, too, have our *Græculi*, not in society only but in literature and in the daily press. Our Lit-

tle Britons of the press studiously boycott whatever is distinctively American, so that if one desires to get at the real sentiment of the great body of the American people he must as a rule turn elsewhere than to what is styled in the English fashion the "metropolitan" journals. Of course this is merely a momentary craze, but in the meantime, like everything else that is insincere, it is doing harm to the moral sense of the people influenced by it. A mild sort of cynicism is one of its perceptible effects.

This cynicism is apparent in all of Mr. James' writings, and shows itself especially in his studied belittling of whatever was formerly supposed to be the particular pride of Americans. Yet, after all, Mr. James is perhaps not so unjust as he is unmerciful. He aims at a minute picturing of manners rather than of character. His lotus-eating Americans abroad, with their small talk, their selfishness, their entire want of moral purpose, are perhaps not so much caricatures as some critics would have us believe. They are, in fact, the types of a generation that has practically thrown off Protestantism, and, remaining without any but the very vaguest notions of religion, is guided by its natural instincts only, instead of by an educated conscience. In this volume of Mr. James', for instance, except two or three Catholic nuns and a young girl brought up by them—and who all, by the way, are given a very stupid look—not one of the personages seems to have any belief in God or any idea whatever of duty. Even their ambitions, when they have any, are petty and unsteady. Apparently they are only saved from becoming real criminals by the lack of courage and of opportunity. Mr. James himself, it is likely, has no ambition to be rated as a satirist, yet all the same he is a satirist, and a tolerably effective one.

The Nature and Function of Art, more especially of Architecture. By Leopold Eidlitz, Architect. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son; London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1881.

Mr. Eidlitz has given to the public an instructive and comprehensive work on architecture—a volume that evidently embodies the attentive study of a life no less than the fruits of an extensive practical experience. A book of this kind must be of great utility, theoretically and practically, to all who are engaged or are interested in the study of this branch of art. He is a master of his subject, and treats architecture in its varied and necessary relations with the other arts and sciences.

Occasionally he makes excursions in other branches of knowledge where evidently he is not so much at home. Thus on page 8 he speaks of "buying *absolution* for a price," and on page 9 of "selling *absolution*." This, we apprehend, is a mere *lapsus linguæ*, and we have marked several others; but as they do not affect the main subject of the work or alter our judgment of its real value, we pass them by.

The volume provokes thought, because its author is an independent thinker—not a thinker independent of the principles of art, but one who is not a servile follower of any individual leader, or the fashion of a day, or of the multitude. Whenever he meets with an author from whose views he differs he does not hesitate to say so and give his reasons why, and in language not at all ambiguous. His judgments are often as surprising as just, and his views fresh, springing not from mere theorizing in art, but from observation and practical insight.

The volume is divided into three parts: I. Present Condition of Architecture; II. Nature and Function of Art; III. Nature of Architecture.

The purport of the volume is, in a general way, stated as follows in its introduction, page xx.: "To devise remedies which shall arrest the decay of art, and especially of architecture; to arrive at a clear understanding of its nature and function, and to mature a system which shall direct its practice in the right channel, it becomes necessary. first, to review the peculiarities of its present condition, the views held by the public, and more especially by those who are recognized as of authority on such matters; to examine the relation of the professional architect to his client, to the public at large, and more especially to the church, which has ever been the greatest patron of architecture; and, finally, to consider the existing theory of art in general, and its influence upon architecture"

The volume consists of 489 pages, with an index, and is a good specimen of fine book-making in type, printing, and paper.

Campaigns of the Civil War. III. The Peninsula. McClellan's Campaign of 1862. By Alexander S. Webb, LL.D., President of the College of the City of New York; Assistant Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac; Inspector-General Fifth Army Corps; General commanding Second Division, Second Corps, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

The best argument against a large standing army for our country is the ease and rapidity with which at the beginning of our late war enormous armies were made up out of untrained citizens. Nor does it appear that militia training counted for much; for while in some of the States a number of militia regiments volunteered, yet mostly the *personnel* of such militia regiments as really went into the field was new. As to the quality of these citizen armies, we have—if we need a foreign opinion at all—the opinion of an accomplished English engineer officer, who had made the campaigns of the Crimea and India, and of the Austrian-Prussian and Franco-Prussian wars, and who had accompanied as an observer the staffs successively of Gens. Johnson and Lee of the Confederate army, and of Gens. McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade of the Federal army, during the Civil War. This officer, in a volume of military biography published a few years ago, declared the fighting of the American armies the most stubborn and fierce of modern times; and he pointed out, also, that while many a soldier of ours, though scarcely out of his teens, was a veteran of fifty battles, it was seldom that an old soldier of Europe could number ten battles on his roll of glory.

The literature of the Civil War is growing fast. Still, so far as the career of the Army of the Potomac is concerned, little has yet been written that can add to Swinton's excellent history published within a year of the fall of Richmond. But of that little this volume by Gen. Webb must in future hold a foremost place. Gen. Webb was a very active participant in what he so well describes, and he has had recourse to new sources of information which he has used skilfully and honestly. Though he has had to deal somewhat with vexed questions, he has done so, as far as the reader can judge, with a firm determination to get at the truth. In discussing the clash of authority between McClellan and the War Department he places the necessary facts before the reader to form an opinion. But the reader,

if he belonged to the army involved, will have no hesitation from these facts in agreeing with Gen. Webb that "we who belonged to the Army of the Potomac, the grandest army gathered on this continent, at all times true to its commander-in-chief, whoever it might be, hope that he who organized that army will yet deem it wise and proper to give some fuller vindication of the policy he adopted, no matter whom he may strike."

Gen. Webb's descriptions of battles and manœuvres are exceedingly lifelike, and he goes sufficiently into detail to place the meed of honor for soldierly conduct where it justly belongs; but he might in one respect have been a little less dry, without marring the accuracy or the dignity of his narrative. For instance, the name "Irish Brigade" does not once occur; as often as that illustrious body is mentioned, which is often enough, it appears under its commanding officer's name only. Nor are the appellations that were applied for some circumstance or other to other brigades, regiments, etc., given. But condensation was no doubt needed to meet the scant space which the plan of these volumes permits. Perhaps, too, in touching on the battle of Kernstown—or Winchester—p. 89, attention might have been called to the circumstance that the Senate refused to confirm President Lincoln's promotion of Gen. Shields to a major-generalship, and this although Shields was the only commander who ever squarely beat "Stonewall" Jackson, and was apparently the only antagonist with whom Jackson at any time in his brilliant career deemed it necessary to be very cautious.

Gen. Webb promises a fuller work on the same subject, but in the meantime this little volume will meet and claim the attention of all who desire to know the story of our Peninsular campaign.

LEAVES OF GRASS.

The animus underlying the songs of Walt Whitman entitled *Enfans d'Adam* is characteristic of nearly all he has written, and if these had been given their true heading they would have been entitled *Enfans de la Bête*. Why not? The animal in Walt was free from all conscious restraint, young and lusty, and why should he not sing of its liberties and joys, such as they are? Had not his master proclaimed the precept, "Act out thyself"? and, having the courage of his convictions, with youthful vigor on his side, the disciple was resolved, in spite of obtrusive advice, to act out fearlessly, at least as far as language and type serve, what was in him.

Walt Whitman is a more recent and more genuine outcome of transcendentalism. Less tutored, and for that reason—education being what it is—less perverted, he is more a creature of his instincts, and, as it happens, not of the higher sort; and taking his stand on these, he utters himself in accents which at times make the more cultivated transcendentalists hold their breath. Walt is the "enfant terrible" of transcendentalism. His birth was hailed by the corypheus of this sect with a burst of parental joy; subsequently, on close inspection, he appeared to entertain suspicions of his legitimacy, but now, with maturer examination, his doubts have vanished and he recognizes his lineage.

The difference between the master and the disciple is this: Mr. Emerson revolted against the false restraints of Calvinism, and, in the righteous

indignation of his repressed nature, expressed himself passionately and not seldom unguardedly; while Walt Whitman, unconscious of the impious and paralyzing repression of Puritanism, not having the inherited restraints of seven or eight Puritan ministers wrapt in his skin, takes his master's utterances to the letter and acts them out with all the force of the characteristics of his personality, and in great glee "sounds his barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

Is it a matter for congratulation that the sage of Concord, so-called by his disciples, has not sufficiently recovered from the early strain which was put upon him, seriously to listen in his advanced age to wise misgivings and lawfully-begotten fears?

But man is a rational animal, and not like the beasts, which have no sense; and all effort on his part to play the irrational beast would be ridiculous, were it not a degradation exacting so great a depravation of his nature. But this attempt is never made with impunity, for man's rational nature sooner or later will surely take revenge on him who makes, whether maliciously or otherwise, the experiment. No, it is not a thing for laughter, but a serious matter, when a man is led to believe that he can with impunity violate any one essential law of his rational being. It is a more serious matter when the leaders of public opinion encourage in a community a belief of this kind, or aid in the spreading of literature infected with such opinions. It is a most serious matter, considering their effect on the coming generation; for the harvest of the poisonous seeds sown in the tender minds of this, will be reaped in the next. And until men gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles every intelligent, every religious, every moral man, every sincere lover of his race, will set his face fixedly against the teachers and upholders of opinions so degrading to man and so pernicious in their tendency.

Let us have songs of the "Enfans d'Adam"—not of the old Adam, but the new! Let us have songs of that blissful communion which existed between God and man in the Garden of Eden—communion lost, alas! by the first Adam, but graciously restored by the second Adam. Songs that spring from this source rise upward and imparadise men's hearts! These are the songs men's souls crave, the age hopes for and is ready to receive.

A CORRECTION

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

SIR: While thanking you sincerely for the favorable notice of Marie Lataste's *Letters and Writings* which appeared in your November number, I should feel obliged by your allowing me to correct an error of fact into which the writer has inadvertently fallen. The collection which I am now publishing is comprised in two volumes, the first of which has already been issued. The second volume will contain writings of even a more practical character than those which are given in the first, as well as many letters of a spiritual and doctrinal nature. The biographical letters, to which I allude in my Advertisement, or Preface, will form a third and separate volume, if the sale of the two others prove to be such as to encourage me to make the venture. I ought, perhaps, to add that the Life which I have published is not a translation, but an original work, the result, indeed (as I have elsewhere remarked), of a patient study of existing materials, but constructed on other and independent lines.

I am, yours faithfully,

EDW. HEALY THOMPSON.

PERY LODGE, CHELTENHAM, Dec. 11, 1881.

THE

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THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

THE long estrangement that unfortunately existed between Mexico and the United States from the time that the first became independent is at an end, and friendly relations, which should always have prevailed, are at length established. This new era of friendship and active intercourse brings before the consideration of statesmen: What policy, in their mutual relations, would be most advantageous for the happiness of both countries?

It may be stated as a general proposition that every problem presented to the human mind must have a logical solution according to the terms involved. This is true from a mathematical or mechanical point of view, and might be said of political and international questions were it not that the uncertain action of men or nations introduces an unknown quantity into the problem and diverts from their natural results the logic of events. Many statesmen have thus tried to change from their true channel the tendencies of their age; but their efforts, though for a time apparently successful, have merely served to disfigure the face of history, retard the progress of results, and finally have been eliminated by the irrepressible power of leading events.

The greatness and power of the United States, and the ease with which they have solved practically the most difficult questions during the brief period of their existence, make some imagine that they are equal to any emergency, when in fact they

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have had rather the good fortune only, or the good judgment, to follow the natural results of surrounding circumstances, and have never attempted to force the situation in order to obtain whimsical ends.

The Mexican question is one of those problems upon the right solution of which by the American people the very fate of these United States may hang in the balance. Of course we do not speak of that external policy between the two peoples which could not be other than that existing between two sovereign, independent, and friendly powers, but of the invisible spirit, which is only revealed in the secrecy of the Cabinet and is the real soul and director of results.

The United States are the more powerful, and therefore the active agents in directing the course to be pursued, and upon them rests the initiative. Should, then, the policy of the United States be directed to the absorption of Mexico, or merely to the cultivation of closer relations with her as a friendly and neighboring nation, at the same time profiting by the commerce and resources of Mexico?

The late Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, as well as other men of penetration, decided in favor of the latter course; but there are some who look with wistful eyes across the line to the glittering treasures of Mexico and sigh for the political control itself of that country. In an unguarded moment the fatal step might be taken, whether with or without success it is not our purpose to consider; but in the calmness of the present, before complications have arisen to confuse the understanding, it behooves American statesmen to consider whether the fusion of the two nations would be for the advantage of the United States. The question touches to the quick the social and political structure of both countries, and, while it affects in the most striking manner their present status, the problem contains factors reaching back nearly four hundred years, and results that may rebound in undying echoes for generations to come.

The fifteenth century was ushered in with the discovery of America, opening the gates of a new world to European civilization, and with the birth of the so-called Reformation, which divided that civilization into two hostile camps. The "Reformation" was like a bombshell thrown into a powder-magazine. Bloody civil wars rent the heart of northern Europe, and cruel persecutions were instituted in the south of it; while long and relentless conflicts between nation and nation wasted their powers and crippled their progress. In the fever of fanaticism, and amid the

clangor and turmoil of war, the freedom of the people was snatched by the monarchs, so that the sixteenth century saw the disfranchisement of municipalities in Europe, the discontinuance of parliaments, and the concentration of all the powers of the state in the hands of the prince. Deep and lasting have been the changes produced by that religious struggle, and, though its effects took a different shape in different localities, it divided Europe into two groups, one comprising the countries which remained steadfast to the faith, the other the nations which adopted the new doctrines. So divided, and representing different forms of the same civilization, Europe undertook the colonization of America.

Spain and Portugal established themselves in Mexico and South America, inspired by greed of conquest as well as by religious zeal. Their treasure and best blood were liberally squandered in the enterprise; and while they labored to bring out of barbarism the conquered races, they transferred to the New World the virtues as well as the vices of the mother-country, including their political organization, riveted with the additional grip of the despotic conqueror.

The colonization of the northern part of the New World fell to the lot of England, though not by the deliberate act of its government or people, but rather as a chance result of the troubles brought on by the "Reformation" in England. The spirit and purpose of that colonization were a counterpart of the Spanish system introduced farther south. The love of liberty, and the desire to break away from the persecution of the mother-country, brought the ancestors of those who were to be the fathers of the republic to the shores of America. England was glad to get rid of what she considered a factious element, and, while chartering them to settle in the forests of the New World under the semblance of her authority, she looked to the distant future to reap the benefits of their hardships. Having risked nothing, she was content with a nominal allegiance from these willing exiles. The colonists, in their turn, thus left untrammelled by any very active interference of the home government, set to work to establish communities based upon the broadest principles known to the English Constitution and European civilization. The religious zeal of the English colonists did not extend to proselytism, and the conversion of the aborigines formed no part of their plan. Hence the progress of English colonization marked everywhere a proportionate extinction of the Indian tribes.

These circumstances form the basis of the grand republic of our day, the features of which are so peculiar that it would have puzzled the wildest illusionist who ever wrote a Utopia to conceive it.

These *two forms of European civilization have therefore met again face to face in the New World*, changed, it is true, in many respects by local influences, but yet presenting marked features of distinction in their social and political organizations which render them incompatible of union under a common government.

But let us take up the case, for the sake of argument, of a union of Mexico and the United States in one nation. The first problem that presents itself is, How is that union to be effected? There are two ways—first, by conquest; and, second, by common consent.

In the first place, the conquest of Mexico is a total impossibility under the principles which rule and govern the United States. Not that the United States lack the power to overwhelm Mexico from end to end, but because, that being done, they must either abandon the conquered country or change their own political institution. Conquest is the subjugation of one people to another, and its object is to make the conquered people subservient to the interest of the conquerors. Whence it follows that a nation, to enter on the career of conquest, must possess a unity of race, a concentration of individualism, and a selfishness of purpose, so as deliberately and remorselessly to crush another people for the sole purpose of self-aggrandizement. We may look back as far as history reaches, and we shall find such to be the character of all conquering nations. But the present affords us a deplorable example.

England gives us a case wherein a free people appear in the rôle of conqueror. While professing to be the mirror of liberty at home, her acts in the struggle for conquest and empire give her the character of the cruelest tyrant that ever disgraced the human race. England, the fair-haired angel of freedom, under whose wing take refuge the persecuted exiles of the world—she but crosses the Channel to be transformed by the spirit of conquest into a demon of greed, cruelty, vengeance, and extermination. Her gigantic power circumvents the earth like the shadow of Satan described by Milton in *Paradise Lost*. Her course is marked by starvation and wretchedness, and groaning millions, with gestures of despair and helpless impotence, at once curse and supplicate at the foot of her throne. She starves Ire-

land to feast her voluptuous nobility, and she delivers up to the greed of her merchants the helpless Hindoo; the few trinkets of an African savage arouse her covetousness and put her armies in motion on the career of destruction; and the fear that a rival power is approaching too near her blighting empire she considers a sufficient cause to invade a friendly neighbor, to devastate her territory, to destroy her citizens, to overthrow her government, and, if she could, to add another slave to her dominion.

The flight of the Pilgrim Fathers was a protest against such tyranny; the organization of the colonies was the repetition of that protest; the Declaration of Independence was the promulgation of the protest to the world, the announcement of a new political gospel in harmony with the purest principles of Christianity; and the construction of the republic upon those principles was the confirmation of that protest and its practical demonstration as a political system. The Declaration of American Independence forms a new era in the annals of the human race. It proclaims in the voice of thunder the rights of man, the mission of nations, and the objects of government. The subjection of one people to another is emphatically denounced, and government is declared the creature and servant of the people. The wiseacres of Europe, clogged by prejudices and their horizon circumscribed by selfishness and nationalities, pronounced the American proclamation a bombastic trick, to live its day, perform its part, and perish. But the colonists were in dead earnest, and upon that Declaration they reared the political edifice whose pinnacles now tower above even the oldest structures of political wisdom. Nor can it be said that the United States have ever deviated from the principles of the Declaration of Independence without immediately returning to them. The great Rebellion appeared for a time to have shaken these principles; but though amidst the tragic scenes of war the Union conquered the South, after peace was re-established the conquered States could not be held in subjection. The Southern States resumed their autonomic action in the Union, and to-day they hold the balance of power.

The history of Utah is another instance of the impotence of the United States to deal with a people against their will, even when in the interest of justice and freedom; and under the protection of the institutions of the country we see this community of fanatics raise the standard of barbarism and flaunt in the face of civilization worse horrors and abominations than Mohammed ever invented. The rights of man and self-govern-

ment are so respected that Congress dares not interfere even with the savage children of the forest; and, while it were charity to force these men into the habits of civilization, rather than break with principle the Indian is indulged in his savage freedom, though it leads to certain extermination.

Could, then, the United States, with such an origin and such a system, break from their traditions and embark on a career of conquest? Could they, consistently with the declaration that government is the creature and servant of the governed, force a government upon Mexico against the will of its people, and, when they admit that all governments are for the benefit of the governed, use that government to oppress and overtax the conquered people for the benefit of the Union? If the United States had attained to that solidarity of political union which merges the individual in the nation, as in France, England, or Prussia—with whom the sovereignty of the nation has all the attributes of a personality, while the people are lost in their individual insignificance—such sudden change from their principles might take place without injury. But in the United States the unit of sovereignty is in the individual, represented by majorities. No American considers the nation or the government greater than himself, as in other nations. He sees in the nation a partner, in the government an agent, in the Constitution a contract. And though the sovereign American citizen does not individually lack selfishness and greed to grow into a well-developed tyrant himself, he does not like to see his partner, who is the nation, or his agent, who is the government, play the rôle of a Nero, fearing their preponderance, and therein the loss of his own freedom. Hence the American citizen has preferred to see barbarism thrive in Utah, and to keep, at the expense of millions, the wild Indian in all the glory of his savage life, rather than violate the fundamental principles of his institutions; and all the treasures of Mexico are insufficient to tempt him from this course.

The patriotism of the American is not the love of country with the blind fanaticism and idolatrous abnegation found in other people. The soil is not the object of his love, nor, again, the people that live on it, but the political organization which guarantees his liberty and protects his property and life. This to him is flag, country, and nationality, for which he is ready to die as other people would in defence of native hearth and race.

Therefore the acquisition of Mexico, whether by war or treaty, would eventually amount to the merging of that people in the

American Union, not as a conquered people, but as a component part in it, with all the rights of the oldest States and citizens.

And now comes the other alternative problem: What would be the consequence of such an event?

It were difficult to conceive a more perplexing field of possibilities than is presented by the introduction of Mexico into the political system of the United States. The complications to which it would give rise can be more easily imagined than described; but, without considering the fortuitous consequences which may follow such political union, we can foreshadow some results with tolerable accuracy. Mexico is a nation in the European acceptance of the word. Her origin, and three hundred years of training under the tuition of the mother-country, made her so. In race she is not homogeneous, but the assimilating powers of the Spanish system have so interwoven the European with the native races that Mexico, socially and politically, is as compact as France. Language, religion, habits, laws, sentiments, faults, virtues, and vices unite and knit them together into an absolute unit. In this, as in other characteristic points, Mexico is the opposite of the United States. The numerous changes in the system of government have had no effect upon her nationality. The empire of 1821, the confederation of 1824, the centralization of 1835, and the republic of 1857 never for a moment menaced the integrity of the nation. There were revolutions in opposition to each of those systems, but the sovereignty of the nation, in whatever mould it may have been cast, to a Mexican was always an individuality or a divinity, to which he owed life and being; and whether his country governed justly or otherwise, as a republic or a despotism, he felt equally bound in allegiance to her. The Californians and New Mexicans born under the Mexican rule, and even their children, have a corner in the depth of their hearts to honor and love their lost country. For thirty-five years overwhelmed by numbers, beleaguered by strange customs and creeds, their ancient laws overthrown and others made diametrically opposed to them—all these things have battled in vain against the rock-like immutability of their nationality. So that it is not difficult to foresee that the acquisition of any large blocks of Mexico, where the population is more numerous and better established than they were in California and New Mexico, will not change the social status, habitual instincts, and political aspirations of the people. *Mexico would come into the Union as a captive nationality*, like Ireland in the British Empire, or Hungary in the Austrian, hating even the

bounties and freedom proffered to her, and having no aim save the interest of her own citizens, and no sympathy for the institutions and aspirations of the United States.

The United States, with all their greatness, are but a grand conglomeration of all the nationalities of Europe, blended together under the general principles of a common civilization, boiling and seething in one great political and social caldron; and it is yet a problem what shall be the outcome and final result. This being so, we may be pardoned for indulging in a retrospective view of the political history of the United States, so as to see in its full light the effect likely to result from the annexation of Mexico.

When the United States were established the colonies, fresh from the struggle against England and the oppression they had endured at the hands of one government, framed the Constitution with the deliberate purpose of keeping alive each State as a political autonomy, with all the prerogatives of independent power, save as limited by the Constitution. It cannot be denied that at that time, just after becoming independent, each colony was and felt all the importance and responsibility of an independent nation. In forming the Union the colonies were careful to provide explicit clauses to that effect, making the general government the representative, while the States should remain the political units of sovereignty. Had the United States never advanced beyond the original thirteen States the doctrine of state-rights would have been sustained without a contradiction. The Federalists and Jeffersonians at that time understood the situation perfectly well. But fearing the future attempts of Great Britain, the necessity of union obliged both parties to be conciliatory, and the declarations of state-sovereignty were allowed to follow the contradictory preamble, saying, "We, the people of the United States," etc., which refers all the power of the general government to the people as the source of sovereignty. The perils of the moment were pressing, while the new government was but an experiment, and each party secretly exulted in having over-matched his opponent and in the hope of eventually carrying his point. But the increase of the United States in foreign population and new States, the successful operation of the Constitution, and the restless moving of the masses of the people from place to place obliterated to a great extent State lines, and the strong feeling for state-rights faded away even in what had been the old colonies. As for the new States, composed of people from all parts of the Union and of

recent arrivals from other countries, the doctrine of state-rights had no existence in the hearts of the people, except as a political plank in campaign platforms. On the other side, the continuous exercise of the political power by the people strengthened their sovereignty, so that by 1861, at the time of the breaking out of the Rebellion, we find the individual citizen, as the unit of sovereignty, supporting the general government against the doctrine of state-sovereignty of the South in their attempt to break up the republic. It is true that the question of slavery entered largely into the issues of that day, and it is difficult to say whether slavery had not more to do with the overthrow of the South than the spread of federalistic principles among the people. However, the adroit management of the dominant political party has shaped events to look as if their principles had won the day. But a close examination of facts raises a doubt, and prudent men would defer passing an opinion as to whether state-rights are really dead.

This country is like a kaleidoscope, changing almost as rapidly as trees do their foliage between a winter's blast and the gentle breath of spring. Since the breaking out of the Rebellion, and largely aided by that gigantic war, there has arisen in the United States a new element of power in the political arena, which, having no place in the Constitution except to be anathematized, and no political or legal standing in the government, yet seems to hold with the grip of death the hands of people, States, and general government. This new element of power consists of the great monopolies that override the country. Such eventuality was feared by the founders of the republic as a dire enemy of liberty, and so much so that they specially provided against it. Lo and behold! the monster is already here and playing its part. These monopolies, for the present, have no political aspirations. All they aim at is the accumulation of colossal fortunes by using the government, the States, the people, and everything for that purpose, and turning the laws into instruments of extortion, to make the people hewers of wood and drawers of water for their use and benefit. It were tedious to follow the monopolies through the insidious ways they adopt to gain their object. Suffice it to say that no political aspirant can antagonize them and succeed; that they deceive the people and corrupt their representatives; that legislatures are their servants and governments their instruments. This power desires the centralization of government, and constantly strives for the revival of entails by engrafting systems of perpetuity in their families.

Therefore the political field of the United States at this juncture presents four distinct powers striving for mastery: the people, or the individual as the unit of sovereignty; the party of state-rights; the party of centralization; and the monopolies. In the midst of these contending elements we introduce a fifth source of disturbance—Mexico annexed.

It would not be difficult to foresee what would follow. The Mexicans, having no affinity or interest with any of the parties, would look to their own interests first and last. They would join now one party and then another to obtain their ends; but naturally they would belong to the state-rights party, so as to enlarge the sphere of their state-independence, and possibly precipitate the breaking up of the Union, thereby to regain their lost nationality. In finance they would be the natural allies of the anti-tariff party, as producers of the raw staples, and their commerce would gravitate towards the European markets. It is true that many Americans, emigrating to Mexico, might accumulate immense fortunes; but they can do the same now, and if good understanding and reciprocity treaties are introduced between the two countries the advantage to Americans will be greater with Mexico independent than with Mexico annexed.

Some may imagine that fifty millions of people mixing with ten millions would soon merge the Mexican in the American forms and habits, but they forget that the ten millions have the advantage of locality; that only a few hundred thousand a year could possibly transport themselves into Mexico, and that before these strangers could effect a change in the people they came amongst they themselves would perhaps become Mexicanized, to swell the strength of the old institutions. Besides, it is well to remember that Mexico has deep-rooted habits and convictions, and, socially and as a nation, has a clean-cut character, which has stood all the vicissitudes of anarchy and will not succumb before the feeble attacks of a few strangers who have no settled morals, manners, or nationality, whose social character is still a problem, and whose only aim and purpose of migration would be the acquisition of wealth.

The annexation, therefore, of Mexico by the United States, while it would offer no advantage to the United States, would be apt to produce a convulsion and break up the republic before she has fulfilled her ends in the interest of free government and humanity. On the other hand, Mexico, once convinced of the perfect good faith of the United States, would open her arms to their commerce and enterprise, by which means both nations and

their citizens would profit, without interfering with the march of each in the natural development of their resources and the ideal of their civilization till each in its own way fulfilled the ends marked out for them by destiny.

"Latin" civilization has been habitually disparaged by the "Anglo-Saxon" and Teutonic nations, and Bismarck has said that it is "worn out and rotten." But while he was yet pronouncing those words the establishment of the French Republic in the heart of despotic Europe showed that that civilization has at least been as true as the "Anglo-Saxon." And while the United States, with their freedom, originated in the despotism of England, and have thrived through the immigration of oppressed millions fleeing from the tyranny of Teutonic rule, the "Latin" nations, imbued with higher aspirations, in Europe as well as in America, in the midst of convulsions and in spite of many grievous errors strive to reach the perfection of the ideal, and to establish political systems that shall guarantee to man equality and liberty, and make the government the servant and not the lord of the people.

Mexico marches in the road to liberty in the forms peculiar to her institutions, and, if allowed to go on undisturbed, will reach the ideal of European civilization. But the violent attempt to hasten the development of Mexico by the forcible fusion of "Latin" and "Anglo-Saxon" civilizations will either defeat the principles of the Declaration of Independence, subvert the republic, and re-establish despotism in America, or cause the dismemberment of the United States into several independent nations, with their jealousies, standing armies, wars, usurpations and tyrannies, and all the evils the colonists left behind when they emigrated to this continent.

NOTE.—Government is "the servant of the people," inasmuch as it is instituted for their common good; but government is not "the creature of the people," inasmuch as its authority is derived from God, though it be through the people. This statement will explain the above and similar expressions in this seasonable article.—ED. C. W.

SIX WEEKS IN IRELAND IN 1881.

We had all been thinking, talking, and arguing a great deal about Ireland for many months past. Parliament had reassembled some weeks earlier than was usual, on the grounds that immediate and special legislation was imperatively required for the sister island. No sooner did Parliament meet than the Irish members, and the obstruction to ordinary business which they thought well to organize, were the subject of wonderment to sympathetic Englishmen, and of exasperation to the more common type who would criticise and condemn any conduct of the Irish members merely because the actors were Irishmen. London conversation for a fortnight was divided between discussions on the coldness of the weather and the warmth of the debates; and whilst the outer world was frost-bound and snow-covered to an extent almost unprecedented in England, some alleviation for the unusual severity of the winter may have been found in the heat engendered by the exciting and fiery talk, both within and without the House, touching obstruction, coercion, outrages, landlordism, and land-bills. So things went on for some months, the philo-Irish dwelling mainly on the absurd exaggerations generally to be found in the accounts of outrages; on the terrible provocation which had goaded the poor tenants to commit acts of revenge almost justified by the injustice allowed by English-made law, English indifference, and English misgovernment. They reminded us, too, that if such misgovernment was now slowly striving to mend itself it was still only ameliorated so far as and when, by violent and almost lawless agitation, England's attention was forcibly directed to the sores and wounds of the people whose lawgiver and ruler she had ignorantly and presumptuously dared to elect herself. The anti-Irish, on the other hand, could discuss nothing beyond the general unreasonableness of a whole people taking the law into their own hands; of the horror of outrages; of the cruelties practised on defenceless animals; of the power of England, which they were longing to put forth; of her sharp sword, which they would gladly see reddened with the blood of "those Irish," rebels in heart if not actually indeed. As their words touching a people the very elements of whose character they misunderstood and of whose history they were profoundly ignorant increased in violence, they

heightened the excited hatred from which they sprang, until we have listened to talk, concerning those who are somewhat ironically considered as forming part of a *united* kingdom with ourselves, by the side of which the most violent anti-English declamations of a Parnell or an O'Connor, or even the incendiary speeches of O'Donovan Rossa, became the mere commonplaces of justifiable political differences.

Feeling the difficulty of arriving even at an approximation to the truth, not exactly of the two views of the Irish difficulty—for these had their root in the tone of mind and character of those who held them—but of the facts on which, however erroneously, they professed to be based, we decided to combine the holiday which is due to every English man, woman, and child in August with the prospect of acquiring in Ireland itself a little knowledge of what was really going on in Ireland, and for the first time to make a short tour in the island which is comparatively so little visited by English tourists.

Finding ourselves in the west of England, we ventured to risk a twenty hours' crossing from Bristol to Cork—a step we should not recommend any to take who are seriously inconvenienced by the sea, for the Channel is rarely quite smooth and on this occasion was decidedly rough. The steamers, too, on this route, though fine and comfortable boats, cannot compare with the really magnificent mail-packets which ply between Holyhead and Kingstown. All ills, however, have an ending; and, though rather behind time, we steamed safely into Queenstown Harbor on a fine August afternoon.

The first glimpse of Ireland which meets the eye of those who choose the above crossing is typical and characteristic of the country. A magnificent modern cathedral stands out in bold relief on the top of the hill, while below and around it are specimens of the habitations of the poor—habitations the poverty and misery of which, at least in the country districts, are perhaps unequalled in the world. The Irish cabins alone are one ever-present reproach to the alien people whose misrule has allowed its victims to be housed in so wretched a fashion that we may confidently affirm no English gentleman would suffer the like even for his ox or his ass. It is a mark, however, of the religious fervor which has always characterized the Irish race that as the iron grasp of oppression has been relaxed and some measure of prosperity has been developed in the island, the earliest signs in which it has manifested itself have been the erecting of beautiful churches and the founding and endowing of religious houses,

whilst the homes of the poor still remain as squalid as ever. The first-fruits of a returning prosperity have been devoted to God; and we may rest assured that in his good time he will not fail to remember and prosper, even in this world, those whose scanty earnings have not been devoted to easing their own wretched condition until his honor has been secured and his worship inaugurated in a building worthy of him to whom it is dedicated. We must ever bear in mind that the fine modern churches which we see in every Irish town are not the offerings of the few and isolated rich, but are built entirely by means of the pence of the poor.

There is a large emigrant ship at anchor in Queenstown Harbor this afternoon, and as we gaze on its crowded decks, peopled with many who will never again set foot on the well-loved soil of their native land, the cathedral crowning the heights above the port assumes a new and melancholy interest. To how many "exiles of Erin" must not this sacred pile have been the last vision and the last memory carried with them across the Atlantic of their well-loved country! As they steam out to the West it must still keep within view when all else has vanished; and when their misty, dew-wet eyes can no longer descry the green fields of Ireland, clearing away the tears which dim their vision, they may yet behold the consecrated and consecrating figure, the *Maris Stella*, which sheds her gracious benediction from afar, and, remembering and re-echoing the prayer which perhaps an hour ago they prayed beneath her shadow, implore Our Blessed Lady's help and intercession, if for the future life before them, yet still more fervently for that land and for those loved ones the parting from whom is tearing their very heart-strings.

Our steamer does not stop at Queenstown, but quietly makes its way up the magnificent harbor, half sea, half river. The banks are ornamented with numberless villas and country houses, and the beautiful green lawns and woods which surround them combine to make Cork Harbor one of the loveliest in the world. The verdant green is striking even to an English eye fresh from an English pastoral county. The scene is so peaceful that it is with difficulty we can realize that we are really gazing on the disturbed country which has lately roused such furious passions in our fellow-countrymen. It is evident that all the cattle have not perished at the hands of "Captain Moonlight" and his associates, as the excited imaginations of some have fancied; for herds are quietly grazing in the sunlit meadows as peacefully as if houghing and maiming had never

been practised since the first Saxon vanquished the original Celt. When, however, we stop alongside the wharf the steamer is boarded by some officers of an unusual appearance. As no custom duties exist between the two countries, we are rather surprised to see some trunks fixed on and forthwith opened and examined. Our luggage is not touched, owing, no doubt, to the innocent and tourist-like appearance which we present; so, being free to leave the ship at once, we select a powerful-looking and very dark Celt from amongst a crowd of car-drivers who are noisily clamoring for a fare, and, indicating our box, which he quickly shoulders, follow him to his car and for the first time mount the national conveyance.

"Why are they examining the luggage?" we ask as we drive off, already half guessing the answer.

"Arra, but shure these be such busy times they are hunting for firearms," answers Paddy; and we are at once reminded that after all, and in spite of the peaceful aspect of the country, there has been repressive legislation, and that the Arms Act is an existing fact.

After securing a room at the hotel we sally forth to have a look at the town. The streets are wide and the shops are handsome; but Cork, like all the Irish towns we visited, is neither picturesque nor attractive. The ruin of the old has been too complete, leaving neither the moss-covered walls nor the ancient gabled houses which in the majority of European cities contribute so much to the irregular beauty of the streets. From its modern aspect Cork might have been built yesterday. We had heard rumors that an unusual incident, typical of the times, was just now taking place—viz., the unloading by the military and the constabulary of the "boycotted" ship, *The Wave*. We hastened, therefore, to the spot where we were told that this strange mingling of the arts of war and commerce was proceeding, and found that in this instance report was based on substantial fact.

With the original merits of the story we need not trouble our readers. Obstinate self-will and tenacity of legal rights on the one side may been balanced by overstrained sensitiveness and personal hatred on the other. Sufficient to say that the inhabitants of Cork had decided that if the unlucky vessel succeeded in discharging her cargo it should be by means of no help from them, and that no fellow-townsman of theirs should lend a helping hand to assist Mr. Bence Jones out of the difficulty in which he had placed himself. He had, therefore, obtained the assist-

ance of the military and the constabulary; and whilst we watched the unloading all was proceeding as quietly as if it was the natural business of soldiers to unload a cargo of bricks and timber, and of artillery wagons to carry them to their destination.

The ship was anchored close to the headquarters of the constabulary, where a troop of dragoons and a detachment of the Rifle Brigade were mounting guard. The surrounding bridges and wharves were peopled by a quiet but somewhat sullen-looking crowd of men, who watched the proceedings with calm though far from uninterested eyes. They remained quiet, however, only so long as they saw that the soldiers alone were at work. The appearance of a civilian, who was wheeling about a truck apparently in the interest of the enemy, was a signal for the quiet to change itself into angry hisses and groans. On several occasions no sooner did this individual in blue shirt-sleeves appear on the wharf than the cries and derisive shouts were renewed, and, although he was safe whilst at work, surrounded and guarded by the united forces of Great Britain and Ireland, we fear that as soon as this protection is removed he may suffer some rough usage at the hands of those whose feelings he is now outraging; for he is no more nor less than a Cork man who is disobeying the order to have nothing to do with the boycotted ship, and who has thrown in his lot with his townsmen's enemy instead of with his fellow-townsmen. If it was tyranny on the part of these last to object, we fear that it is a tyranny that has been and always will be largely practised where a community is divided into masters and workmen, or a country into the conquered and the conquerors.

Our time being limited, we were unable to devote many days to Cork. There is, however, one excursion which none ought to omit, and that is a drive to the castle and groves of Blarney. The distance from Cork is but a few miles, and a car will convey the traveller thither in an hour. We refrained from the attempt to kiss the Blarney stone, and thus lost our chance of exchanging our Saxon slowness and dulness of speech for the fire and readiness of Celtic eloquence.

In the city itself there are numerous handsome churches and religious houses to be seen; nor must we forget the world-famous butter-market and other evidences of the commercial activity of Cork. Its comparative proximity to America gives this city exceptional advantages in this last direction; indeed we may say specially of Cork that which is more or less true of

all Ireland—that its interests, hopes, and expectations are all fixed in a westerly direction, and that it dreads and hates all that comes to it from the east. Nor can this be wondered at, for all the sorrow, oppression, and injustice under which this poor country has for so many centuries groaned have originated in the east. From the east in the early days of its history came the savage and desolating Dane, and with reckless, ravaging sword destroyed a promising and already far-advanced civilization. When, after a fierce struggle of three hundred years, he was finally repulsed, he was succeeded by the proud and not less cruel Anglo-Norman, who again appears on the scene with the rising sun. And so through the middle ages down to the period of modern history—a history the beginning, middle, and (till our own day) ending of which may be said to be the story of Ireland's oppression, confiscation, massacring, and ruin at the hands of the hated Englishman, who again comes across the Irish Channel, and not across the Atlantic, to work his evil deeds.

All Ireland's foes have come from the east; whilst, in pleasing contrast, from the west have come sympathy and substantial help in time of trouble, and cheap and useful articles of commerce in time of plenty; whilst the poor Irish feel that when driven to the sorest straits by grinding poverty they have but to let their need be known to those who are already in America, and they will be relieved. Again, most Irish believe that, in the vague future Ireland and the United States will in some way clasp hands across the Atlantic even more closely than they do to-day. The millions of Irish in America never forget the land of their fathers, if not of their own birth; whilst the Irish in Ireland feel a sort of melancholy comfort in the thought that, should hard fate drive them to desert their passionately loved country, they will find a welcome and material comfort amongst those who have preceded them to that land of plenty which comes only second to their own country in their affections. We were surprised to find how completely all Irish hopes and interests centre in the New World; and we were told that the intense hatred of England and everything English which animates the native Irish pales before the savage contempt and loathing against the Britisher with which the Irish-American is imbued. The two branches of the Celtic family have strong bonds of sympathy, both in their common love of Ireland and their common hatred of England, the selfish misgovernment of whose rule the first may truly consider as the cause of their misery, and the second hold responsible for their exile.

From Cork we took the regular tourists' road through Bantry to Glengariff, a spot of wild and rare loveliness, where, however, to all but the most callous the enjoyment of the beauties of nature must be sadly marred by the wretched poverty of the inhabitants. No doubt the bare rocks and steep mountain-sides which add so much to the beauty of the scene are largely responsible for the misery of these poor people—for, as we have recently been told by an enthusiastic admirer of the state of agrarian law which, thank God! is now a matter of the past, "Boulders will not grow turnips" (although, by the way, landlords have contrived that they shall yield them handsome incomes)—yet we cannot doubt that under a more equitable land tenure the inhabitants of the wilder parts of Cork and Kerry may yet enjoy, if not actual comfort, yet at least some alleviation from their present state of unexampled wretchedness.

Anxious to see for ourselves the actual habitations (it were mockery to call them houses) of this part of Ireland, which, we had been told by one who had visited well-nigh every corner of the globe, including the wild islands of the Pacific, were unequalled in the whole world for squalor and misery, we spent some days in visiting and talking to the people in the cabins and hamlets around Glengariff. To any who are at all acquainted with the Irish peasant I need not say that we were cordially and kindly welcomed by all whose houses we entered. The courtesy and intelligence of the Irish are only equalled by that of the bright, high-bred Italian peasantry, and both may be said to belong to the aristocracy of nature. We had, however, not been misled as to the condition of these people. If, stepping off the highroad, you follow sometimes a path, sometimes a few stepping-stones across a bog, sometimes a mere track, or no track at all, to the cluster of hovels which constitute an Irish village, your worst expectations will be realized. One such near Glengariff stands a quarter of a mile from the main road to Bantry. Skirting here and there a patch of barley or potatoes, but having to walk carefully to avoid stumbling over the loose stones and hard rocks, amongst which the nimble Kerry cattle somehow contrive to pick up a living, we reached a village which, we had been told, was typical of this district. It consisted of an irregular circle of a dozen or fifteen cabins. A rough and slightly raised foot-path ran round it, and this enabled us to enter the hovels dry-shod; for although it was a fine August afternoon, had it not been for the path this would have been impossible. The open space round which the village was built was evidently the play-

ground and most favored wallowing-pit for the collective pigs of the hamlet, and we were glad to be spared the necessity of even crossing it. The ground was a deep mass of black, filthy mire, and in this dirt the pigs rolled and waded, and, after their unsavory bath, would unchecked enter the open doors of the cabins and again take up their position as honored members of the cotter's family. There were no windows or chimneys to the majority of the cabins, and it is difficult to understand how these poor people can exist in the cold winter weather when it must be necessary to keep the doors shut. To-day they are wide open; yet in spite of this, and of the bright sun shining without, we could hardly see on entering the first cabin we visited, and the smoke from the peat-fire burning on the chimneyless hearth still further darkened the dim little room. We descried, however, a few women, one cooking and two or three more squatted on the earthen floor, and a voice bade us welcome, whilst a hospitable hand contrived to find a rickety stool where no furniture had been visible to our eye, and on which we sat down, not without some misgiving that we should shortly find ourselves resting on a still lower level. As our eyes became accustomed to the half-light we discovered close to our hand a black cow, whilst a second was lying a yard or two off. Close to the fire was a rough pen, from which issued sounds of loud cackling, and which we found to be full of hens, who are said to lay more eggs when thus confined in a warm corner than if at large; whilst several children filled up any space in the hut not yet occupied by their elders or the live stock.

This household may be taken as a fair specimen of the south-west part of Ireland; and a worse-housed, worse-fed, and worse-clothed people it would be impossible to find on the earth. In this case the father of the family farmed a few acres of soil, much of which he had himself rendered capable of producing even the poor crops which he was now engaged in harvesting. For his land and cabin together he paid six pounds a year to a landlord who, although resident, was hardly known, and who seemed neither loved nor respected. At the time we visited Glangariff he was guarded by two policemen; and however disagreeable this may have been to himself, it was a fact which told still more against him than it did against his people. We found, whether in the case of landlord or agent, that those alone considered themselves in danger or took precautions of defence who had by their harshness, if not by their positive injustice, justly earned the hatred of those amongst whom they lived. Far be it from us to

excuse or to palliate the manner in which the injured peasants have occasionally taken the law of vengeance into their own hands and worked a rough-and-ready justice for themselves. Yet we found that the mere fact that a landlord was specially protected was evidence that he was specially and deservedly hated by tenants whose friend and protector he ought to have been. We visited many a kind master, and conversed with charitable and considerate agents, and these we found moving freely about the country, both by day and by night, with no fire-arms concealed in their pockets and with no constabulary watching their coming in and their going out. These, too, had received rents which, if not quite up to the usual mark, were yet as much as those to whom they were paid were convinced that the people could afford, whereas the former class in many cases received nothing. In many parts of Ireland during the last two years the old yet ever-true sentence, "As we sow so shall we reap," has been vividly confirmed and exemplified.

To return, however, to our typical cotter of Glengariff. The six pounds rent he did not pay in actual money, but in labor. He was half tenant-farmer, half farm-laborer. His labor was paid at the rate of tenpence a day without food, or of five shillings a week; it was therefore only after twenty-four weeks'—nearly one-half a year's—work that he was able to devote himself to his own little homestead. Moreover, the landlord was at liberty to call on him for each of his one hundred and forty-four days' work on any day he pleased; and the peasant bitterly complained of his master's choosing all the fine days and leaving him only the wet ones at his own disposal. The tenant's crops rotting in the ground whilst he is harvesting his landlord's unpleasantly reminds us of pre-revolution French days and the *ancien régime* with its *corvées* and similar tyrannies. We did not find that in this instance the rent had been very recently or exorbitantly raised, but certain grazing rights on the hillside had been curtailed. How the poor man and his family managed to exist is wonderful. Even in prosperous years there can never have been food enough grown on the little plot of ground which we saw to keep alive the six or seven people who were supposed to live off it; whilst any failure of the crops or unseasonableness in the weather must have brought them face to face with actual starvation. No doubt here, as in the general run of such cases, body and soul are kept together by the extra helps which most Irish peasants receive. A brother or son is perhaps already in America or in the colonies, and will yearly remit three or four pounds to

those in the old home. Or the father will come over to England for a couple of months' harvesting work, and return with from six to ten pounds in his pocket, which he will husband with almost miserly care. Then Paddy's true friend, the pig, will also come to the rescue; and in some cases the sale of a pig will pay the rent of the cotter, whilst his hens' eggs, sold to an itinerant egg-merchant, are also a source of small gain. Nevertheless, when all profits are told the peasantry along the coasts of Cork, Kerry, and Clare are miserably poor; and though no doubt the security of tenure which the recent Land Act has given to the tenants will induce them to reclaim more land—and in this way their condition may be slowly amended—we yet fear that the inhabitants of that lovely but barren district will never enjoy ease or real comfort. It remains to be seen whether the generation which is growing up and being well educated will be content to continue so hard a struggle for existence as their fathers have had. With knowledge comes power, and with recent legislation a certain amount of independence; and no doubt both these factors will not be without their influence on the future Irish peasantry—a peasantry which even to-day is remarkable for its bright intelligence and clear far-sightedness.

The cabins at Glengariff, although owned by different landlords, are very like one another. The poverty, the want of furniture, and the lack of all sanitary and even decent arrangement were the same in each; and when once the primary and fundamental question of the land is put on a satisfactory footing we trust that it will not be long before the legislature takes steps to ensure the disappearance of habitations which are a disgrace to our civilization. The moral as well as the physical results of living in such abodes make the question of the dwellings of the poor only second in importance to that of the agrarian rights of the poor.

From Glengariff we took the lovely road over the mountains to Kenmare—a road the wild scenery of which is only equalled in Europe by that on the heights of some of the Swiss passes, whilst from the Irish mountains you obtain glimpses of the sea, glistening in the sun far below you, which add a charm that is wanting in the beauties of Switzerland. We stayed a few hours in Kenmare, in order to visit the lady commonly known as "the Nun of Kenmare," to whom we had an introduction. The handsome new church stands close to the convent of the Poor Clares, amongst whom Sister Mary Francis is distinguished not only for her literary labors, but still more honorably for her philanthropic

zeal and for the charity with which she has espoused the cause of the poor and the oppressed Irish. Especially during the famine of two years ago was her energy well directed; for she then by her zealous efforts collected fourteen hundred pounds to feed those who but for her care and forethought must have starved.

From Kenmare the highroad winds over a second pass to Killarney. The scenery, though at first hardly equal to that near Glengariff, is of much the same character; but when once you have reached the summit of the hill a fresh and almost unrivalled panorama opens before you. Amongst wild mountains lie, nestling at their feet, the lovely Lakes of Killarney. With one *coup d'œil* you take in the whole beauty of the Irish lake district. The color of the mountains is rich brown, and the water is a soft blue green; both are mellow, and, though wanting in the brilliancy of tone which would gild such a scene in Italy, the harmony of the whole is perfect; whilst the fine outlines of the mountains add the beauty of form to that of color. This view breaks on you suddenly as you crest the hill, and is a lovely surprise. But though apparently lying close below you, it yet takes two hours to drive to the principal lake, on which is situated the town of Killarney—a drive, however, through such sylvan woods of arbutus, oak and fir trees that you in no way regret its length.

Killarney is no exception, in one respect, to most Irish towns. A grand modern cathedral, designed by the elder Pugin, has been built here, whilst a bishop's palace, a seminary, more than one new convent or school-house, are to be seen resting under the shadow of the huge church. The activity which has been shown of late years both in church and convent building, and equally in all matters connected with education, in Ireland is, as we have already noticed, remarkable. The thirst for knowledge is unquenchable. It may arise partly from a reaction against the penal times, when education was a crime and a price was set on the head of the schoolmaster; or perhaps from the feeling on the part of parents that any day it may be their children's lot to seek their fortune across the Atlantic, and that, in America, without education success is impossible; or it may be caused by the natural delight of a quick-witted people at finding any opening for the development of their intelligence. Whatever may be the reason, the fact remains that, however humble the hamlet, there is always a school, and that in the wildest mountain district the apparent solitude is often disturbed by the familiar small, square, white-washed house which the eye soon gets

accustomed to expect and to recognize as the "National schoolhouse." Although a stranger may suppose the district to be bare and uninhabited, yet from near and from afar a sufficient number of young scholars will always be found to fill the schoolroom. We heard nothing but satisfaction expressed on all sides as to the education given in these schools. It is legally undenominational, but is practically in the hands of the priests, and we may therefore confidently hope that the rising generation of Irish will in no way be inferior in religious zeal and faithfulness to their forefathers.

Space forbids our dwelling on the beautiful excursions to be made from Killarney, and even with most graphic pen scenery which ought to be seen to be enjoyed is with difficulty brought before the reader by mere word-painting. Moreover, it was with the idea of studying the complicated political problem which is now distracting Ireland, more than with a view of enjoying the scenery, that we had planned our trip; so we will not ask our readers to linger either at the Irish lakes, nor at the picturesque bathing village of Kilkee, nor, again, along the wild coast of Clare, where the magnificent rocks of Moher rise six hundred or eight hundred feet straight out of the sea, though all the west of Ireland will well repay any who visit it with the hope of seeing fine scenery.

We will transport our readers, without any lingering on the way, to a wild spot in County Galway where we again saw some aspects of the land question. These, if less painful to the tender-hearted than the cases at Glengariff, were hardly more satisfactory, if we view them as showing the want of any sound or healthy system of land tenure, or in the commercial relation which must be always one element in the connection between landlord and tenant. We were the guests of a landlord who, whilst owning land hardly more fertile than the wilds of Cork, was yet honored, respected, and loved by his tenants. We visited in his company a series of cabins on a bare hillside, the inhabitants of which were but little more prosperous than the peasants of Glengariff, though the habitations themselves were not so disgracefully wretched. Our approach was the signal for all within doors to rush out and see their landlord, who had a kind word for all and who was welcomed with apparently genuine good feeling. At the door of one cabin our host was met by an unfamiliar face, a fine, strong young woman's, who had but recently married one of his tenants. "And what induced a handsome young woman like you to marry a fellow liv-

ing on this wild hill?" he asked. "Sure, then, but it was your honor's character that made me take him," was the prompt answer. "You see," explained our friend, "they look more to their husband's landlord's character than to his own in marrying." And, indeed, in this instance the landlord well deserved his good reputation. Conscious of the people's poverty, he had not enforced the payment of, or even asked for, his rent (which was below Griffiths' valuation), in one case at least, for the last twelve years. He told us he knew they could not pay, and therefore he did not go through the form of endeavoring to get that which was lawfully his own. Surely a system must be faulty which, in the case of a kind-hearted man, deprives him of his income, and which, on the other hand, allows the hard-hearted to hold the very existence of his tenants in his hands. Indeed, in Ireland the accumulated wrongs of ages seem visited on those now living; and the misdeeds of centuries will hardly take less than generations to undo. May the amendment which has at length been set going at any rate be in the right direction!

Although we travelled for six weeks through that part of Ireland which was considered the most disturbed, we may here remark that, beyond the appearance of an unusual number of the constabulary and soldiers, we saw no signs either of outrage or riot. No doubt outrages have been committed, and since we left the country, and the government have changed their tactics both towards the people and their leaders, riots have occurred; but the number and gravity of both we believe to have been grossly exaggerated. Certainly last autumn tourists —ladies included—could wander through the length and breadth of Ireland without running the risk of any danger, or even of any annoyance.

With the present short days we are no doubt brought face to face with an unusual and alarming amount of crime, and, in spite of the suspension of the laws of personal liberty and the suppression of the organization which last year was held responsible for every misdeed, this seems on the increase. No doubt the present is a disheartening state of things for Englishmen to contemplate as the result of a session's work devoted to the pacification of Ireland. But if we consider that, in the eyes of most Irishmen, the first half of the session was devoted to exasperating Ireland, it is less difficult to understand; for we may truly assert that the majority of Irishmen were more enraged by the Coercion Act than they were gratified by the Land Bill.

The subject of the relation between the two countries is a

long one, and far too important to be brought in as a mere finish to the foregoing pages. We ourselves believe that the most stupendous and all but unconquerable difficulties exist as to the finding of any happy *modus vivendi* between these two peoples, differing as they do in race and creed, in disposition and temper, in aims and expectations, and in hopes and fears, and who are yet locally placed in such unfortunate geographical proximity to one another as to explain the fact that the stronger has always willed to hold the weaker in subjection.

Six weeks in Ireland, though a short time, was long enough to impress on us strongly the radical difference between the races. Neither understands the other. The Englishman, conscious of having at length repented of his former sins and being anxious to undo the past, is irritated at finding his best intentions misunderstood and his plans for the prosperity of Ireland frustrated by what he considers the impracticability of the people. He fails to realize that it is not the being *well* governed from London that will content the Irish, but that their happiness as a people requires that such government should cease altogether. Good laws coming from the hand of the hated oppressor are only one degree better than bad ones originating at the same source. Ireland wishes neither for our good-will nor for our ill-will. She wishes that we should simply ignore her and let her work out her own salvation or her own ruin in her own way. Even England's best efforts at good government she mistrusts; and, considering the unfortunate results of some recent well-meant acts of Parliament, this is not surprising. An Englishman, again, feels aggrieved that as fresh and more liberty is given to Ireland by England it is mainly welcome as allowing freer agitation against England. But if we persist in governing a people hating our rule, is it wonderful that they should use against us the weapon of liberty, even if put by ourselves into their hands? All is fair in war, and none can afford to be generous. Liberty and self-government such as are happily enjoyed in England implies a willingness to be governed; but if this element is absent surely self-government is a contradiction in theory and ends in an absurdity in practice. Ireland has the same form of government as England; but seeing that coercive and repressive legislation has been fifty times resorted to during the last eighty years, and that at this moment her most trusted representatives are imprisoned by England, surely it is only the form that is similar; the substance is something very different.

England finds herself in an unpleasant dilemma. The foremost champion of liberty all over the world, yet if she will maintain her authority in Ireland she finds herself driven to hold down by military force a hostile body of her subjects at her very door. This is one result of trying to do the impossible—of trying to govern those who hate and distrust us after the manner which succeeds with those who love and trust us. All right-thinking Englishmen detest the means now taken to hold Ireland; whilst Ireland herself considers that she lies chained and manacled by tyrannical force—a force that changes the very nature of things and calls virtue vice, and patriotism a crime. She longs for and looks for a saviour as no happy people have ever looked and longed. Any who will promise her freedom from the hated power of England is welcomed with fanatical joy, only equalled by the bitter reaction which follows on the failure of each vain and fruitless effort. The intense longing for separation which exists, added to the feeling that a whole people is mourning its captivity, is certain painfully to strike an Englishman fresh from his own happy land of liberty. As in the past we mourned with the Jews in Babylon, with the Greek held in bondage by the Turk, or the Venetian by the Austrian, so would Ireland to-day have us mourn with her. We will conclude this slight sketch of a hasty tour by giving an instance of this longing which met us at the very commencement of our trip. On first entering Queenstown Cathedral we were struck by one tomb around which several persons were praying devoutly. It was that of the late Bishop of Cloyne, and attached to the railing round the monument were the following verses:

"Hibernia has reason to be broken-hearted,
And bitterly grieve for the loss she's sustained,
In his sad demise who this life has departed,
And who her just claims for a long time sustained.

"Death's frozen hand hath that spirit prostrated
Which was always a stranger to falsehood and fear;
Leaving poor Erin, with her prospects frustrated,
To shed to his memory heartrending tears."

These verses may be unnoteworthy as poetry, but we cannot but look on them as a straw indicating from which quarter the wind blows and we may confidently ask, In what European country in the year 1881, if we except Poland, would such words find an echo in the heart of a people?

MOLES AND WARTS IN LITERATURE.

"Quotation mistakes, inadvertency, expedition, and human lapses may make not only moles but warts in learned authors."—Sir Thomas Browne's *Christian Morals*, part ii. sect. ii.

Among the High-Church magnates who exerted a large influence at the period when the Tractarian movement agitated the religious thought of England was the venerable Dr. Martin Joseph Routh, president of Magdalen College. The senior by many years of the men then moulding the opinions of Oxford, his sympathy and approbation were highly esteemed by the younger generation of scholars, who were warmly attached to him. Cardinal Newman, then at the height of his power at the university, dedicated to him those lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church which contain his last effort to define and apply the doctrine of the *via media* of the English Establishment. Living in the dignified retirement which befitted his advanced age, Dr. Routh still maintained an interest in the questions disturbing the tranquillity of Oxford. His opinions were of special value to the scholars of eager intellect passing from the academic halls of their *alma mater* into the wider arena of the world to do battle for Anglican principles. John W. Burgon, a man of brilliant promise, subsequently well known as the author of a *Plain Commentary on the Gospels*, was one of the favorite disciples of this Nestor of the university who connected the elder with the later generations of Oxford life. Before quitting his college young Burgon besought his patriarchal friend to give him from his plenary experience some sentence of wisdom, some golden postulate, which he might carry in his memory as a kind of intellectual talisman. Imagine the surprise of the young Oxonian when the oracle of Magdalen responded to his ardent entreaty: "Always verify quotations"! The late Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, when addressing the theological students of the Union Seminary of New York, endeavored to impress the importance of the same thought on the minds of those for whom his words were intended; and some of the religious journals of the day echoed the sentiment, as though it were a newly-discovered dictum in the mental growth of our times. Its value as a safeguard in the world of English letters has long been known to the scholar trained in habits of Catholic thought, who recognizes in this maxim, perhaps at first

sight so trite, the great underlying principle of common fairness and honesty without which the intellectual life of any age is shorn of its moral power and beauty.

The average scholar, whose literary horizon is bounded by the limits assigned our English speech, is familiar with the great forgeries which occupy a unique place in England's literature—the forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland, of Macpherson and Psalmanazar; but the unfairness and dishonesty interwoven into the very fibre of the language which has been, since the revolt of the sixteenth century, the chief medium of Protestant thought and Protestant utterance may never have dawned upon him, from the fact that no necessity may have arisen compelling him to assume the defensive as regards codes of ideas, modes of expression, and facts of history. Literary controversies *per se* involve in the main no higher questions than those which relate to style, in which are included not merely the form of dress but also the general treatment of the subject-matter. Occasionally some question of fact, the affirmation or negation of which compromises no great ethical principle, the wrong side of which does not expose its advocate to the charge of intentional misrepresentation, may engender rancor among disputants, and their reputation in the republic of letters may awaken an ephemeral interest; but later times view such exhibitions as the badinage of scholars or the dexterous feats of intellectual acrobats. The literary world knows that "wits," as Gay says, "are game-cocks to one another." London society enjoyed the persistency with which Croker and Macaulay belabored each other, and men of letters entered the lists as champions of one or other of these two distinguished antagonists. The bloodless encounter which they waged as to whether such a book as the *Memoirs of Prince Titi*,* attributed to Frederick, Prince of Wales, existed in English, and as to whether the Marquis of Montrose was beheaded or hanged, amused the higher circles of the metropolis, and called forth a fierceness of language from the two leading British reviews quite worthy of the cockpit, whose usages supplied the poet with his remarkable simile.

The Catholic—and we speak of such only as have been educated in the habits of the Catholic thinker—who subordinates every production of the human intellect, however grand or im-

* Mr. Croker possessed a copy of this book containing the book-plate of Lord Shelburne, father of the Marquis of Lansdowne, to whom he sent it with the request that it be restored to the library of Lansdowne House, which Macaulay constantly used. At the time of Croker's death he owned a number of copies of the book.

posing, to the paramount test of truth develops a judicial cast of mind which is destructive to that spirit of literary and historical writing known as sentimentalism. By it we mean the substitution of the emotional, in its largest sense, for definite principle as a guide in thought as in conduct. The judicial trait in literature, more common among Catholics than among Protestants, has been fostered by the hostility of English civilization toward everything savoring of Catholicism. The long and deadly struggle which followed the Protestant revolt organized an apparatus of statecraft in England that did its work effectively, and produced results the like of which are only manifest in periods of great religious revolution. An order of men and a code of ideas became at once both popular and powerful, and every instrumentality was employed to protect and defend the new thought and the new life of the nation. While writers like Milton could "to states and governors of the commonwealth direct their speech" heroically for the *liberty of unlicensed printing*, yet for the Catholic Church and all that bore her semblance the poison of asps was under their lips. Religious hate, at first animating the state, finally usurped the seats of learning and perverted the thought of the two universities of England, whose majestic towers and ancient foundations still attest the loyal faith of their Catholic builders and patrons. The literary spirit engendered in the restlessness of prejudice and passion corrupted the "well of English," till then "undefiled," and successive generations have drunk of the bitter waters. The literature of the language in which a Sir Thomas More thought and wrote perpetuated as an heirloom to our times that systematic antagonism to the church which continues to envenom the insolent assertion and the reckless statement by which her principles are misrepresented and her children maligned.

The origin of this spirit of hostility can be traced to that lawlessness of the human mind whose *raison d'être* is the logical outcome of a religion of negation—we mean the intellectual vanity which the system tends to beget, and which, Wordsworth says,

> "Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
> Is littleness."

A literature moulded by the complex elements of private judgment, by the traditions of the English Establishment, by its controversial energy, and by its historical characteristics developed an insular spirit that pervades it to this day as its chiefest weakness. Wanting that mental ballast which Catholicity supplies,

the literary path is beset with enemies more subtle and more formidable than those of the field. The contest lies within—against pride of intellect, the aberrations of reasoning, the delirium of applause, and the dishonesty of thought and of act to which they allure. "There is no democracy," says Mr. Gladstone, "so levelling as the republic of letters. Liberty and equality here are absolute, though fraternity may be sometimes absent on a holiday."* Because it is so it has its perilous side, and these splendid qualities that men so highly prize for the vast opportunities which they afford have responsibilities equally vast. Unless an ingenuous hatred of falsehood in its tangled and manifold operations be the substratum of the mental as well as the moral character, the intellectual, like the social, world will be infested by a set of clever parvenus who court originality, show, and popularity at the expense of truth.

The complacency with which Hamlet's advice to his mother has been followed by astute charlatans who assume the habitudes of scholarship † is a fact of literary history so phenomenal that one is bewildered by the multitude of examples which suggest themselves. Those who have read Porson's *Letters to Archdeacon Travis*, whom Dr. Parr declared a "superficial and arrogant declaimer," ‡ may recall the peculiar manner in which the great Grecian always refers to St. Gregory Nazianzen. Indulging in an irony which covered his antagonist with confusion, some readers of the *Letters* would imagine that Porson was "*extremely fond*" § of this doctor of the church. This and kindred expressions used by him are misleading, but the explanation is highly amusing. It illustrates the folly of that literary dishonesty of which we have been speaking in a dignitary of the Establishment whom Southey accuses of certain clandestine preferences relating to the Thirty-nine Articles.‖ Dr. Watson, Bishop of Landaff, better known as the author of an *Apology for the Bible*, in a series of letters addressed to Thomas Paine,¶ says of the period when he was regius professor of divinity in the University of Cambridge: "I reduced the study of divinity into as narrow a compass as possible, for I

* "Is the English Church worth preserving?" *Contemporary Review*, July, 1875, p. 214.

† "Assume a virtue, if you have it not" (Act iii. scene iii.)

‡ *Bibliotheca Parriana*, p. 601.

§ *Letters*, p. 223.

‖ Southey said Watson's conversation showed that "the articles of his faith were not all to be found among the Nine-and-thirty, nor all the Nine-and-thirty to be found among his" (*Letters*, by Warter, vol. i. p. 391).

¶ When this work was published George III. remarked: "Apology! I did not know that the Bible needed an apology."

determined to study nothing but my Bible; being much unconcerned about the opinions of councils, fathers, churches, bishops, and other men as little inspired as myself."* In talking with a friend on the subject of one of his proposed Latin lectures the professor was informed that there was a fine passage in St. Gregory Nazianzen which admirably suited the line of thought pursued in his discourse. Dr. Watson replied: "But I have never read a line of him." To which his learned friend responded: "I will send you the volume with the passage marked in it." The promise was kept, and Dr. Watson committed the passage to memory and delivered himself of it, concluding with these words: "*Hæc ex Gregorio illo Nazianzeno, quem semper in deliciis habui.*"† In his pretended partiality for St. Gregory, Porson was levelling the shafts of his satire at Dr. Watson, whom the then master of Peterhouse aptly called the self-taught divine.

In an age like ours, when the appliances for the multiplication of printed matter of all kinds are so vast and so varied that a wilderness of books is almost of annual growth, it does seem passing strange that with the widespread diffusion of knowledge among the masses there should not be a corresponding increase in the power of discernment, and that a sort of inspirational reliance on the veracity of the printed page should still be the weakness of men not otherwise lacking in ordinary mental force. There is a simplicity of character which we all admire, not infrequently combined with a fair degree of intellectual shrewdness, but we cannot comprehend that condition of mind which produces a blind reverence for the authority of books, almost amounting to fetichism, that one encounters under such argumentative conclusions as these: *But this is the derivation or definition of the dictionary, this is a well-attested fact of history, or this is the view of great writers*, such as Macaulay, Froude, Lecky, or some popular author in literature; as though dictionaries were unerring, the so-called facts of history unchallenged, and the presentments of great writers always complete and true. Simplicity of character may be preserved by ignorance of the world, but it leaves us at the mercy of its malice; and ignorance of the intellectual vanity of men may enhance our esteem of authors, but it makes us the victims of their subtle sophistries. Dr. John Ash, who was pastor of a Baptist congregation in Worcestershire, England, was a man of some literary importance in the last century.

* Memoirs of Bishop Watson, prefixed to *Apology*, p. 6.

† "These are the words of Gregory, him of Nazianzen, who has always been my special delight."

He founded a club in London called in his honor the Eumelian, alluding to the epithet which Homer applies to Priam, dexterous in the use of the well-*Ashed* spear:

*Καὶ Πρίαμος καὶ λαὸς ἐυμμελίω Πριάμοιο.**

Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, speaks of Dr. Ash as a "learned and ingenious physician,"† but withal his vanity, like his memory, sometimes played him false. He published a *New and Complete English Dictionary*, in two volumes, in 1775, just twenty years after the first edition of Johnson's. If the reader who has access to it will turn to the word *curmudgeon*, he will discover a feat of etymological skill which is without a parallel in the history of lexicography. For the sake of illustration we transcribe the full text of the passage as it stands in the Dictionary of Dr. Ash:

"CURMUDGEON (sub. from the French *cœur, unknown*, and *mechant, a correspondent*). A miser, a churl, a griper."

How could a learned lexicographer perpetrate a blunder which rivals the absurdities of a Mrs. Partington or the drollery of a Mark Twain? When Dr. Johnson was compiling his Dictionary he exacted tribute from all sources by virtue of his right as autocrat of letters. Known and unknown friends contributed to the stock of his knowledge. The information thus derived from various quarters he turned to use with the skill of a master in word-building, while Dr. Ash, his successor in lexicography, betrayed at every opportunity the blunderings of the journeyman. The former had often sat at a great feast of languages, but the latter had lived just long enough in the alms-basket of words to steal the scraps.‡ Unable to determine the derivation of *curmudgeon*, Dr. Johnson inquired in a London periodical as to the origin of the word. A correspondent suggested that it came from the French *cœur, heart*, and *méchant, bad*. Johnson accepted the derivation as probable, and, without translating the French, engrafted it into his Dictionary, giving credit to an *unknown correspondent*. Hence the pedantry and the theft of Dr. Ash are alike exposed.

Accuracy of thought and accuracy of statement are among the rarest gifts of intellectual culture, and it would be perhaps unreasonable to expect these qualities, in any large degree,

* *Iliad*, vi. 449 and iv. 165.

† Croker's Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. viii., note, p. 393.

‡ "Love's Labor's Lost," act v. scene i.

among writers who follow letters as a profession. The high pressure of modern literary life, its requirements and its emergencies, have come to adjust themselves to the all-important factor of success, which is but another name for wealth, so that the incessant turmoil of money-getting affects all classes of society and all kinds of work. The market-value is the standard that measures the products of the brain and the products of the field. The haste and hurry which pervade every avenue of activity, and assume the intensity of a life-and-death struggle for supremacy over material interests—the masters rather than the servants in our civilization—exempt none from the whirl of the industrial maelstrom in which we are ever revolving. The literary workers, rarely independent of the demands of the bread-winners, make merchandise of their ideas, write in chronic haste, and write for readers moved by the same irresistible spirit which pursues them in their business places and even haunts them in their homes. Neither class has leisure—the one for thoughtful writing, the other for thoughtful reading. Thus has the environment of authorship in our day become too narrow for the full development of any high ideal in literature, and the many-sidedness which is so desirable as an aim is made too often the end of contemporary culture. Of the unorganized mass of literature in every department, only "capital truths," as Sir Thomas Browne quaintly says, "are to be narrowly eyed; collateral lapses and circumstantial deliveries not to be strictly sifted. And if the substantial subject be well forged out, we need not examine the sparks which irregularly fly from it." * One who is familiar with the historical antecedents which have developed the literature of the language knows that the time is at hand when neither the interests of religion nor the interests of culture can longer be subserved by obstinate adherence to the prejudices and the principles bequeathed to us from the revolt of three centuries ago. Literary criticism now admits that fidelity to truth has both its positive and its negative sides, and the recognition of the fact that there are errors of omission and of commission is as absolutely essential in the intellectual as in the moral order of the world. So also the question of degrees enters largely into the present methods of criticism, for literary sins have a venial or a mortal character in their influence on literature in general as well as on authors themselves. If we were to take up all the instructive examples illustrating our remarks we should never come to an end. Passing over the great writers who adorned

* *Christian Morals*, part ii. section ii.

the age of Elizabeth, and made it the most brilliant in the annals of English letters, let us stop for a moment to consider two typical authors of our own day who represent its culture and divide its admiration. Of the higher and greater we speak first. In whatever light we view the pictures of the English humorists of Queen Anne's reign as drawn by the inimitable pen of Thackeray, we cannot fail to remark the incompleteness of the portraiture of Steele, "whose life," as Macaulay says, "was spent in inculcating what was right and in doing what was wrong." * The author himself, as we shall presently see, discovered the defect. Charter-house, as all know, is an old foundation, whose name—Chartreuse—implies its Catholic origin. It was the school of Steele's boyhood, as well as of Thackeray's, and when the latter was reviving the recollections of his early life at Charter-house—the youthful friendships, the Latin verses, and the sound floggings which live in memory when all else has faded—it is strange that he makes no reference to Steele's paper on flogging in *The Tatler*. We are informed that the late Hon. W. B. Reed, of Philadelphia, an intimate of Thackeray's, first drew his attention to it, and that the author of the *Humorists* remarked in his frank way: "Has Steele written on the subject? By Jove! I would have given fifty pounds to have known it sooner." Such candor, so earnest and hearty, in one of the most charming of authors, simply disarms criticism, and we are quite willing to forget that even a great master like Thackeray sometimes nods —"*Bonus dormitat Homerus.*" †

No writer of the century has enjoyed the wide popularity of Charles Dickens, and of none can we affirm a greater revision of judgment in everything that pertains to him as a man and as an author. None doubt that he had genius, but many that he had honor. He painted the wrong which festers in the heart of society, but he was lacking in any lofty ideal of right. He was an actor through life, and used all the methods of the stage. One detects between the lines the art which all his art could not conceal. The personality of Dickens is of a dual character. Stripped of the visor, much is revealed which the few may excuse but none can praise. When placed in juxtaposition his life and his works present the strangest of contradictions—so much greatness and so much littleness. We have neither the space nor the disposition to dwell on facts in his domestic history now known to everybody. In a paper on Mrs. Landor in the London *Athenæum* a writer expresses what we believe will be the ultimate criterion

* *Essays*, "Addison," vol. v. p. 105. † Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 359.

by which Charles Dickens will be judged by posterity: "Notwithstanding all that may be said in laudation of any hero, literary or other, how a man treats women—this is the great, the final test of what a man is."* Miss Harriet Martineau has left some curious revelations about Dickens and the conduct of the magazine, *Household Words*, which he edited in connection with Mr. Wills. In the autumn of 1849, at the request of its proprietors, Miss Martineau wrote a tale for *Household Words*, which Dickens declined to publish on the ground that the hero was a Catholic priest and a good man—an impossible combination in the ethics of the managers of that periodical, who "never would publish anything, fact or fiction, which gave a favorable view of any one under the influence of the Catholic faith."† Miss Martineau continues: "This appeared to me so incredible that Mr. Dickens gave me his 'ground' three times, with all possible distinctness, lest there should be any mistake:—he would print nothing which could possibly dispose any mind whatever in favor of Romanism, even by the example of real good men." It is needless to follow the sequel of this strange story, which exhibits at greater length the intolerance of Dickens, or to quote the remonstrance of Miss Martineau as the antidote; it is the fact recorded by her to which we desire to call attention, but to her honor be it said that she resigned her place as a contributor to *Household Words*.

We are here brought face to face with that virulent and dogged prejudice in literature which so severely tries the patience of the cultivated Catholic, and which is so difficult to deal with, because it has made itself strong by the authority of name and the fascination of genius—an excuse, if not a warrant, for all manner of moral paradoxes and mental aberrations. The indeterminate expressions which clever but shallow writers employ when speaking of Catholicity, and their assumptions of acquaintance with Catholic authors and literature, tend to augment our labors and our responsibilities. The warfare is indeed unending. As long as there is any sophistry to be exposed, any misstatement to be corrected, any error to be destroyed; as long as there is any ignorance to be instructed, any aberration of thought or of conduct to be directed—in fine, as long as the moral and intellectual influences of literature, and science, and philosophy are clouding rather than clarifying questions of truth, will the educated talent of the church, both clerical and lay, be confronted by duties which each must discharge according to the gifts and opportunities that the divine beneficence has granted. The

* May 3, 1879, p. 568.

† *Autobiography*, Am. ed., vol. ii. p. 93.

moral sense of Catholic Christendom was shocked by the gratuitous charge made by the late Canon Kingsley, that "truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy." If he had here stopped short, the indefinite character of the slander might have allowed it to pass unchallenged; but, fortunately for the cause of truth which he belied, he added: "Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be." However much we may dislike the impertinence of Canon Kingsley, we are not disposed, in view of the results, to quarrel with the necessity which broke the silence of Cardinal Newman, because the wanton rashness of the one produced the matchless vindication of the other, and gave to literature the wonderful self-analysis of the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. If the prevailing prejudices concerning the elementary principles of Catholicity are so obstinate and so violent that they betray men to write themselves down as licensed slanderers in the moral sense of Christendom, it ought not to be a matter of surprise that educated Catholics manifest distrust of statements which with others may bear the semblance of candor and truth. There is ample ground for all this lack of confidence on the part of Catholics, who know too well that the whole strength of human prejudices is set in opposition to Catholicity and its defenders. Many years before Canon Kingsley concentrated the venom of inferences, hearsays, and surmises into a direct, specific impeachment of the honesty of Cardinal Newman, a learned divine of the English Establishment pictured him with an exquisite touch of rhetoric as one who "appeared to be gradually losing the faculty of distinguishing between truth and falsehood, and the very belief in the existence of any power for discerning truth—nay, as it seemed at times, in the existence of any positive truth to be discerned." * Like the Australian boomerang, the unwarranted attacks of both Canon Kingsley and Archdeacon Hare recoiled upon themselves, and at the time of Dr. Newman's elevation to the cardinalate the culture of both hemispheres, irrespective of creed, recognized the fact that in him practical judgment and moral dignity and a sacred love of truth are united with the highest intellectual power. Flippant writers like Mr. Justin McCarthy, who sometimes venture beyond their depth, may attempt an analysis of his character and intend no misconstruction of his acts or his words, but when such a writer speaks of a passage, appended as a footnote to an article on "The Life and Writings of St. Paul" in the

* *The Mission of the Comforter, and other Sermons*, with notes, 2d ed. revised, 1850, p. 725.

Dublin Review,* and *distinctly quoted from the late Father Faber*,† as "Newman's touching and noble apostrophe to England's 'Saxon Bible,'" ‡ we cannot be justly censured if we question the sources of his information or the correctness of his opinions. And yet Mr. Justin McCarthy only imitated the example set by an anonymous reviewer § on the other side of the Atlantic and the Rev. Dr. Schaff ‖ on this, both of whom display a kindred inaccuracy of statement when treating of subjects distinctively Catholic.

Another fruitful evil in literature, which has almost worn the patience of the scholar threadbare, springs as a normal and necessary consequence of inveterate prejudice. We mean that absolute indifference to truth whenever falsehood can subserve the interest of a cause or a system. When men cease to value truth for its own sake, and make attachment to party or to creed the standard of veracity, then all earnestness of purpose and of thought has departed, and in its stead arises an indolent acquiescence in mere hearsays and common reports, which Thucydides laments as a fatal characteristic of the early pagan mind.¶ Then, indeed, the so-called Christian veracity and manliness will be little better than Punic faith and honor, and the rationalist will ask, with increased vehemence, if there be any essential difference between morality and the worship of Christ and morality and the worship of Pan.** Let us pause for a moment to consider a few popular errors which have, to borrow an art term, become encaustic in literature as proverbs. There is a certain craft in language which, when skilfully employed, deceives by its plausibility. The adroit remark of Llorente, "*Il ne faut pas calomnier même l'Inquisition*," prepares the way by an assumption of historical fairness which deludes the uncritical mind. To one possessed of insight and experience in human character a single sentence from the lips of a person will sometimes afford a clue to his history and mental habitudes; so also the subtle art which aims to conceal rather than to express will often betray by a hint its occult purpose. If an author of reputation, ignoring the

* For June, 1853, p. 466.

† "The Interest and Characteristics of the Lives of the Saints," prefixed to the *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*, p. 116, vol. xxv. of the Oratory series.

‡ "The Two Newmans," the *Galaxy* for November, 1871, p. 646.

§ *North British Review*, March, 1869, note, p. 63.

‖ *Mercersburg Review*, July, 1857, p. 337.

¶ Οὕτως ἀταλαίπωρος τοῖς πολλοῖς ἡ ζήτησις τῆς ἀληθείας, καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ ἑτοῖμα μᾶλλον τρέπονται.—*Hist. Pelop. War*, i. 20.

** The *Nation*, of New York, February 6, 1873, p. 86.

fact that both Catholic and Protestant writers have exploded the absurd stories about Galileo and his tortures by the Inquisition, continues to repeat the myth which usually follows a dramatic portrayal of his recantation, "*E pur si muove*," we are justified in concluding that such a man of letters is deficient in accurate historical knowledge, which, in part at least, vitiates his claim to literary consideration. Quaint old Bayle says that "it is quite enough to publish anything, however false, against the Jesuits, in order to secure its being believed by the majority," with whom we ought not to class trained intellects capable of weighing the force of evidence and deducing results. If an opponent of the order quotes in apparently good faith the *Monita Secreta Societatis Jesu*, we must either pity his credulity or his ignorance of the science of bibliography. On the other hand, if an antagonist of average ability summarize his objection after the manner of Charlotte Brontë, that Catholics are "always doing evil that good may come, or doing good that evil may come," * it would be sufficient to reply that such a principle of ethics, as far as Catholics are concerned, was evolved from the imagination of a lonely novelist who knew little of the world beyond the sad experiences of her father's parish on the bleak moors of Yorkshire. And what a gloomy picture of rural clerical life in England the story of the unhappy Brontës presents! Life in Haworth parsonage was enough to conjure up any sort of phantoms of the mind, and charity suggests many excuses for the intellectual idiosyncrasies of a gifted but misdirected woman. But the assertion is frequently made that, if all Catholics do not recognize such morality, the Jesuits certainly do, for they have formalized it into a maxim of casuistry, "*The end justifies the means*," for the guidance of the sons of St. Ignatius. Here again it might suffice to deny the fact, and challenge proof from the authentic writings of Jesuit theologians, but for the conviction that an antagonist who indulges in such flippant charges would not accept *ex animo* a denial, for he thinks it a part of the policy of the Jesuits and their defenders to act on the very principle while arguing against it. Any hypothesis which assumes such a shape is beneath the dignity of argument. It simply presents its advocate as a psychical phenomenon interesting to those who investigate the expressions of moral mania. He who entertains such an opinion, in ignorance of the fact that he is giving assent to a traditional falsehood, deserves some consideration, and on that account we remark that the sentiment imputed to a de-

* Harriet Martineau's *Autobiography*, vol. ii. p. 65.

famed religious order was the motto of the first President of the United States.* It is, however, of pagan origin, and centuries before his birth it was appropriated from the poet Ovid as the legend of the family escutcheon of the Washingtons. The words "*Exitus acta probat*" † are those which Phyllis, daughter of Lycurgus, when reproaching Demophoön, the son of Theseus, attributes to the Thracians in their rejection of her as their sovereign because of her having preferred an alien to her own countryman.

The last popular error, in proverbial shape, which we will mention has been noticed by every one who takes any interest in the great question which so long divided political parties anterior to our civil war. Partisan zeal seized the sentence from the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court, that the negro "*had no rights which the white man was bound to respect*," wrenched it from its context, and put it forth as the opinion of the late chief-justice who presided over that august tribunal. However men may differ in their views of that remarkable case, now numbered among the *causes célèbres*, it is manifestly impossible for an enlightened Catholic who knows anything of the character of Judge Taney to believe that he used these words in the naked, unrestricted way which the quotation implies, for they enunciate a principle antagonistic to the spirit and teaching of the Catholic faith. An examination of the decision shows that the late chief-justice was sketching historically "the state of public opinion in relation to that unfortunate race which prevailed in the civilized and enlightened portions of the world at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and when the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted." ‡ In this sense for more than a century before had the negro been regarded by a certain class as an inferior being, possessing no rights which the superior race felt bound to respect. Uncatholic as the sentiment may be, it is the historical fact with which publicists must find fault, and not with the jurist who declared it.

In a literature like ours the seekers after wisdom must narrowly scan the complex influences, some of whose tendencies are to subordinate vital verities to purblind prejudices. It is the spirit which animates all efforts in the domain of knowledge to which we must apply the rigid test of conscience and of truth, for the spirit which dominates a literature works for good or for evil when the authors who created it are forgotten:

* Lossing's *Home of Washington*, p. 30.

† *Heroides*, Ep. ii. 85.

‡ *Howard's Report*, Appleton & Co., 1857, p. 407.

"Sunt qui scire volunt, eo fine tantum ut sciant, et turpis curiositas est.
Et sunt qui scire volunt, ut sciantur ipsi, et turpis vanitas est.
Et sunt item qui scire volunt, ut scientiam vendant, et turpis quæstus est:
Sed sunt quoque qui scire volunt, ut ædificent, et charitas est:
Et item qui scire volunt, ut ædificentur, et prudentia est."*

JOHN FISHER, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

II.

ERASMUS has left on record a description of Dr. Fisher's appearance as he left Westminster Hall upon receiving sentence of death:

"One would think that he was returning from some festive scene. His countenance was radiant with joy; his step was light and steady; his whole manner bespoke an interior gayety of heart. One could see that the holy bishop now felt that his soul was nigh to that harbor of eternal rest after which he had so long yearned."

The few days of life now allotted to Dr. Fisher were chiefly occupied in prayer. Nevertheless he was cheerful and pleasant; he asked the cook for his dinner, and the former replied that he had "prepared none that day, because he had heard it rumored that his lordship's head had been chopped off on yonder hill, and therefore he would not want a dinner." "Well," said the bishop, "my good cook, you see I am still alive, and am very hungry just now. Whatever you hear of me, let me no more lack my dinner, but make it ready, as thou art wont to do, and if thou seest me dead when thou comest, why, then, eat it thyself; but if I am alive I mind, by God's grace, to eat never a bit the less."

"In stature," says Bayley, "Dr. Fisher was tall and comely, exceeding the middle sort of men; for he was to the quantity of six feet in height; and being very slender and lean, was nevertheless upright and well formed, straight-backed, big jaws, and

* St. Bernard, Serm. xxxvi. in Cant.:
"There are those who wish to know, for the sole purpose of knowing, and this is base curiosity.
And there are those who wish to know, that they themselves may be known, which is base vanity.
And there are those likewise who wish to know, that they may sell knowledge, which is base self-seeking:
But there are also those who wish to know, that they may instruct, which is charity:
And those likewise who wish to know, that they may be instructed, which is prudence."

strongly sinewed; his hair by nature black, though in his latter days, through age and imprisonment, turned to white; his eyes large and round, neither full black nor full gray, but of a mixt color between both; his forehead smooth and large; his nose of a good and even proportion; somewhat wide mouth and big-jawed, as one ordained by nature to utter much speech, wherein was, notwithstanding, a certain comeliness; his skin somewhat tawny, mixed with many blue veins; his face, hands, etc., all his body, so bare of flesh as is almost incredible, which came by the great abstinence and penance he used upon himself for many years, even from his youth. In speech he was mild, temperate, and kindly."

Those who approached Dr. Fisher at this juncture were struck with his heroic fortitude, and piety; he expressed something kind and endearing to all, even the executioner. On the morning of his death he asked the lieutenant of the Tower "to indulge him with a sleep of two hours longer," adding: "I have been coughing half the night; I could not sleep; I am very weak; but remember, my weakness does not proceed from fear. Thank God, I have nothing to fear in meeting death." At seven o'clock he arose, and dressed with more than ordinary care. "This is our wedding-day," he observed, "and it behooves us, therefore, to use more cleanliness in preparing for the marriage table." At nine of the clock a procession was formed, headed by the lieutenant of the Tower; the venerable prelate was so weak that he had to be carried in a chair to the place of execution, to which—as the "king's mercy" had changed the brutal sentence at Tyburn to decapitation on Tower Hill—the distance was short. In one hand the bishop held the crucifix, in the other a copy of the New Testament. Having reached the scaffold, he seemed to have received renewed strength. The executioner made his usual address, "begging forgiveness," etc., to which Dr. Fisher replied: "I forgive you very heartily, and I hope you will see me overcome this storm lustily." When his gown and tippet had been removed "he stood in his doublet and hose in the sight of the multitude; and they marvelled to see a long, lean, and slender body, having on it little other substance besides skin and bones, insomuch as most part of the beholders wondered to see a living man so consumed, as he was the image of death itself; and the people thought it mighty cruel for the king to put such a man to death, he being so near his end." *

Notwithstanding the death-like appearance of Dr. Fisher, his

* Bayley's *Life of Bishop Fisher;* State Papers of the reign of Henry VIII.

mind was still vigorous, and he addressed the populace in a clear and audible tone. Coming to the front of the scaffold, he said: "Christian people, I am come hither to die for the faith of Christ's holy Catholic Church, and I thank God hitherto my stomach hath served me very well thereunto, so that yet I have not feared death. Wherefore I desire you all to help and assist me with your prayers, that at the very point and instant of death's stroke I may in that very moment stand steadfast without failing in any one point of the Catholic faith, free from any fear. And I beseech the Almighty God of his infinite goodness and mercy to save the king and this realm, and that it may please him to hold his hand over it and send the king's highness good counsel." And then, opening the New Testament, the bishop's eye rested on these words: "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only True God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. I have glorified thee on the earth, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Upon this Dr. Fisher closed the book, saying: "Here is learning enough for me to my life's end."

Having engaged about ten minutes in prayer, the holy prelate rose from his knees, and, looking towards the east, he said: "The sun shines upon the scene about to be enacted." Then, surveying the vast crowd with compressed lips, he made the sign of the cross with great solemnity and surrendered himself to the executioners; his eyes were bandaged; an awful silence pervaded the vast multitude; he laid his head upon the block; a murmur thrilled amongst the on-lookers, and the throbbings of their hearts became painful; two minutes and ten seconds had passed, a signal was given, and at one blow the executioner severed the head of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, from the body. "The populace," writes a spectator, whose words I modernize, "stood horrified; a hoarse sound of grief and terror arose from the men, followed by the wild shrieks of the women of Rochester—domestics, old retainers, pensioners, and friends. The whole scene was one the like of which England had never seen before." Another writer says: "The people were astonished to see so much blood flowing from so lean a body." Bayley relates that the executioner put the head in a bag, intending to place it on London Bridge that night, as he was commanded to do; but the queen wished particularly to see the head "before it was spiked"; that it was "*carried to her*," *and, looking at it some time, she said: "Is this the head that so often exclaimed against me? I trust it shall never do me more harm.*"

"*The queen,*" *writes Bayley,* "*struck it upon the mouth with the back of her hand, and hurt one of her fingers by a tooth that stuck somewhat more out than the rest did, which finger afterwards grew sore and put her to pain for many days; and when cured the mark of the tooth remained to be seen on the said finger.*" Henry Griffin, of Rochester, who was present at the execution, says that the headsman carried away the head in a "white bag," but makes no allusion to this shocking narrative respecting Anna Boleyn.

Margaret Lee relates "that on the morning of Fisher's execution the queen received Holy Communion (the Lorde's Bodye) and expressed herself *troubled in mind for the bishop.*" If this statement be correct I do not think it possible that there is any foundation for the appalling story respecting the bishop's head. At the time Bayley wrote the Catholic party had an intense feeling of hatred to the memory of Anna Boleyn. The Puritans became her champions, as she was reported to have been "a stanch Protestant"; whilst the Catholics execrated her as a renegade, and, judging of her history from the pages of Sander, Allen, and others, they looked upon her as not only false to Catholicity, but by birth something that was abominable and unnatural.* Lingard observes that "Catholic writers were eager to condemn, and the Protestant historians to immortalize, the memory of Anna Boleyn."† So much for the introduction of party feeling into the pages of what is supposed to be honest historical relations of other days.

In another work I have proved the errors of Sander respecting Anna Boleyn's mother, the stainless Elizabeth Howard. However, Sander's work was not published for some years after his death, so it is possible that the MS. underwent many changes and additions. It may appear strange to the Protestants of the present day, who have faith in Burnett and those writers who have adopted his statements, to learn that Anna Boleyn never abandoned the religion of her fathers. She utterly repudiated and ignored Protestantism. She was, however, thoroughly deceived by prelates like Archbishop Cranmer, who, whilst celebrating Mass daily with the most apparent piety, were at the same moment engaged in a gigantic conspiracy to overthrow the ancient religion of England. It is difficult to elucidate the truth where deception, fraud, and perjury have become interwoven and carried to a conclusion with a blasphemous courage that in-

* I refer the reader to vol. i. p. 92 of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty* for an inquiry into these vile accusations.

† Lingard, vol. v.

vokes the "Holy Trinity and the High Court of Heaven" to attest the truth and equity of its proceedings.

It is true that King Henry himself accused the queen of being the cause of Sir Thomas More's death; and the reader is aware that Wolsey had described her as the "night-crow," who haunted his path and pursued him to the death; yet these are mere allegations, which have never been proved. Neither Protestant nor Catholic seems to have understood the construction of Anna Boleyn's mind; and the problem is certainly not clearly solved even *now*.

Another revolting spectacle was that of the remains of the bishop being flung on a heap of sand by the headsman, and remaining in that condition, guarded by unfeeling halberdmen, until night, when an order came from Lord Crumwell that the body was to be immediately buried. Accordingly "two of the watchers took the corpse upon halberds between them, and so carried it to a neighboring churchyard named Barking, where, on the north side of the cemetery, near the wall, they dug a hole with their halberds, and therein, without any reverence, tumbled the body of the good prelate. No Christian rites were performed. Such was the funeral of the Bishop of Rochester."* No priest, no friend, no relative was present. It is impossible to defend the clergy and bishops from a large amount of censure for their conduct at this period. The prelates were silent; there was no remonstrance, no petition, no supplication on behalf of their martyred brother. It is declared that Dr. Fisher had even to petition Lord Crumwell to grant him the favor of a confessor and a few pious books to read. There is some error in the statement that Dr. Fisher had to "petition for a confessor." At that period there were several priests attached to the Tower chapel, where Mass was daily celebrated. Perhaps Fisher desired the services of some particular confessor from his own diocese of Rochester. In the case of Anna Boleyn, Lord Crumwell sent three priests to her of her own selection; and those clerics remained with her for several days and up to the last scene on the scaffold. But the king had a special hatred against his old preceptor. Surely the bishop and clergy of London could have prevented the outrages heaped on the remains of the dead prelate at Barking. Crumwell was not altogether such a monster but they could prevail upon him to give a suitable, or at least a Christian, burial to the king's venerable preceptor, a Privy Councillor of the realm, a bishop, a peer of Parliament,

* Bayley's *Life of Dr. Fisher.*

and a man without a shadow of reproach during his long life. The conduct of Bonner, Gardyner, and Tunstal in relation to Fisher adds to the general odium attached to the memory of those prelates. Who can defend their conduct? They simply, and no doubt unconsciously, performed the work of the Reformers, and it followed that retributive justice haunted them to the death.

Three days later Dr. Fisher's head was "spiked" on London Bridge beside the heads of the Carthusian fathers who suffered a short time previously in the same cause. Immense crowds of people came daily to look at the bishop's head. Some prayed, and the thoughtless and unreflecting indulged in execrations against the king and Lord Crumwell. The public feeling, however, was one of intense indignation; the king and his council were severely censured; the bridge itself, and every avenue leading to it, was completely blocked up and business almost suspended. After fourteen days Lord Crumwell ordered the head to be thrown into the Thames.

On the Continent the excitement was great. Charles V. sent for the English ambassador, and told him that Bishop Fisher was "such a man for all purposes that the King of England had not the like of him in his realm; neither was he to be matched throughout Christendom." And then, with much feeling, imperial Charles added: "Alas! your royal master hath, in killing that goodly bishop, killed at one blow all the bishops in your England." * Francis I. informed Sir John Wallop, the English ambassador in Paris, that "his royal master must have a very hard heart to put to death his ancient preceptor and so good a bishop." "I should," continued Francis, "feel very proud indeed if such a prelate was a subject of mine." † The execution of Dr. Fisher was the topic of conversation in every city and university in Europe; and there seems to have been but one opinion on the subject—namely, that King Henry "was a monster who dishonored the name of monarch."

I cannot help here remarking upon the system of misrepresentation still carried out in reference to English historical literature. Only a few weeks back (November 3, 1881) one of the best-written and the most influential of the London daily journals wrote as follows: "Henry VIII., *as we now all know, was a much-maligned monarch, who killed his wives with the best intentions in the world.*" With such public instructors in the press, the

* Sir Thomas Eliot's despatches to Lord Crumwell.

† Sir John Wallop's despatches to Lord Crumwell.

English people must remain in ignorance of the history of their country in the bygone. Many years back Patrick Fraser Tytler, an honest Presbyterian Scotchman, wrote these words: "The greatest historical heresy an author can commit is to tell an English reader *the truth.*" If the distinguished Scotch historian here quoted lived nowadays he would substitute "reviewer" for "general reader"; for, unfortunately, the English public are very generally led by newspaper commentary, especially where any question can possibly turn upon the history of the Reformation. It is sad to think so, but it is *true.*

To return to Dr. Fisher's tragic story.

"In all things," writes Bayley, "belonging to the care and charge of a true bishop Dr. Fisher was to all the bishops of England living in his days the very mirror and lantern of light." "He pressed, as it were," says Fuller, "into the other world, and expired in constancy and greatness."

"He was one of the most worthy men of the side he espoused," says Sharon Turner—a marvellous admission from such a quarter. The Rev. J. H. Blunt, another high Anglican authority, observes that "the good bishop's death was worthy of him and of the Master in whose footsteps he was humbly travelling, while he felt for a light whose brightness he did not altogether see on this side of the grave." Mr. Froude defends the deeds of King Henry and his council as essential to the ultimate success of the Reformation. The learned gentleman favors pantomime over the closing scene. "Many a spectacle of sorrow," he writes, "had been witnessed on that tragic spot, but never one more sad than this. Let us close our lips and not speak of it." *

The author of *Two Queens* is more favorable to Dr. Fisher than Mr. Froude:

"A Yorkshire boy, born in the town of Beverly, though he went to Cambridge early, had not lost his northern grit and twang. His tones were rough, his phrases curt. What other men hardly dared to hint Fisher would throw into the simplest words. He called a lie, a lie; a knave, a knave; not caring who might take offence. This roughness of his speech, combined with his repute for piety and learning, took the world by storm. A thorough scholar, armed at every point, he feared no combat, and his nature was unyielding as a rock. But with this love of combat he combined a childlike veneration for the see of Rome.

* The authorities cited throughout this narrative are all, with one exception, distinguished Protestant writers. Bayley, the quaint biographer of Dr. Fisher, was a Catholic clergyman. His real name was Richard Hall, of Cambridge. He died a canon of St. Ouen's in 1604.

. . . Margaret, Countess of Richmond, had named him first of her professors. Henry, her son, had made him Bishop of Rochester. After Henry's death the aged countess had placed him near her grandson by appointing him one of her executors. His rough-and-ready talk amused the king. His High-Church views delighted Queen Katharine. He enjoyed such large favor at the court that, had he been more worldly and aspiring, he might well have thought the primacy within his reach. But John Fisher was a priest, and nothing could induce him to become a Privy Councillor or Secretary of State." * "He was," continues Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "the Cloth of his profession."

Dr. Fisher's warm sympathy for the poor and unfortunate was the most remarkable feature in his character. He had fixed days for visiting the hospitals and prisons of his diocese; and on such occasions he distributed alms in proportion to the necessities of the poor. He had always some kind words for prisoners or outcasts, and by his sermons to them "turned many wicked people from the error of their ways." He visited the humblest cottage and gave spiritual comfort to the sick and the dying. In his palace he dispensed a liberal hospitality. Men of learning from all nations were at times his guests. No sectarian feeling was exercised against the learned Jew, or Mohammedan, or any other Eastern thinker. Poor students were welcome to his board. The Irish monks were his special favorites. "They are in earnest in their Christian feeling," was his remark to the learned John Leland. French and Spanish friars of learning were also among his guests. Three hundred people were fed daily at his different houses. He loved the people of Rochester, amongst whom he had lived for nearly forty years. He seldom went to court, which annoyed the king. Erasmus has drawn a genial picture of his fine social qualities, and the fashion in which Christmas was held in Rochester during the many years he ruled in that diocese.

In the early part of Henry's reign he looked up to Dr. Fisher as a father. He once told the French ambassador that he felt assured that no monarch in Christendom could boast of having in his dominions a prelate so wise and so holy as the Bishop of Rochester. The great dignitaries of the Catholic Church throughout Europe held Dr. Fisher in the highest esteem. The Council of Lateran having been convoked, Dr. Fisher was chosen to be the representative of the University of Cambridge; but just as he was about to depart on his honored mission the

* Hepworth Dixon's *History of Two Queens*, vol. iii. p. 12.

king commanded him to remain in his diocese. The bishop obeyed the summons of his former pupil, and remained with the people whom he regarded with a father's love.

If Queen Katharine was not defended in the divorce case by the most able and energetic theologians, she had certainly retained the most honest and disinterested man to be found in the upper ranks of the clerical body. His speech was a masterpiece, and was listened to for six hours on one day with breathless attention, when his broad Yorkshire accent rang through the Justice Hall. Thorndale says that the king paid marked attention to Fisher's appeal, especially where he described "those happy days when a certain young king and his lovely Spanish bride went 'a-Maying' like other young folks in the woods and on the sparkling waters, to the delight of the people, who thought that no other country was blessed with such a king and such a queen, both in the hopeful spring of life."

Dr. Fisher concluded his powerful appeal to the Legatine Court, on behalf of Katharine of Arragon, in these words: "My lords, I contend that the marriage of our Sovereign Lord the King and the Princess Catalina [Katharine] cannot be dissolved by any power, *human or divine.* Nothing but death can dissolve an honest and lawful marriage. To this opinion I adhere in the face of every danger that may arise; and I am *ready to lay down my life in its maintenance.* As St. John the Baptist, that Mirror of Purity, in the far-off days of the world, regarded it as impossible to die more gloriously than in the cause of defending the honor of the marriage state, upon the very existence of which society hangs, I cannot act with greater confidence, and regardless of all worldly consequences, than by taking the holy Baptist as my example. Then, in the name of Justice, I demand judgment in favor of my client, the lawful queen of this realm."

This speech decided the fate of Fisher. The king poured out the vials of his wrath upon the courageous prelate. His denunciation of him was terrible. He assails the character and conduct of Fisher with unsparing violence and acrimony. Still, with that cold-blooded calculation which characterized the tyrant king, he reserved the period for his immolation.*

For many years Dr. Fisher corresponded with, and frequently visited, the Carthusian fathers. This was another of the "trea-

* A copy of King Henry's reply to Bishop Fisher has been preserved in the Record Office. It is supposed that a portion of it was written by Sir Thomas Audley, and the entire of it somewhat "amended" by Archbishop Cranmer, for whom Fisher entertained the most supreme scorn.

sonable practices" attributed to the good bishop by the king's council, who detested the Carthusian community. Many Protestant writers of recent times have done justice to the memory of the pure and spotless brotherhood of the Charter-house. Mr. Green, for instance, describes the Carthusian fathers as "the *holiest and the most renowned of English churchmen.*" *

Dr. Fisher was not what the world might call a "great personage," but he was that which no sectarian prejudice, no sentiment that acknowledges virtue can deny—a good and holy Christian and a just man. He had very few equals on the long roll of English prelates; he used no weapons to enforce his convictions but those supplied from the armory of prayer and kindly counsel. His execution was the first deadly sin in the terrible calendar of judicial murders in England; and although the Carthusians had been favored with the semblance of a trial, Bishop Fisher's case was the first which proved that the highest offices and attributes of the law were merely the preliminary instruments of legal assassination.

In concluding this inadequate notice of the martyred Fisher I cannot omit the following important attestation given by an eminent Protestant divine, Professor Brewer, as to the position and influence of the Papacy, and Henry VIII.'s relation thereto. Such a testimony is well worthy the attention not only of the student of history, but of every honest lover of truth:

"The Papacy was not only the highest but it was the oldest monarchy of Europe. Compared with it all other royal and imperial offices of power and majesty were of a recent development—no small consideration at a time when aristocracy and long descent were so highly valued. . . . It was fenced round with traditions mounting up to heaven. It had been the great and chosen instrument of God for propagating and preserving the law, the faith, and the love of Christ among ignorant and unsophisticated nations—a prophet among babes, an apostle among barbarians. It had been the chief, at one time the sole, depository of wisdom, art, law, literature, and science to uninstructed and admiring men. . . . Circumstances quite independent of St. Peter's residence at Rome; deeds which the middle ages could understand; services of the highest nature rendered to mankind; the silent and even the obtrusive attestation of spiritual truths, of spiritual order and authority, rising above the confusion and the janglings of this world—these and similar influences were the true causes of the Primacy of St. Peter. For these warlike kings, emperors, and diplomatists felt themselves constrained to bow down before the *representative of a heavenly authority*, seeking reconciliation and forgiveness at the papal footstool.

"To be at amity with the Roman Pontiff, to be dignified with some dis-

* Green's *History of the English People*, vol. ii. p. 116.

tinction as his champion in the Faith, was an honor heartily desired by great men, especially intellectual men. It was the more highly esteemed because it was extended to a very few. To be one of so select a circle was to hold a higher rank in the comity of nations. To stand aloof, to be excluded, was to forfeit a distinction which ambitious monarchs and their more intelligent subjects appreciated and desired.

"Now, looking at the whole career of Henry Tudor, considering his education, the potency of long custom, his own character, his subtle influence pervading the very atmosphere of the time, it would be unnatural to suppose that he now intended to break entirely with Rome and stand alone in his defiance of the papal authority.* It is unlikely that he would have braved the good opinion of Christendom had he not been betrayed into a position from which escape was impossible."

The Rev. Mr. Brewer abstains from stating by whom the king had been "betrayed." A close perusal of the State Papers and records of the period at once impeaches Thomas Cranmer.

A few words as to Archbishop Cranmer's mode of action in his final preparation of the judgment of divorce against Queen Katharine. This affair has not been hitherto noticed with that critical nicety which the dark intrigues of the chief actor require. There is a paper preserved amongst the Cotton MSS. in the Record Office in London, which has been strangely passed over by historians. The paper in question is the most damaging evidence ever produced against Cranmer in relation to the divorce of Queen Katharine.

In a moment of exultation King Henry assured Sir Anthony Brown "that with Thomas Cranmer at his shoulder he could carry out any changes in the religion of the realm." The king proved to be an excellent judge of character when he selected Archbishop Cranmer to become his tool.

* See vol. ii. pp. 256–7 of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty* for the "last will and testament" of Henry VIII., and the mode of executing the same by Cranmer and Somerset, which presents an astounding amount of perjury, fraud, and villany. The majority of English historians are silent on this important matter, so deeply connected with the "rise and progress" of the Reformation in England.

A PRAYER OF DOUBT.

THE mystery of life, O Lord! do thou disclose:
Why riches, honor, happiness to those
Who love thee not are given without stint,
While they who pray for only faith remain like flint:
Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.

Some feet are consecrate, O Lord! from birth to thee;
Mine have wandered reckless and uncertainly:
Show me the path—how sharp its thorny wall—
Oh! take my hand or I shall faint and fall:
Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.

The souls that love thee, Lord, thy sweetness know:
My soul is cold as mountain capped with snow:
Touch thou its crest with ray of warmth divine:
Lo! with thy glory doth the mountain shine.
Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.

Some hearts thou fillest, Lord, with radiant hope:
My eastern windows rarely, dimly ope:
Glance thou this way: the curtains are withdrawn—
My house is burnished with thine eyelids' dawn!
Lord, I believe: help thou my unbelief.

A POPE OF THE FIRST CENTURY.

CLEMENT THE FIRST.

THE modern way of evading the evidence from Scripture and antiquity for those Catholic doctrines which Protestants reject is by taking exception to it as not clear and abundant enough to make these doctrines certain. It is pretended that divine revelation ought to be so clear, explicit, and definite that no reader of Scripture having common sense and common honesty could possibly mistake its sense. In the instance of the doctrine of the primacy of St. Peter and his successors, the proof from Scripture is set aside as insufficient because it is not explicitly stated that St. Peter gave commandments to the other apostles, exercised immediate and supreme jurisdiction in every part of the church, established his see in Rome, and bequeathed his supremacy to his successors in that see. In respect to the evidence of the same doctrine from the testimony of antiquity, this is in like manner set aside because it falls short of the demand made by its opponents for sufficient proof to satisfy their exactions, in the first, second, third, and fourth centuries, and down to the time of Leo the Great in the middle of the fifth, or later still.

Those Protestants who wish to hold fast by any kind of historical Christianity which is conformed to the ancient creeds, and especially those who maintain episcopacy and wish to identify themselves with the Catholic Church of the first five centuries, are undermining all their own foundations by such kind of reasoning. It is true that this is only an argument *ad hominem*. We cannot, however, at present undertake to refute it in principle. All we can do, before proceeding to our particular topic, which is one of the earliest historical proofs of the Roman primacy—viz., that which is given by the action and writings of St. Clement—is to make one general remark. The true Catholic theory of the primacy of St. Peter and his successors in the Roman See requires no more, and the organization of the episcopal hierarchy under this primacy, considering the conditions of the early church, could not have admitted any more, of actual, immediate exercise of supreme power, than that which all the

evidence furnished by Scripture and ancient authors shows was exercised by St. Peter and his successors from Clement to Leo. The New Testament shows on the face of it St. Peter as the first among the apostles, and early history shows the Bishop of Rome as his successor and first among bishops. The other apostles shared with St. Peter in the apostolate, and their power sufficed for the ends which required the exercise of apostolic authority. There was no need for that continual and marked intervention of St. Peter which would leave a distinct trace in the Acts and Epistles of the apostles. The bishops share in the episcopate which the pope possesses in plenitude. Moreover, metropolitans and patriarchs received by apostolic institution a delegation of a large part of the jurisdiction which the pope possesses, *jure divino*, over bishops. In the beginning episcopal authority, for the most part, sufficed for ordinary exigencies. Besides, during the period which elapsed between the beginning of the persecution of the bloody Nero and the end of that of the bloodier Diocletian, from A.D. 67 to A.D. 313, there were almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of a free and open exercise of their supremacy by the popes. The history of the first century after the martyrdom of St. Peter has almost entirely perished. That of the next two is scanty. What is left of the record of this early period accords perfectly with that loud and distinct claim of supremacy which the successors of Peter asserted and the universal church admitted as soon as the occasion arose. We do not rest this claim on these early historical evidences. It rests on the authority of the Catholic Church, who proves herself by her four manifest marks, and points to the record which she presents in the Gospels, and to the Apostolic Tradition which lives in her constitution and her universal consciousness, as the authentic documents of her divine charter. The scanty early records of history serve mainly to confirm the distinct and loud testimony which the church gives to her own origin and nature at a later epoch, and to refute that negative and cavilling criticism which labors to destroy the authority of this testimony.

The first among the early historical proofs of the actual exercise of the power of St. Peter's primacy by his successors is found in the action of St. Clement in the instance of the serious dissension in the Church of Corinth between a party of the laity and certain presbyters. The Letter which Clement wrote to this factious party has made his name famous in all ages. During the earlier ages he held the highest place among all the com-

panions and immediate successors of the apostles, in the general estimation of Christians, for many reasons, whose validity we are enabled to appreciate by the qualities which he discloses in his celebrated Epistle to the Corinthians, which is as clearly marked by his individual character as any Epistle of St. Paul.

In his youth Clement was a companion and friend of the apostles Peter and Paul. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Philippians (iv. 3), says to some eminent person, apparently the bishop (*i.e.*, probably Epaphroditus; *vid.* v. 18): "I entreat thee, my sincere companion, help those women who have labored with me in the Gospel with CLEMENT, and the rest of my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the book of life." The Emperor Domitian had a cousin named Flavius Clemens, whose wife, Flavia Domitilla, was his niece, and whose sons he designated as his successors. These all became Christians, and when the emperor discovered this fact he put to death his cousin, took the children away from their mother, and banished his niece to an island. The similarity of name denotes some kind of family connection between the Roman bishop and the Roman senator. Clement of Alexandria also bore the same name, Titus Flavius Clemens. This does not prove, however, necessarily anything more in either case than descent from some favored freedman of the noble house, or some special patronage of one of its members on account of which his name was taken, as the name of Sergius Paulus was assumed by St. Paul. It is not certain, moreover, whether St. Clement was a Roman or a Jew by origin, since there are no external data which determine the point, and the internal evidence of his Epistle bespeaks an equal familiarity with Jewish and Roman affairs.

There was an early legendary history of St. Clement more romantic than credible. A number of writings were also ascribed to him—viz., a Second Epistle, a Liturgy contained in the compilation called *Apostolical Constitutions*, and the *Clementine Recognitions and Homilies*, none of which are genuine, some being even heretical in character and origin. These things show how eminent was the position which St. Clement occupied in the view of the Christians of that early period, as well from his personal character as from his office.

Some non-Catholic critics have conjectured that St. Clement was the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Catholic scholars do not acknowledge any validity in the reasons alleged against St. Paul's authorship. Yet there are some who think it probable on very good grounds, that Clement had a considerable

share, under St. Paul's direction, in the composition of the Epistle, at least in its translation into Greek.

Tertullian distinctly affirms that Clement was ordained bishop of the Romans by Peter. It is quite certain, nevertheless, that Linus succeeded St. Peter, Cletus Linus, and Clement Cletus, who is most probably the same person who is sometimes called Anacletus. This is the order in which these three bishops are commemorated in the Canon of the Mass, which is undoubtedly conformed to the original diptychs of the Roman Liturgy. Tertullian's testimony must therefore be explained, in harmony with that of Irenæus and Eusebius, in this sense: that St. Peter consecrated St. Clement bishop, and designated him, with his two predecessors, as a suitable candidate for canonical election to the Roman episcopate.

Clement sat in the chair of Peter from A.D. 92 to A.D. 101. His life was ended, it is commonly supposed, by martyrdom, and his office in the Roman Breviary, which gives an account of his exile and death, is one of the most singular and poetical of all the offices which have been retained in common use, though not one of the most ancient.

We come now to the examination of the one writing of St. Clement whose authenticity is certain—the Epistle to the Corinthians. The date assigned to this letter by most recent critics is A.D. 96. Until lately it has been known only in one Greek MS. at the end of the famous Alexandrian Codex A, supposed to have been written about A.D. 350, which belongs to the University of Oxford. In 1875 the Greek Archbishop Bryennios published a new edition of this Epistle, together with the Second Epistle, which is of very doubtful authenticity, from a MS. discovered in a library at Constantinople. This MS. supplies one leaf lost from the Alexandrian MS., and some few gaps occurring here and there in the text. We possess, therefore, now a more complete text than that which is found in the editions of the apostolic Fathers which are in common use. The fact that this Epistle was appended to a codex of the Holy Scriptures, and the testimony that Eusebius gives to the custom prevailing from early times of reading it in many churches, bear witness to the high estimation in which it was held. Eusebius calls it "great and wonderful," and St. Irenæus "a most powerful letter."

Strangely enough, this Letter is appealed to by those who deny the apostolic institution not only of the primacy but even of episcopal regimen in the church, and its universal existence

at the dawning of that second century in which they are fond of imagining that the great change took place, in the dark, which gave the church the form and aspect which she presents to our view when fully emerged into the light of the age of Constantine.

That Clement was Bishop of Rome, and most probably the third in succession from St. Peter, is such a manifest historical fact that we do not think it worth while to say a word about it. The only point deserving attention is the constitution of the Corinthian Church at this particular epoch. The whole dispute was between laymen and presbyters. St. Clement says nothing of a Bishop of Corinth—the very person to whom his messengers would have been accredited if there had been a bishop at the head of that great church, and through whom Clement would have exercised his office of pacification between the clergy and the factious party among the laity. To infer from this non-appearance of a Bishop of Corinth in this particular imbroglio that this church was purely presbyterian in its regular order of government, is to draw a conclusion from very slender premises. There is abundant proof that the apostles established everywhere episcopal organization. The earliest historical information extant concerning the Church of Corinth shows that it was not only an episcopal but a metropolitan see, having all the bishops of Greece Proper as suffragans, and itself subject to the see of Thessalonica. That the Church of Corinth did not form an exception to the general order of episcopal regimen we hope to show presently from the language of St. Clement himself. The only probable conclusion we can make about the reason why no bishop appears on the scene of the disturbance of the year 96 is that the see was vacant; very likely, also, this vacancy made it easier for the laity to rebel against the presbyters, and the dissension was an obstacle to the election of a new bishop.

The cause of the direct intervention of Clement in this dispute is nowhere distinctly stated. It is shown to have been occasioned by an appeal from Corinth, by the very words of St. Clement, who in the beginning of his Epistle explains the reason why he had not sooner interfered to settle their disputes, saying: "We feel that we have been somewhat tardy in turning our attention to the points respecting which you consulted us." But why did the Corinthians appeal to Rome, and whence came the right and power to adjudicate and determine this case—a right of which Clement and his clergy had no doubt, and which was unhesitatingly recognized everywhere and by all concerned, both then and afterwards, as legitimate? It cannot be said that the

case was one absolutely requiring the judgment and decision of a supreme tribunal and court of final appeal, yet no good and legitimate ground of the actual appeal to Rome, and no sufficient justification of Clement's language and action, can be found, except the supremacy of the Roman Church and the universal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff over all ecclesiastical provinces. There was no metropolitan to appeal to, Corinth being itself the metropolis, and a provincial council without an archbishop at its head would not probably have weight enough with the proud and turbulent Corinthians to bring them to submission. An appeal might have been made to Thessalonica. St. Paul writes to this church: "You were made a pattern to all that believe in Macedonia and in Achaia. For from you was spread abroad the word of the Lord, not only in Macedonia and Achaia; but also, in every place, your faith which is towards God is gone forth" (1 Thess. i. 7). This great city was the seat of a Roman prætorian prefect, who governed two civil dioceses embracing eleven provinces. At the Council of Nice Alexander of Thessalonica had his seat among the great prelates, and was accompanied by two archbishops and more than five other bishops subject to his jurisdiction. He was an exarch, subject to no patriarchal jurisdiction, his exarchate being co-terminous with the civil prefecture. It is well known that the Council of Nice ascribed the origin of the privileges of the greater sees to the very beginnings of the church, that the other Eastern councils upheld the same principle, and the popes sustained it more consistently and perseveringly than the councils. It was a part of fixed ecclesiastical right and law that patriarchs and exarchs could not interfere with provinces not subject to them, and that precedence of honor among them carried with it no authority. It seems to us reasonable to suppose that even in the year 96 Corinth was subject to Thessalonica, and might properly have appealed there instead of going to Rome. The Apostle St. John was still living, and, although St. Jerome says that he exercised his extraordinary authority in the Asian diocese only, he could exercise the same elsewhere on occasion. Clement of Rome certainly could not, by virtue of any canonical rights vesting in the greater archbishops, exercise authority in the Corinthian province. Only his primacy could make his exercise of jurisdiction at Corinth legal and justifiable. Whether any previous appeal had been made or not, it was lawful to invoke his supreme authority, and within his competence to exercise it. The urgency and difficulty of the case probably prompted this

appeal to the highest tribunal. Moreover, as St. Paul had been the great apostle of all those regions, and St. Paul was closely connected with St. Peter in founding the Roman Church, his memory doubtless drew them there with a powerful attraction. The learned Dr. Ambrose Manahan remarks: "All the churches founded by St. Paul were devotedly attached to Rome in the early ages."*

That St. Clement was conscious of possessing a supreme authority which was recognized and obeyed by all who were not contumacious rebels is apparent by the closing sentences of his Letter:

"If any disobey the words spoken by God through us, let them know that they will entangle themselves in transgression and no small danger, but we shall be clear from this sin. . . . . You will cause us joy and exultation if, obeying the things written by us through the Holy Spirit, you cut out the lawless passion of your jealousy."†

These sentences belong to the newly-discovered part of the Letter, found and made known by Greek schismatics. Dr. Salmon, Regius Professor of Divinity in Trinity College, Dublin, whose translation Mr. Allnatt has adopted, remarks: "Very noticeable is the tone of authority used by the Roman Church in making an unsolicited interference with the affairs of another church."‡

It would seem that the Epistle of Pope Clement, together with the personal efforts of his legates who conveyed it to Corinth, successfully allayed the disturbance. Though not intended as an encyclical, the nature of its contents gave it actually all the force and importance of one. Besides this highly authoritative character, it has the dignity of a work by one of the Fathers of the church, and the value of an extremely ancient historical document. Its contents are, indeed, in several respects, of great importance and interest, more so than appears at first sight on a cursory perusal.

Its similarity to the Epistle to the Hebrews, from which it quotes one passage and several texts of the Old Testament cited in that Epistle, is remarkable. There are also citations, allusions, or similar passages, noted by the careful editors of the *Ante-Nicene Library*, to several proto-canonical books of the Old Testament and to the deutero-canonical books of Wisdom and Judith, as also to the first three Gospels, the Acts, the two

* *Triumph of the Catholic Church*, p. 247.
† Allnatt's *Cathedra Petri*, p. 83.
‡ *Dict.*, i. 558.

Epistles to the Corinthians, the Epistles to the Ephesians, Colossians, Romans, Titus, first to the Thessalonians, first and second of Peter, and the Epistle of James.

Of SS. Peter and Paul Clement says:

"But, not to dwell upon ancient examples, let us come to the most recent spiritual heroes. Let us take the noble examples furnished in our own generation. Through envy and jealousy the greatest and most righteous pillars have been persecuted and put to death. Let us set before our eyes the illustrious apostles. Peter, through unrighteous envy, endured not one or two but numerous labors; and, when he had at length suffered martyrdom, departed to the place of glory due to him. Owing to envy, Paul also obtained the reward of patient endurance, after being seven times thrown into captivity, compelled to flee, and stoned. After preaching both in the East and West he gained the illustrious reputation due to his faith, having taught righteousness to the whole world, and come to the extreme limit of the West, and suffered martyrdom under the prefects. Thus was he removed from the world, and went into the holy place, having proved himself a striking example of patience."

Toward the close of the Letter there is a prayer evidently taken from the Liturgy and resembling a prayer in that composition of a later age which received the name of the Liturgy of St. Clement.

The main argument of the Epistle is an upholding of the principle of hierarchical order in the church, for the purpose of convincing the factious party which had rebelled against the presbyters that their action was illegal and unjustifiable, and persuading them to submit and become reconciled to their priests, under penalty of being cast out from the communion of the church. Such is the mild but clear and decisive sentence which he pronounces at the close of his long instruction:

"Ye, therefore, who laid the foundation of this sedition, submit yourselves to the presbyters, and receive correction so as to repent, bending the knees of your hearts. Learn to be subject, laying aside the proud and arrogant self-confidence of your tongue. For it is better for you that ye should occupy a humble and honorable place in the flock of Christ than that, being highly exalted, ye should be cast out from the hope of his people."

We look with interest into the mode and reasoning of the argument which precedes this sentence, in order to discover whatever testimony they afford respecting the ancient and apostolic polity of the church, the nature and office of the priesthood, and similar matters relating to that external order of religion which Clement expressly intended to uphold and explain.

As was natural and proper, Clement addresses himself to the precise point at issue, which was the obedience and subordination due on the part of the laity toward the clergy who were immediately over them. There was no question raised, so far as appears, respecting doctrine, but only one of practical discipline, and that in respect to some definite issue unknown to us, such as occurs now occasionally in Catholic congregations when laymen undertake to oppose and resist their parish-priest. It had nothing to do with the primacy of Clement, whose authority was invoked and submitted to without hesitation. There was no question about the respective rights of different orders in the clergy, or specific rules of ecclesiastical polity. Clement had no occasion, therefore, to speak directly about these things, or explicitly to state and define particular points of Catholic doctrine and order. The rebellion was against presbyters, and the rebels were laymen. The sin and disorder of rebellion against ecclesiastical authority in general was, therefore, the only topic germane to the occasion. And, as a matter of course, Clement makes an exposition of general principles universally known and admitted, especially intended to emphasize the lawful authority of that order of the clergy against which the rebels were contending, and to show to them the inconsistency of their conduct with these general and admitted principles. On the one hand, therefore, we look in vain for those formal and explicit statements concerning the hierarchical order which we might be glad to find. But, on the other, all that comes out or is latent, without express intent of teaching, has a special value and interest from the fact that, being taken for granted and alluded to in so informal a way, it appears most manifestly as having an original and undisputed possession which excludes all possibility of any effort to make innovation on apostolic doctrine and orders.

St. Clement, in his splendid exposition of the fundamental principle that order is God's first law, goes back to the universal laws by which all nature is governed. He shows that the same principle of order regulates God's plan of redemption and salvation which culminates in the resurrection of the just to glory. He derives further illustration from the Roman commonwealth, from the organization of armies, and from the constitution of the human body. He refers also to the political and ecclesiastical constitution of the people of God, the holy nation of Israel. Proceeding to the Christian Church, he declares that this also has been organized and placed under fixed laws, which the authors of sedition in Corinth had flagrantly violated. He does

not descend to particulars concerning the organization and laws of the church, these being supposed to be known, but confines himself to the one practical issue—namely, that the priesthood had been established by the apostles to fulfil certain sacred offices and to govern the faithful in spiritual things. He refers to the Jewish priesthood, ceremonial, and sacrifices, as being types of corresponding institutions in the Christian Church, which are more excellent and holy:

"These things, therefore, being manifest to us, and since we look into the depths of the divine knowledge, it behooves us to do all things in order *which the Lord has commanded us to perform at stated times.* He has enjoined offerings and service (liturgy) to be performed, and that not thoughtlessly and irregularly, but at the appointed times and hours. Where and by whom he desires these things to be done he himself has fixed by his own supreme will." "Christ, therefore, was sent forth by God, and the apostles by Christ. . . . Preaching through countries and cities, they appointed the first-fruits, having first proved them by the Spirit, to be bishops and deacons of those who should afterwards believe."

Then, after speaking of the consecration of Aaron and his sons to the priesthood, he continues:

"Our apostles also knew, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that there would be strife on account of the title of the episcopate. For this reason, therefore, inasmuch as they had obtained a perfect foreknowledge of this, they appointed those already mentioned, and afterwards gave instructions that after these had fallen asleep other approved men should succeed them in their ministry."

The opponents of Catholic doctrine draw an argument from the fact that the names of bishop and presbyter are, in the usage of St. Clement, partly convertible terms, and that the distinction between the two orders or grades in the priesthood is not explicitly stated. The convertibility of the terms bishop and presbyter in the first century has been sufficiently treated in a former article. St. Clement had no occasion to specify particularly the distinct grades of the sacred ministry. The real distinction, however, between those chief rulers who possessed the plenitude of the priesthood together with the supreme episcopal authority in the churches, and those priests of the second order who were their assistants and subordinate helpers in the pastoral episcopate or oversight of the flock, is alluded to and indirectly appears in several passages of the Epistle:

"For [before the dissension] ye did all things without respect of per-

sons, and walked in the commandments of God, being obedient to your rulers, and giving all fitting honor to the presbyters among you." "Those, therefore, who present their offerings at the appointed times are accepted and blessed; for inasmuch as they follow the laws of the Lord they sin not. For his own peculiar services are assigned to the high-priest, and their own proper place is prescribed to the priests, and their own special ministrations devolve on the levites. The layman is bound by the laws which appertain to laymen. Let every one of you, brethren, offer thanksgiving (Eucharist) in his own order, living in all good conscience, with becoming gravity, and not going beyond the rule of the service (liturgy) prescribed to him." "We are of opinion, therefore, that those appointed by them [the apostles], or afterwards *by other eminent men*, with the consent of the whole church, and who have blamelessly served the flock of Christ in a humble, peaceable, and disinterested spirit, and have for a long time possessed the good opinion of all, cannot be justly dismissed from the ministry."

These faint and indistinct traces of the sacerdotal, liturgical, and prelatical order existing in the first century are made legible and intelligible, in the light of those clear general principles which are laid down without any obscurity or ambiguity by St. Clement. He teaches clearly and distinctly that the apostles legislated after the manner of Moses, by the commandment of the Lord, and that the order which they established throughout the church cannot be violated without grievous sin. Whatever obscurity we find in the record concerning the state of the Corinthian Church, or whatever ambiguity adheres to the terms in which St. Clement alludes to the existing hierarchical order, must be cleared up by other testimony respecting the organization which the apostles actually gave to the Catholic Church. Clement was the disciple of St. Peter and St. Paul, and he had in view the manner in which they gave perfect and final organization to the churches which they founded, Corinth included; which was known to those to whom he wrote. We must look, therefore, to Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, Ephesus, and Rome, and to the organization of those churches, as testified by the Acts, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse, by St. Ignatius, St. Irenæus, Eusebius, and St. Jerome, in order to obtain a correct idea of the constitution of the Church of Corinth, and to find a complement to the teaching of St. Clement.

His Epistle casts a light reflected from the apostles upon an epoch involved in much obscurity, and one object is clearly illuminated by it—his own person as the successor of St. Peter in the government and of St. Paul in the teaching of the universal church. This idea is expressed, in a partial and limited sense,

by an Anglican writer, in such appropriate and beautiful terms that we may fitly adopt them as an expression of the complete and Catholic truth which transcends his own intention:

"In the last decade of the century the eyes of the whole Roman Church are turned upon him, amid the anxieties of perilous days, that he may come forward to champion the Christian cause in the Imperial City, a worthy successor to Linus and Anacletus, through whom the church knits herself into the memories of its famous founders, St. Peter and St. Paul. Cultured, learned, dignified, full of tender and wide affections, ruled by an earnest wisdom, disciplined, by long and large experience, into a love for orderly and chastened uprightness, possessed with the spirit of prayer, with the grace of supplication, with the fervor of a steady and unfitful faith, he sits, the chief among his presbyters, the honored voice of his congregation, clothed with something of the majesty and awe of Rome, and worthily embodying in his person the weight and authority which belonged to the central apostolic see. . . .

"Such was St. Clement, as far as we may know him; wide, large-hearted, clear-thoughted, devout, he united in himself the culture of the Greek, the dignity of the Roman, the piety of the Jew, the holy grace and fervor of the Christian; not distinctly originative, he possessed in himself, with depth and reality, the many thoughts of differing teachers; in these he moved freely and naturally, holding them all within the unity of a strong mind in beautiful balance and consistency. Thus trained and perfected, endowed with the gift of earnest and tender devotion, he had power to uphold the church to the level of her mighty task of ordering the world into a catholic and harmonious unity; he sustained in it that sober stability which the East demanded of the West; he preserved to it that spirit of wide orderliness whose secret he had perhaps known by long experience in the palaces of Rome. . . .

"Such a chief [the church] had found in St. Clement; and with such a pledge for her enduring continuance she might well be of good cheer."*

* *The Apostolic Fathers.* By the Rev. H. E. Holland, M.A., student of Christ Church, Oxford. Pp. 113 *et seq.* New York: Pott, Young & Co.

This is one volume of the series of "The Fathers for English Readers." The books of this collection of lives of illustrious Fathers of the church are full of learning without any parade or pedantry, and written in a most excellent popular style. There are shortcomings and errors in them, yet they contain a great amount of historical and doctrinal truth and fine scene and character painting, and are written in a good spirit. I have seldom read books written by Anglicans on similar topics with so much pleasure as I have found in these, and among them the *Life of St. Clement* is one of the best. I may have occasion to avail myself of the contributions to the true history of the Catholic Church and her great men contained in the other Lives, as I have done of the *Life of St. Clement* in the present article, and to correct their errors and mistakes, in some future papers. Let this be my standing acknowledgment, therefore, of their general worth and utility.

THE STORY OF A PORTIONLESS GIRL.

From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, by Mary H. A. Allies.

PART III.—THE FALL OF THE BLOSSOMS.

CHAPTER II.

THE AMBULANCE.

So the winter passed. Spring came, and with it the most lamentable event which unfortunate Germany had then experienced for the last three centuries. The war of the summer of 1866 was a forcible reproduction of the iniquitous Thirty Years' and Seven Years' Wars.

Grünerode was full of men, but the noisy life of former years had departed. People spoke softly, and went lightly to and fro, and whispered their sad fears or weak hopes to each other. Doctors with grave faces, and Sisters of Mercy going about their nursing with quiet devotedness, were to be met in the passages. Tieffenstein, Edgar, and Vincent von Lehrbach had all been through the campaign. Tieffenstein had comported himself as a lieutenant who had to answer for nothing further than his own regiment, and as one who preferred battle to lion-hunting. Edgar had carelessly submitted to a necessity without any liking for it. It was not so with Vincent. He was full of strong and very clearly-defined notions of duty and right, and he was not imposed upon by any phrases. He saw that Germany was in dire distress, and he felt towards her as a good son does who sees his mother at the mercy of a grasping brother.

He was at Grünerode with Tieffenstein. Both had been severely wounded. Edgar had lost no time in telegraphing to his father to send for Wilderich and himself from the hospital. The baron set off at once with Isidora, who was almost in despair and fancied that she would find a corpse. The baron took his dying son-in-law and Edgar, who was slightly wounded, to Grünerode in a railway compartment drawn by post-horses. As the baron found Vincent von Lehrbach at the hospital as their companion in misfortune, and as he had room for him in the carriage, Vincent accompanied them to Grünerode, where in the meantime Sylvia had made the most necessary prepara-

tions for sick-nursing. She would have done thus much under any circumstances with care and forethought; but when she discovered that her uncle was bringing Vincent back, too, she did it with all the more interest. The baroness sighed and lamented: "Aren't two wounded men enough for us? What a piece of work we shall have with a third, and he a stranger, too!"

"Don't worry yourself, Aunt Teresa," said Sylvia; "you know we have got two nursing-sisters, and I will undertake poor Lehrbach myself."

"It's very kind of you, love—if only they don't bring us the hospital fever."

"But they have been fetched away too soon for that."

"Your uncle has very odd notions now and then, love," said the baroness. "Just listen to what he says: 'I am bringing Lehrbach with me, as I think people ought to do something for the chivalrous men who give their blood for the honor and aggrandizement of their country.' I think people might do something else for them besides turning one's own house into a hospital."

There was nothing for it but submission. Like all persons with whom selfishness is a leading passion, the baron was very full of enthusiasm about the issue of the moment, whether it was the result of material power in connection with outward circumstances or not. The last eighty years are richer than any other epoch at once in prosperous events as well as in warnings not to put a premature trust in them.

What a triumph was that of the first French Revolution, at home with the guillotine and abroad with the force of its arms; yet in a few years France was crouching under an iron despotism. How Napoleon triumphed by conquests which loaded Europe with chains, except, indeed, that he was met by opposition from two quarters—from England and the Rock of Peter! How pitiable to the conqueror were the consequences of his astounding fortune! A few years later there was another European event—the advent of the Citizen-King. Europe for the most part applauded and admired until one day the unfortunate street royalty faded from view. Yet what did these various and extraordinary fortunes, which awoke positive adoration on the part of their different upholders, leave behind? Was theirs a lasting influence? They brought about destruction and desolation; they involved the world in a decomposing process, that of permanent revolution, and its consequences are necessarily of a revolutionary character. Material force combined

with trickery, deception, and lies is the order of the day. The right of conquest has taken the place of the right of nations, and the world crouches before an usurpation which puts its seal on wild aberrations, destroys convictions and characters, and by so doing calls forth revolutionary manifestations.

It is a state of things unworthy of man, and consequently it cannot last. The latest offspring of the Revolution may lord it over others because they happen to be of royal birth; their citizenship will hardly save them from the ephemeral destiny of their predecessors. Are such men to be treated with a servility truly worthy of the Chinese? Let people wait a few years to be sure that they are not making themselves foolish with their idol-worship. But so it is: slavish minds have a positive need of servility, whilst manly characters require voluntary submission; and German statesmen are doing all they can to become slavish.

Baron Grünerode had devoted himself successfully to business. Bold speculations crowned with success were the object of his highest ambition, and so it was natural to him to view success as the criterion of a thing. He indulged in golden dreams of a peaceful era which would give immense scope to industry and trade; and thus, to his wife's great astonishment, he was most enthusiastic about the men who helped to bring about so fruitful a period by the shedding of their blood.

Vincent von Lehrbach was pleased and touched at the baron's offering to take him to Grünerode. A hospital is the abode of unknown misery and bodily tortures. Not only does death occur with an accompaniment of the most horrible sufferings, but life itself within hospital walls is full of nameless fears; for men in their prime are struck down, crippled, or wounded when their very bread for the most part depends upon the soundness of their limbs. In addition to this there is the foul air to be endured, inadequate nursing, the crowded misery, the dreadful sight of wounds and operations, the cries of the suffering, the wild ravings of fever, and the death-rattle. Vincent thought himself very fortunate to be rescued from so sorrowful an atmosphere, although the doctor told him plainly that the journey might prove dangerous to the wound in his shoulder. But he arrived safely at Grünerode, whereas Tieffenstein was in a state of unconsciousness from a bad wound in his head. Sylvia telegraphed at once to Frau von Lehrbach, telling her to set herself at rest, as her son was being well taken care of at Grünerode. She wrote a daily account to the anxious mother until doctor and surgeon declared him to be out of danger and in a state of

convalescence. Edgar, who was only a little grazed, got a nervous fever, to his mother's intense dismay. It frightened her out of her usual way of going on, and she was quite unable to cope with untoward events. Now she would want to go back to town with Harry and Isidora's little girl of two, or to send Sylvia thither with the children, and now she would not hear of it. But Sylvia declared her firm intention of remaining at Grünerode. A ruling spirit in the disturbed household was absolutely necessary, and under existing circumstances the baroness could not supply the need. Isidora had no eyes or ears except for Wilderich, so that the duty fell upon Sylvia whether her aunt stayed or went. The baroness chose a middle course: she took Harry and the little girl back to town, and went backwards and forwards, although Grünerode was a stiff day's journey from the capital. Sylvia had to look after the ambulance even when her aunt chanced to be there.

Vincent admired Sylvia's great presence of mind and skilful management of others, and he wondered to see no apparent traces in her of selfishness and vanity. She was at once an intelligent housekeeper and a devoted sick-nurse. Edgar, Wilderich, and Vincent were each of them in a more or less suffering condition which required a separate room and treatment. This made the business of direction more difficult, for the nursing-sisters required to be relieved, like other people, and to be provided with all that was necessary for the patient. Sylvia was very happy in her new avocations. She gave her orders as mistress of the house, and they were carried out. If her aunt chanced to come she was amazed at Sylvia's clear and business-like account of things, and gratified for the time, though not without a secret misgiving that her niece might cultivate a taste for looking after a regiment, seeing that she did it so well. But it was of no use interfering just then, when she could not be sure of her own movements from week to week. The baron very seldom appeared, and only stayed a day when he did.

"Sick-nursing is women's business, and people who are not absolutely necessary in a sick-room are superfluous, or rather tiresome," he said one day. "You and those frightful sisters of yours between you will cure our wounded men, you bewitching little creature."

"*I* sha'n't; perhaps the sisters may. But they are not frightful."

"I'm not troubling my head about their merits, but about their appearance. They are perfect scarecrows and give one the

cold shudders. Perhaps they were chosen on purpose, seeing that they have to nurse young men. I bet you anything that no one will fall in love with them. As to you—"

"Don't talk so lightly, dear uncle," interrupted Sylvia.

"Nonsense, my little fairy! You know well enough how pretty you are, and that men lose their heads to good looks. It is simple truth, and the truth is never light."

"No, the truth isn't, but the way you say it is."

"You must have the last word, you little coaxer," said the baron, laughing and patting her on the cheek.

When Edgar was well through a dangerous crisis of his nervous fever the baron said quite confidentially: "The proverb says, and says truly, 'Ill weeds grow apace.' I mean to set out for Paris to see what sort of a moral pulse things have got at this moment; for, in spite of our laurels, this is best ascertained on the banks of the Seine."

"How coolly you make this uncomplimentary assertion!" said Sylvia in an aggrieved tone. "Why, the Rhine is between us and the Seine."

"You are young, Sylvia, and consequently you labor under delusions about people and things," he answered indifferently. "I am old, and my life has been spent in a way which puts me on my guard against deceptions. I have seen too much behind the scenes. Big words make no impression upon me, and if I am carried away by a passing success and applaud with the multitude I still never forget that one farce gives way to another, and that the man who is the hero to-day may have a servant's part to-morrow. So I shall go to Paris and bring you back the prettiest winter suit which Phœbe can rout out."

Thus it came about that Sylvia was very much left to her sick people. A most unexpected improvement in Wilderich's condition set in. Day by day the unconsciousness, caused by a frightful wound in the head, diminished. He recovered his senses after a fashion—sufficiently, at least, to recognize the persons about him. A light came into his weary eyes when he saw Sylvia at his bedside, but it faded away as soon as he caught a sight of Isidora.

Since his marriage Wilderich had visited his father-in-law and mother-in-law as little as was consistent with propriety, and he avoided Sylvia as much as she avoided him. When they could not help facing each other they exchanged a few commonplace remarks. Sylvia, at least, had lost any other feeling, and was therefore not pleased to find that in his present weak state he

followed what was clearly his true instinct. Had he not wilfully and knowingly sacrificed both their happiness to mammon? But in her heart she triumphed over Isidora, and felt herself richly rewarded for the pain and humiliation which Wilderich's faithlessness had caused her. Isidora would have been enchanted with any other sign of life from her husband, but this particular one was bitterer to her than his state of unconsciousness. Sylvia had always stood in her way and been a thorn in her eye. Was it going to be the same now? Sylvia recalled the time when jealousy had tormented her as it was then tormenting Isidora, and she enjoyed the slight revenge for her dreams of happiness. One day, however, she said indifferently enough to Isidora: "It seems to me that visits excite your husband. The doctor has prescribed the very greatest quiet, so I think I will give up coming to your wing and devote myself more to Edgar and Lehrbach. They are both convalescent and find the time dreadfully long. You know that my disappearance will not be due to any want of sympathy."

"Well enough," replied Isidora in the same cold tone. "I should have asked you long ago to stop coming, if it had not been so disagreeable a request."

"Why, then, we are more of one mind than we suspected," replied Sylvia; and, true to her resolution, she began to spend her time exclusively between Edgar and Vincent, giving, indeed, more of it to the latter. What was there for her to do in the way of reading or talking with a youth of Edgar's general ignorance and superficiality? She could have talked for a quarter of an hour with a sportsman or with a man whose tastes were for horses, dogs, or theatres, but Edgar cared for no other conversation all day long. He would have relished a certain kind of book, which he could hardly ask Sylvia to read, since she had told him plainly one day that a single low word or unseemly joke would be enough to make her keep away from his room altogether. Vincent was quite different. In the first place, she took edification to herself from the calmness and patience with which he bore his extremely painful wound on the shoulder; and then his deep thankfulness, and his willingness to do or take anything which might be good for him, inspirited her. In short, the discovery that something more than gratitude was at work in Vincent awoke a very keen interest in her mind. He thought Sylvia exceedingly nice and much more full of feeling than she had ever been before. Daily in her whole manner of going on she developed quite a new side of her character; the fine-lady ele-

ment receded so completely into the background that he could not help thinking her true calling was to a simple and quiet life, where she would show forth all a woman's virtues, find her own happiness, and make another's. These were the thoughts which nestled in his mind like pretty birds whose sweet twitterings were irresistible. Under other circumstances, and if he had been able to occupy himself or to leave the place, he might perhaps not have allowed the charming little birds a nest in his heart. In his present condition he was powerless against them. But more especially in the ordinary course of things he would not have got to know Sylvia thoroughly or to appreciate her at her true worth. Even now at times he was quite alive to her defects; but, he mused, love was powerful enough over the heart of a woman to bring her back to her duties, particularly in a case where there was no want of faith; but where it had been rather circumstances than free will which had stood in the way of its practice. Even supposing the will had become weak, was there a nobler task on earth than that of turning it once more in the right direction, and of wresting it from the world to win it all for God? What a high office! And it had particular charms for him. The hard and dusty road of bread-winning which he was obliged to tread offered him small opportunity of satisfying his inward craving after better things. Bread-winning was indeed a serious thing which filled him with anxiety. He had another two years before him to finish his studies. At the end of that time, even if he could reckon on a government appointment, he would still be unable to support a family in company with a wife of Sylvia's luxurious habits. His sister Mechtilda had indeed joyfully accepted a similar lot, and it was sufficient for her; but Mechtilda had been simply brought up and taught to do things for herself and not to look for show or comfort; whereas Sylvia, as his wife, would have to give up all expectations of either. But if she could only make up her mind to it what strength she would gain from the sacrifice of herself and her comforts! What consideration would move her to so heroic an act of fortitude? Strong affection would, but might he hope for that? Then he would resolve to put all such thoughts out of his head; to work doubly hard when he got back to the capital, which would be soon now; and to leave Sylvia to her fate, as a hopeless division seemed to separate their fortunes. "And what is to become of her soul?" spoke the voice of that most sophistical reasoner, Love. "Her soul is dearer to you than all earthly things, and will you leave her to herself in the wilderness of the world,

just to save yourself a little trouble? That is wretched cowardice."

He had never so reasoned with himself. Everything in his previous life had tended to concentration; his Catholic bringing-up, his hard work and thoughtful character, his deep piety and small means, had saved him from many dangers and follies to which young men, with their fresh impulsiveness to form attachments, are so easily exposed. Now that Vincent experienced this sort of attachment for the first time, his affection was strong in proportion to his character and feelings, and both had been well drilled in the patient overcoming of obstacles.

He was in this mind when the autumn came, and with it his entire recovery and consequent separation from Sylvia. He would no longer see her every day, or hear her light footstep coming to his door, or delight his eyes with her beauty, or feel her watchful and tender presence about him. He was on the eve of departure. Edgar, too, had quite recovered, and there was no fear of his relapsing. His nervous fever had not proved the least infectious, and the baroness came back with the two children. But Vincent found these last days painful enough, as he only saw Sylvia with the others, and he and Edgar were constantly knocking their heads against each other.

"Life is so short, and yet I mayn't do what I like in it," said Edgar.

"Life is so short, and I mayn't spend it as God would have me spend it," said Vincent.

"God? Nonsense! No reasonable man believes in his existence," exclaimed Edgar.

"But do think what you're saying, love," said his mother, secretly dismayed.

"There you are boasting again, Edgar," said Sylvia in a scornful tone.

"There are people who only believe what suits them and what they like," said Vincent; "probably Baron Edgar alludes to that kind of thinkers."

"Really, we are not mere playthings, Herr von Lehrbach," replied Edgar scornfully. "Youth of the present age thinks as I do."

"Youth of your world, but not youth of your 'age,' about which I have a right to talk as belonging to it. There are thousands of men to whom Christianity and faith are not a dead letter, to whom God and his revelation are no fiction. Their convictions are an infinite source of thought, a constant spur to their

efforts, and a firm basis of action, all of which things are wanting to those who see a fiction in Eternal Truth."

"I leave you to value the advantages of your way of thinking as you please," replied Edgar. "I put mine at a far higher rate, as they are based upon the noble liberty of my nature, and my liberty rebels at a dead tradition and only accepts what it understands. Honor, as a spur to our efforts and a guide to our actions, is liberty's law."

"Don't you think, then, that people who look upon God and his commandments as a fiction might easily some day do away with honor, the more so as much so-called honor is in reality not honor at all?"

"Honor is too deeply engraved upon man's heart to be affected by any such legislation," said Edgar.

"No feeling is so deeply engraved upon it as the consciousness of God's existence; and because man is created after his image the soul bears an indelible mark of God about it. For all that, our passions deaden the consciousness, and do you mean to say the same is not to be expected of honor as the world holds it?"

"Why, it is of daily occurrence," exclaimed Sylvia eagerly. "Men who are thought most honorable do the meanest things out of ambition, or weakness, or avarice, or cowardice; and not unfrequently the world praises them for it, being quite ready to do the same. But its praise can't make dishonorable actions honorable. Its praise only proves how weak honor is in comparison to self-seeking. Selfishness rules the world."

"Yes, the worldly world which has given up God," answered Vincent, whilst Edgar exclaimed:

"What you say, Sylvia, is a matter of course. It is natural to us all, and it ought to be, to wish to enjoy our lives. Every man has the wish strongly enough, whether he be created by God or Nature, and only self-seeking, as you say—love of self, as I express it—can help him to gratify it. You are a lover of ideas, Herr von Lehrbach, and as these, although not very lofty, are still widely spread, you will find them worth considering."

"The self-seeking which looks for satisfaction doesn't trouble itself with ideas, but follows its inclination, which an animal does, too, in its way, with this difference: that in its case there is no aggravation of sin or wickedness," replied Vincent.

"But it is utterly impossible to destroy in the human heart that craving after some abiding satisfaction, Vincent," exclaimed Sylvia.

"That in itself is an offspring of the supernatural life. It points to God and to our eternal destiny; for abiding happiness cannot be found on earth, so we must not look for it in the possession of worldly goods."

"I don't like joining in such very deep conversation, but I must put my experience and example against your view," said the baroness all at once. "I am quite satisfied with my life. I have a good husband, good children, good health, a nice home, and a good position in society. Why should I not be contented with the earth, and why should I have a craving after something supernatural, Herr von Lehrbach?"

"I don't know indeed," replied Vincent, greatly embarrassed; and Edgar said, laughing:

"That's right, mamma. You and I understand each other. You've found your happiness where I am looking for mine, only we're as different in our ways as man and woman are unlike."

"But I have always believed in God, my love, and been a good Catholic," she said.

"That is just one of our points of difference," replied Edgar shortly; and as his mother was silent, Sylvia and Vincent said no more either, and Edgar fancied he had got the better of them all in a most forcible way.

Every meal, or walk, or meeting gave rise to some such conversation. Vincent weighed his words most carefully, for it was quite clear to him that there was nothing to be done with the baroness or Edgar, and he doubted whether disputing would help to convert Sylvia. But she liked to hear him always siding with the right as the champion of a higher way of thinking. Though in her case it might be only a way of thinking to which she would not give her whole mind, for fear of its consequences to her conscience, she nevertheless warmed to Lehrbach's lofty views and felt a repulsion towards Edgar's material way of looking at things. But, with all his high-flown sentiments, Vincent was a young man, without money or position, who was lost in the crowd of bread-winners; whereas Edgar was the object of much attention, because he had riches, which made a stir in society. "Of course I believe in God," Sylvia said to herself sometimes, as if to quiet her mind on the point; "but I cannot entirely accept all the things he brings about, because they are mixed up with human co-operation, and this human interference it is which I loathe and look upon as a perturbing element which works me misery. After my happy time of freedom here I shall have to go back to my slavery in town, and, instead of the sooth-

ing consciousness of being most devotedly loved, I shall again have the humiliating feeling of being prized for my slavish services. Shall I ever know the meaning of freedom, rest, and love? Are these goods too high for the earth or too high for me?"

As Vincent looked at the sorrowful expression in her beautiful eyes he asked himself with trembling hope: "Why is she sad? Is it the parting, or that mysterious sadness which is sometimes experienced before great strokes of fortune or on the outset of a powerful passion?"

CHAPTER III.

THE 13TH OF OCTOBER, 1866.

IT was the last evening but one. A bright fire was burning on the marble hearth, and some lamps cast a shaded light through the apartment. Silk curtains were drawn across the windows, and large baskets full of rare flowers pervaded the room with their fragrance. Sylvia was walking noiselessly up and down the soft carpet. The slight rustle thus caused by her dark blue silk dress, and the ticking of the old clock in its beautiful case, were the only audible sounds. Her thoughts were as indefinite and vague as her movements. Lehrbach's entrance at that moment made her start. Then she set herself down in a comfortable arm-chair before the fire, and said:

"What a change! Coming with a burning sun and going away with a fire."

"And what a change for me, too!" he said.

"Yes; but it has made you well. You are going back strong and fresh from your sick-room to your work, and in the midst of your occupations Grünerode will soon appear to you like a weary dream."

"Yes, as far as physical suffering is concerned; no, as to my gratitude. You wrong me if you think I could ever forget your immense kindness, not to speak of the impossibility of ever forgetting *you*," he added with emotion.

"You are mistaken. People have always managed to forget me easily enough," said Sylvia with a touch of great bitterness; and she folded her arms one above the other, as if she meant to keep out all the world, and looked at the play of the flames. After a slight pause she added with suppressed feeling: "So it is. I am a portionless orphan, and a portionless orphan doesn't count in society, and only exists to help people to kill their time

or to do what they won't do for themselves, as the case may be. She is a stop-gap everywhere. She has no right to expect an independent being, will, or mode of life. She knows nothing of parents' care or family kindness. She is fed on charity-bread, and it is bitter food, though it may be composed of delicacies. Believe me, I am quite accustomed to be counted for nothing in the midst of my splendid surroundings; a unit is so easily forgotten!"

"What makes you so sad all at once? Ever since I have been here you have always seemed to me perfectly cheerful," said Lehrbach, sitting down opposite to her.

"I was, so to speak, my own mistress, and was free to look after others and do what I liked. I had no horrid summons to fear such as 'Sylvia, there is a note to write; the carriage is at the door'; or 'Here are twenty things to be done at once'; or 'Sylvia, sing to us, or dance for us.' Any one who has been through eight long years of that rejoices over any change and is glad of a quiet moment, especially when one desires nothing but liberty and daily bread, as I do."

"Do you really mean that?" asked Lehrbach, gazing at her intently.

"Why do you doubt it?" she asked with quick sensitiveness.

"I don't doubt; but I should like to feel perfectly sure of it."

"You wouldn't doubt about the literal truth of what I say if you knew as I do the indescribable misery which exists in this house under its golden surface. I can tell you about it only in a few words, but sufficiently to make you see that riches and happiness are two things. The eldest son was forced against his inclination to marry a rich wife, who inspires him with disgust, as she suffers from an incurable and repelling disease. He bears his misfortune, but no one thinks of happiness. The eldest daughter married an excellent man, though not on account of his excellence, but because he is immensely wealthy. She has appreciated him so little that, in spite of his kindness and forbearance, he has been twice on the point of separating from her; for he is a Protestant, and now things are worse than ever. That unhappy Tieffenstein likewise married Isidora to get out of debt and better himself pecuniarily. What Heine somewhere says may be applied to the two, only reversed: 'She loved him because he was nice. But he did not love her, for she was not nice.' And what a life they have before them! The doctor told

me to-day that Tieffenstein would be fearfully deformed, and he could not yet say whether his mind had not suffered. You know what Edgar is. My uncle calls him the little Sardanapalus, and would not blame him, perhaps, if he were not such a spendthrift. Then there is Harry, poor child! He is so sickly and coddled, and has been so spoilt, that it will be difficult to make anything of him. So here are five children, each one with his million, as they say. Yet they have no happiness or blessing with them, and they don't make others happy. If a person has been through all this, and experienced the hundred intrigues and follies which all these things produce on people who have no energy and only seek themselves and their pleasure, you may be sure one craves for 'liberty and bread.'"

"Are you speaking seriously? Do you really mean all you say? May it not be a passing fit, or over-fatigue, or a mere impression?" asked Vincent anxiously.

"I am so much in earnest that a few years ago I seriously thought of becoming a governess in England. I gave it up because Mrs. Dambleton assured me that I would be less free and more dependent. And then it is so difficult to find a suitable family."

Just then it seemed to her that she would gladly have taken something she only half liked.

"I wonder whether you could help me about it?" she said.

"No, I could not help you about *this*. But there is something else which I should like to offer you—that is, a peaceful home of your own, if you could trust me and love me."

Sylvia drew back, then turned slowly towards him and said: "These are serious words, but I am afraid they were prompted by compassion, and domestic happiness requires something stronger than compassion."

"Sylvia," he cried out, and he fixed his deep and earnest eyes on hers, "I cannot express my feelings in words, but I have got my whole life before me to prove you my love."

Sylvia burst into tears.

"Why should you cry?" he asked. "Will you not accept my love, and love me in return?"

"I am sure I could trust you with my whole heart," exclaimed Sylvia sorrowfully; "but men are faithless and the world is false. Supposing you were to be mistaken?"

"I don't think that I am false," he said gently; "but actions, not words, must prove it. I have got two years before me before I may claim you for my wife. Will you let me hope?"

"I have lost my confidence in people," she said, almost gloomily, after a pause. "I don't mind telling you that twice I have been deeply wounded and bitterly deceived in my hopes. Twice I have been forgotten and twice I have forgotten. Both men put me aside for rich wives, and I was too proud to care for people who showed they did not care for me. This is how it is I cannot bring myself to a joyful confidence, the less so because we should be separated for years."

"If something in your heart does not tell you that you may rely on me, then, Sylvia, I will consent to be silent. But don't be unjust to me. I am not responsible for the sins of others, and, as you have known me from a child, you ought to feel quite sure that I am not given to saying what I don't mean."

"But you might be carried away by the warm gratitude of a noble heart."

"Let my heart alone," he said, laughing.

"But think what you are doing; remember that I am poor," she said in a supplicating tone.

"So am I, and I thank God for it, as poverty has taught me to trust my getting on in life to him and my own efforts."

"My best years are past and gone."

"O Sylvia! love makes no distinctions of time. What do I care about any particular years?"

"I am not so good, or pious, or unselfish as you are, Vincent."

"Can you say this after all you have done here? You have been leading a life of self-denial and charity for the last three months, and rivalling the sisters themselves. You are good, Sylvia, and you have every means of becoming better and better. Don't joke in so serious a matter."

"O Vincent! you need not talk of joking when I am gasping for a breath of freedom, happiness, and love, and have not the courage to take it for myself."

"I will have that courage for you, my darling," he exclaimed, almost passionately. Then he added in a calmer tone: "But now look the matter in the face, and answer me as simply and honestly as I ask you the question: May I hope?"

"Yes, let us hope. I trust you, Vincent. I believe that you will not betray my confidence. It is the best thing a woman can feel towards any man." And she dried her tears.

"Sylvia!" he exclaimed in rapture, taking her hand. She pressed it lightly, then, rising quickly from her chair, she said: "Keep our counsel. My relations would not have me leave

them—not because they care for me, but because I make myself useful to them. Our marriage is not to be thought of for two years, and much might happen during that time to separate us. I know the ground well, so keep the matter to yourself. We understand each other without talking about it, don't we? Now you must go, and I must try to recover myself before tea-time."

"And I must thank God!" exclaimed Vincent, and, passionately kissing Sylvia's hand, he left her.

She fell back on her chair, pressed her two hands to her face, and said to herself betwixt fear and joy: "So he really loves me! Will this be true love? Will it make me happy, and shall I make him happy? Will there be an end to my dreadful slavery, and will the quiet and liberty of my own fireside bring me peace? Will not the world again come between us?" She got up, pressed her handkerchief before her eyes, and went to a glass to see if all traces of tears had disappeared. "I am myself again," she thought, as she carefully examined her face; "but oh! dear, it seems to me that I am very much gone off. The freshness of spring has departed. I am twenty-six and a half—very nearly thirty; and at thirty youth is over. Surely Vincent's love must be true and disinterested for him not to think of that!"

And it was true that he did not give it a thought. The advance of time which dismayed her rather attracted him; for a breath of spring had suddenly burst in upon his grave life, bringing him a promise of happiness undreamt of, which bound together in pleasant bondage time and eternity, heaven and earth, and which made one of two hearts and two souls.

"Well, love, aren't you going to make the tea?" asked the baroness, who had been comfortably seated on the sofa for some time and given her opinion as to Tieffenstein's state. But Sylvia was too agitated over the new turn in her own fortunes to heed it. She found a certain relief in walking restlessly up and down the room. Her aunt's inquiry about the tea reminded her of her household duties, and she seated herself at the tea-table, remarking, for the sake of saying something:

"Oh! I beg your pardon, dear aunt. I hadn't noticed the tea-tray."

"The weather deprived you of walk or ride to-day, love, so I dare say you wanted to take a little exercise. Very sensible of you," said the baroness.

Sylvia did not answer, as just then Edgar and Vincent came into the room. She made an effort over herself to suppress all

signs of any unwonted agitation, so as to be able to talk just as usual.

"Really, it is high time to go back to town. In such weather as this it's desperate work in the country without a houseful of people," exclaimed Edgar.

"You are always as sociable as you are amusing," answered Sylvia scornfully.

"I have long known that I find no favor in your fair eyes," said Edgar.

"Visits and society are out of the question in a house where for months together men are lying dangerously ill," said Sylvia.

"Who can think of pleasure in times which have brought so much anxiety and trouble on families, and mourning and suffering on our poor Germany?" asked Lehrbach.

"Oh! nonsense; we are the conquerors," exclaimed Edgar. "The honor and glory of the thing far exceed the little drop of blood which has been shed."

"Every drop of blood which is shed otherwise than for the rights of church or country against unlawful demands is a wrong to mankind," exclaimed Vincent indignantly; "and as to honor, I hardly know where it is to be found."

"We will fight a duel," said Edgar coldly.

"No, we won't," answered Vincent, still more calmly. "We have just been exposing our lives in a cause which tramples right, truth, and common sense underfoot. I did it because I thought I was bound by a certain kind of duty, and you—"

"Because I felt enthusiasm for what is full of glory," interrupted Edgar.

"Be it so," answered Lehrbach. "Anyhow, we endangered our lives for very serious reasons, and were very nearly losing them. And now that we have escaped, is a crime to be our first act?"

"Duelling is no crime," called out Edgar.

"When two men seek after each other's life, as they do in a duel, there is the intention to commit murder, and consequently a crime," said Vincent. "I don't know what you can say for it."

"It is a thirst for vengeance or satisfaction, Herr von Lehrbach."

"That's just it—a thirst which quenches itself in human blood. But if two men fight a duel without any intention of murder it is a mere farce, a vain display of bravery and false honor, which sensible people would treat with compassion and contempt. I

find this a sufficient reason for hating duels. But if it did not exist it would be enough for me to know that the church strictly forbids them to prevent me from fighting them."

"What people must be who can crouch before a handful of priests!" said Edgar scornfully.

"We will fight," said Vincent drily.

"What! are you going to amaze me by being false to your principles?"

"No," answered Vincent, laughing. "But you see that people would be in a permanent state of duel if they required bloody satisfaction for every view or statement contrary to their own, or if they called out another for every disagreeable speech."

The baroness, who could not easily follow a train of thought or a conversation, and who was very dense and confused in her mind, took in only at this juncture what they had been talking about, and said to her son: "I must set myself very definitely against such folly, love. In my drawing-room, at my tea-table, and under my own roof I mean to have the peace kept."

Sylvia had listened to them with careless attention. She knew Edgar's bravery consisted in boasting, and she said gently to Vincent, to put a stop to the talk: "Do you always obey the church in every particular?"

"It is my will and desire, because she commands us in God's name. But, as I am very far from perfect, much is wanting to make me perfectly obedient."

"My commanding officers are the only people I obey in the whole world," exclaimed Edgar.

"You should neither say nor do that, love," said his mother; "obedience to parents is a very proper thing."

"Oh! very well, I have nothing to say against parents, but that's enough. What right has the church to order me about? The church! Why, who knows anything about the church?"

"Certainly not a man who wishes to ignore God altogether. That is only logical," said Lehrbach.

"Logical or not," exclaimed Edgar angrily, "I am a soldier, and as a soldier I serve the king, not the church. What has a soldier to do with the church's commands or prohibitions, and what do I care about them? The king is my idol."

"You are wrong," said Vincent calmly.

"I know what I am about, Herr von Lehrbach."

"A poor erring mortal ought never to be made the idol of another man."

"But your pope is *your* idol."

"Not at all. He takes the place of God in things relating to faith, and earthly princes ought to do as much in what concerns temporal power. This is the whole cause of their great position, and the only reason for showing them honor and obedience. Woe to those who don't see it! But if you make a prince into a supreme being, simply for lack of believing in the true God, you will very soon weary of your idol and get to despise the object of your worship."

"I am not wont to have ready-made opinions."

"At twenty that's prudent. But does it not seem to you that it is also prudent to have certain fixed principles by which we can prove our views, instead of letting ourselves be guided by whims?"

"You are too serious for me, Herr von Lehrbach. You must have had a fearfully strict bringing-up. We have been companions in misfortune for a while, but we can never be jolly comrades."

"Still, I hope that we part as friends, for it would be most painful to me to be on an uncomfortable footing with any one in a house where I have been loaded with kindness. Even suppose our way of looking at things is fundamentally different, it need not exclude good-will."

"I feel good-will towards every one," exclaimed Edgar.

"Yes, as long as they are not in your way," added Sylvia, laughing.

Edgar answered in the same joking tone, which Sylvia kept up to hide her inward emotion. When she was once more alone in her room and secure from all disturbance she threw herself exhausted into an arm-chair by the fireplace, put her hand to her head, and said to herself: "Is it really true that I desire nothing but liberty and bread—daily *bread* and nothing more? Vincent is offering me liberty and love. As his wife I shall find that happy dependence which is love's gift and which makes a woman's life; at the same time my outward circumstances will be just the contrary to what they now are. Without possessing a penny of my own, I am living without any anxiety in the midst of every comfort, or rather in the greatest luxury. As Lehrbach's wife I dare say I shall have household cares. But he will support and counsel me, and love me; and his love outweighs numberless cares. The days when I might have hoped for any wonderful happiness are past and gone. Every year my footing in society becomes less pleasant. In my position a girl with no money is perfectly certain of being an old maid. What a dread-

ful prospect! No, indeed, I was quite right to choose independence and bread!"

She rang her bell. Bertha answered it, and, after performing her service, began to talk with her usual loquacity: "What fearful weather, miss! It seems as if the storm would bring the house down. It was just such an evening the day you came eight years ago. How times have changed! How quiet and sad you were then, miss; and now you are so pretty, and beautifully dressed, and you have been about so much! Wasn't that 13th of October a lucky day? And I thought it was going to be so unlucky because of the 13th. And now it's the 13th of October again."

"I wonder whether it will be lucky or unlucky?" Sylvia said to herself, quite dazed at her new prospects.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LENTEN REVERIE.

MOURNFUL night is dark around me,
Hush'd the world's conflicting din:
All is still and all is tranquil—
But this restless heart within!

Late and lone I press my pillow,
Watch the stars that float above,
Think of One for me who suffer'd,
Sleep nor rest for grief and love!

Cross and lance my thought portrays me,
E'en the Calv'ry bird unveils,
Bird whose fragile bill, 'tis whisper'd,
Toiling cross'd to draw the nails! *

Dim the stars in mist are dying,
Midnight veils the world from sight;
Calv'ry's crest is dark declining—
Master! take my heart's good-night!

* Church legend of the cross-bill bird.

WOOD-ENGRAVING AND EARLY PRINTING.

YESTERDAY was America's great visiting-day, when everybody went to wish everybody else the compliments of the season.

Did I say everybody else? Ah! no; that was a mistake. There were many left severely alone, and there were many left desirably alone. I thought I should be amongst the latter, as I sat in my little library promising myself a delightful, quiet day among my books. The Fates, however, ordained otherwise. I had just finished reading in the morning paper that concentrated hash of news from all nations known as "the latest telegrams." Indeed, latterly it is very much of an Irish stew spoiled by English cooks—a most indigestible preparation, especially for the expatriated Celt. Well, be that as it may, I was aroused from my reveries on the subject by a repeated ringing of my door-bell. Remembering that it was my maid-of-all-work's receiving-day for her female acquaintances, I thought I would relieve her of some of the door-service that did not specially interest her.

"Is this Mr. Marrow's?" said a district-telegraph messenger, looking quite angry for having to ring repeatedly.

"Yes, my boy."

"A letter, sir"; and he handed me one with his time-book, in which I gave him full credit for his delay of a minute and a half. The letter was from my niece, who has come with her three children to spend the winter months in the city. Let us read it·

"MY DEAREST UNCLE JOHN: Mrs. Holland has requested me to spend the day with her, receiving her New Year's callers, and I have resolved to let the children go see you. I hope they will not annoy you. Charley Holland will accompany them, as he knows the way better than they do, and will remain to return with them in the afternoon.

"Wishing you again, dearest uncle, a very happy New Year,

"I remain,

"Yours most affectionately,

"SALLIE HOMAN."

To be a little confidential with you, my dear reader, I must tell you that I am what they call an old bachelor—should be a ripe old bachelor, if years necessarily ripened: a thing fairly disputable. To my mind men are pretty much like pears: some

ripen early, some are only mellowed into sweetness by the chills of winter, while there are some again that time only dries up into shrivelled worthlessness or turns their little sap into vinegar. What time has done with myself it is not for me to say; but of one thing I thank God it has not deprived me, and that is a capacity for thoroughly enjoying the society of children—real unspoiled children.

My nephews James and Harry, now respectively sixteen and twelve, and my little niece Annie, the sweetest of all, now in her tenth year, are real children, full of country freshness, like the food on which they have been reared. Nothing brings more sunshine into my solitude than their visits. Their minds are as strong in healthy appetite as their stomachs. It is a great pleasure to teach such children. A mother could not give milk to her babe with more satisfaction than I impart to them the little I know.

Indeed, when they draw me out I think I must fatigue them; but they listen to the last with a charming patience. I try to make my little lectures as interesting as possible, experience having taught me that knowledge, like food, should be carefully flavored to improve its digestibility, as well as to render it agreeable to the appetite. The knowledge that is received with pleasure is reflected on with pleasure; and pleasurable reflection is oft repeated, thereby fixing the facts in the mind. Of old it has been said: "The Lord giveth food, but the demon sends the cooks." A similar assertion may be made of knowledge and of many of those who prepare it for youth. I must, however, arrest my reflections.

Here come the little ones. Their long, brisk walk in the keen, dry air makes their faces glow like roses.

No sooner have I opened the door than I am seized round the neck and kissed by both boys at once ere they wish me the compliments of the season; while my Skye terrier, regardless of little Annie's "nice things," is making violent efforts to have the first taste of her lips.

A moment ago my poor little dwelling was as silent and quiet as a hermit's cell; now all is bustle and cheery noise. My servant rushes from the kitchen to welcome little Annie and put away her hat and coat. The terrier, Tatters, driven away from Annie, pays his addresses to the boys, who work him up into such a barking excitement that he must, for peace' sake, be banished to the cellar. Then, when the little one has me all to herself, she puts her arms affectionately round my neck and showers

her sweet, innocent favors on my poor wrinkled brow. Verily, I said to myself, old age is worth waiting for when it brings us such friendship. If we cultivate tenderness in our hearts to our fellow-creatures there will be always somebody to reward us with an honest return of the sentiment.

There are two things that ever go home to my heart, the exhibition of affection from a child and of attachment from a dog, because I know they come from the honestest impulses. The longer I live the sweeter they become to me, for I learn more and more every day the hollowness of the grown-up world's show of personal regard. Do not, however, put me down as a sceptic to the true friendship of men. I firmly believe in it, and value it all the more for its rarity.

While Annie still held on to my neck she whispered gently in my ear: "Uncle John, I promised Charley Holland that I would get you to tell us about printing and about your engravings to-day. He got a printing-press for a Christmas present, and prints ever so nicely already."

"I will do it, my little pet, with great pleasure; but you must all have some cake and nice, sweet, hot lemonade first." She gave me another kiss and went to tell Charley the success of her petition.

After the cake and lemonade were disposed of the table in my little library was cleared, and we all sat round it, Annie taking care to sit between me and Charley, so that she could conveniently receive and communicate his wishes. Charley whispered something to her.

"Uncle John," said Annie, "Charley Holland would like to know how they began printing pictures first."

"And books, too, sir, if you please," added Charley.

"Well, Charley, my boy, the printing of books began in Europe in the first half of the fifteenth century, or more than four hundred years ago."

"What did the boys do, uncle, for books to get their lessons from before that time?" asked Harry.

"They had books all written or printed with the pen—what we call manuscripts, Harry."

"That was a slow way to make books," suggested James.

"A very slow way indeed, James, and required the greatest industry and patience on the part of the poor copyists. In the middle ages, which Protestants call the dark ages—the thousand years preceding the discovery or invention of printing—the monks were the principal copyists, and but for their devoted

diligence in preserving and multiplying books a great many if not all the best works of the ancients would be lost to the present generation. By multiplying copies then they multiplied the chances of a book coming down to future ages. When a great many European noblemen could not write their names, as their marks on extant documents still attest, the monks were nearly all scholars.

"After the breaking up of the Roman Empire Europe was so constantly disturbed by wars that men were too busy or too excited to attend to books, except in the quietude of monastic houses. What thoughtless Protestants love to call the lazy monks were the men to whom the world is indebted for most of what lifts man above the beasts, or at all events above the merest savages. To them southern Europe largely owes its escape from a return to barbarism after the fall of the Roman Empire.

"As soon as printing was invented the monks and priests were amongst the first to avail themselves of the facilities it afforded for multiplying books. Presses were set up in the monasteries and colleges, and the finest and most correct of the early-printed books issued from their presses. About a century earlier a celebrated Dutch orator and scholar, Gerard Groot, surnamed The Great, instituted a religious order known as "The Brothers of the Common Life," whose main employment was to consist in transcribing the best works of the ancients, as well as the Bible and the writings of the Fathers of the church. This order was eminently successful and spread rapidly through Holland and Belgium and the neighboring nations. The members carried a pen in their caps as the special badge of their profession. They afterwards became famous printers, and the *Mirror of Consciences*, by Arnold of Rotterdam, the first book ever printed in Brussels, came from their press in 1476. In the same year they printed the works of Lactantius, a great church writer of the fourth century, at their house called St. Michael at Rostock.

"Before the manufacture of writing-paper books were written in Europe mostly on vellum—a preparation of calfskin, made white and thin to receive writing and lie closely together in the book shape or roll up into a small space.

"To make a fine, clear, correct copy of a big book was a great labor. It took a man years to make a manuscript Bible, and a good one cost thousands of dollars. If skilled labor was all as well paid for then as it is now it would cost vastly more.

"Some of those great manuscript Bibles were bound in solid covers of silver or other precious material, and chained to desks

in the churches or in the halls of monasteries, that people who wished to consult them might do so without such treasures being left at the mercy of thieves."

"Isn't it wonderful they didn't think of printing, Uncle John?" said Annie. "Charley Holland can print already, and he only got his press just before Christmas."

"Most things appear easy, my child, when we see them once done; but you must remember that the first printer had to make his type and make his press, while there was nothing like them in the whole world from which to copy."

"I never thought of that," said Annie, looking a little ashamed of her inconsiderate remark.

"Who was the first printer?" asked Harry. "He must have been a smart fellow, Uncle John."

"His name was John Gutenberg, or Gänsfleisch, a native of Mentz, in Germany. He was a man of great intelligence and of singularly inventive faculties; somewhat like our own wizard of Menlo Park, he was never done contriving new inventions and improving old ones. He found that the manufacturers of playing-cards had begun the stamping of the outlines of their grotesque figures from wood blocks; and these were, strictly speaking, the first European wood-cuts.

"In China and India the practice of printing letters and figures from carved wood had existed from many hundreds of years before, and it is more than probable that Europeans took their first ideas on that subject from blocks brought from China by the celebrated Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, who returned home from that country in 1295."

At this moment I was interrupted by the inattention of the children, occasioned by a bustling movement of Harry, the purpose of which they seemed to understand. He was busy removing a very extensive, miscellaneous collection of puerile property from his trousers pocket into that of his coat. This trousers pocket of Harry's is a veritable magazine. Out of it came a large stock of marbles, a top, pieces of cord, a leather disc for lifting cobble-stones—known to boys as a sucker—etc., etc., and with them two pieces of boxwood, which he handed to me.

"Thank you, Harry," I said; "these are just what I wanted." They were two wood-cuts.

Harry, I understand, has a kind of interest in the Holland printing concern, to the working stock of which he has contributed the two blocks in question, costing respectively forty and thirty cents, making a large hole in his Christmas box.

"Now, children," I continued, "I want you to look attentively at the cutting on the face of this piece of wood. Raised above the general level is a flat figure representing a cat, made by cutting away the wood from all around. If I touch lightly with the carved face of this block a pad inked with a thick, oily ink like very thick black paint, you will perceive that the ink adheres to the prominent part only. Then if I impress a piece of paper with the block so inked I will have the image of the cat on paper—a jet-black cat in this case, for there are no grooves in the block inside the outline. This kind of all-black picture is called a silhouette. Now let us examine the other little cut. It represents a cage. Nothing could be better to illustrate our subject. On this, you perceive, there are comparatively broad grooves with very fine lines between. These fine lines are the bars of the cage, that will print black; the grooves, the spaces between them, that will be untouched by the ink."

"Uncle John," said James, "will you please tell us how they begin when they want to make a wood-cut?"

"At present, James, they get a piece of fine boxwood cut across the grain, very nearly an inch thick; for the thickness must correspond exactly with the length of the types used by printers, in order that the block may lie evenly with type in the printing-press. They rub over the face of the block a whitish powder, and then draw a picture on it with a pen or pencil. They next take fine, sharp tools made specially for cutting grooves of different thicknesses, and they cut away the wood between the lines of the picture, carefully leaving these untouched. You see in your cut of the cage a very good illustration."

"Was that how they did it, sir, in the time of Gutenberg?" asked Charley Holland.

"No, my boy, not exactly. They used sycamore, or more commonly pearwood, which is not at all as good as box for the purpose; and for cutting out they used a knife like a penknife. But they did not attempt to produce work as fine as that on modern wood-cuts. They cut, too, on the side of the grain, but they produced with their coarse materials and simple tools very artistic effects.

"Here is a print from one of the most masterly of the ancient wood-cuts. It represents 'The Last Supper,' and was engraved or cut by Albert Dürer, of Nuremberg, Germany, the greatest pre-eminently of the early wood-engravers—indeed, one of the greatest artists that ever lived. It was made towards the end of Dürer's career. He died in 1528, and this is dated 1523, as you

can observe on the little tablet at the bottom of the picture bearing his initials—a large A having a small D within it.

"At the table there are but eleven apostles. A chalice stands before a vacant seat in the position occupied in other pictures by Judas Iscariot. There is a great deal of expression and character in the faces. The figures are draped in full flowing robes, and are in a great measure in harmony with the dignity of the subject—a circumstance only observable in Dürer's works, like those of other Germans of the period, after he had travelled and studied in Italy.

"The use of cross-hatching, or making the lines cross each other, producing shades and shadows, is very sparing. In this respect it is remarkably unlike a finished wood-cut of the present day, in which we commonly find as much of that kind of work as in a plate-engraving. In fact, modern wood-cutting has lost nearly all distinctness of character, being directed more to an imitation of the peculiarities of other kinds of art than a maintenance of its own."

"Is that the oldest wood-cut you have, Uncle John?" asked Annie.

"It is, Annie; but I have in the *American Encyclopædia of Printing*, published in 1871, a fac-simile of one about one hundred years older. It was made by Lawrence Koster, a Dutchman of Haarlem, and published in a block-book. You will find it at page 66 of the *Encyclopædia*. It is divided into two panels. In one the Infant Mother of God, standing on an altar, is being presented in the Temple by her parents. In the other two men are making an offering in a heathen temple of the sun, a personification of which deity is likewise standing on an altar. The figures in this panel making the offering are in the Dutch costume of the period, in which loose-legged boots coming to the knees are a characteristic feature. The Dutch and Germans of those days seldom went beyond their own time and country for scenes and costumes. Under the cuts are Latin verses in black-letter."

"What kind of books, Uncle John, are block-books?" asked Harry.

"Well, Harry, my child, I will tell you something about them. In the very beginning of the fifteenth century some pious artist, seeing how playing-cards were printed, took it into his head to do something of a similar character for the glory of God. So he took a piece of pearwood or of sycamore, and on the top of it engraved a picture representing some religious subject. Under this, in the manner I have just explained to you, he

carved a number of raised letters on the same piece of wood, and from it then printed a whole page at once. A few such pages, printed at first on one side only, constituted a block-book. The blank pages were usually pasted together, so as to make every two printed leaves look like one manuscript leaf. The block-books were nearly all pious books. Koster of Haarlem and Gutenberg of Mentz both made block-books about the same time (in the early part of the fifteenth century). But Gutenberg did not rest satisfied with them. He divided the lettered part of the blocks into distinct pieces, each containing a separate letter, which he used pretty much as modern types are used. But the wooden type was too big and clumsy, and would not stand much use. He looked, accordingly, for something better, devoting so much of his time and money to experiments that he got through his whole fortune. About this time, however, Gutenberg met with a man of wealth and enterprise named John Fust, or Faust, who lent him a large sum of money, and who ultimately became his business partner in the printing trade. Having now the means to prosecute improvements, he cut and cast type in metal, and, after other works, published in 1455 the Latin translation of the Bible called the Vulgate. It was the labor of several years and was a great success. Some time before this a young man of exquisite taste and skill as a scrivener, named Peter Schoeffer, entered into the employment of Gutenberg and Fust. Schoeffer's refined judgment and capacity for detail perfected what Gutenberg's genius devised. He made great improvements in the shape and quality of the type, ultimately bringing the composition of the metal to the desired hardness for finish and endurance. He also improved the quality of printing-ink by adding oil. To Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoeffer, therefore, may the honor of the invention of printing be fairly accorded."

"What did they sell their Bible for, Mr. Marrow?" asked Charley, who has already developed something of the national spirit of traffic.

"At first, Charley, they concealed from the people with scrupulous care the process by which the book was produced, and sold it as a manuscript for a great price. Fust, in whom the mercantile or money-making disposition was strongest, took a large number of copies to Paris, where he readily received at first as much as eight hundred crowns apiece for them. When he had supplied the more eager purchasers he gradually reduced the price, till at last he was offering them for thirty

crowns each. This so amazed the people that they began to think the books were not produced by lawful human agency but by the power of the demon. From suspicion they proceeded to action, and, seizing Fust, they searched his lodgings, where they found so many more of the Bibles that they became confirmed enough in their misgivings to have him cast into prison with a threat of treating him as a wizard. To get out of this difficulty, it is said, Fust had to reveal the secret of his manufacture. Be this as it may, one thing is certain: that before twenty-five years from that day the art of printing had extended to all the principal cities of Europe."

"Uncle John," said Annie, "you said a while ago that the verses under the very old wood-cut were in black-letter. Are not all letters black in books?"

"Almost all, my child; but when we use black-letter as referring to a particular kind of type we mean those ugly Gothic-shaped letters that look blacker than Roman type because of the thickness of all their lines. Letters very like them are still used to a great extent in Germany, but that country is now gradually getting rid of them for the neater Roman forms such as we use."

"Are there any of those old Latin Bibles of Gutenberg and Fust yet in existence?" asked James.

"Yes, about twenty, part printed on paper, part on vellum. They are scattered through the great libraries and museums of Europe. One of them would now bring at public sale a handsome fortune because of its rarity. Louis XVIII. of France paid twelve thousand francs for one now in the Paris Library."

"What is the oldest wood-cut you ever heard of, uncle?" said Harry, who I thought was beginning to wish for a wind-up of the subject.

"The oldest wood-cut I have ever seen is without an imprinted date. The very early printers did not at first put their names or dates on their work. Though in a very old it is in a very good style of art, and evidently the work of a man who drew from nature. Like most of the pictures of that period, it is on a religious subject, the Virgin and Child, represented in the tender relations of mother and son. The Holy Child presses his cheek lovingly against his Mother's. One hand he has round her neck, while he holds one of his feet in the other hand, the second foot resting against her arm. This precious print is in the Paris Library, and could not, I dare say, be purchased for its weight in diamonds. Until lately a cut dated 1423, and representing St.

Christopher bearing the Infant Saviour on his shoulders across the water, while a monk carrying a lamp precedes him, was deemed the oldest European cut in existence. Recently, however, it has been superseded in that honor by a lovely little piece of work of its kind in the Brussels Library bearing the date 1418. It also is a Virgin and Child. So you see those old artists paid their devotions to the Mother of God. The holy pair are surrounded by four saints. There is such an elegance of composition, and refinement and beauty of drawing, in this print that many doubt the accuracy of the date. But even this is again superseded in the honors of age through the investigations of Viscount Henri Delaborde, secretary to the French Academy of Fine Arts, who has satisfactorily proved that two cuts recently discovered pasted in a manuscript were printed in 1406. While it is hardly probable that older yet will be found bearing evidences of their date, it is equally improbable that these are the very oldest of their kind in existence. The earliest printers rarely attached dates to their pictures, and the first books were even without title-pages."

"Had they many pictures in their books long ago, Uncle John?" asked Annie.

"A great deal more, in proportion to the extent of the books, than they have now. The block-books were all picture-books. In them the space occupied by the illustrations commonly far exceeded that occupied by the letter-press, the latter being often little more than the titles or the legends explaining the pictures. The *Nuremberg Chronicle*, a history of the world published in 1492, had two thousand illuminated or colored wood-cuts. The church encouraged this profusion of pictures for the same reason that she covered the walls of her temples with paintings and sculptures, that those who could not or would not read may be instructed through their imagination in the history and mysteries of religion. This encouragement of the church gave a wonderful impetus to wood-engraving. The greatest painters were not above carving pear-blocks for the press. In Germany Albert Dürer, who had a genius like that of Michael Angelo, devoted the greatest pains to this kind of work. His life of the Blessed Virgin in twenty pictures, his Passion of our Lord in twelve, he published in 1511 with a new edition of his great series illustrating the Apocalypse. These wood-cuts have done vastly more to extend and perpetuate the fame of this great man than all his other works, his plate-engravings perhaps excepted. Very good facsimiles of them, obtained by photo-electric processes, have been

published recently, and can be purchased for a few dollars. The sermons preached by the famous Dominican orator Savonarola at Florence towards the end of the fifteenth century were published with wood-cut illustrations the day after their delivery. The blocks used were more than twenty years afterwards employed in illustrating the *Art of Happy Dying*. A great many pious books so illustrated appeared in Italy in the first half of the sixteenth century, those published at Venice being the most beautiful. The *History of St. Veronica*, published at Milan in 1518, contained exquisite illustrations.

"Even the Reformers, notwithstanding their destructive iconoclasm, or image-breaking, availed themselves of this method of bringing their fallacies home to the people's imaginations. Luther's pamphlets were decorated with wood-cuts made by his friend Lucas Cranach. Holbein, too, the noted author of the set of wood-cuts known as the "Dance of Death," cast his lot with the Protestants, who destroyed many of his best paintings, and by their warfare on all that was beautiful made it necessary for him to fly to England to earn his bread by painting portraits.

"France produced very fine work in wood-cuts in the sixteenth century. About its middle appeared a regular school of art in this line, founded by Tory, the distinguished reformer of French typography. But talking of reformers brings to my mind one who should never be forgotten in his connection with wood-engraving. That is Ugo da Carpi, the inventor of chiaroscuro, or the representation of light and shade in wood-engravings. This he did by printing his pictures not from one block but from three. The first contained only the outlines and deeper shades, the next the middle tints, and the last the fainter shades that pass into the lights or white parts of the picture. He gave in this way such admirable representations of drawings that the greatest artists of the time, Raphael, Titian, and Parmigiano, were glad to have their drawings reproduced in this form. Modern wood-engravers accomplish all this by means of one block. To prevent the fine, sharp lines cutting into the paper when the pressure necessary for printing the thick, dark lines is applied, they lower the face of the block in accordance with the fineness of lines, especially at their extremities, so that the finer they are the more lightly will they touch the paper in printing. Otherwise the very sharp lines entering the lights would, by the cutting of the paper, leave dots at their extremities.

"It may appear strange, but it is nevertheless the fact, that

the great popularity of wood-engraving led more than anything else to its rapid decline in quality. So great became the demand for wood-engraver's work that any kind of a botch got employment at it. This made most men careless in their products, while it made people of taste look naturally for other kind of engraving. This other kind was supplied in impressions from plates, called copper-plate engravings. To these the artists of merit turned their attention, so much so that early in the seventeenth century wood-engraving had almost relapsed into its original simple form, being only used in the poorest productions of the press and by printers of linens, calicoes, and wall-papers. In this state wood-engraving remained until comparatively recent times.

"In England a man of considerable genius but very little culture, named Thomas Bewick, was amongst the very first to revive it. Born in the middle of the last century, and apprenticed at the age of fourteen to an engraver, he soon showed a capacity to improve the existing state of the art. There are several English books illustrated with cuts by him, but that in which he displayed his greatest skill was his *British Birds*, the first volume of which he produced in 1797 while in partnership with Ralph Beilby, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the man from whom he got his first lessons in engraving. Bewick published his Æsop's *Fables* in 1818. He introduced a feature into his cuts that greatly facilitated the work and added much to its beauty. It was the occasionally using of white lines to represent objects against shadows on dark backgrounds. From what you have seen of the wood-cuts shown by Harry you will understand that all that was needful for this purpose was to cut out the lines representing such objects. Modern wood-engravers have largely availed themselves of this idea, especially in the illustration of astronomical subjects. For instance, in representing the constellations they have only to cut out the stars, leaving the face of the block quite plain. When the block is inked only the plain surface will catch the ink and print it, the parts corresponding with the depressions coming out perfectly white. Models for drawing on a slate have their white-lined figures prepared in a similar way."

"Why do they use wood-cuts at all, Uncle John," asked James, "when copper-plates are so much nicer?"

"Principally, my boy, because wood-cuts can be printed very rapidly and well upon almost any kind of printer's paper in conjunction with the letter-press accompanying them, while engravings from plates demand, in order to be well done, considerable

time and skill from the printer, as well as a special kind of soft paper, and to be printed apart from type on what is called a rolling-press. A plate shows marked indications of injury by wear after a few hundred impressions are taken from it, whereas a wood block will give good impressions after hundreds of thousands.

"In 1832, four years after the death of Thomas Bewick, was founded the *Penny Magazine*, appearing weekly with illustrations. This gave the first great impulse to wood-engraving in England. Since then many illustrated weekly papers have appeared in all parts of Europe and America, giving, in their rivalry for pictorial pre-eminence, the greatest encouragement to engravers on wood. Amongst these the *London News* and the *Graphic* are not equalled by any weekly illustrated paper in the English language that I have seen.

"The French and Germans are, however, beginning fairly to contest the palm with England in this respect, as may be seen in *Le Journal pour Tous* and *Le Monde Illustré* of Paris, in *Illustrirte Zeitung* of Leipzig, and the fortnightly *Illustrirte Chronik der Zeit* of Stuttgart. Our *Harper's Weekly* is, in its best illustrations, but a reprint of the London papers above mentioned, with, I am sorry to say, the printing not as well done. *Frank Leslie's* illustrations are both more original and more national. The pretty little cuts that adorn our monthlies are certainly very creditable, but they are largely produced by processes that almost conceal entirely the original work of the engraver, and with it much of the vigor that naturally belongs to it.

"In illustrated publications requiring the very highest order of mechanical skill, with time and care in their production, such as the grand volumes illustrated by Doré, the French appear to be unrivalled. Although the printing from a wood block, once it is properly fixed in the press, requires little more than the work of an ordinary mechanic, the preparation of it for the press, and the press for it, after it has left the engraver's hands, and the setting of it in the press, require the nicest judgment and the greatest care and patience in order to obtain the finest impressions it is capable of imparting. It is in this that American printers frequently fail. Either from choice or necessity they work too rapidly. You cannot buy a skilful French mechanic to turn out a slovenly job.

"We are not, however, altogether destitute of such men. More than twenty-five years ago Mr. Joseph A. Adams, of New York, a printer and a wood-engraver of consummate skill and

gentlemanly ambition, took it into his head to publish an edition of the Protestant Bible illustrated with very fine wood-cuts interspersed through the text. The publishers of New York did not believe the venture could be made a monetary success, and accordingly declined engaging in the enterprise. At last, however, he succeeded in making arrangements with Harper & Brothers, stipulating that the printing should be done according to his own directions. When he had his engravings ready he threw off his coat and set to work, with the assistance of the most skilful printers, whom, as well as their employers, he disgusted by the weary length of his preparations. There was used on the press a pad called the tympan, against which the sheets of paper were pressed when they received the impression of the pages. In adjusting this and preparing the cuts Mr. Adams spent about a fortnight. The Harpers would have given up in despair, were they not bound by the special stipulation that the work should be done according to Adams' directions. At last he began to print. Then everybody saw that his work was worth waiting for. No such work had ever before issued from an American press, and the American people attested their appreciation of it by the purchase of fifty thousand copies of the Bible."

"There is one thing, sir," said Charley Holland, "I cannot understand. When I was at the Centennial Exhibition I saw an artist making a drawing at the hotel containing a great many figures and occupying a space equal to a whole page of an illustrated paper. In less than three days 'twas printed in the paper. How could anybody have cut out all the white lines and all the little diamonds on a wood block in that time?"

"Your difficulty is a very natural one, Charley. In cases like that the block to which the drawing is transferred, instead of being one piece only, is made up of several square pieces so nicely joined that when they are clamped together they appear as one piece. When the transfer is made to this the pieces are all taken asunder again and divided amongst a number of engravers. Each works at his little piece till he has cut out all the white spaces. When all the engravers have finished the parts they are fixed together again and the block is fit to print from. This makes the work of some of the engravers mere brainless drudgery, requiring little more than patience, experience, and a steady hand.

"The opposite of this is when the artist draws on the block with a camel's-hair brush, making no distinct lines, but leaves it to the judgment of the engraver to express the depths of his India-

ink shadings by lines at his own option. The engraver in this case must be something of an artist.

"A German wood-engraver named Kretszchmar—perhaps the ablest that lived thirty or forty years ago—had much of the honorable ambition and respect for his profession that characterized the great early engravers. His illustrations of Dalton's *Anatomy* are true works of art. His 'Death of Gustavus Adolphus,' after a design by Kirchof, the largest fine wood-cut ever executed on one block, is that in which perhaps wood-engraving reached the climax of its excellence. He claimed for his art a higher mission than that of the handmaid of typography, but the world has not hearkened to his voice. Wood-engraving to-day is devoted exclusively to the illustration of printed matter. In the little bi-monthly paper, the *Illustrirte Chronik der Zeit* of Stuttgart, I find some exquisite wood-engravings, signed A. Kretchmar, in the style of the above. They are possibly by his son. One can be seen in Number 25 for 1881.

"I told you that the first wood-engravers cut with a knife on the side of the grain—a far more slow and difficult process, and requiring far more of artistic skill, than the modern method of cutting across the end of the grain with a graver; but when executed by a first-class hand the results are superior in character and quality. They are essentially wood-engravings that are not imitations of other kinds of engraving. The Germans Unzelmann, Kretszchmar, and Gubitz are amongst the eminent moderns who worked in this way. I am happy to say, too, that their style is becoming again appreciated.

"There is one man without referring to whom it would be improper to conclude this subject. That is Dr. Alexander Anderson, the father of wood-engraving in the United States. He died only twelve years ago at the ripe age of ninety-five. His first attempts at engraving were made, while he was a child, on cent-pieces flattened out. After that he cut little images on pieces of type-metal for the newspapers, to be printed from like wood-cuts. It was not till he had attained his eighteenth year that he heard of a wood block for engraving purposes. He had been then for four years studying medicine, but, devoting all his spare hours to his favorite occupation, he was already well known to the publishers. Finding the greater facility with which he could operate on wood as compared with metal, he took to it thenceforth almost exclusively. Lansing, Morgan, and Hall were his pupils.

"Anderson could never be induced to depart from the legiti-

mate style of wood-engraving as practised by Bewick. Fine specimens of his work may be seen in the *Shakespeare's Plays* published about thirty years ago by Coolidge & Brother. When he died in 1870 he left four hundred practisers of his art in this country, among them J. A. Adams, who brought electrotyping in 1841 to greater perfection than it had ever before attained, and who first showed his countrymen how to print wood-cuts in a really fine style. The fruit of his success in this respect can be seen in Lossing's *Field-Book of the Revolution*. Adams, like Anderson, was a self-taught genius, but a fine type of the American practical man.

"There is the bell for dinner. You will not, my children, I am sure, be sorry to give up the subject of wood-cutting for the practice of another kind of cutting. To Harry, at least, I think mince-meat making would now be more agreeable." It is needless to say there was not a dissentient voice from my little audience.

Well, my dear reader, the young people have had their dinner and are gone. I am left alone again to my books, my pictures, and my reflections. It is my custom, when left to myself after talking for some time, to begin reflecting on all I said. Those reflections are seldom calculated to inspire me with much self-satisfaction. At the best they breed a little remorse. In this instance I feel that I said too much while I induced the children to say too little, and I did not question them enough to ascertain how far they might have misunderstood me. I do not mean to say, however, that children should be spoken to always in their own phraseology. While it is absurd to talk to them in language the general bearing of which they cannot comprehend, it is by no means injudicious to use with them from time to time terms the meaning of which they cannot give, but which they may conceive from the context. If we mean that children should ever possess a vocabulary of respectable extent we must prudently use such a vocabulary in our general intercourse with them. The words they read will never become their own in the same way as the words they hear. They do not assimilate themselves as thoroughly to their mental system. Hence it is that we often find learned men, full of ideas of a very accurate character, who cannot speak extemporaneously for five minutes except in the clumsy verbiage of pedants or in the uncouth phraseology of boys.

AMONG THE HILLS OF MORVAND.

II.

On the confines of the ancient duchy of Burgundy, about fifteen miles west of Autun, rises Mt. Beuvray, gloomy and threatening of aspect—the most venerable, the most redoubtable spot in all Celtic Gaul. It is a mountain that excites the interest of the historian, the antiquary, and the pilgrim. Here Druidism, paganism, and Christianity have by turns reigned. From all time it has been regarded with veneration, whether under Celt, or Roman, or the consecration of the true religion. Its summit is a broad plateau about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, where remains of feudal times stand on vestiges of old Roman domination, and the ruins of Christian sanctuaries on cliffs sacred to the Druids. This mountain-top, sometimes veiled by mists, but for the most part visible on all sides at a great distance, was considered by the ancients well adapted for a religious centre or the abode of the gods seated in the majesty of power. The Druids, we know, regarded mountains and high places as sanctuaries elevated by nature to the Supreme Being. They loved the sombre forests, and in their religious shades held their schools and offered their horrid sacrifices. Cæsar tells us they derived presages from the murmur of rural fountains, the noise of the winds through the trees, and the various changes in the elements; and no place could be more favorable in which to learn the secrets of nature than this mountain-top, where, to quote the words of Carlyle, "you fancy you hear the old dumb rocks speaking to you of all things they have been thinking of since the world began, in their wild, savage utterances." At that remote period the sternness, the wildness of all nature here must indeed have been of a character to impress the religious mind and exalt the imagination. And everything was to be found here necessary for the rites of the Druids. The steep sides of the mountain were covered with dense forests of oak, their favorite symbol of the Divinity, from the murmur of whose leaves they divined the future, whose branches they wove into crowns for their festivals, and on which grew the sacred mistletoe gathered with mystic ceremonies. And two limpid streams welled out of the heart of the rock and flowed down the moun-

tain-sides, falling in successive cascades from one ridge to another till they reached the valley. At certain seasons of the year people came here in crowds to take part in the religious rites or attend the tribunals; and here, in times of war, women, children, and old men took refuge behind the formidable entrenchments that encircled the mountain and still excite wonder, known as the Fossés du Beuvray. One ancient tradition asserts that Bibracte, the ancient capital of the Æduans, instead of being at Autun was on the summit of Mt. Beuvray, and the peasants still point out the places where stood the great gates which, when swung on their hinges, could be heard twenty leagues through the country around. One legend says Bibracte was founded by Samothes, the grandson of Japheth, whose wife, China, built the Castrum, now known as Château Chinon, the ruins of which may be seen on the top of a sharp peak overlooking the river Yonne.

After the Roman conquest the persecuted Druids abandoned the mountain and took refuge in the depths of more remote forests, and on the site of their ancient abode the conquerors established the largest camp in Gaul, with military roads for carrying up supplies for man and beast, which were stored in a *horreum* at a place still known as the Parc des Chevaux. Here Maia, the goddess of youth, was honored, and Mercury, her son, and Venus herself, who loved mountains and the seclusion of groves as well as the foaming waves of the caressing sea. On the first Wednesday in May a review of the Roman legions took place here, to which came crowds from all parts of Gaul. On this occasion a great number of traders flocked hither, which led to the noted fairs of the middle ages, known under the name of the *lite* or *laite du Beuvray*, held on the first Wednesday of May, as in Roman times. And the old reviews gave place to jousts and tournaments, to which came on their steeds a throng of knights in full armor under the leadership of the neighboring baron of La Roche-Milay.

Pagan rites and festivals were still celebrated on this mountain when St. Martin came here in the fourth century, and, by the power of prayer alone, overthrew the altars of the false gods. He came from Augustodunum, now called Autun, where he had demolished a famous temple of Mars, and cut down an old Druidical oak beneath the walls where afterwards was built the celebrated abbey that bore his name. Pursued by the infuriated pagans, he descended the western side of Mt. Beuvray and crossed with one bound of his mule the wide, deep ravine of

Malvaux (*Mala Vallis*), and landed on a cliff of the further side, still known as the Roche du Pas-de-l'Âne, where the footprints of his mule are still pointed out. Then he took the Roman road towards the Aquæ Nisinei, now called St. Honoré-les-Bains—a watering-place at that time frequented by the Romans—and went to destroy a temple of Diana in the forest, at a place still called Dienne. Further off, at the west, near Montigny-sur-Canne, is a cliff called the Pierre de St. Martin, where the footprints of the saint's mule are to be seen, and people go to invoke him against intermittent fevers, so common in this region. Tradition has carefully preserved the recollection of all the places where he stopped, most of which have become places of pilgrimage. He is regarded as one of the apostles of Morvand, and everywhere are remains of abbeys, priories, churches, and oratories bearing his name, as well as several villages, like those of St. Martin du Puy at the west, and Dommartin (*Domnis Martinum*) in a valley near Château Chinon encircled by mountains, on one of which are the ruins of the ancient castle of Dommartin.

A chapel to St. Martin was built on the summit of Mt. Beuvray which was held in great veneration in the middle ages. On the two festivals of the saint there was an immense concourse here, and even a small hamlet gathered beneath its walls. It was served by monks from the abbey of St. Symphorian at Autun. Many of the villages around the foot of the mountain paid tithes to the chapel of *Monsieur St. Martin en l'haut du Beuvray*. Among old bequests to this chapel is mentioned that of two livres from the wife of Jean de Chastellux in 1235. One of the Druidical fountains took the name of St. Martin, and the other that of St. Peter, which they bear to this day.

At the north end of the plateau the great barons of La Roche-Milay in the fourteenth century built a convent for the Cordeliers, who called their house the monastery of Bibracte—*Monasterium Bibractense*. This house was burned down by the Huguenots in 1570 and its girdle of entrenchments destroyed. The spot where their mill stood is still known as the Écluse du Moulin. The Chapel of St. Martin was perhaps ruined at the same time, and for a long while only a wooden cross stood among the crumbling walls where the people still came to pray and drink at St. Martin's Well, throwing in, perhaps from an old habit of Celtic times, sticks of hazel-wood and a piece or two of money. When the French Society of Archæology met at Nevers in 1851 the members voted to erect a stone cross on Mt. Beuvray in place of the wooden one, which had been overthrown by the

winds and tempests. On its pedestal is sculptured St. Martin dividing his cloak with the beggar, and beneath is the inscription: "To St. Martin, the apostle of Gaul, in memory of his coming to Mt. Beuvray in the year 376." This mountain is now seldom visited, except by some lover of the past. The Celtic monuments are for the most part gone. There are a few vestiges only of the Roman camp. The old roads are nearly obliterated. The fairs have died out. And where the knights jousted and had their feats at arms you now hear only the cries of herdsmen, the lowing of cattle, and the bleating of sheep.

The country around Mt. Beuvray still bears the impress of feudal times. Everywhere on the bristling cliffs are old towers and manor-houses, more or less remarkable, that belonged to the ancient lords. From the base of the mountain to the river Arroux is a succession of ridges, picturesque and interesting, which lower in height as they approach the river. On one rocky height called the Roches de Glaine are the ruins of the old castle of that name, once the seat of an important barony, surrounded by the Bois de Glaine, in which are to be seen the remains of an old chapel where people still go to pray and drink at the fountain of St. Blaise. Another château, not far off, belongs to the barons of Montmorillon, whose oldest son has always borne the name of Saladin since the time of the Crusades, when, it is asserted, a lord of that house was taken prisoner by the great leader of the Saracens, and liberated only on condition of giving that name to the heir of the barony to the latest generation.

The mountaineers have great devotion to St. Hubert, whom they invoke against the rage of wild beasts. At St. Léger-sous-Beuvray a confraternity of his name was established in the middle ages, to which all the people around belonged. It had filiations in all the parishes of Morvand as far as Saulieu and Avallon, which did not suspend their prescribed exercises even during the Revolution. And St. Hubert's day was kept as if of obligation.

East of Mt. Beuvray are the remains of the once formidable castle of Le Jeu, in a forest of the same name, derived from Jupiter, who once had a temple here in the midst of a sacred grove. South of Le Jeu is the village of La Cornelle on the side of a cone-like mount, where, on the top, is the ruined chapel of St. Claire, once a place of pilgrimage.

On a hill encircled by mountains north of Mt. Beuvray is the village of St. Prix, with an old church that used to be served by the monks of St. Martin of Autun, who were obliged to come here to administer the sacraments on all the "solemn and mys-

terious feasts" of the year, including the five "*Grandes Notre-Dames*" and the festival of "Monsieur St. Prix," who was an ancient bishop of Clermont. Near by is the Bois l'Abbesse, that used to belong to the nuns of St. Andoche at Autun. Out of this wood flows the Canche into a narrow ravine, where it goes pouring over huge rocks, forming a beautiful cascade called the Sault de la Canche. In the deep, wooded valley where the Canche is joined by the Verrière is the hamlet of La Celle, so named from the hermitage built here in the seventh century by St. Merri, or Mederic, fourth abbot of St. Martin's at Autun, who belonged to one of the most distinguished families of that city. Desiring a more profound solitude, he came to this secluded valley, then a wild spot with nothing to break the silence but the noise of the torrent and the cries of the wild beasts. Here among the rocks and precipices he built a cell, in which he spent a year before his retreat was discovered. It was afterwards converted into an oratory that acquired celebrity and drew settlers around it. A church now stands on the spot. You are still shown the cliff where he went to pray, and the spring from which he drank, now called the Fontaine de St. Merri, that flows out of the side of the mountain north of the church. It is good to visit the places that bear witness to the piety and austerities of the saints. An ancient family of the vicinity took the name of La Celle.

The Canche is only one of the numerous torrents that, after watering the narrow valleys enclosed among the mountains of this wild, picturesque region, empty into the Arroux. Another is the Vesvre, on the banks of which stands the château of Monthelon, with a village of the same name on the opposite shore. This name is variously written. The family is usually called Montholon. From remote times it has distinguished itself in its devotion to the country, and shown its attachment to the church by giving several of its members to its service. In recent times it was a Count de Montholon who took part in the battles of Austerlitz, Wagram, etc., and followed Napoleon to St. Helena, faithfully serving him to the last, and was made one of the executors of his will.

But Monthelon is more interesting to us as the place where, during several years of her widowhood, resided Jeanne Françoise Frémiot, Baroness de Chantal, whom the church has placed in the calendar of its saints. Her husband was Christopher II., gentleman of the king's chamber, lord of Rabutin and Chantal—the latter a barony a little to the northeast of Monthelon, where

there is still a hamlet of that name—and seigneur of Bourbilly, an estate a little north of Morvand, near Semur, given him by his uncle, Celse du Rabutin, on condition that the oldest son in the male line should always bear the name of Celse. Madame de Chantal passed her married life at the château of Bourbilly, but after her husband's death she came with her children to live at Monthelon, in accordance with the wish of her father-in-law, Baron Guy de Chantal. Here she spent seven years and a half. Baron Guy reminds one of Don Rodrigo in Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*, or some of the old border chieftains of Scotland. While a young man he retired to his château of Monthelon with a band of armed retainers, and made himself a terror in the country by authorizing, or at least conniving at, a series of outrages and robberies on the neighboring estates by his banditti, and bore off himself the wife of the Sire de Vautheau. He was, however, a dauntless soldier, and the king gave him command of thirty lances in 1589, and wrote him to aid the royal cause in Burgundy with all the additional forces he could muster. We can easily imagine what a life with this rough old baron must have been to a lady of high principles like his holy daughter-in-law, and we are told she had much to suffer from him. But she won his esteem and affection to such a degree that when she left him to enter upon the religious life at Annecy he, as well as all the poor of the neighborhood, to whom she had been devoted, uttered lamentable cries. While here she used to walk to Autun (about four miles) to attend the stations of Advent and Lent. St. Francis de Sales visited her at Monthelon, and here made known to her his intention of founding the order of the Visitation. And in the parish church he united in marriage his brother, Bernard de Sales, Baron of Thorens, to Edmée, the oldest daughter of St. Jane de Chantal, and the following Sunday he preached there in presence of the bride's uncle, André Frémiot, Archbishop of Bourgues. This church was founded in the year 920 in honor of St. Eptade, abbot of Cervon, whom some authors consider a native of Monthelon. In it are several tombs of the old lords. As you enter the choir you see in the pavement a large stone with a ring, like a trap-door, which opens into the sepulchre of Baron Guy, and close by, turning on hinges, are reverently preserved two panels of the pulpit in which St. Francis de Sales preached on the above-mentioned occasion. This church has also a relic of St. Jane de Chantal, whom the people still speak of as *Notre Bonne Dame.*

Baron Guy died about the year 1610. He seems in his last

days to have become sensible of the needs of his soul, and left orders that on the day of his death twenty priests should recite the Psalter in his behalf and take part the next day in the funeral procession, besides celebrating, each of them, a Mass for the repose of his soul. He ordered a like number to assemble for a similar service at the end of forty days and on the anniversary of his death, and bequeathed fifty livres to the church of Monthelon, as many to the Capuchins of Autun, and fifty measures of rye to the Cordeliers, on condition that the clergy of all these houses should attend his obsequies.

St. Jane de Chantal's son, who bore the name of Celse enjoined by his great-uncle, was killed by the English at the isle of Ré, where he commanded a squadron of gentlemen volunteers. His daughter was Mme. de Sévigné, so famous for her letters. She inherited the baronies of Chantal and Bourbilly, of which she often makes mention. The château of Monthelon fell to St. Jane's second daughter, Frances, whose daughter Gabrielle married her kinsman, the famous Roger de Rabutin, Count de Bussy, who was noted as a satirist in the time of Louis XIV. and considered one of *les plus beaux esprits* of the time. He was lord of the ancient barony of Chazeu, a castle with four large towers, a little to the south, on the right bank of the Arroux. He entered the army when a mere boy, serving in his father's regiment. As a soldier he displayed great boldness and energy, and would have attained to the highest grades in the service had it not been for his irresistible turn for satire, which drew upon him a swarm of enemies at the court and for a time lodged him in the Bastile. He married, as we have said, St. Jane de Chantal's granddaughter. One of his daughters became a nun, and the other first married the Marquis de Coligny, and afterwards M. de La Rivière, who belonged to a family of Nivernais that could trace its ancestry back to the middle of the twelfth century by a regular succession of lords, some of whom were knights, generals, governors of provinces, royal chamberlains, etc. This second marriage was a very dramatic affair. It was arranged unbeknown to her father and celebrated at her castle of Fort de Lanty, a stronghold on the side of a mountain in the very south of Morvand overlooking the fertile valleys of Bazois. At that time its battlemented towers were surrounded by walls and a deep moat filled from a neighboring lake, but it is now in ruins half buried among tall bushes. When Roger de Rabutin heard of his daughter's marriage he was so enraged that he galloped off to the castle of Lanty and carried her to

Paris, where, with a dagger at her throat, he forced her to declare she had only acted under compulsion in consenting thereto. The affair was carried to court by her husband and created much excitement, the friends of the two parties taking active sides therein. The marriage, however, was finally declared valid. Mme. de La Rivière is said to have composed the epitaph on her father's tomb in the church of Notre Dame at Autun, where he was buried in 1693.

The château of Monthelon went out of the family some time last century, but was purchased in 1861 by the Marquis de Montholon-Sémonville, a descendant of the old lords, who at once began the restoration of his ancestral seat according to its ancient plan.

South of Mt. Beuvray is the feudal castle of La Roche-Milay, perched on the very top of a granite cliff nearly four hundred feet high, along the foot of which flow the silvery waters of the Séglise, a small stream that comes pouring down into the deep valley from the sides of Mt. Beuvray. High up as the castle stands, it is overlooked on all sides by wooded mountains, steep, wild, and forbidding, one of which, Mt. Touleurs, is crowned with the ruins of an old fortress. The barony of La Roche-Milay was one of the most powerful in the province. Its ancient lords could bring three thousand men into the field. They took part in the Crusades and all the wars of the country. They had the right of coining money and of administering justice for ten leagues around. They held over thirty seigniories, and their domains included seven parishes, besides certain rights over twenty-four others. They had nineteen ponds or basins capable of holding eleven thousand fish, and owned thirteen forests, including the woods on Mt. Beuvray, where the *bonnes gens a'entour le pays* also had the right of procuring fuel. They founded five monasteries and were benefactors to many other religious houses. In 1706 the castle of La Roche-Milay was sold to Marshal de Villars, specially famous for his victory at Denain, where in 1712 he defeated the allied forces under Prince Eugene and took Lord Albemarle prisoner—a victory referred to by Voltaire:

> "Regardez dans Denian l'audacieux Villars
> Disputant le tonnerre à l'aigle des Cæsars"

—lines which are graven on the obelisk erected in the battle-field. Marshal Villars unfortunately had less eye for the picturesque

than for strategy, and in repairing the castle of La Roche-Milay he destroyed all the ancient towers but one, which now stands isolated from the other buildings. South of this castle is the village of Milay, pleasantly situated on a height, with a church in honor of St. Maurice, built on the site of a pagan temple with curious subterranean passages beneath. In 1096 it was given by Pope Urban II. to the convent of Marcigny-sur-Loire, where only the daughters of noble houses could be received, and those to the number of ninety-nine; Our Lady being considered the hundredth—*nostra Centesima*, as they called her.

Below Milay, in the valley of the Halène, is the ancient seigniory of Mazilles, with one of its old towers still standing. In the fifth century this place belonged to Eleutherius, a Roman patrician, whose wife bore the name of Eusebia. They were the parents of St. Germain, Bishop of Paris, who was born here in the year 496. It is said that on his native domains no dog, or hawk, or falcon can carry off any prey whatever without being overtaken by sudden death. In his boyhood St. Germain used to attend divine service every day at the monastery of St. André de Luzy, which was three-quarters of a mile distant, and sometimes even the nocturnal offices. The people still point out the place, south of the village, where he had to cross the Halène. St. André, one of the most ancient monasteries in Morvand, was built on the ruins of an old Druidical college. In the tenth century it became a dependency of the abbey of Cluny. A portion of the wall of the old church frequented by St. Germain is still standing. It is pleasant to visit so time-honored a spot and wander along the smiling valley by which he came and went, looking off at the west upon the heights of Appennelle, and at the east towards the higher mountains of Dône, among which once stood the castle of Luzy, one of whose lords, Pierre de Luzy, took the cross at Vézelay in 1146, and, with his brothers and his wife Luce, went to the Holy Land.

The village of Luzy, which is in the valley, is said to have been a place resorted to by the youth of ancient Bibracte for music, dancing, and games. It is certain there was a Roman villa here, which was naturally succeeded by a feudal castle. The church of St. Pierre is very ancient, with a narrow choir of the Romanesque style. Among the inscriptions on the wall is the following: "Here lies M. Hiérosme de La Vernée, the most ancient patrician of Luzy, who, for the honor he bore to St. Anne, founded in perpetuity a rent of fifteen livres to this church, enjoining on the incumbent to say every Tuesday evening the

Quirielle * of St. Anne, with a *Libera*, at his tomb, and a High Mass with vigil every year on the festival of St. Hiérosme." †

On the southwestern border of Morvand is Isenay on a height overlooking the rich valley of the Aron. According to some, the name of this village is derived from an ancient temple of Isis, who at one period was greatly honored in Gaul. In this region Roman remains are found at every step. Isenay, in fact, was a fortified post for the defence of the valley, and in the middle ages there was a walled and moated castle here, of which there are still traces. Guy, one of its lords, by his will of 1390 desired to be buried in the church of Isenay, his funeral to be attended by sixty priests. A hundred pounds of wax were to furnish the lights—among them twelve torches borne by twelve poor men, to whom as many ells of cloth were to be given. The other lights were to stand around his bier in the *chapelle funèbre*, where his arms had to be emblazoned here and there on the hangings. At the Offertory a groom was to conduct one of his steeds to the altar, bearing his armor. The day of his death alms were to be distributed among the poor in general, and he founded three Masses a week for his soul—one on Sunday in honor of the Virgin, another on Wednesday in honor of the Holy Ghost, and that of the dead on Friday. And the bell of his house at Tremblay, at the west of Isenay, was given to the church, in order to summon the people to the offices. Guy's widow, at her death, founded four annual Masses at the Quatre Temps (Rogation week), and thirty on the anniversary of her death. At her funeral six poor men were to bear torches, to whom should be given two ells of cloth and a pair of shoes. For thirty days after her death a Mass of requiem was to be sung, with an oblation of bread, wine, and candles, and she gave the church a perpetual annuity of twenty sous.

At the confluence of two streams that form the Anizy, a branch of the Aron, is the small town of Moulins-Engilbert, overlooked by the ivy-covered ruins of a castle on the top of a sharp granite cliff where the old counts of Nevers often resided and gave splendid feasts, to which came all the nobles of the province, one of which took place at the marriage of Louis I. of Flanders with Jeanne, Countess of Rethel. Louis XI. himself was a guest here in 1475. Sébastienne Chevalier, a widow of this town, founded a Grand Mass at the parish church every Friday, announced by the ringing of the bell, after which the celebrant was to read the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ as devoutly as

* The Kyrielle, or litany. † St. Jerome.

possible on his knees. She founded, moreover, a vesper service on Saturdays, after which he was to say the *Libera* and *De profundis* at her tomb; and, to make the vergers "more inclined to execute her wishes," she left them an annuity of one livre.

North of Moulins-Engilbert is the village of St. Péreuse on a plateau twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, with a magnificent view over the valleys of Bazois. Its name is derived from a holy priest of the fifth century to whom this part of the Montagnes Noires owes its conversion to Christianity. He fell a victim to his zeal, and, as was often the case, his tomb became so popular as to lead to the erection of a chapel with a monastery adjoining. At the west are the mouldering towers of the sires of St. Péreuse, and at the south is the château of Besne with battlemented walls and forbidding subterranean chambers.

A short distance east of St. Péreuse is the hamlet of St. Hilaire, almost hidden among the elms of the valley. St. Mammert is in great repute here, and the Sunday after his festival (May 11) there is an immense assemblage. In a great drought or excessive rains the people bear his statue in procession to the fountain of L'Huis Chamart, where they plunge it thrice in the water. There is a similar custom at the fountain of St. Gervais—whom the people call St. Zevras—near Moulins-Engilbert. Northeast of the hamlet, in a gorge, is the château of Argoulais, belonging to the family of Chabannes, allied with several royal families of Europe. Henry IV.'s great-grandmother, Antoinette de Chabannes, married Charles de Bourbon. Louis XV. in 1769, and Louis XVIII. in 1819, confirmed the right of its lords to be styled "*Cousins du Roi.*"

Further at the east, in the depths of a picturesque valley watered by the Yonne, is Corancy (*Curtis Ancii*)—a name derived from the ancient Roman who had a villa here. In the midst of the neighboring forest is the antique chapel of Notre Dame de Faubouloin on a cliff rising from the banks of a stream, with a sacred spring near by. In times of public calamity the neighboring parishes come here in procession. And on Easter Monday and the Nativity of Our Lady the curé of Corancy, attended by a crowd, says Mass in the chapel, after which the young people have dances and other sports in the open air, affording a most animated, picturesque scene. The day ends with a feast spread *fronde super viridi*, as the laird of Monkbarns would say.

Overlooking the valley of Corancy is the Capella de Bosco, or the chapel of Montbois, dedicated to St. Roch, on the top of

a conical hill, where processions are made on the day of that saint.

West of Corancy, on the left bank of the Yonne, is the château of Chassy, with a popular chapel near by that commemorates St. Bernard's stopping here in 1146. According to tradition he came near being devoured by wolves in crossing the mountains of Morvand. This valley formed part of the patrimony of Varé, or Vidrade, whom the church ranks in the number of the Blessed. At the death of Corbon, his father, he fell heir to eighteen estates, which he renounced in order to become a monk at Flavigny. Among them was the ancient town of Corbigny, in the pleasant valley of the Anguison on the western boundary of Morvand. A little to the north is the priory of St. Leonard on a hill, built by St. Egile, abbot of Flavigny, in the ninth century. He peopled it with twelve monks in honor of the twelve apostles, and set up holy relics in the chapel, among others a notable part of St. Leonard's remains and the skull of St. Vétérien, which gave a reputation to the church. This ancient house is now occupied by the brothers of the Christian Doctrine. Among the vineyards at the east is the much-frequented chapel of Notre Dame de Sare, and not far off is the holy fountain of St. Agatha.

A few miles east of Corbigny is Cervon on a plateau, with the vaporous mountains of Morvand on one side and the beautiful valley of the Yonne on the other. Here is an old church of the twelfth century, whose tall spire is visible through all the country around. The village owes its origin to an abbey founded in the sixth century by a saintly priest named Eptade, called by the people St. Eptas, who took refuge here to escape the honors of the episcopate. It was then a dense forest, in the midst of which he built a cell, where he lived in absolute solitude till one disciple after another set up an additional habitation which grew into a *cœnobium*. Not far off, just above the hamlet of Montlifé, is a huge block of granite in the form of a sarcophagus, partly sunk in the ground, generally called the Belle Pierre, which the people believe to be the tomb of a saintly maiden of the house of Tressolles, the ruins of whose castle are to be found overgrown by trees a little to the west. A venerable oak overhanging the Belle Pierre is kept hung with crosses and garlands of flowers. Not far off are vestiges of a rural chapel to which processions used to be made, especially on Monday of Holy Week. A short distance from Cervon is the small village of Vauclaix, picturesquely seated on the side of a mountain

that rises at the junction of three valleys, crowned by an old church of the eleventh century, built by the monks of Corbigny, with two great lindens in front. One of the ancient lords of Vauclaix left to this church of his affection the annual gift of fourteen measures of barley and eighty-four of oats for the perpetual celebration of Mass on Saturdays in honor of Our Lady.

Further north is Lormes in a wild gorge overhung with woods, through which rushes a torrent in a series of cascades on its way to join the Auxois in a valley at the west. Lormes anciently formed part of the domains of the Bienheureux Varé. This village owes its origin to a fortress built on the site of a villa near the old Roman road, along which a great number of ancient remains have been found—fragments of mosaics and marble columns, coins and medals of the time of Trajan, Aurelian, Titus, etc. Hugues III., one of the old barons of Lormes, married Helvis de Montbard, a niece of St. Bernard. Old chronicles speak of him as a man of uncommon mind and energy, as well as of extreme piety. It was he who, in 1235, built the Chartreuse of Val St. George and munificently endowed it for the welfare of his soul and the benefit of his kinsmen, living or dead, leaving to his descendants the obligation of defending its rights. His act of foundation says: "Since God, the good and merciful, who by his grace has clothed me with power in this world and given me a large part of its substance, has inspired me, though a sinner, by virtue of his Holy Spirit, with the desire of procuring him spiritual sons, and myself adopted ones, by building in my domains a temple for his worship and a suitable house for their lodging, and providing all that is necessary for their subsistence, may I one day, by the mercy of the divine Redeemer, be received with them into the heavenly temple, to dwell eternally in the tabernacle of the saints."

In this act is the following curious prohibition: "Let no woman, unless on the day of the dedication of the church, approach the doors and enclosure of these buildings or the granges of the brethren. If any, by some necessity, pass by, let them not stop, nor in the forest adjoining, but keep on their way rapidly." The valley at that time was covered by a forest which was cleared by the monks. They had a vast and magnificent establishment, which was burned down by the Calvinists of the sixteenth century, leaving only an outbuilding or two, which were afterwards repaired as a shelter for the scattered brethren. Here still lived fifteen monks when the Revolution broke out, five centuries and

a half after the foundation of the monastery. A mere fragment of this house is still to be seen.

Rising above Lormes at the west is Mount St. Alban, which affords a fine view over the Vaux d'Yonne et Montenoison, with meadows and cornfields extending indefinitely to the east, bordered by wooded hills and mountains of everlasting granite. On the top of the mount is a church, somewhat difficult of access, where in the sixteenth century was founded the confraternity of the "Corps de Dieu," so many of which rose at that period to make reparation for the profanation of the Holy Eucharist by the Huguenots. Every year on Easter Tuesday the members followed the Host in procession as it was borne through the town to the parish church, where it was solemnly exposed the remainder of the day. Southwest of Lormes is the rural chapel of St. Roch at the entrance of the woods, where herdsmen and shepherds go to invoke their favorite saint.

On the Yonne above Corbigny is Tavenault, a mere hamlet with a ruined manor-house. On the opposite bank of the river is the ancient fortalice of Epiry, which was purchased by Marshal Vauban. In 1801 the Emperor Napoleon had a marble tablet affixed to the walls, bearing the inscription: "This was the residence of Vauban. Here he planned the labors that have rendered him immortal. Grateful France has deposited the heart of this great man near the remains of Turenne beneath the dome of the Invalides." Napoleon himself had Vauban's heart carried to Paris from the church of St. Hilaire at Bazoche, a village eight miles north of Lormes at the bottom of a pleasant valley. Vauban built the choir of that church, and beneath one of the side chapels still reposes his wife, Jeanne d'Osnay, a woman of fervent piety.

Some distance at the west, on the right bank of the Yonne, is Mhère, agreeably situated on the southern slope of a hill. This village owes its origin to an oratory built here in the ninth century by the monks of Corbigny for the benefit of the lay brothers who, in going to and coming from the priory with their herds, stopped here to refresh themselves. In a neighboring abyss, called La Gaussade, it is pretended the parish bells were precipitated in some civil disturbance and can still be heard ringing the hours of office on Sundays. At the east is a chain of mountains, the highest peak of which is at the northern extremity, called Le Banquet—a name derived from the festivals that used to be held there by the surrounding villages. The summit, which the people call "Le Bout de l'Haut," is a mass

of granite entirely destitute of verdure, where terrible winds prevail. This is the highest point in Morvand, and commands a magnificent view fifteen leagues around, embracing villages and châteaux without number. In this remote, desolate spot stands the chapel of Notre Dame du Morvand, erected in 1857 by the chief proprietor of the vicinity—a chapel as severe as the granite mountain out of which it is built, and therefore in harmony with nature around. A more picturesque site could not have been chosen. Its founder was M. Dupin, a senator and member of the French Academy, who resided at the château of Raffigny, the graceful turrets of which may be seen on the side of a hill at the northeast. In front of this château is a beautiful terrace overlooking the charming valley of the Anguison bounded by mountains, among which Le Banquet is pre-eminent. At one end of the terrace, half hidden among the trees, is the chapel of St. Barbe, where the parishioners stop in the processions of the Fête-Dieu, the Assumption, and Rogation week. M. Dupin was in the habit of walking up and down this terrace at the decline of day with his wife (who had been lady of honor to Queen Marie Amélie), watching the sunlight as it faded away from the hamlets in the valley while still gilding the tops of the mountains. They often wished there was a cross on the bald summit of the Montagne du Banquet, or a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, to inspire sentiments of piety in all the country around. After Mme. Dupin's death her husband put this idea into execution by building a chapel at the highest point in the pure Romanesque style of the eleventh century, with nave, choir, and porch, lighted by stained windows. Near by is a living spring, beside which is a châlet for the chaplain, and lower down, on a shelf of the mountain, is a house for the sacristan. M. Dupin himself applied to Pope Pius IX. to complete the work by granting indulgences to all who should visit this chapel devoutly. Pilgrimages are already made here, and the mountain-tops often echo the glad voices of the throng who, toiling up, chant the Angelic Greeting as they come in sight of Our Lady's Chapel.

The whole of Morvand is studded with similar monuments of religious and antiquarian interest to those already given, and the romantic aspect of the country around renders them additionally attractive. The general features of the entire region, as well as the similarity of its name, recalls the Morven of the north, which Macpherson makes Ossian characterize as "wooded Morven," "streamy Morven," "Morven of many ridges," and the Morven of mists and aged oaks. The whole of Morvand, in fact, with its

rocks and streams and mountain tarns, its sacred springs and old chapels with their tombs of knights and crusaders, its ruined monasteries, its castles and frowning donjons on countless peaks and crags, and at every step traces of the ancient saints who led such wondrous lives and imparted not only sanctity but a poetic interest to the places where they dwelt, reminds one of Scotland, and it only needs, in order to acquire equal fascination, a minstrel like the great magician of the north, whose

> 'Legendary song could tell
> Of ancient deeds so long forgot;
> Of feuds whose memory was not;
> Of forests now laid waste and bare;
> Of towers which harbor now the hare;
> Of manners long since changed and gone;
> Of chiefs who under their gray stone
> So long have slept that fickle Fame
> Has blotted from her rolls their name."

IRELAND—1882.

WITH never clash of arms or roll of drum,
O sons of Ireland! now her hour is come.

What foul, corroded cup is left to drain?
What bitter dregs are yet her lips to stain?

What arrow still unspent, with poisoned dart
To tear in twain that stricken mother's heart?

But one—the direst, deepest shame of all:
That in this hour supreme ye faint or fall!

The world is watching; shall the nations see
The fairest queen on earth unchained and free?

Or will ye sit unheeding, supine, dumb,
O men of Ireland! now her time is come?

Shall the bright waves that lave her weary feet
Laugh as they climb her buoyant steps to greet?

Or, sobbing, sobbing still from shore to shore,
Weep where she crouches, fettered, evermore?

A SINGULAR PHASE OF PROTESTANTISM.

In the January number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, published at Andover, Massachusetts, there appeared in the leading place an article which is well worthy of notice. It is a remarkable one both for the admissions which it makes and for the advice which it gives, because such admissions and such advice from Protestant pens are so rare; though it is perhaps in one sense equally remarkable, if not more so, that such admissions and such advice are so rare, since they would seem to be naturally suggested by that common sense which, as its name implies, is supposed to belong to the majority at least of mankind.

What are these admissions, and what is this advice? The admissions are that here and there certain dogmas which are attributed to the Catholic Church by the mass of Protestants are falsely so attributed; and the advice is that those who sincerely wish to attack the evil which is believed to exist in the church by all her opponents should first by careful study and examination find out what she really teaches, that they may know what the evil in her really is, and not waste their energies in knocking down a man of straw while the actual mystery of iniquity remains erect.

There is one very strong reason for pursuing this course on which the author (the Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, of Claridon, Ohio) does not dwell. That is one which would be suggested by the commandment which instructs us, as a matter of justice and charity to our neighbor rather than of advantage to ourselves, not to bear false witness against him. But we do not mean to say that this reason would have no weight with him. No, it would be very unjust on our part to suppose that; but he does not bring it out very clearly, because his principal point is to show the folly and inexpediency, in a polemical point of view, of what may be called the ordinary Protestant course of taking everything which is said against Rome for granted; and therefore he entitles his article not "*Unjust*" or "*Uncharitable*," but "*Unintelligent* Treatment of Romanism."

Now, we say that this article is simply based on common sense. For it only requires common sense to admit, even without investigation, that some at least of the charges made by a large mass of excited controversialists against their opponents

must be ill-founded; and, again, only common sense is required to show that in the long run more effect is produced by attacking what one's opponent really does maintain than by denouncing what he is only falsely imagined to hold. That is to say, more effect is produced when one has the truth on one's own side, as of course a sincere Protestant must believe to be the case with himself.

Mr. Starbuck's article is, then, a sensible one, and we rejoice in it on that account; for common sense is always refreshing and enjoyable for its own sake. But we also are cheered by it because we know that his expectation that the evil and corruption of Rome will be properly understood and intelligently attacked by following this sensible course will, if he only proceeds himself and persuades his friends to follow him far enough on that course, be disappointed. If Protestants will only address themselves in earnest to the task of finding out what the church really teaches, we know that the same common sense which inspires them to the task will have its perfect work: it will show them that the Catholic system of doctrine is the only common-sense form of Christianity; that it is the only Christian system consonant with reason and with history; that, instead of corrupting morality, it strengthens it; that, instead of overthrowing reason, it is of all alone in thorough accord with it; that, instead of straining faith to the breaking-point, it is the only one in which faith becomes thoroughly reasonable.

Of course he is still very far from even suspecting that this is the case. And he still fails in many ways to see the church as it is. To begin with, early in his article he shows that he is under the influence of a misconception of the position of Catholics which is one of the most widely diffused of all those prevailing among Protestants about the church. It is that intelligent "Romanists," as he would probably call us all now—though he seems to think that there has been some difference between a Romanist and a Roman Catholic—are in a terrible state of mental conflict, coming from the effort to reconcile faith with reason, and are only kept in the church by a habit of submission to authority, and by a fear of the consequences, temporal or spiritual, of breaking away from it; and that, therefore, there is continually a "strain" on the church, becoming greater and greater as time goes on and intelligence expands and spreads among the people, which will at some time, perhaps not distant, result in its disruption.

That there have been "strains" on the church coming from a

revolt of some of her members against her doctrine no one will deny; there were such at the times of all heresies—as, for example, those of Arius and of Luther. But they have come rather from an absence of authoritative decisions about the faith than from any fulness of teaching on the part of the church regarding it. Every new definition of doctrine, as it placed in a clearer light the beautiful harmony and thorough reasonableness of the Catholic system, so it diminished instead of increasing the tendency to heresy among those remaining in the fold of the church. And now that system has been so fully formulated that dangerous differences of opinion among well-instructed Catholics have become, we may say, almost impossible. There is less danger of grave theological error in the church, or of any propensity to it, now than at any previous time, for very much the same reason as there is less danger of scientific error and absurdity now with regard to any really well-formed science than existed before that science had been perfected, except the danger which comes in both cases, and which always may come, from a want of knowledge of theology or of science. Heresy, by the explanations and formulations of the faith which it has rendered necessary, has destroyed its own foundations. So the idea of "St. Peter's church heaving silently, in struggle and in pain, etc.," over the definition of Papal Infallibility is a mere figment of the imagination. If the mountain had really been in labor it would have brought forth much more than the "Old Catholic" mouse.

No, the danger of partial separations from the church does not now come from differences of opinion among theologians, but, as we have just said, from a want of acquaintance among her less-instructed members with what she really does teach. The conversions which Protestantism or infidelity now makes in our ranks are almost entirely among those who have either not had the inclination or the opportunity to study their religion thoroughly; who have not found out what the church really does hold and teach, but have got their information about it to a great extent by associating with non-Catholics and imbibing their prejudices and misconceptions. If the education of Catholics were as thoroughly Catholic as the church desires and labors to make it, there would be as little danger of intellectual perversions among them as there is of modern students of astronomy embracing the Ptolemaic system; and the reason, as we have said, is the same in one case as in the other.

Of course there is always another cause of apostasy—namely, the rebellion of sinful human nature against the special obliga-

tions as well as the general moral restraints imposed by the church; but every one knows this, and it is not of the revolt of passion, but of a supposed struggle of reason, that Mr. Starbuck speaks.

But we must pass from this point, on which perhaps too much time has been spent. We have spoken of it in order to show that our good friend, though no doubt laying down an excellent plan of operations for others, makes himself the very mistake which he urges them to avoid. He does not, as we have seen, proceed a single page before he shows that he himself is an "unintelligent" treater of "Romanism," unless he prefers to be called by a harder name.

We come, however, immediately, as we go on with his article, upon a more remarkable instance of the "unintelligent" adherence to old delusions and prejudices which he blames so much in others. Proceeding from the assumed victory of the "Romanist" over the moderate or "Roman Catholic" party in the late council, which victory he supposes to have subjected the church to the terrible "strain" of which we have been speaking, he says: "We may therefore, for the present, and probably for as long as the Roman Catholic Church subsists unbroken, regard Roman Catholicism as for all working purposes absorbed in Romanism—in that system which, as Mr. Gladstone says, places the Christian religion in the breast of one man, the Bishop of Rome, making him such a lord of bodies and souls as the world has never dreamed of before."

Now, by the Roman system, or "Romanism," as he calls it, must be meant the dogma of Papal Infallibility; for that was the only thing which the council defined about which any serious difference of opinion was even imagined to exist in the church. And to say that this makes the pope such a lord, even of souls, as the world has never dreamed of before is evidently to say that it puts him in a place higher and more commanding than that in which the common consent of Christians has placed the apostles. Now, this of itself is a sufficiently "unintelligent" statement; but what must be our surprise when we read a few pages farther on in Mr. Starbuck's article, at a point where he had probably forgotten for the moment what he had written before, a strong condemnation of this very error regarding infallibility which would make the pope superior to the apostolic college! He says, and quite truly, that it is "begotten of the recklessness of controversy"; and after treating of it at some length he says of us that, "instead of claiming more than we are accus-

tomed to attribute to Peter and his fellows, they claim immeasurably less."

Now, this is a strange thing to come across, accustomed as we are to strange things in the writings and from the mouths of our opponents. Certainly Protestants, however ignorant they may be, seldom proceed in such an "unintelligent" way as to formally but unconsciously not only retract but condemn their own words almost as soon as they have been uttered.

This whole thing, however, strange as it is, is but an instance, though indeed an extraordinary one, of the way in which controversy is carried on by Protestants against us, and of the very spirit which Mr. Starbuck professes to criticise and reprove. Here is a man of considerable learning, who evidently knows the truth, and yet in spite of that is caused for the moment, by a bitter feeling of opposition against the teaching authority of the church (which is the real stumbling-block for all heretics), not only to ignore but even, as it would seem, to forget it. When we see such a phenomenon as this our wonder somewhat lessens that others not so well informed should follow the similar though somewhat less "unintelligent" course of neglecting to inform themselves before venturing on controversial statements.

We need hardly speak of the even more flagrant absurdity of making the pope "such a lord of bodies as the world has never dreamed of before." He surely cannot mean that the possession of the Papal States, which we certainly claim as the right of the pope, would make him the greatest earthly monarch that the world has ever dreamed of; for, if we are not mistaken, there are several monarchs even now who actually rule a larger territory. What, then, does he mean? It is hard to say, unless he fancies that the pope claims, and that we claim for him, the right to dispose of the lives, persons, and property of Christians (and perhaps even of others), wherever they may be found, in vindication of the laws which he may make for them; for that is the power of "a lord of bodies," if there is any meaning in the term. And this seems to be his meaning, for he says elsewhere that "the ultramontanes claim for the Papacy a control of life and limb over all the baptized." Now, how far this is from being the claim or attempted practice of the popes, outside of their own temporal dominions, the most superficial acquaintance with canon law or history will abundantly show. Of course so far as the pope is a lord of souls in their external acts, so far he is of bodies, in a mediate sense; but that is scarcely worth saying.

Let us now take up another instance of Mr. Starbuck's dis-

regard of his own rules. Having inadvertently signed his own condemnation in the passage to which we have referred acknowledging the true meaning of Papal Infallibility, the old spirit of prejudice and unreason takes possession of him and blinds him again. Immediately after the words "they claim immeasurably less," which we have quoted above, he breaks out as follows:

"To what this process of deifying the pope, which is now in full career, will ultimately lead is another question." The only shadow of reason, as he has himself just acknowledged, for saying that we are engaged in a process of deifying the pope is simply that we claim for him a position as a teacher of divine truth which, though high indeed, is still, as in his last breath he has admitted, far below that which even Protestants give to the apostles. If he would use the knowledge of history which he seems really to have, he would also of course have to admit that the words "full career" are simply destitute of foundation and absolutely absurd, inasmuch as what the council defined as to the pope's infallibility is no sudden advance, but merely the formulation of what has been practically held from the first centuries of Christianity, if historical documents are to have any weight; and that the real question at the council was not whether it was true, nor even whether it was *de fide*, but merely whether it was, in present circumstances, expedient to define it. But this, as a lesser injustice, we may afford to pass by. If he had said "this process of increasing the power and prerogatives of the pope which is now rapidly going on," his words might be considered such as may regularly be expected from Protestants. But here, under the guise of fairness, he slips in the worst venom of bigotry. He says substantially:

"It is true that so far there is nothing really extraordinary in what Catholics claim for the pope; but their disregard of reason is so great that there is no length to which their progressive system of corrupting Christianity may not carry them. They have not made the pope equal to Almighty God as yet; but there is no reason why they should not yet do so. They may not be actual idolaters in all cases in which some people think them so, or indeed at all as yet; but idolatry may some day well become part of their system."

For he thus continues:

"If it" (this process) "goes on it may well end in making him a Christian grand lama, an alleged incarnation of the Holy Ghost. Already it was mentioned by the late pope as a pious opinion that all the popes are *des*

âmes predestinées—elect souls. This may in the end involve that Alexander VI. was conceived without taint of original sin."

We are not aware whether the opinion of which he speaks was mentioned as a pious one by the late pope or not, having never happened to see or hear of it. It is, however, evident that it might have been held as such, and it is quite probable that it was generally so held, in the first centuries, when all the popes died in the odor of sanctity, and when most of them were martyrs. And it is plain that it might be so held now; but that a pope himself should hold it is, as Mr. Starbuck himself, by a strange fatality, immediately acknowledges, no more indication of its ever being defined than that any other theologian of equal learning and ability should do so. He says, a few lines below: "The ultramontanes themselves do not deny that the Bishop of Rome is a sinful, fallible man, as liable in sermons or treatises or public addresses to fall unadvisably" (unadvisedly we presume it should be) "into error, or even heresy, as other divines of equal parts and learning." There would then be, on his own confession, no reason whatever even to say that "this may in the end involve" even the definition of this pious opinion as an article of faith; but to say that it may in the end involve that even the worst popes have been conceived without original sin is not only a groundless and foolish statement, but it is also calculated (and, as it would seem, intentionally) to mislead readers into the idea that an elect soul is, in our opinion, an innocent soul; that we consider real repentance to be impossible; that if we believe that one has been saved we are so destitute of the gift of reason as to think that he never did anything to temporarily forfeit his salvation. It is, in fact, an ascribing to us of the Protestant incredible error that whatever the elect may do is not imputed to them after their regeneration, with the slight addition of making us hold that regeneration occurs simultaneously with generation instead of at the baptismal font.

Of course, as we have said, that one has led a good life is an argument, and a strong one, to make us believe that he has been ultimately saved; but to hint that a belief that we may have that one has ultimately been saved will ever make us believe that his life has always been pleasing to God, is not only to groundlessly charge us with making additions to our faith, but of making them in a direction inconsistent no less with our theology than with our common sense.

There is one more specimen of a spirit and conduct identical with that which he condemns which we cannot pass by. He is quoting from a Protestant book in which he finds numerous mistakes about our doctrine. We had not heard of this book before, but it seems to be an uncommonly foolish one, judging by the extracts which he gives from it.

But he says that "on page 257 there is a sound remark." What is this "sound remark"? Simply this: that "it is quite unnecessary that the children of the church should have either hearts or brains." "This," says our intelligent and unprejudiced opponent, "is what the perpetuation of priestly rule so far beyond the time when it was needed is fast coming to." It will be seen that in this "sound remark" the quintessence, as we may say, of all calumnies against the church is contained. For it plainly means that she does not want hearts or brains in the mass of her people—that is, that she maintains a system and policy of obscurantism, enforced by what Mr. Starbuck, adopting the common slang of controversy, calls "priestly rule"; that our plan is merely to cram a set of doctrines down the throats of our people without any appeal to their reason or to their love, but depending only on a spirit of blind submission induced in them by superstitious fear.

Now, some people, no doubt, believe this; probably the author of the stupid book which contains this remark is of their number. But here is a man who professes to rise above vulgar prejudices, who nevertheless endorses this statement, foolish as well as false; who ignores what all well-informed Protestants are fully aware of—namely, that the Catholic Church always labors to develop both the hearts and the brains of her children; that she insists on their understanding their faith as far as possible, knowing that the better they understand it the more they will cling to it and love it.

Indeed, it is precisely because well-informed Protestants know this last point well that they protest, as Mr. Starbuck himself does, not only against our religion, but also against our having schools in which our children can be taught that religion thoroughly, and in which it will take that hold on their hearts and minds that (however they may account for the fact) experience teaches them it will if it only has the chance.

But enough. Let us turn from the unpleasant task of exposing the painful shortcomings of this our new apologist. They are not, after all, so much an indication of any special malice in him as a sign of the depth and the bitterness of that spirit of ha-

tred and suspicion against the true Bride of Christ which he has inherited from the tradition of three centuries. We need not be surprised that, though he imagines that he has shaken it off, it now and then returns upon him and takes possession of him, unawares as it would seem, again.

We have not been able to let his more gross and flagrant errors and inconsistencies pass unnoticed; but neither must we neglect to make a just acknowledgment of the advance which he has made beyond the usual Protestant standpoint, and of the true testimony which he gives of us in the midst of a wilderness of falsehood. We will briefly enumerate the principal errors with regard to us and our faith of which he treats, that it may be evident how unusual, how almost unprecedented a thing, we may say, it is to find among those so widely separated from us such enlightenment as he displays; and will also quote his own words, though in some cases they have already been partly given above.

First, he shows that in calling Our Blessed Lady "Mother of God" we are guilty of no idolatry or absurdity, but simply follow the decision of the Council of Ephesus against Nestorius, which "orthodox" Protestants themselves approve. A simple and easy discovery this to make, it is true—simple and easy in itself, but not so easy in the mental conditions in which most Protestants pass their lives, as experience plainly shows. He says:

"In nothing does popular Protestant controversy betray its ignorance of the relation of Rome to Christian doctrine more than in its vehement outcry against giving to Mary the title of 'Mother of God.' To object to the popular use of this as tending to idolatry is all very well. It is also well to object to the popular use of 'person,' as applied to the distinctions in the Godhead, as tending to tritheism. The popular use of technical terms of theology anyhow is a fruitful source of mischievous misapprehension. But these controversialists, who run before they are sent, and dispute even in Rome itself, attack not merely the term, but the doctrine which it is meant to express—namely, that Mary is the mother of Christ, and not a part of him, and that Christ is God. In other words, they do their best to give the Romans to understand that they have among them not orthodox Christians but Nestorian heretics. Now, historical Protestantism rests distinctly upon the foundation, or at least accepts ungrudgingly the doctrinal decisions, of the first six general councils. Here, as I have heard Dr. Charles Hodge declare from the pulpit, is a basis of possible reunion among Christians of all three great divisions of Christendom. So that these foolish blunderers, sometimes in grave disputations and sometimes in facetious ribaldry, imagine themselves to be very smart against Romish idolatry, when in reality they are attacking the historical foundations of the

creed of Christendom—are as much at war with Wittenberg and Geneva, with Westminster and Princeton, as they are with Rome."

Secondly, he explodes in the following passage the usual ridiculous idea that we have banished what Protestants call the second commandment from our Decalogue, in order to indulge, and encourage our people to indulge, in the idolatry which it forbids:

"One of the most inveterate calumnies against the Roman Catholic priesthood—one which I have about as little expectation of being able to dislodge from the mind of the average Protestant as of being able to move the chair of Idris—is worthy of tracing from its birth, the mingled offspring of ignorance and spite. Let us suppose, then, a Protestant of such sort as is nourished by the writings of Mrs. Julia McNair Wright happening to take up one of the shorter Roman Catholic catechisms. He turns it over with the heedlessness of disdain, and comes upon the Ten Commandments. Glancing through them, he discovers to his mingled horror and delight that these crafty priests have actually concealed their idolatry from the people by omitting the second commandment, and have made up the number by dividing the tenth. Here is a discovery indeed, which is forthwith trumpeted from Dan to Beersheba. If he who shall take away any word of God shall have his part taken away out of the Book of Life, what shall be the doom of those who mutilate the Decalogue itself?

"A reflective Protestant might ask by what chance it is that the Roman Catholic priesthood alone should have varied from the law by which priesthoods in general, however unfaithful to the spirit of their religion, are always to the last degree intent on preserving every letter of its records, and the farther they deviate from the letter again are the more solicitous to prove that this neglect is only in seeming, not in fact. He might suggust that if even among Protestants, who are more unmanageable, preachers have found it so easy to explain away texts of Scripture to their admiring disciples as effectually to curb the temptation to suppress them, much more might this be true of Roman Catholic priests, indoctrinating so docile and submissive a laity. But what can he say when the mutilated catechism is thrust under his very nose? Pondering the matter in his perplexity, he chances to stumble upon a German or Scandinavian Lutheran catechism, and is astonished to find the same omission there. He shows it to the zealous Protestants aforesaid. At first they look blank. But presently they bethink themselves that they have heard something to the effect that Lutherans are not scrupulous to exclude images from their churches, and, though no mortal man has ever heard of their paying them reverence, they conclude that the Lutheran clergy have fallen into the temptation too, as I have seen openly alleged by a German Calvinist. But our reflecting Protestant, finding it hard enough on well-known principles of evidence to believe that Rome herself is in this condemnation, finds it utterly incredible that Wittenberg, Copenhagen, and Upsala have conspired with her in suppressing that word of God which they have always been so zealous to make known, or that they are trying to keep out of the catechism what old and young well know to be in the Bible.

"Turning the matter over, he next examines the larger catechisms, both Lutheran and Catholic, and there he finds the second commandment in full, but reading as part of the first, while the division of the tenth into two is still maintained. He carries back this fact in triumph to his friends, as proof conclusive that the strange arrangement has not been adopted to hide something, since here there is nothing hidden. He calls attention to the fact that the shorter catechisms, both Catholic and Lutheran, give only the opening sentences of the longer commandments, and that therefore this arrangement involves of necessity the omission of what to us is the second, but here is reckoned as the latter part of the first, commandment. No answer can be given him but a feeble insinuation that it is very convenient to have two sorts of catechisms. Too indignant with this contemptible subterfuge to reply, he pursues his investigations, and at last discovers that this reckoning of the first two commandments as one, and of the tenth as two, leading to the apparent omission of the second in the lesser manuals, and in them only, originated many centuries ago among the Jewish Masorites, and therefore at the farthest possible remove from any favoring of idolatry. Filled with delight that he is able to clear poor, defiled Rome of one scandalous imputation at least, he hastens back to his brethren with the good news. But no; the dear delight of wielding this trenchant weapon is not to be wrested from them. The very fact that it is a foul imputation upon the clergy of more than half Christendom is enough to attest its truth. The refutation of it, though as clear as day, is scornfully scrutinized and laid aside. We are describing no imaginary course of proceeding. Rome, we will suppose, has devils peculiar to herself, but the devil that rejoices in iniquity, and rejoices not in the truth, is evidently no bigot. He can be Catholic or Protestant at a moment's notice."

Thirdly, he treats of Papal Infallibility in a way which shows that he understands and is willing to acknowledge what we mean by it; and he sharply rebukes those who persist in carelessly misinterpreting it, though, as has been seen, he himself elsewhere puts himself under his own condemnation. He shows that infallibility is not to be confounded with impeccability; that it regards faith and morals, not discipline; and that it attaches to the pope's utterances, not on every occasion, but only when he speaks as the successor of St. Peter, *ex cathedrâ*. His words are as follows:

"The doctrine of Papal Infallibility does not give so large a scope to the spirit of slander, but it gives the most ample room to every species and variety of ignorant blundering. Take one at random, from a prominent New York journal in no way inclined to behave unhandsomely. Pius IX. never gave a dispensation at Rome for a mixed marriage till a year or two before he died. That he gave one then was a good deal resented by the stricter ultramontanes of the Eternal City. 'But what can they do?' says the journal in question. 'He is infallible.' This is a typical specimen of Protestant unreflectingness as to what is really meant by the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. It will therefore repay dissection as well as another.

"In the first place, infallibility respects doctrine alone, and the granting of dispensations is purely a matter of discipline. It has, therefore, nothing to do with the pope's infallibility.

"Secondly, respecting certain acts of discipline, the Vatican Council demands as a Christian duty implicit and prompt obedience to the pope. But it does not require such an inward consent and approbation as is exacted for his *ex-cathedrâ* doctrinal decisions.

"Thirdly, the council demands this implicit obedience only for those acts of the pope which respect the government of the universal church. Consequently, all his acts which are less than œcumenical stand, doctrinally at least, on a level with those of other prelates of the same degree. Thus, if he acted as Latin patriarch, although his acts would include the most of the church, yet he could not claim implicit obedience under the decree of the council. Nor could he claim it acting merely as primate of Italy; nor yet, again, acting as archbishop of the suburbican province. But the granting of a dispensation for a mixed marriage is not even a metropolitan act. In giving it he acts simply as the local diocesan of Rome; and his people, in accepting it as valid, are no more bound to relish it than the people of Strassburg or Brooklyn would be bound to relish a dispensation granted by their particular bishop. The latter receives this power from Rome for five years at a time, but within this term his authority to grant such dispensations within his diocese is as ample as the pope's authority to grant them in his. And in this case it would be as reasonable to chide the Catholics of Louisville or Richmond for a want of respect to their infallible bishop as to chide the people of Rome for a want of respect towards theirs. Although the latter is the source of authority to the other two, yet, the authority once granted, the three bishops, as respects all diocesan acts, are precisely on a level. The authority of the pope to act as ordinary in other dioceses than his own remaining latent, is as if it were not.

"Here, then, is a Protestant blunder respecting infallibility of the *n*th power. Let us define the unknown quantity: First, the confusion between doctrine and discipline; secondly, the neglect to note the distinction between œcumenical and patriarchal authority; thirdly, the neglect of the distinction between patriarch and primate; fourthly, the neglect of the distinction between primate and metropolitan; fifthly, the neglect of the distinction between metropolitan and diocesan; it appears, then, that error^n = error^5. . . .

"Another error respecting infallibility is less excusable, because begotten of the recklessness of controversy and savoring of the feeling that any stone will do to throw at a dog—or a papist. The Catholics are tauntingly asked if they place the pope above Peter, and are reminded of Peter's denial of his Lord or of his tergiversation at Antioch as proof that he was not infallible, and therefore that his alleged successor is not. Now, that people in general should confound infallibility, or freedom from doctrinal error, with impeccability, or freedom from personal sin or inconsistency, is nothing very strange. The two are more closely connected than our current theology admits. But that a stanchly orthodox Presbyterian divine like the late Dr. Nevins, of Baltimore, who firmly believed the apostles to be as free from doctrinal error as Christ himself, should throw up to the Roman Catholics that Peter submits to rebuke without a word of his own

infallibility, and afterwards impliedly acknowledges his fallibility by commending to general attention the very epistle in which his inconsistency is exposed, as if this candor involved the acknowledgment of error in doctrine, is a melancholy instance, in a good man, of the headlong short-sightedness of religious hatred. Concede to the Roman Catholics for their chief pontiff as much of doctrinal infallibility as all our pulpits claim for Peter, and they will be well content, inasmuch as they actually ask for very much less. In common with the Protestants they ascribe to Peter and his colleagues doctrinal infallibility as a perpetual and personal gift, whereas to Peter's supposed successor they ascribe it only as an official gift, of interpretation, not of revelation, and dependent for its validity upon a multitude of stringent and minute conditions. Instead, therefore, of claiming more than we are accustomed to attribute to Peter and his fellows they claim immeasurably less."

His admission that the pope, speaking as a private doctor, may, according to our theology, err, we have quoted above in a still more distinct form.

Fourthly, he exonerates us from the charge of indifference to veracity, and (though not so plainly or fully as might be desired) from holding the odious principle that the end justifies the means. He says, in the course of his notice of the Protestant book of which we have spoken:

"On page 26 we read: '"No faith with a Protestant" is a cardinal point with papists. A lie told to a Protestant is no lie; the end justifies the means used to attain the end; the lie rises to a virtue if told to aid the Romish Church.'

"Now, if the author had said that Rome values charity so much above truth, that she strains the power of belief so fearfully by the requirements of her creed, and that she so overweeningly exaggerates her spiritual prerogatives as immensely to weaken the sense of veracity in Roman Catholic countries, she would have told the truth. But, not content with this, she attributes to Roman Catholics in a Protestant country, and in their ordinary intercourse with Protestants, a settled falsity such as Rome, in all the intensity of her first struggles with the Reformation, could never be brought to sanction doctrinally, however much she may have shown it in act, or however wildly some of her doctors may have talked. The present writer, having spent a great part of his early life with Roman Catholic teachers, governesses, servants, and friends, and in the near neighborhood of Jesuit priests and of nuns of the Visitation, is able to give emphatic testimony for himself and his family that it would be impossible to exact of any company of Protestants a more scrupulously steady abstinence from all attempts at proselytism, or a more perfect observance of the law of veracity in usual intercourse, than was true of these. That there are great multitudes of Roman Catholics capable of fastening upon their religious opponents so foul a character as to think themselves absolved from all obligations of charity or truthfulness towards them may very well be true. But to impute to all Roman Catholics such a character, as something in-

volved in their very religion, would be a foul slander if it regarded only the Jesuits; while applied to the body at large, especially as existing in Protestant countries, it is as monstrous a calumny as it would be if Roman Catholics should insist that Mrs. Julia McNair Wright's productions are a typical exhibition of the Protestant sense of justice and care for truth."

Fifthly, he maintains, substantially, our right to sanction ecclesiastical discipline by spiritual penalties, even though these penalties may, by means of the faith common to those who suffer them and to other Catholics, involve certain temporal consequences. The passage is too long for insertion here.

He also, in the course of his examination of the blundering book of which we have already spoken, notices and condemns a number of other vulgar Protestant errors which are common enough certainly, but hardly prominent enough to make it necessary to speak of them here. They are, however, eminently worth noticing in a magazine like the one in which his article is written, which is more likely than this to have readers more or less imbued with them.

A Catholic must rise from the perusal of Mr. Starbuck's article with somewhat mingled feelings, as is evident from what has been said. One, of course, is of pleasure to find such rare, such almost unheard-of admissions of the truth by a Protestant controversialist; such a desire, as it would seem, to conduct the campaign against us on honorable and common-sense principles; such a consciousness that though of course there must be—Protestantism being taken for granted—plenty of stones which it is lawful and expedient to throw at papists, it is not every one which will do, to use his own expression.

But one's sense of pleasure is diminished by the evidence leaking out here and there (as even in the extracts we have made) that there is a good deal of the old leaven—we do not like to say of malice and hypocrisy, and we believe it is actually neither of these, but of something which at least resembles them, in this exceptional opponent of ours. At least it may be said that there is here and there an apparent ignorance, for the moment at least (as we have shown), of what he elsewhere gives proof of knowing; and momentary ignorance of this kind, though excusable in a speaker in the heat of discussion, is hardly so much so in one who has time to re-read and carefully ponder his words.

And there is also a feeling of disappointment that, while he was about it, he did not say a few words about some other vulgar errors, fully as absurd and, one would think, as well known by him to be errors as those which he does nail to the wall. It is

true that he does not profess to give an exhaustive catalogue of all the Protestant mistakes and misrepresentations about Catholic faith and practice; and, indeed, it would be hard to do that. Still, there are some so common and so important that to say nothing about them seems almost the same as to endorse and confirm them.

For instance, while justly condemning the attacks made on the term "Mother of God," why did he not, instead of saying what is, by the way, untrue, that its popular use tends to idolatry, rather take occasion to say that Catholics in point of fact are not idolaters; that, though they indeed give honor, for God's sake, to those persons and things most nearly related to him and to his service, they by no means give to any creature that honor and worship which is due to himself alone? Another occasion to say this presented itself when he shows that the Roman clergy have not expunged the commandment forbidding the idolatrous worship of images from the Decalogue. He might then have acknowledged that it is false to say that the people practise such worship, as well as to say that the clergy enjoin it; but no, he passes on, giving the impression (as, indeed, we have remarked that he elsewhere directly says) that the Catholic system tends to idolatry, and even that there is a considerable amount of it forming a practical part of the devotion of many at least of our laity.

Again, why not take some notice of the prevailing Protestant belief, immensely injurious to us, that indulgences are a permission to commit sin, and that these permissions are sold for a consideration, greater or less, according to the gravity of the sin? For many really believe that the Reformation had its origin in an outburst of righteous indignation against the abominable practice of selling permissions to sin. Why not say, as he easily might have said, that an indulgence is only the substitution of one good work for another, to satisfy for the temporal punishment of past sins, already thoroughly repented of, forgiven through repentance, and now supremely detested and avoided?

Why not also expose the ridiculous idea, kindred to the last mentioned, that the forgiveness of sin is sold in the confessional; that neither contrition nor amendment are required, but only confession and the payment of a certain sum in cash to the absolving priest? This imagination, absurd and unfounded as it is, is really believed to be a fact by many with whom one word from a man in Mr. Starbuck's position would have more weight.

than the most emphatic denunciation of it by an œcumenical council.

If he had, by a more extensive and thorough illustration of his subject, cleared away more completely the rubbish of slander and misunderstanding which malice, bigotry, and indifference have heaped on the field of controversy, he would not only have been more perfectly just and charitable to us, but he would also have better prepared the way for intelligent appreciation of the real differences between Catholics and Protestants and for profitable argument upon them. There are many points on which, no doubt, however clearly and truly our position is explained and our system developed, there will still be for a time insuperable objections in the minds of many of those separated from us. There are many, for example, who will consider it a corruption of the Gospel for us to hold that faith is not an enthusiastic confidence that Christ has assured our own personal salvation, but that it is a belief of and a submission to the voice of God coming to us through competent authority; who will regard us as listening to man's word rather than God's when we believe that it is by the teaching of the apostles and their successors that Christ has been pleased that we should be instructed, rather than by trusting exclusively to the perusal of a book written by holy men in various ages, but not definitely compiled or held as the word of God, in all parts, till long after the apostolic age; who will look on our whole sacramental system as false and pernicious, preferring to believe that God always gives his grace directly to the soul according to his good pleasure, having in no case attached definite exterior conditions to its reception; and so on. These points may suffice as specimens of our real divergences; it would take a work like Moehler's *Symbolism* to thoroughly explain them.

Yes, there are many matters on which we really differ; but what a comfort it would be if our discussion could be reduced to these; if, instead of having to deny innumerable false notions and prejudices held by Protestants with whom we have occasion to speak, and being seldom fully believed in so denying them, we could have a man of their own number who, having thoroughly freed himself and them from these false notions and prejudices, would enable us to come directly to the real points at issue!

Mr. Starbuck's article is the beginning of this work, which he, or some one similar in position, information, and intelligence to him, ought to undertake. But it cannot be done satisfactorily in a magazine article, however good that article might be. His

article is pretty good—we wish we could say very good—as far as it goes; but it could not go far enough. Let us hope that at some not distant day a manual will appear entitled "Full and Correct Instructions on the real Departures of the Catholic Church from the true Doctrine of Christ, showing all the many points in which her position is misunderstood. Written as an aid to intelligent controversy, by a Protestant clergyman." But we should not mind so much the title if the book were really all that such a title would imply.

In the meantime, however, we make our acknowledgments for the unexpected and unusual favor which we have received, on the principle, of course, that "half (or even a quarter) of a loaf is better than no bread."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AN INSTRUCTION ON MIXED MARRIAGES. By the Right Rev. William Bernard Ullathorne, O.S.B., Bishop of Birmingham. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1881.

In this episcopal *Instruction* given to his clergy assembled in synod, the venerable and learned Bishop of Birmingham sets forth fully and impressively, with ample citations of authorities, the doctrine and law of the church concerning mixed marriages. He proves that they have been forbidden from the earliest period of the separation of men into two classes, the members of the true church and those who are not in that holy communion. Specifically, this is proved to have been always the law of the Catholic Church. Although, by his supreme authority, the pope can and does grant, through his delegates the bishops, dispensations from this law, the bishop shows that he requires that these dispensations should be given for grave reasons, and that the motive for relaxing in certain cases the strict law of the church is that greater evils which would follow from withholding the dispensation universally may be avoided. The bishop insists, nevertheless, that in a majority of cases, even when such marriages are contracted with a legal dispensation, they turn out badly, and that their frequency is something lamentable, dangerous, productive of great evils, the loss of many members by the church, a multitude of sins, and the damage or ruin of faith and religion in many souls and families. Of course his practical inference is that great exertion ought to be made to prevent as much as possible Catholic young people from marrying out of the church. There is really only one efficacious means of carrying out this advice, which is only a repetition of the admonitions which have been frequently given by the Holy See.

In granting dispensations bishops and their chancellors are practi-

cally dependent on the parish priests, who alone can examine into the reasons which exist for asking the dispensation and seeing that the prescribed conditions are complied with. Priests, on their part, are morally unable to oppose an efficacious hindrance to the wishes of those who apply to them for dispensation, except in rare cases, either in or out of the confessional. There is generally no choice, except between assent to the request or permitting the party to go on and incur the guilt of mortal sin, with other evils following in its train, by marrying without dispensation in defiance of the law of the church. With all the lenity and laxity of the actual practice in administering the law which is at present tolerated, instances are only too common of its open and flagrant violation, even to the extent of incurring excommunication. The effect of tightening the reins of discipline, without first effecting a great improvement in the dispositions of that great number of Catholics whose ideas and sentiments on the sanctity of the sacrament of marriage are very loose, could only be grievously detrimental. Therefore there is but one way to lessen and remedy the evil, which is to effect this improvement by moral and religious means, and to infuse by instruction and persuasion a more Catholic spirit into those parents and young people whose sentiments are less Catholic than they ought to be. When, by the awakening of conscience and the heightening of the sense of reverence and loyalty toward the authority of the church, mixed marriages come to be generally reprobated and shunned by the Catholic people, prelates and parish priests can more safely and efficaciously use their power over individuals by refusing to grant dispensations unless they are fully satisfied with the reasons which induce the petitioners to ask for them.

An extensive circulation of Bishop Ullathorne's *Instruction* among both the clergy and laity, its careful reading and consideration by parents, and by those of our young people who are reasonable enough to consult something higher than the ethics of romantic literature, will be one means of awakening attention to the vital importance of the matter in question.

There are other matters also equally important, in respect to which it is needful that both parents and young people should be instructed. With a great number it is not perversity but a lack of instruction and knowledge which causes them to think and act with so much levity and imprudence, and exposes them to so many dangers and miseries. There is an atmosphere of false ideas and unwholesome sentiments diffused everywhere, which is unconsciously inhaled by our young people and poisons their moral blood. The medicine by which they are cured is often very bitter. The preventive is in a better intellectual aliment and moral regimen. Those who are qualified to do so will do great good if they will write that which young people will read, and which will give them reasonable and Christian ideas respecting marriage.

IRELAND OF TO-DAY. The Causes and Aims of Irish Agitation. By M. F. Sullivan. With an introduction by Thomas Power O'Connor, M.P. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. 1881.

The story of that infamy of modern times, the English government of Ireland, has been so often told that it is difficult to say anything new on the subject. Yet the volume before us will be found a handy book of reference, and it is written with as little show of anger or resentment as pos-

sible. But there is one chapter which, though by no means exhaustive, deserves especial attention. Under the heading, "A lettered Nation reduced by Force and Law to Illiteracy," Mrs. Sullivan, in unexaggerated language, relates how England perpetrated one of its cruellest wrongs on the Irish people, destroying by a course of legislation, as well as by arbitrary brute force, the institutions of learning, great or small, that had survived the constant wars for independence, forbidding Catholics to teach school, and then, by a refinement of malice, punishing all who, having the means, should send their children abroad to acquire the education forbidden at home. It is fair to call this one of the very cruellest of wrongs, for it aimed to turn a proud and intellectual people into a nation of stupid boors. Under the carefully studied system the Irish people were made the most illiterate in the civilized world, perhaps. This people, who, at a period when they were free to work out their own destiny, were the light that shone amid the general darkness of Europe, were gradually brought down to be the amusement of Cockney scribblers and caricaturists, and of their weak and cowardly imitators in this country. The loss of nationality, the loss of their ancient language with its wealth of song, legend, and history, the loss of their land, and the loss of their worldly goods and prosperity generally, were hard indeed to bear, but the most galling hurt to a sensitive race like the Irish has, after all, been the deprivation of a chance to use and develop the intellect with which God has so fully endowed it. What has added bitterness, too, to this wrong has been the easy insolence with which Irishmen and Irishwomen who have risen to any eminence are quietly set down as "English" by the very authors or abettors of the wrong.

Americans who draw their information from English or pro-English sources are sometimes inclined to believe that the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 and the so-called Liberal statesmen of contemporary England have changed all this; that now, on the score of education at least, Ireland has no longer good ground of complaint. Mrs. Sullivan says, with perfect truth: "There is to-day a Catholic university in Ireland, founded by voluntary contributions, but the English government does not permit it to confer degrees. At the same time the University of Dublin is essentially Protestant; the astounding fact stands forth that in the last quarter of the nineteenth century a Catholic cannot obtain a university degree in a country of which four-fifths of the taxpayers who sustain the schools are Catholics!"

THE LIFE OF THE REV. MARY JOHN BAPTIST MUARD, FOUNDER OF THE MISSIONARY PRIESTS OF THE CONVENT OF ST. EDMUND. By the Rt. Rev. Dom Isidore Robot, O.S.B. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1881.

This is an interesting and instructive biography of Rev. Father Muard. It shows how deeply some souls have been stirred in view of the evils which for some time past have threatened Catholic France. Not only was Father Muard keenly pained at the sight of the calamities which he saw impending over his country, but, moved by the grace of God, he set himself to work in providing the means of averting them.

Evidently the time has come when Catholic Frenchmen, if they would not see the gift of divine faith disappear from their fair country, should bestir

themselves. A Gambetta is its prime minister and a Bert is at the head of its bureau of instruction! The accession of these enemies of the faith to power reminds us of an anecdote related of one of the Fathers of the Desert. When at prayers he inquired of God how it was permitted that an emperor who was a bitter persecutor was allowed to be elected to that office. And the reply was heard: "I could find none worse." If such men in power do not cause Catholic Frenchmen to sink all their political and other differences, and unite for the sake of defending the supreme interests of religion, then there is little or no hope of awakening them to their real dangers. These irreligious men will not hesitate to cut down to the quick and beyond, and if there be no life left, or not sufficient among Catholics of this generation in France to defend their faith and recover lost ground, then calamity will be added to calamity and ruin will be heaped upon ruin by the reckless experiments of these superficial politicians.

Father Muard's life shows us the other side of the character of the French people—its deep religiousness, its thorough earnestness and sincere piety. It shows how powerfully these traits exert themselves when under the influence of divine grace, even in our day, so given to frivolity, so worldly and pleasure-seeking.

But things in France are not past redress, and there is faith enough, if awakened from its apathy and united, to renew the pristine vigor and reclothe the eldest daughter of the church with new garments of beauty and splendor.

Those readers who take an interest in the characteristics of religious orders, and their adaptation to the needs of the age in which they are born, will find much that is instructive and edifying in this volume. The reading of such lives is stimulating to a higher and nobler life, and, in times like ours, will be read and pondered over everywhere by all Catholics who are not indifferent to the progress of religion.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST MASS IN CONNECTICUT (June, 1781), Sunday, June 26, 1881, in St. Peter's Church, Hartford. Hartford. 1881.

This celebration was closely connected with the Yorktown Centennial. Several regiments of our French auxiliaries marched through Hartford on their way to Virginia, and one of them was accompanied by a chaplain, M. l'Abbé Robin, whose interesting letters were translated into English and published in Boston in 1784. This priest celebrated Mass on the Feast of St. John Baptist in the French camp, as an old French resident who was present related to Father Fitton many years ago. The site of the camp is in St. Peter's parish. The centennial of this Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's Church, which is a handsome Gothic edifice built of brown stone, under the direction of the able and zealous rector, Father Tierney, with great splendor, the bishop of the diocese officiating pontifically, two bishops and a great number of priests being present, and the church crowded. Father O'Gorman, of St. Paul's Church, New York, preached an appropriate and eloquent discourse, with which the gentlemen of the city government, who were present by invitation, expressed themselves as much pleased, and which gave general satisfaction to all its auditors.

In the evening Bishop Conroy celebrated pontifical vespers, and the venerable, aged priest, Father Fitton, of Boston, who was ordained in 1827 and for several years had the sole pastoral charge of all the Catholics in Connecticut, gave a very entertaining and instructive historical discourse on the early years of Catholicity in Hartford. This excellent and apostolic priest soon after finished his laborious and fruitful ministry of fifty-four years, having departed this life, full of years and merits, at East Boston, a few weeks after the celebration at Hartford.

The pamphlet which the Hon. Thomas McManus has issued contains an account of the ceremonies of this most successful and interesting celebration of the first Catholic centenary of Hartford, together with the two discourses, and some carefully prepared and valuable historical sketches of the events commemorated and of the rise and growth of the diocese. Every Catholic of the diocese of Hartford ought to read this pamphlet, and preserve it, with special care; and in fact all Catholics throughout the country, and all Americans who take an interest in early reminiscences connected with our civil history as well as with ecclesiastical affairs, will find it quite unique and worthy of perusal. We take occasion, also, to call attention to M. Robin's letters, which we believe have been republished since their first issue, as among the most curious documents extant respecting our Revolutionary war and the state of things in New England at that time.

PICTURESQUE IRELAND. Edited by John Savage, LL.D. Parts 7, 8, and 9. New York: Thomas Kelly. 1881.

This work, which is coming out in numbers, might be fuller in some of its historical and philological details. And there is no good reason for holding to that ridiculous spelling of Gaelic proper names which came into vogue during the last century—a time when the misfortunes of the beautiful isle were at their height, and when the language and customs of the Irish were looked upon by "polite" writers, Irish (shame it is to have to say it!) as well as English, as *curious* relics of barbarism. Of course in geographical and other proper names now in use it would be pedantic and confusing to follow any but the common orthography, corrupt as that orthography is. The etymology of the name Galway, as given at page 183, is incorrect, as a slight knowledge of Gaelic ought to show. There are a few slips in proof-reading, too. For instance, page 178, Eogan Mor (for Eoghan [Owen] Mor); and page 188, "Mr. Eugene Curry" for Mr. Eugene O'Curry. Nevertheless, as far as these numbers have reached, editor and publisher have combined to give an exceedingly handsome and valuable itinerary of Ireland. The paper, type, ink, and illustrations are excellent.

THE LIFE OF THE ANGELIC DOCTOR, ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, OF THE ORDER OF FRIARS PREACHERS. By a Father of the same Order. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1881.

The lives of the saints is the application of the truths of the Gospel of Christ to practice. Hence the reading of their biographies is an antidote against doubt, scepticism, and infidelity, the prevailing intellectual epidemics of our times. Moreover, a taste for such reading is a proof against the spirit of worldliness. Notwithstanding St. Thomas' commanding intellect, there

was one thing he could not understand. "I cannot understand," he said, "how any one who knows that he is in mortal sin can laugh and be merry."

This life of St. Thomas is short, popular, and interesting. One cannot read too many and too much on the lives of the saints.

CATHEDRA PETRI: The Titles and Prerogatives of St. Peter, and of his See and Successors, as described by the Early Fathers, Ecclesiastical Writers, and Councils of the Church. By Charles F. B. Allnatt. London: Burns & Oates; Dublin: Gill & Sons. 1879.

WHICH IS THE TRUE CHURCH? or, A Few Plain Reasons for joining the Roman Catholic Communion. By the same author. Edinburgh: Printed at the Ballantyne Press. 1881.

These are two excellent, and, in themselves, convincing works, the objects of which are evident from their titles. They display much reading and research, and are also remarkable for clearness of method and arrangement. We must, however, confess to a kind of feeling of disheartenment when such books are brought to our notice, coming from the thought that so few of those for whom they are intended will ever read them. Time and again has Catholic truth been plainly demonstrated and the claims of the church set in the clearest light; but the mass of the Protestant world absolutely ignores all these expositions as completely as if they had never been made, and goes on repeating its patchwork of falsehood, absurdity, and stale objections to the truth as confidently as before. Of course this is not all wilful blindness by any means; many would be convinced, if it ever occurred to them to examine. But that is the difficulty: Protestants, as a rule, will not read Catholic books. Here and there, however, there are a few really in earnest, and with eyes opened by the grace of God, who will be materially helped by such works as these before us; and for them, however few, it is worth while that they should be written. They are also serviceable to Catholic disputants as rich storehouses of argument and condensed history from which to draw materials for the controversies in which they may be engaged.

THE ART OF THINKING WELL. By the Rev. James Balmes. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. William McDonald, D.D. Preceded by a Life of the Author. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

We are so accustomed to regard Balmes as an author of the first half of this century that it rather takes us by surprise when we have it brought distinctly to memory that he was born in the same year with Leo XIII. and the venerable Cardinal of New York. He was one of those prodigies, who in early youth attain a growth and achieve a fame ordinarily reached at a later period. He was born in 1810; in 1848 his career was finished. One work of his, *Protestantism and Catholicity Compared*, which he finished at the age of thirty-one, has placed his name permanently on the rolls of fame, and has a lasting value. His philosophical writings have the stamp of genius upon them, and his minor works are all excellent, yet there is nothing in all these which would give him that place among the authors of this century which he has acquired by his *Protestantism*. The most important of all these—viz., the *Fundamental Philosophy*—rather shows what he was naturally capable of achieving in philosophy than what he did accomplish.

Dr. McDonald's Life of Balmes is more complete than any other biographical sketch we have seen, and is extremely interesting. The treatise on *The Art of Thinking Well*, which he has translated, sparkles with all the characteristic brilliancy of Balmes' style. It is very attractive reading, and brimful of practical wisdom. An intelligent young man can hardly have a pleasanter or more useful companion, or a better guide to the right use of his mind in the most important affairs of life.

Madeleine de S. Pol. By Theodore Howard Galton. London: Burns & Oates. 1881. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

A story of rural England about the beginning of this century. The heroine is a beautiful French girl of good connections who is forced from her own country by the disorders accompanying the Revolution. She is wooed and won by a man belonging to the old Catholic gentry. Incidentally many touches are given that illustrate the social condition of Catholics in the remoter parts of England at a time when the anti-Catholic penal laws had been somewhat relaxed in their coarser features. In spite of a studied and rather tiresome accuracy of detail which occasionally suggests an English "county-history," the story is interesting, particularly to English readers.

Irish Faith in America. Recollections of a Missionary. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

A French priest's enthusiastic tribute to the religious zeal and devotion of the Irish race. The translation is good.

Manx Gaelic. A paper read by W. S. Kerruish, Esq., at the Thirteenth Annual Session of the American Philological Association, held at Cleveland, Ohio, July, 1881.

A curious illustration of the neglect which ill-fortune brings is seen in the ignorance, among English-speaking people especially, of everything bearing on the Gaelic language, traditions, or literature. So complete, indeed, is this ignorance that even educated Englishmen, and Americans of English origin, have but the vaguest ideas of what the Gaelic language is and by whom it is spoken. To many Gaelic suggests a Highland Scot only, in his kilt and fillibeg, while the fact that it is the native tongue of Keltic Ireland, and the only language intelligible to thousands of Irishmen as well as Scotchmen, comes to them as a startling revelation. Mr. Kerruish, in the pamphlet before us, touches on this supercilious ignorance: "In Bryant's translation of Homer he admits the inequality of English to German in the perfect retention of sense and rhythm of the great original, and extols the translation of Voss as marvellous in its fidelity, even to the perfect preservation of the cæsural pause. Had he been familiar with Archbishop MacHale's translation of Homer into Gaelic (Irish) he would have had, it is believed, an illustration in which was preserved perfectly not only the sense and the cæsural pause, but the accompanying sound, even to the crash of arms and the voices of the many-sounding sea." Nevertheless, owing greatly to the labors of German and other Continental scholars, and to the revival generally of education in Ireland, there seems to be an awakening of the children of the Gael to the need of prolonging the life of the old lan-

guage—a language that ages ago prevailed throughout Gaul, Upper Italy, and the Iberian Peninsula, but that now finds its last refuge in Ireland and the fastnesses of Scotland and the adjacent islands.

The Irish dialect retains the ancient alphabet and orthography, and is, therefore, best suited to the needs of the philologist. The Scots in the last century, for semi-political reasons it is asserted, discarded the old alphabet, and by the adoption of an arbitrary orthography contributed greatly to the corruption of their dialect. In 1762, according to Mr. Kerruish, a Bible society followed a similar arbitrary course with the dialect of the Isle of Man, so that Manx too, as *printed*, has merely a caricature resemblance to the old language.

Mr. Kerruish says that he was urged some years ago by Prof. Huxley to prepare an article on the Manx Gaelic. His short but well-arranged paper deserves the attention of all who have any interest in Keltic studies.

THE HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY OF CATHOLIC POETS, FROM CHAUCER TO THE PRESENT DAY (1350–1881). Edited by Eliot Ryder. Notre Dame, Indiana: Joseph A. Lyons. The University of Notre Dame. 1881.

To include in one volume specimens of all the Catholics who have written worthy poetry in English within the last five hundred years could not be attempted, but the editor of the *Household Library* must have had some such ambition if we are to judge both by his title-page and his preface. At all events, he has brought together selections from the most of those poets who have achieved fame, and have at the same time been known to the world as Catholics. With contemporary poets the task must, of course, have been difficult. In a volume such as this it is not easy to avoid the suspicion of favoritism in the selection of poems whose authors are alive and able, if need be, to wield their pens in deadly prose for or against a book, according as their merit—or their vanity—has been acknowledged or ignored. In spite, then, of several serious omissions, and in spite of a few pieces of mere drivel having found their way into its pages, the volume will be found convenient. It is handsomely bound, and as a specimen of book-making would have been in every way a credit to the publisher had a better quality of ink and presswork been used.

ORIGINAL, SHORT, AND PRACTICAL SERMONS FOR EVERY SUNDAY OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. Three Sermons for every Sunday. By F. X. Weninger, S.J., Doctor of Theology. Cincinnati: C. J. H. Lowen. 1881.

These sermons certainly are a valuable addition to the existing stock of literature of this class; for while they are real and elaborated discourses, and not mere skeletons to be filled up with considerable trouble only, they are at the same time short, and written in a style which any one can make his own. They are also eminently suggestive, both in style and in matter, and can be read with much profit by those who do not intend to follow them very closely in preaching.

The only fault of consequence in them seems to us to be their shortness. No doubt an error on this side is much less than on the other; but while these are hardly short enough for Low Mass, they must be delivered very slowly to occupy the twenty-five minutes which the author claims. It will probably be found very hard to take more than three minutes in

reading any page aloud with the utmost deliberation; and they average five pages in length—at least we have found it so.

They appear to be only the first instalment of a complete collection which is to be published.

SAFEGUARDS OF DIVINE FAITH. A Series of Eight Essays. Part i. Essays No. i., ii., iii., iv. By the Rev. Henry Formby. London: Burns & Oates. 1881. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The object of these essays is to show that Christ is a Divine Legislator as well as Teacher of mankind, and that obedience to his law and doctrine is obligatory and necessary to human welfare.

In this first part Mr. Formby has a good deal to say which is very true and timely on the importance to Catholics of reading the Scriptures more than they are generally wont to do. A careful and satisfactory revision of our Douai Version with the sanction of competent authority would promote this general reading of the Scriptures among the laity, and is assuredly most desirable. We have been looking into the genuine and original English Version of Douai and Rheims of late, and have been much impressed by its extraordinary excellence. Our ordinary reformed editions have to a great extent defaced instead of improving the austere, Doric grandeur of this old monument of the learning and piety of English Catholics. Doubtless it has defects in rendering, clumsy passages, and an abundance of archaisms and obsolete forms which absolutely require a revision. But this work would not be so very difficult, as may easily be seen by looking at the Scripture lessons in the Marquess of Bute's English Breviary.

Mr. Formby considers also the institution of the week with its Sabbath, setting forth the proofs of its being coeval with the creation, and its great utility. The topics of the second part as announced on the cover of the first part are of even greater interest, though not, probably, of greater practical importance.

PROTESTANTISM AND THE CHURCH. By the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Preston, V.G., LL.D. New York: Robert Coddington. 1882.

The barbarian Theodoric put to death the Roman philosopher Boëthius by pressing a cord into his forehead until his eyes started out, and then finishing him by beating with clubs. The so-called Reformers attempted to destroy the Catholic Church in the same way. History sets forth Theodoric and Boëthius as they really were: the first as the real criminal, the latter as a man venerable for his exalted wisdom and virtue. History, even as written by Protestants, is setting forth the Reformers and the church in a similar parallel. And as were the men who pretended to reform Christianity, so is their work. Mgr. Preston, in a series of works made up from several courses of lectures given in the church of which he is rector, has gone over a great part of the whole ground of controversy between Catholicity and Protestantism. In this his latest volume he has gathered together and applied the pitiless exposures, and the unmerciful censures, more severe than any which have been pronounced by Catholic writers, with which Englishmen bred up in hereditary English prejudices have held up to the view of the world in its real character the devastating work of tyrants and faithless priests miscalled the Reformation.

Besides showing that this revolution of the sixteenth century was a violent and destructive war for the destruction of the church, Mgr. Preston also proves, by quotations from the standards of the Protestant sects, that they theoretically deny and formally subvert the church as an institution of Christ, and make a war of words upon the true church of Christ as ruthless as the war of external force waged by tyrants.

Protestantism essentially destructive of the church is his thesis. In carrying this through by an argumentative and documentary process of reasoning, Mgr. Preston thoroughly demolishes that system of compromise and mediation which proposes to reconcile and unite Catholicity with Protestantism and the more ancient schism of the Greeks of the Lower Empire, by tying together the living tree and all its dissevered and dead branches.

The two lectures on the Protestant Reformation and on Anglicanism are the second and third of the series. The first and fourth, which begin and close the course, are devoted to an exposition of the origin, constitution, and real nature of the church, as founded by Christ and perpetually existing. The array of documentary evidence proving the fact of the institution of the Catholic Church by Jesus Christ and its unchanging continuity, and the doctrinal exposition showing its nature and properties, are very judiciously and completely made. The citations from the Fathers are well selected, copious, and arranged with excellent method. The argument as a whole, while it is tersely compacted, consecutive, and logical, is also sufficiently clothed with rhetoric to be smooth and shapely in form, and has a sufficiently popular manner and style to be easily intelligible and readable. In our opinion this book may be classed among the best of the kind in English Catholic literature. In the treatment of its one main topic we do not know of any book which is superior to it, perhaps we can say equal to it, for the use of the generality of intelligent readers.

MR. T. W. ALLIES has in preparation a fourth volume of his *Formation of Christendom*, which will treat of the relation of the Spiritual to the Civil Power in the State previous to the coming of Christ, and then of the same relation during the first three Christian centuries, down to the time of the Council of Nice. The volume will contain 400 or 500 pages, and will be published at 10*s.* to subscribers. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. T. W. Allies, 82 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, London.

SONGS FOR FREEDOM, AND OTHER POEMS. By the Rev. M. J. MacHale. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1881.

THE PEOPLE'S MANUAL. THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. By the Rt. Rev. Herbert Vaughan, Bishop of Salford. St. Louis: P. Fox. 1881.

ST. CASIMIR'S HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN. From the Latin, by the Rev. Geo. A. Watson. St. Louis, Mo.: C. B. Woodward & Co., Printers. 1881.

THE LAND CATECHISM. Is Rent just? What political economy teaches regarding it. By William Brown. Montreal: Printed by John Lovell & Son. 1881.

A SURE WAY TO A HAPPY MARRIAGE: a book of instructions for those betrothed and for the married. From the German of the Rev. Conrad Sickinger, by the Rev. Edward Ign. Taylor, of St. Peter's Pro-Cathedral, Wilmington, Del. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros. 1881.

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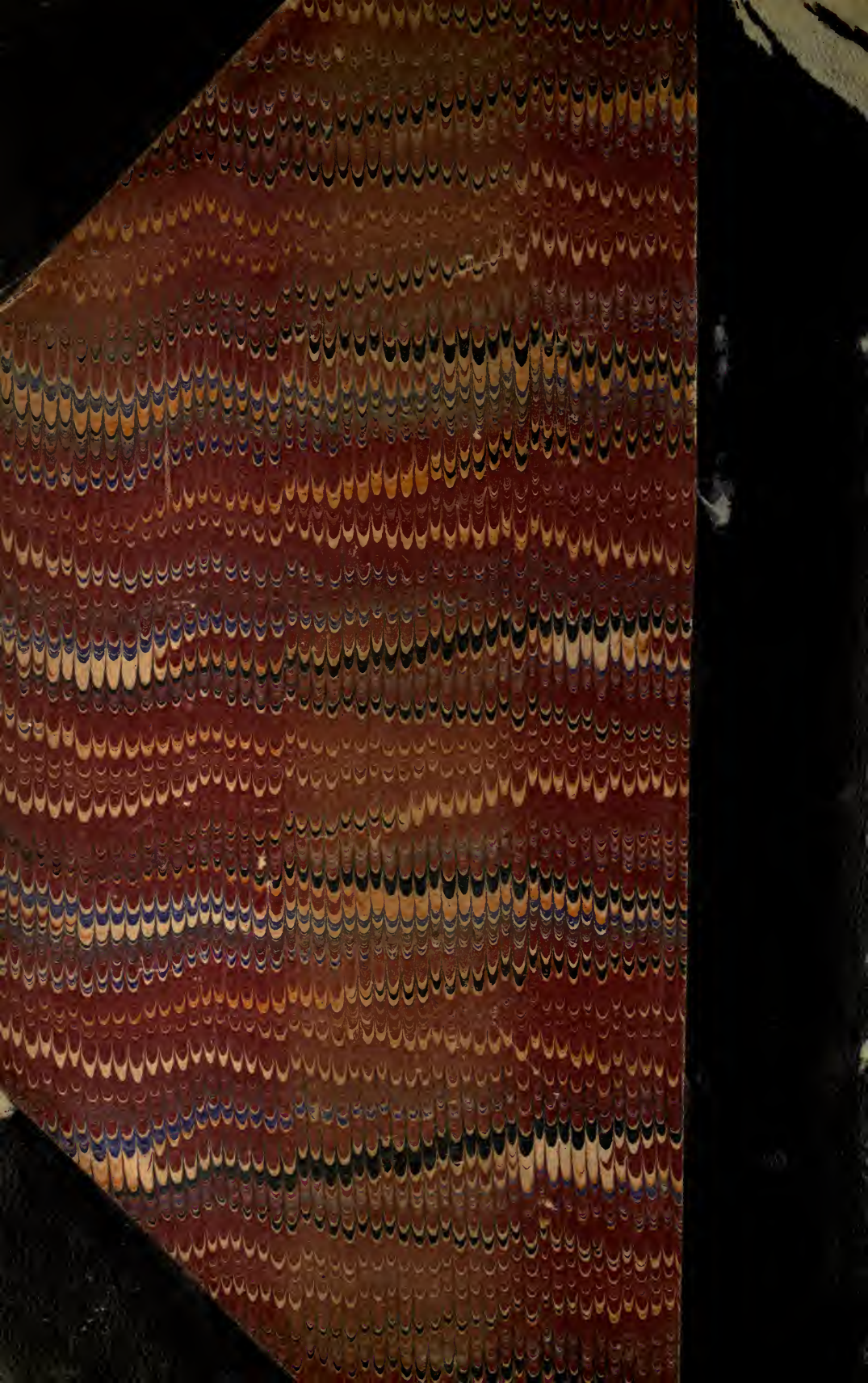
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